AN ENGLISH CINDERELLA.

There are more Cinderellas nowadays than the world imagines! The old story is enacted under different circumstances, with varying details, in many an English household. The daughters of the land may be fair, but there are too many of them, perhaps, for the anxious maneuvring mother to pilot among the shoals and quicksands of society. Now and then a younger one is kept out in the cold for a little; forbidden to cross the borderland between the school-room and the drawing-room—not exactly forced to sit in ashes, but repressed, hidden away in the dim background. There may be reason, plenty of worldly wisdom in this, and yet the girl-woman is apt to wax rebellious; her sisters' triumphs fill her with envy. All sorts of radiant visions of possible and impossible delights seem to beckon to her from that unknown world. Why must she, poor little Cinderella, waste her sweet bloom unseen and unheeded!

One fears Mabel Templeton had some such thoughts as these as she watched half sadly, half enviously, the progress of her sisters' toilets one bright June afternoon, and also the packing of two well-filled trunks, into each of which Rosalie was depositing a perfectly new and dainty ball dress. For Mr. Templeton had consented to take his two elder daughters to Oxford for the Commemoration; and though there was no mother in this case, Aunt Selina, who was also of the party, had flatly refused to act as chaperon to more than two nieces at a time.

"Disagreeable old thing!" muttered Cinderella, with a curl of her pretty lips. She was trying to brave out her disappointment in this fashion, but tears lay very near the surface, for the poor girl's heart was very sore. "It is such a shame, too, when Owen is my own brother, and I have never seen his rooms, or his cap and gown; and papa took you both last year."

"Yes, but it was not Commemoration time; everything was as slow and stupid as possible," returned Violet placidly. "Don't be cross, Mab; neither Pauline nor I can help Aunt Selina's fads. You know papa does not like us to cross her, because she is so rich. It was not possible for me to put in a word."

She spoke in a tone of good-natured banter, and patted her young sister's shoulder kindly as she passed.

"Don't, Vi!" returned Mab, rather irritably. "It is all very well, your saying that about Aunt Selina, but you know that neither you nor Pauline said one word—you never even mentioned me. And yet Owen begged so hard that I should go this year."

"Oh, Mab! how tiresome you are!" observed Pauline, as Mab paused in her indignant speech. All the Templeton girls were handsome; but though Pauline was very fair and stately, one or two old friends of the family had predicted that Mab would one day bear the palm. "I wish you would not provoke me into saying it, but I must own that I think Aunt Selina quite right, and three would be too many. It is our turn this year, but next Commemoration, who knows?"—And here she stopped to survey herself in the glass.

Mabel gave a little stamp with her foot, but she had a sweet nature on the whole, and she wisely resolved not to give vent to the feelings that oppressed her. She was cross, she knew—dreadfully cross—but, oh! if they only imagined what this disappointment meant to her, how really unhappy she was. But that was just what she could not own to any one.

Mab had her own little secret, though she was only eighteen, and neither Pauline nor Violet would allow that she was quite grown up. Why, it was only this week that the governess had been dismissed. And she was quite right in her surmise that neither of her sisters wished to include her in their party. It is difficult for a girl to be perfectly honest at all occasions, Mab was hardly telling the truth, that is the whole truth, when she alleged her fondness for Owen and her desire to see him in his undergraduate garb, as her reason for wishing to go to Oxford. Owen was certainly very dear to her, but it may be doubted if some one were not becoming dearer still.

Last vacation Owen had brought a friend home with him, and the two had been a great deal in the school-room, where Mab still did some pretence of lessons with Miss Dalton. Nevertheless, her demure manners in the drawing-room of an evening were as grown-up as Pauline's could be.

What would Mr. Beauchamp think when he saw only Violet and Pauline?—And yet he had begged her so earnestly to come down for a week.

"You will be out then," he had said quite eagerly. "Miss Dalton tells me she is to leave in June."

"Oh, yes. I shall be out then. I am quite grown up now," Mab assured him with much naivete and a little dignity; but she blushed like a rose over the young man's next words.

"Very well. I shall look for you, and you must give me your first dance at the University ball. I will dance with no one else until you appear. Do not disappoint me. I shall know what to think if I see you. It will show you care a little for my wishes, in spite of all your teasing—for you have teased me sadly, have you not, Miss Mab?"

But to this Mabel made no sort of rejoinder, except by that blush.

She sat and thought about it all when the carriage had taken them at last to the station, and she was left alone in the sunny, deserted drawing-room. Miss Dalton was gone, all the lesson books were put away, she was a grown-up young lady, as she said. Her time was her own. At the present moment she was mistress of that great house, and had half a dozen servants at her command. When the carriage came back she was at liberty to get into it, and order the coachman to convey her round the park. Her sisters might be shocked, perhaps, at such independence, but then they should not have left her. And yet, in spite of all this freedom and grandeur, no Cinderella sitting among the ashes could have felt more forlorn or miserable.

