MUSICAL COMMENT.

SIR GEORGE GROVE'S ANALYSES OF BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES—SOME AMUSING BLUNDERS BY LITERARY MEN—SIEGFRIED WAGNER AS CONDUCTOR—DR. RICHTER TO THE RESCUE.

To English musical amateurs as well as to many Americans it is easy to describe the book recently published by Novello, Ewer & Co., entitled "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies," by George Grove, C. B. There are, haply, few of them who are not familiar with its various chapters in the form of pamphlet reprints (pirated in this country, of course), and as portions of the annotated programmes which "(G)" prepared for many years for the Crystal Palace concerts. In gathering these chapters together and supplementing them with new matter, chiefly of a local nature, Sir George Grove has done a service to the cause of music which he underestimates greatly in the preface. It is without affectation that he says that the book is addressed to amateurs, and not to professional musicians, "who naturally know already all that I have been able to put together, and much more, and in a more complete and accurate manner." There are few books appertaining to music which we would more gladly put into the hands of professional musicians, not only in the United States, but in England, France and Germany, than his analyses of Beethoven's symphonies. It is an old observation that professional musicians are, as a rule, unable to approach a composition on any other side than the technical. Their critical instrument is the scalpel, and they are far too curious about the mechanical structure, about its adherence to or its divergence from "form," its illustrations or violations of law, to show forth its beauties with the frank enthusiasm which characterizes Sir George's analyses. We are familiar with many such efforts as we have been familiar with his for many years, and it would be an injustice if we were to withhold the testimony that in every respect they seem to us far and away the most useful, as they are the most amiable, the most suggestive, the most lucid and occasionally the most eloquent writings of their kind that we have ever met. Most admirably, too, they preserve the golden mean between dry didacticism and sentimental rhapsody, and accomplish the purpose of their author by warming the intellect and the fancy of the reader, and thus opening the way for a ready acceptance of the composer's lovely evangel.

To all analysts and annotators Sir George's method is to be commended as a model. He writes from a fulness of knowledge, appreciation and affection. It is much easier, granted the technical learning, to tell a musician than a layman in music what a new symphony is like; but it is more necessary to do the latter than the former. The language which would be required to describe the ignorance of the vast majority of concert-goers concerning the higher forms of music would scarcely sound polite if frankly spoken. Periodically it is called to mind in an impressive manner by the blunders of literary men when they venture upon musical allusions in their poems or romances. The August number of "Harper's Magazine" furnishes an illustration in a little story which tells of a German fiddler who played a sonata which long before he had "played with Alboni." It is comparatively easy to forgive a writer who flounders about a bit among musical terms when dealing in generalities, but Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the writer of the story in "Harper's," is a realist or "veritist" or literalist so soon as he touches the musical field, one of the few fields in art which he has not invaded as a practitioner. Like Professor Brander Matthews, he is always specific on such occasions. It was he who some years ago had one of his characters accomplish the feat of playing "the symphonies of Beethoven" upon a violoncello without accompaniment. The German fiddler had also played "Mendelssohn's sonata" with Strakosch (fortunately there is a Mendelssohn sonata for pianoforte and violin), but it is a pity that Mr. Smith did not tell us with greater particularity about the one the fiddler played with Alboni. We are sure there must be some collector of curiosities who would like to have a sonata for violin and contralto voice in his museum.

But Mr. Smith is not alone among the writers of to-day in his blithe inexactitude concerning music. His friend, Mr. Matthews, has shown that he hasn't the ghost of a scruple against making a woman sing Schumann's "Warum" or an organist play Beethoven's "Moonlight Concerto"—which was, perhaps, a less difficult task than one of Ouida's heroes accomplished when he spent hours at an organ "playing the grand old masses of Mendelssohn," or the other in "Moths," who was a tenor and never wearied of singing certain "exquisite airs of Palestrina." But this is a digression into which we have been led by the contemplation of the fact that possibly some popular guides ought to be held partly to blame for the fact that as a rule new symphonies (and old ones, too, for that matter) are listened to in our concert-rooms by multitudes of whom it can truthfully be said that "having ears they hear not, neither do they understand." Now it is one of the charms of Sir George's analyses that they are full of suggestions which are valuable even to ere not entirely familiar with music's terminology, while his historical notes and general estimates are so full of sympathy that, independent of the analytical portions, they win the heart of the reader for the work under consideration. As an illustration, chosen at random, let his opinion of the first movement of the Ninth Symphony serve:

The opening movement is almost always the most important portion of a symphony. It gives the key to the work, in every sense of the word, and is usually the representative number of the entire composition. To this rule the opening allegro of the Ninth Symphony is no exception. Great as are the beauties of the second and third movements—and it is impossible to exaggerate them—and original, vigorous and impressive as are many portions of the finale, it is still the opening allegro that one thinks of when the Ninth Symphony is mentioned. In many respects it differs from other first movements of Beethoven; everything seems to make it the greatest of them all. The mysterious introduction, which takes one captive at once; the extraordinary severity, simplicity and force of the main subject; the number of the subsidiary themes; the manner in which they grow out of the principal one, as the branches, twigs and leaves grow out of a tree; the persistence with which they are forced on the notice; the remarkable dignity of some portions and the constant and obvious restlessness of others; the incessant alternation (as in no other work) of impatience and tenderness, with a strange tone of melancholy and yearning; the inevitable conviction, here and there, that with all his experience Beethoven has not succeeded in expressing himself as he wants, and the consequent difficulty of grasping his ideas, notwithstanding the increasing conviction that they must be grasped—all these things make the opening allegro of the Ninth Symphony a thing quite apart from all the others. It is startling to think how much the world would have missed if Beethoven had not written this work, and especially the first movement of it. Several of the eight others would still have been the greatest symphonies in the world, but we should not have known how far they could be surpassed.

In several instances Sir George has associated symphonies, or portions of them, with episodes in the life of the composer—a proceeding which it is difficult to avoid in the case of an artist who has expressed himself so subjectively as Beethoven—but it is to be noted that his discussions of the questions thus brought to the fore are always sweetly sane, and never present their subject in the light of a maundering sentimentalist as do so many popular stories told of the master. Let it be said in conclusion that besides the detailed analyses of the symphonies and the histories of their composition and earlier performances, Sir George's book contains a list of the instruments employed in each case, the metronomic indications of tempi, the text of Beethoven's so-called "Testament," and the love letters supposed to have been addressed to the "immortal beloved," a translation of a German account of Beethoven's visit to Gneixendorf, the country-place in lower Austria of his brother Johann (Beethoven said, "The name is like the breaking of an axle-tree"), containing a number of anecdotes not generally known, a table showing the key, title, date of completion when ascertainable, and date of first performance of each symphony, and a brief Beethoven bibliography, the principal books which, as he says, he found useful in his studies.

Dr. Hans Richter has generously come to the rescue of Siegfried Wagner in the following letter to "The Times," of London:

Sir: Both in the columns of "The Times" and in those of other English papers the growing influence of Richard Wagner's son, Herr Siegfried Wagner, in the management of the festival performances at Bayreuth has been animadverted upon in a tone which is very severe for the promising young man, and unjust toward the able and conscientious managers of the Festspiele. Nevertheless, I should not have thought it necessary to join in the discussion, confident as I am that time will fully justify the high opinion Frau Wagner entertains of her son's abilities, had not my name been introduced in a manner that almost makes it look as if there were at least a latent opposition between the leading factors of Bayreuth and myself in respect to Herr Siegfried Wagner's participation in the artistic work. I beg permission to declare publicly, through the medium of your esteemed journal, that this is not the case. I was present at the rehearsals led by Herr Siegfried Wagner, and if his performance had been in any measure unsatisfactory I would not have failed, as one of the oldest friends of the family, to express my most decided opinion against his being intrusted with such a heavy responsibility. I have heard Herr Siegfried Wagner conduct, and I have seen him at work as stage-manager. In my humble opinion he is a competent, and even a remarkable leader, and he is a stage-manager of great promise."

One week of Mr. Seidl's concerts at the Madison Square Garden is over and the second, and last, begins to-night, when a programme of unusual interest and variety is offered. The orchestra will be supplemented by the Brooklyn Arion, an excellent German choir of male voices, under the direction of Wilhelm Claassen. Following is the programme:

Overture, "Mignon" .... Thomas
Ballet music, "Cid" .... Massenet
Largo .... Handel
From "Lohengrin."
(Wedding music, chorus and the gathering of the Knights and Vassals.)
Intermezzo from "Ratcliff" .... Mascagni
Second Rhapsody .... Liszt
Overture, "Tannhäuser" .... Wagner
"Wacht auf es tagt!" .... Kirchl
The Arion Singing Society with orchestra.
"Bal Costumé" .... Rubinstein
Choruses without accompanist:
(a) Robin Adair .... Dudley Buck
(b) Tarantella .... Krug
The Arion Singing Society.
"La Gallina," Cuban Dance .... Gottschalk
March, "Tzigane" .... Lacombe

LI HUNG CHANG AND GLADSTONE.