Owen, dear old fellow, would be bitterly disappointed, for Mab was his special sister; but, as he would be coming back with them, such disappointment would be borne. But what would Mr. Beauchamp think when he saw only her sisters? That she had not cared to come—that his wishes were nothing to her—that she meant only teasing and fun, and nothing else. And all that after all his kindness to her, "the little Faerie Queene," as he had once called her at a Christmas party.

"Oh, it is too hard! It is bitterly hard!" sobbed the poor child. And though she was not imaginative, at least not more than other happy young girls, a dim, shadowy feeling came over her that it was just some such cross accident as this that had spoiled many an innocent young life, marring its fair beginnings and tangling its golden threads. "And I should not have minded—I should not be half so miserable if I had not teased him so much, and made him look sad," finished Mab, in a little outburst of despair.

And any one who knew Ned Beauchamp's character would have believed she had cause for her fears. The young man had already gone away, sadly telling himself that Mab did not care for him in the least; that he had laid his honest heart at her feet only to have it trampled upon.

"If she does not come, I shall know what to think," he had said to himself, rather bitterly, when she had bidden him a laughing goodby. But in all this he wronged her, for Mab was as true and faithful a little soul as ever breathed.

Mabel thought her ill-luck had reached its climax when her Uncle Powell was announced.

None of the girls cared for their Uncle Powell's visits. He was not excessively rich, like their Aunt Selina, from whom they had goodly expectations, so no one expected them to keep him in a good humor; and though he was Mr. Templeton's half-brother, no two men could be more unlike. He was a small, wiry man, with a precise, methodical voice, and a manner that was somewhat dry and caustic, and which did not inspire his young relations with much affection, though they certainly had no reason to dislike him, for he was good to them in his own way and according to his lights. Like many other elderly people, his heart was a great deal softer than his words.

He looked at Mab rather sharply as he entered—the little girl's red eyes and pale cheeks did not escape him—but he asked no questions, leaving Mab to explain rather lamely the reason for her solitude.

"So they have left you all alone," he remarked, curtly. "That is rather dull at your age, eh? Do you mean to allow yourself any dinner, Miss Housekeeper, and do you think you could spare me a little?—for I have been about town all day, and am almost famished."

Mab replied, a little reluctantly, that she would go and see. Oh, yes, she was sure there was enough for both—Pauline was never stingy in her ménage. But as she accomplished her errand, her conscience pricked her for want of ready hospitality.

What if she were unhappy—other people must have their dinners. Uncle Powell was an old man—old, very old, quite fifty-five, and he looked tired—and, in spite of Violet's sarcasms about his old-fashioned whiskers, and the ridiculous cut of his waistcoats, he had always been kind to her, bringing her little presents, and showing her little attentions. He would do it rather awkwardly, and his voice would be a little gruff; but, after all, it is not every one who has a pleasant manner.

These reflections were so salutary that Mab tripped up-stairs, bathed her aching head with eau-de-cologne, put on her fresh white gown, though she had only an old uncle for her vis-a-vis, and putting away her sad thoughts with a brave effort, set herself to entertain the unwelcome guest.

Now, the dinner was very good, and Mr. Templeton's claret was excellent, and Mab made the prettiest little hostess possible, in spite of those tell tale traces on her eyelids; and, as the soft, childish eyes raised themselves to his face with that pathetic, pained look in them, something seemed to tug at Uncle Powell's heart-strings.

"You were not quite happy, my dear little girl?" he said at last, in the kindest possible voice. "Tell me all about it, Mab."

And then, with some difficulty, he drew the whole story from her; only, of course, the Beauchamp part was suppressed, for there are some things that cannot be told even to the kindest uncle.

The summer twilight was stealing through the room, and Uncle Powell's face was in shadow as he listened to Mab's artless narrative. When she had finished—and he had not interrupted her by a single murmur—he seemed revolving the whole matter carefully in his mind, for it was some minutes before he gave vent to his thoughts.

"Humph! just like you Aunt Selina! A selfish, worldly woman—as I always told Ralph. And pray what harm would it have done her to have taken you as well? I'll be bound Pauline and Violet backed her up in her selfishness—girls are so inconsiderate. I hate such stuck up doings."

Mab began to cry.

"Never mind, Mab! You shall not spoil your pretty eyes while you have your uncle to protect you. You have been a good girl this evening, and you shall not lose your treat. We will do them finely, Mab and Owen shall help us. They are at the Randolph, you say?—Very well, I will telegraph for rooms at the Mitre. You just go and pack up your lineries, and we will go down by the same train to-morrow."

"Uncle!—oh, Uncle!" Mab could hardly bring out the exclamation, she was so breathless. "Oh, Uncle what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, and say what I mean. And I will come and fetch you to-morrow, as sure as my name is Anthony Powell."

"But, Uncle," stammered poor Mab flushing and paling by turns: "Papa and Pauline—what will they say when they see me? Pauline will be so angry, and Violet will laugh and be sarcastic."

"Let them laugh!" returned Uncle Powell, shortly. "Bless me, Mab!—a little testily—I suppose I may give my niece a treat if I like. Your father and I will make that all right, so the women need not interfere. If Pauline speaks to me I shall tell her my mind pretty plainly, so put all this nonsense out of your head. I want to see Oxford and so do you, so we will just have our little trip together."

Mab's only answer to this was to throw her arms round his neck and kiss him, as certainly she had never kissed him in her life. Perhaps Mab's cheek was a little wet. Uncle Powell cleared his throat rather huskily after that, and he even stroked her hair as he bade her good night.

It was a radiant Mab who was watching for Uncle Powell next morning, as he drove up with his portmanteau. The passengers on the Paddington platform looked half curiously and half admiringly at the bright face peeping out from the pretty shady hat. No little brook purled faster than Mab talked all the way to Oxford.

But she grew more sober when they reached their destination. As no one expected them, there was no one, of course, to meet them at the station. Mab, who was yearning for a sight of Owen's bright boyish face, felt unreasonably damped at this. And there was a further disappointment in store for her, for when after luncheon they went straight to Magdalen in search of him, the young undergraduate's rooms were empty.

"Oh, I forgot," exclaimed Mab, with a sad droop of her lip; "it is the flower-show at Worcester, and of course he has taken them there."

"Never mind; we will charter a fly and follow them," returned Uncle Powell, briskly, not liking to see the cloud on the girl's face; but she bowed her head disconsolately at this.

"We have no tickets; we should not be admitted; all that has to be arranged beforehand."

And then she said, with an effort, but very sweetly:

"Never mind, dear Uncle, we shall find Owen by and by; and I am glad to see his rooms. How pretty and cosy he has made them! The scout says he is expecting some people to tea. Do you think, rather timidly, "that we might walk about a little, and come back later on?"

And as Uncle Powell pronounced this an excellent idea, Mab adjusted her hat, and they sauntered out together, turning their steps in the direction of Addison's Walk.

The Templeton girls were not enjoying themselves this afternoon. In the first place, it was rather hot, and Aunt Selina was tired. Then Owen was in one of his sulky moods, and had not offered to introduce any of his friends. He had turned rusty from the moment that he had met them at the station and found Mab was not with them.

"What a shame, leaving that poor little thing alone at home!" he had blurted out. "I call that confoundedly hard of you women!"

"Hush! Aunt Selina will hear you!" remonstrated Violet, rather alarmed at this tragical vehemence.

"I don't care who hears me!" retorted Owen. "That is so like you girls. You are always putting on Mab, just because you know you cannot either of you hold a candle to her!" Which was rude, to say the least of it; but then brothers will be rude sometimes, in spite of Oxford training.

To add to their discomfiture, Ned Beauchamp had come up to them a little eagerly, and had at once questioned them about Mab.

"I don't see your sister, but she is here, of course" trying to speak as if the questions were of no moment to him, but flushing over his own words like a girl; but Pauline, who was too self-absorbed to be observant, returned, quite carelessly:

"Mab is at home at Portchester Terrace; there was no thought of her coming. What a curious orchid, Mr. Beauchamp; I have never seen one like that before."

Ned Beauchamp looked at the orchid and said a civil word or two, and then detached himself from the party with a muttered excuse; he had only just come to show himself; it was awfully hot; he must go back and work.

"Hollo! why is Ned Beauchamp taking himself off?" exclaimed Mr. Templeton in surprise, as he joined his eldest daughter; but Pauline only shrugged her shoulders and looked amazed.

"I don't know, papa; he seems to be a little odd and bearish to-day! He used to be pleasant enough when he stayed at Portchester Terrace; but young men will give themselves airs sometimes."

"And so will young ladies, my dear," returned her father, rather maliciously. "Well, well, young people must manage their own affairs. Anyhow Ned Beauchamp is a capital fellow, and worth a little trouble. Why, he has fifteen hundred a year of his own now, and when his uncle dies he will have as much again. So you and Violet had better do your best," continued Mr. Templeton, with the heavy raillery with which certain men of a coarse calibre love to indulge.

When Ned Beauchamp had made that excuse about his work, he had lost himself at once among the crowd near the entrance gate. Flowers were all very well, but he had no longer any heart for them. Mab had played him false.

People looked after the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with his handsome, moody face, and many would have greeted him, but he looked neither to the right nor left. There was a dull, heavy pain in his heart, a sense of humiliation and defeat that was driving him nearly wild. A sweet, girlish face had bewitched him; he was ready to give all he had in the world—not only his money, but himself and his honest, manly heart—to this girl, and she wanted none of it. She had promised to come—at least, if silence gives consent—and now she had played him false; his wishes were nothing to her; he had told her he should know what to think. Well, he knew what to think now!

So the foolish young fellow argued with himself, never dreaming in his man's philosophy that possibly there might be another side to all this.

He had reached Magdalen Cloisters by this time, but the thought of work was odious to him, so he turned through the lower gate into the shadowy coolness of Addison's Walk.

It had never looked so deliciously inviting as it did this afternoon. The deer were clustered in a shady nook in the park, the birds were twittering overhead, quite lost among the green leaves; the golden sunlight quivered through the thick foliage; the long vista seemed to stretch endlessly before him, like love and youth, merging into a sunshiny horizon; everywhere green leaves, birds-nests, sparkles of sunlight, and the clear summer blue of heaven above all.

The walk seemed strangely empty this afternoon. Ned had only passed one person—a thick-set, gray haired man, who was poking his stick among the periwinkles, and took no notice of him. A little farther on there was a bench, with a girl sitting on it in a gray dress, and a hat with daffodils; but Ned was in no mood for curiosity, so he never turned his head. Only as he passed the girl started up, and called to him in an eager voice.

"Oh, please stop, Mr Beauchamp! We want to know where Owen is. And—and—I beg pardon for startling you so; but you need not have passed me."

Mab was stammering sadly in her confusion, but it was the sudden look of joy in Ned's eyes that made her trip over her words. And why had he caught hold of her hands in that quick, excited way?

"Oh, Mab, is it really you! And why did your sister say you had not come? I thought you had played me false. I thought—oh! I cannot tell you how mad and unhappy I felt—and you were here all the time, my darling."

Well, it was good of Uncle Powell to stand with his back to them so long, feeling the periwinkle leaves, when they had so much to tell each other. Mab cried again a little as she poured her story into Ned's ear—her despair when they had driven away and left her—her sorrow at having teased him—her terror lest he should have misconstrued her absence—the beneficent comforter in the person of Uncle Powell.

"Never mind, my Faerie Queene," Ned had said, comforting her. "I should soon have learned the truth, for I had just made up my mind to ask for leave, and run up to Portchester Terrace. I know it would not have been right in your father's absence, but I could not have rested without hearing from your own lips why you had not come. You would not have been long unhappy but now it is much better as it is. But here comes your uncle, and I must thank him for bringing you, and then we must go in search of Owen."

There was a weary and somewhat silent little party in Owen's rooms. Mr. Templeton was yawning visibly, and Aunt Selina was cross. Pauline and Violet looked bored and a little offended. Owen had asked none of his friends to meet them; he was taking no trouble to amuse them.

"I asked Beauchamp—confound the fellow. I wonder why he does not turn up," retorted Owen, rather irritably.

"There, I think I hear him now—there are certainly footsteps," observed Violet, willing to mollify her brother—and Pauline smoothed her brow. Yes, there were footsteps. Ned's face appeared at the door, smiling and radiant.

"Owen, old fellow, I have brought you some visitors," he said, joyously; and at that moment a little figure in a gray dress darted forward, and rushed up to the astonished Owen.

"I have come, dear. Uncle Powell has brought me. Oh, my dear Owen, are you not glad to have me—Papa and Pauline, and—ah—Violet too." And here Mab confronted them, half shyly and half laughing—"Oh, please, do not be angry, anybody!" throwing out her hands with a pretty appealing gesture for mercy.

One of them was at once taken and held fast by Ned.

"No one shall be angry with you, Mab, while I am here," observed this very audacious young man. "Owen, tell your sister she is welcome, and Mr. Powell will explain all the rest."

And so he did, to Mab's and her father's entire satisfaction.—[Rosa Nouchette Carey in The Argosy.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN AND THEIR SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

I hear that when Colonel Bradley B. Smalley, the leader of the small but no longer forlorn hope of Vermont Democracy, went over to Washington recently he carried with him the petition of a Democratic friend to be appointed postmaster in a little country town. As the Secretary of the Democratic National Committee, Colonel Smalley went directly to Postmaster-General Vilas, expecting to get his man's commission at once. The Wisconsin statesman has a notion that he is a Civil Service Reformer on a high plane, and when he glanced at the petition and found only three names on it, he said: "Why, Smalley, really this won't do, you know. I can't do this thing on three names. You must have a more general representation of the Democrats of the town. I am willing enough to appoint your man, but you must get more Democratic backing for him." Smalley's reply was: "Well, Vilas, I know Vermont from A to Izzard. I know that town particularly well. It polls just five Democratic votes and two of them can't write their names. What more do you want?" He got the appointment.

Governor Rusk, of Wisconsin, is one of the rough diamonds of Western public life about whom many stories are told. He was in his early manhood a stage driver in Ohio. His route ran from Zanesville to Columbus. Thomas M. Nichol, who knows Rusk quite intimately, told me the other day that it is the proud boast of the Governor that in his John days he could drive his coach so that any wheel would strike a half dollar thrown in the road in front of him. He could do this with his horses on a trot and if there was a wide enough road could do it while turning. From Ohio Rusk emigrated to Wisconsin at an early day and plunged into the wilderness near La Crosse. He settled in the town of Yroqua, where he kept a tavern and became known as "Jerry" Rusk, a title by which the people of his State still familiarly address him. The county in which Yroqua was located had the name of Badax. In the course of time the hotel-keeper came to represent it in the Legislature, where the annoyance of being mentioned as "the gentleman from Badax" induced him to introduce a bill by which the county name was changed to Vernon. The Governor is an enormously large man, the greatest possible contrast with Wisconsin's small Senator, Spooner, in this and many other respects, and was elected by the grangers votes.

It was while he was hotel-keeper that he bought some pork from a storekeeper of Yroqua. The meat turned out so bad that "Jerry's" boarders could not eat it, and he began an investigation of the cause. He found that the parson had been possessed of an old sow. The animal had broken out of her pen and was tearing up the garden when the minister came out and struck her across the back with a fence rail. The sow was badly injured and thinking to save her value the parson had killed her at once and sold the meat to Rusk. The hotel-keeper was a profane man and his remarks on the subject in the hearing of such auditors as usually gather in a country tavern would not sound well to print or in church. The sequel came on the following Sunday, when the parson was preaching a powerful sermon from an Old Testament text. He had asked the question, "What does Daniel say?" and had answered it. The question was repeated down the long list of prophets, Ezekiel, Nehemiah, Hezekiah and the rest until the preacher paused at the conundrum, "What does Jeremiah say?" There was a half-witted fellow in the town who had heard "Jerry's" emphatic remarks about the pork and he at the parson's question he started up from a back seat and answered: "Jeremiah says if you don't come around and settle that old sow matter he'll lick blazes outen you."

Governor Rusk has an imposing presence, but no command of language for extemporaneous speech-making. He went down to Chicago with a delegation of Wisconsin officials, after the death of ex-Governor C. C. Washburn at Hot Springs, to receive the remains. A detachment of St. Louis Knights Templar had escorted the body to this point. There was an immense crowd in the depot and the commander of the Knights seized the opportunity to make an address to the Wisconsin delegation, at the head of which Governor Rusk's big form loomed up to the complete eclipse of his companions. The Sir Knight talked at Rusk. He wound up with a flourish about passing over to the Wisconsin committee the remains of their distinguished fellow citizen, and paused for a reply. The crowd was expectant. Rusk was embarrassed. He was unprepared for anything of the sort and his big face became suffused with red. Finally he stammered out, "We receive them. We receive them. Chief-Justice Cole will respond." In spite of the solemnity of the occasion a smile went round as some one in the crowd was heard to say, "He ain't little, but, oh my!"

Mr. Nichol told me about a visit that Mr. Rusk paid to General Garfield at Mentor. It was after the election of 1880, when pilgrimages to Men or were the order of the day. Governor Rusk had come to spend the day with Garfield. They got away by themselves in a little room on the second floor of the Garfield farmhouse, where the General was in the habit of going to be quiet. Nichol was with them, and the conversation fell upon ex-President Hayes. Rusk became quite bitter in his assaults upon Hayes, and Nichol, knowing that Garfield did not wish to take up the discussion, stopped the Governor with the remark: "Say, Governor, I have had occasion to run down the history of several men who abuse Hayes as you do. I have invariably found that they were men who wanted an office and didn't get it. If Hayes had made you Commissioner of Agriculture, he would have done if you hadn't begun to abuse him too soon, you would now be praising him to the skies." Rusk hadn't expected such a shot as this, but he held his ground and said: "Why, Hayes don't amount to any thing. He never did anything anywhere. He was in Congress for two terms, and he didn't introduce a bill till it was long time for his time to be taking." "Well, Rusk, you were in Congress," replied Nichol, "and you must know that in the first term of a Congressman he does little or no record. You made no record in your first term." Rusk is a man with whom big oaths are numerous when he is excited, and he was excited now. He sprang from his chair and with the thumbs of his hands under his armpits, towered over Nichol, who is quite slender, while he thundered out with a liberal interspersion of swear words: "Yes, I did, sir; I did make a record my first term. I called a man a blank of a blank right on the floor of the House and told him I lick blazes out of him. If that ain't a record where do you get one?" Nichol said to me: "The scene that followed was simply indescribable. Garfield laughed till he rolled out of his chair and the tears streamed down his face. Rusk, angry, excited, indignant, began presently to see the ludicrous side of it all, and he began to laugh too. It was a long time before either of them quit. But the conversation about Hayes, which was dangerous for Garfield, was avoided, and the point was gained."

The notions that women get about some of the great inventions of the age are sometimes amusing. I heard a lady recently ask about telephones, whether the instruments would "talk back." A lady was standing at the telegraph office in the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday morning when I was there to send a message. She had a little girl of ten with her, and told the operator that she desired to send a message to Chicago. "Well, daughter," she said to the little one who was with her, "what shall I say to papa?" "Say good morning, papa," answered the child, whereat her mother answered, "Why no, child; that will not do. It will be night before he gets it."

The strikes in the West and the labor troubles bring many new stories to the surface. One came to me from Iowa yesterday. In Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and several other States there was for a long time a bitter contest between the grangers and the railroads. Lawsuits between the railroads and individuals were numerous. The railroads got the best of most of them. One case in which the plaintiff against a railroad was successful was in Iowa and the verdict was secured through the pluck of a young lawyer in talking plainly about the free pass system. He began his speech to the jury about like this: "Gentlemen, what chance has a man for justice in this place, where justice is supposed to reign? The Sheriff who impaneled you rides with his family over the road my client is suing on a free pass. The District-Attorney, with whom he consulted, has an annual cardboard over the same road. The foreman of the jury has a pass in his pocket now. And with all deference to the court, I say it is understood that the chair upon the bench, when he travels, does so at the expense of the stockholders of this road. What chance is there for me to bring to pass a verdict for my client against so many passes?" His boldness won him his suit, for they didn't dare do otherwise than do his client justice.

"Ned" Thorne, the actor, has the reputation of "guying" every piece with which he is connected. Shrewd managers who know his irrepressible flow of humor stipulate in his engagements that he shall forfeit all claims on them if he "guys" the play. He told me yesterday, as I was chatting with him and "Billy" Florence at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, that Manager McVicker, of Chicago, made such a stipulation with him when an attempt was made to bring out a dramatization of Fenimore Cooper's "Spy" at Chicago. Thorne says that the worst guy he ever made was the result. "The play was horrible, abominable," he said to me, "and the houses were worse than the play. I was cast for *Harvey Birch*, the spy. I had solemnly promised McVicker that I wouldn't guy the piece, but I had put in a proviso, which was that I might take the bridle off when I should see disgust written on his own face. The night Mac sat in the box. The play runs along until the spy comes out on a bridge, from whose height he stops to hurl defiance at the minions of England. There is a dramatic speech, and then he runs off, while a British officer comes on and shouts: 'A hundred dollars for the spy.' When I had made my eternal defiance I looked down on a beggarly audience and I saw in McVicker's face the utter disgust he felt at the poverty of the play and the greater poverty of the receipts. When the officer shouted out his offer of a reward I said to myself, 'Now is your time,' and I rushed on at the left entrance and throwing a piece of paper up at him, yelled back: 'It's yours, manuscript and all the parts. You might have got it for half the money.' The audience didn't catch on. But old McVicker, bless his old soul, I thought he would die a-laughing. The play came off the next night."

When Florence and "Charley" Thorne were playing together they were wont to guy each other often. One of these occurrences Florence told us. They were acting in "The Ticket of Leave Man," under Booth's management at Booth's Theatre. There is a line where Thorne should have said, speaking to Florence, "Ah, I perceive from your dialect you are from Lancashire." Thorne on the stage was always laughing at Florence's accent, and one night to Booth's horror and the discomfiture of Florence he read this line, "Ah, I perceive by your dialect you are from Ireland."

CHURCH THOUGHT AND TALK

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Some of the religious papers want the clergy to stop giving out notices of fairs, bazars, excursions, tableaus, meetings, sermons, etc., on the ground that it is a relic of a non-reading age, just as the bell is a relic of an age when there were few or no watches and clocks in any community. Possibly this is true enough, and certainly a great many notices are given out in churches that have little to do with either religion or morality. But at least one thing can be said in favor of giving out notices: they often add a personal element to the service which interests a great many people. There is something democratic about the custom that is attractive. When the minister tells his people that there is to be a church sociable at Sister Brown's house, or a picnic in Brother Smith's grove, it is at once felt that here is a man who is not above noticing the people and their simple domestic life. Moreover, Sister Brown and Brother Smith have got a first-class "reading notice" in the hearing of their neighbors, and in the life of a country town that is fully the equivalent of a newspaper "puff" in a large city daily. So for these and other reasons it is not likely that the churches will be able to discontinue giving out notices for some time to come.

The Rev. Dr. Burton, of Hartford, who always speaks interestingly to theological students, is delivering a course of lectures to the young men in the Yale Theological Seminary. And this is the sensible way in which he talks to them: "Do not go about with a long face on. Do not look as if you were going to faint when you happen to hear a doubtful remark. You are not an angel, and it will not hurt you to see something of life. I confess I like to see ministers drop into the Nineteenth Century Club, as Dr. McCosh did the other day in New-York. Attend all meetings. Do not confine your presence to the company of holy men entirely. You cannot go through the world done up in white wax. You were created in the world, and I presume that you are not particularly anxious to get out of it. Therefore, do not hesitate to laugh when you feel like it. It will not injure your chances of eternal happiness if you laugh at a good joke or crack one yourself. I remember that not a great while ago I attended a dinner party composed entirely of ministers. Henry Ward Beecher was there, and when a leg of mutton was placed on the table he said: 'The next time that sheep bleats it will be from a pulpit.' Everything that you take into your brain or your stomach will bleat from your pulpit. Therefore, always endeavor to assimilate everything you see or hear."

One of the most remarkable changes in the recent educational life of Germany is the rapid increase of theological students in the universities. The following figures speak for themselves: This year there are 2,553 men studying theology in the Prussian universities alone. Of these 726 are at Berlin, 382 at Halle, 300 at Griefswalden, 240 at Königsberg, 225 at Göttingen, 159 at Breslau, 150 at Marburg, 98 at Bonn and 84 at Kiel. Last year at these universities the entire number was 2,322; in 1883-4, 1,926; in 1882-3, 1,690, and in 1881-2 only 1,394. Thus four years have witnessed an increase of 1,159, or 83.9 per cent. In many of the institutions named the number has doubled in these four years; in Griefswalden it has increased threefold. One must go back to the thirties to find a parallel to this wonderful development. What is the reason for it? For one thing, it is an undoubted fact that religion is much more respected now in Germany than for many years past. This is testified to on all sides. The university professors here are said to make the statement boldly before their audiences, that the day of wild radicalism in religious discussion is departing. Most noteworthy of all are the words of Professor von Treitschke in his oration delivered in the university at the time of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the rule of Kaiser Wilhelm as King of Prussia. Referring to the war times, he said: "With the old Prussian loyalty, the Christian sentiment has also been newly strengthened through the experiences of these years. Necessity teaches prayer, says an old proverb. There is, however, also a fulness of prosperity and honors which disposes nations to piety. He who has seen how the flower of our youth sank like mown grass, on the battlefields beside the Moselle, and then has seen this divided people mount to the first place among the states of Europe, must feel his conscience touched, must feel himself convinced of the divine conduct of the destinies of man. However confusedly the battle of opinions, in our religious life, may ebb and flow, the time is past when it was considered clever to scoff at holy things." And it is, besides, a patent fact that the Government is making strenuous efforts to confirm and strengthen the church. The stability of the State depends to no slight degree upon the authority of its spiritual ally. As a mere political measure it is considered a mark of wisdom in the Prussian government that it seeks to promote a stricter piety among its subjects. Where the Government reaches so far into the details of private life as this one does, it cannot afford to be blind to the neglect so powerful an agent as religion for the conservation of private morals.

The increased interest which the clergy are taking in the labor question and kindred sociological problems is a hopeful sign of the times. Recognizing the importance of this matter *The Andover Review* has begun a new department of "Sociological Notes," under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. S. W. Dike, whose aptitude for this sort of work is well known. "The amount of sociological instruction," says Dr. Dike, "available in this country, for theological students especially, is very small. A beginning was made last year by a course of special lectures in the field of social science in Harvard and Cornell Universities concerning charities and the like, and in some degree, we believe, in the University of Pennsylvania and at Andover, on sociology as it touches the family. Now and then a professor in college or seminary has introduced or supplemented his work with a lecture or two of the character of a sociological survey; but this is about all. Special inquiry has convinced us that not more than one in seven or eight of the students in our better theological seminaries has had the slightest instruction in the history of those social institutions which have helped to form the Church and the State. Lectureships on ecclesiastical polity, in spite of the able and learned men who have filled them, have become the perpiexity of boards of trustees and the dullest of bores to students; but if the young men could have the subjects of polity and pastoral work opened to them from their sociological side as well as from the ecclesiastical, and be led to see that their work in country, town, and in foreign missionary fields lies, like that of the broadly trained botanist, among the types of the past and present, where each helps to interpret the other, there would be no lack of fascination about the study, while the practical advantages in the better grasp and truer classification would prove highly useful in their future work."

BALLATA ITALIANA.

OF ALICIA'S BONNET.

From Harper's Bazar.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

I sat beside Alicia at the play;
Her violet eyes with tender tears were wet
(The diamonds in her ears less bright than they)
For pity of the woes of Juliet;
Alicia's sighs a poet might have set
To delicate music in a dainty sonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

And yet to me her graceful ready words
Sounded like tinking silver bells that jangled;
For on her golden hair the humming-birds
Were fixed as if within a sunbeam tangled,
Their quick life quenched, their tiny bodies mangled,
Poor pretty birds upon Alicia's bonnet!

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Caught in a net of delicate creamy crêpe,
The dainty captives lay there dead together;
No dart of slender bill, no frantic shape
Fluttering, no stir of any radiant feather;
Alicia looked so calm, I wondered whether
She cared if birds were killed to trim her bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Perhaps I dreamed—the house was very still—
But on a sudden the Academy
Of Music seemed a forest of Brazil;
Each pillar that supports the balcony
Took form and stature of a tropic tree,
With scarlet odorous flowers blooming on it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

A fragrance of delicious, bringing death
Was in the air; the lithe lianas clung
About the mighty tree, and birds beneath
More swift than arrows flashed and flew among
Thy blossoms of the perfumed, poisonous breath,
The heavy honeyed flowers that hung upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Like rain drops, when the sun breaks up the shower,
Or weavers' shuttles carrying golden thread,
Or flying petals of a wind-blown flower,
Myriads of humming-birds flew overhead—
Purple and gold, and green and blue and red
Above each scarlet cup, or poised upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

What rapid flight! Each one a winged flame,
Burning with brilliant joy of life and all
Delight of motion; to and fro they came,
An endless dance, a fairy festival;
Then suddenly I saw them pause and fall,
Slain only to adorn Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

My mind came back from the Brazilian land;
For, as a snow flake falls to earth beneath,
Alicia's hand fell lightly on my hand;
And yet I fancied that a stain of death,
Like that which doomed the Lady of Macbeth,
Was on her hand; could I perhaps have won it?

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

E. CAVAZZA.

WHAT THE THEATRES SHOW.

SHALL THEY CLOSE ON GOOD FRIDAY?—LAST OF "THE MIKADO."

This year, for the first time since a theatrical performance was given in London, the theatres in that city were open on Ash Wednesday. Oddly enough this season will in all probability mark in New-York a renewal of that deference to religious sentiment which in England still locks the doors of every theatre on Good Friday. A movement has been started by a well-known Roman Catholic priest which will result in the bringing of strong pressure to bear on the managers of the principal theatres to close them on this great fast day of the Catholic churches. The opinions of managers seem pretty equally divided on the question, but it is likely that some of the theatres at least will forego the usual performance. The Madison Square has always made a practice of closing on this day since it was opened under the Messrs. Mallorys' management, but it was not known whether Mr. Palmer would this year continue the custom of his predecessors. He was the first manager to whom Father Ducey submitted his views and he at once fell in with them. Speaking of it yesterday he said: "I do not want to make a virtue of this step on my part, for I felt I would be straining a point were I to do otherwise. I am, in the first place, but deferring as I should to the owners of this property. In the second place, I think I am only paying due regard to the wishes of a large section of the better element in the community, and an element, in my opinion at least, as worthy of regard as that worse element to whom, whether rightly or wrongly, we managers are generally supposed to cater. My position, however, from what I may call the traditions of the house, is a peculiar one and I do not like to have the appearance even of laying down the law for my brother managers who are differently situated." It is not yet known whether Mr. Daly will also close his house, but it is possible that both he and Mr. Wallack will. Messrs. Brotherton and Dunlevy have almost decided to have no performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and by the end of next week several other houses may be added to the list. The argument of those managers who are not cordially in favor of the movement is brief, but to an extent to the point. "There are more people who have no religious scruples," say they, "than those who are shocked by the opening of the theatres on Good Friday. They will object to having no theatre to go to and the houses which are open will be crowded with the would-be audiences of the closed ones. If the actors would forego their salaries we should not object, but as it is we shall suffer a dead loss as well as lose a possible profit." It is added by these managers that society already seems loosening the bonds of Lenten discipline, in proof whereof they instance the recent tableaus at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A contract was signed late on Friday night by which "The Little Tycoon," now being given at the Standard Theatre by the Philadelphia Temple Theatre Comic Opera Company, will be transferred to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to succeed the "Mikado," the run of which terminates on the 17th inst. The placing of "The Little Tycoon" upon the stage of the Fifth Avenue is considered a shrewd move on the part of Messrs. Brotherton and Dunlevy, as that theatre has an established reputation for comic opera, and by the terms of the contract the opera can run until the first of June, whereas its stay at the Standard was limited to May 1 by the booking of Hoyt's new play at that house for the summer season. Mr. Stetson had the choice of several novelties, but he decided in favor of "The Little Tycoon," as the attendance at the Standard since its first representation there has steadily increased and the satisfaction of the public at least with the performance seems to have been manifested. For the engagement at the Fifth Avenue a largely increased chorus and orchestra will be secured, some new scenery painted and several new designs in the way of costumes shown. Although the engagement will begin in Holy Week—that period of depression to many theatrical managers—Messrs. Brotherton, Stetson and Dunlevy are sanguine that it will be a largely profitable venture for them. It may be added that the cast of the opera will in some respects be changed, probably for the better.