AN INTERVIEW WHICH CONSISTED MOSTLY OF QUESTIONS BY THE CHINESE STATESMAN.

From The London Daily News.

Li Hung Chang arrived at Hawarden Castle to see Mr. Gladstone about 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The Ambassador, who wore his yellow jacket and peacock's feathers, was received at the entrance by Mr. Henry Gladstone. He was carried in his chair up the principal staircase to one of a suite of rooms looking out upon the terrace gardens. Here he left his chair, and was ushered into the principal drawing-room, in which Mr. Gladstone was waiting to receive him. The ex-Premier rose from his seat and advanced toward his guest with extended hand. The veteran statesmen cordially shook hands, and Mr. Gladstone, motioning Li Hung Chang to a seat, took an armchair and commenced the conversation by expressing the extreme delight with which he saw the Chinese statesman at Hawarden. The interpreter sat opposite the distinguished statesmen, and the conversation was freely carried on. Li Hung Chang began the conversation by some questions as to Mr. Gladstone's career.

"How long were you Prime Minister?" he asked. Mr. Gladstone replied, "I was Prime Minister four times, and for thirteen years."

"How long were you in the Cabinet?" "I was in the Cabinet nearly twenty-four years."

"You have been," said the visitor, "a most valuable servant of your country, and the Queen trusts you in everything?" To this his host replied, "I have tried to do well; I ought to have done better; and I wish I had done better."

"This country," said Li Hung Chang, "is the greatest naval power in the world." "It is necessary," was the reply, "for her to be the greatest."

"England has a great fleet to protect her commerce." "Yes," observed the British statesman, "it is essential that she should have a great fleet, because the Empire is scattered over the world. There are three great countries that have the advantage of being connected from end to end—namely, America, Russia and China—and for them a strong navy is not of course so necessary."

"Do you admire Lord Salisbury?" Mr. Gladstone replied, "Lord Salisbury is the head of the Conservative party and I was the head of the Liberal party. There are many characteristics that I admire in Lord Salisbury, and there are many points on which I agree with him. He has great natural gifts."

The next point that arose between Mr. Gladstone and the Ambassador was, how long did the former sleep? "Generally eight hours," said Mr. Gladstone, and Li Hung Chang nodded his head, observing, "Ah, that is what Prince Bismarck sleeps, and you are older than he is." "Then," said Mr. Gladstone with another laugh, "I may take the credit for doing better than the Prince," and Li Hung Chang smiled also.

Taking the initiative in the conversation, Mr. Gladstone complimented China on her adoption of the principles of free trade, to which, as they were the basis of national greatness, he hoped she would adhere. To these observations the Viceroy assented, adding, however, that it was necessary to place some restrictions upon merchants.

"What do you think of war?" asked His Excellency. "War," replied Mr. Gladstone, "benefits nobody. In all cases one country is in the wrong, and very often both countries are in the wrong."

"There is no difficulty in keeping together the several portions of the British Empire?" queried the Chinese statesman. "No," was the emphatic reply, "the strength of the bond is its voluntary character. If any colony desired to leave us, the mother country would use no compulsion to prevent the separation."

Again changing the subject, Li Hung Chang said: "This country has such immense resources that it is able to spend whatever it likes." To this the ex-Premier replied: "However rich we may be, prudence should be the characteristic note of our finance. I was brought up in the Sir Robert Peel tradition of strict economy, and although I may not have such strong views on the subject as I formerly held, I nevertheless would like to see the National expenditure more jealously guarded than it is at present. I do not think it is a question of party. In my opinion public sentiment on the matter is not as prudent as it ought to be."

"England," said Li, "is the greatest mercantile power in the world?" Mr. Gladstone assented.

"In the case of China," pursued the Viceroy, "it is necessary that the country should be opened up, that railways should be established, and that advantage should be taken of the lessons in civilization to be learned from other nations." "I thoroughly agree with you," replied Mr. Gladstone.

The conversation being at an end, Li Hung Chang spoke to several of the children who were with the company, and declared that they were very pretty. The party then adjourned to the dining-room, where luncheon was served. A carrying-chair had been brought for Li Hung Chang, but he declined to use it. Turning to Mr. Gladstone, he said, "You are my senior; I will not use the chair." The two then crossed the apartments together, Mr. Gladstone looking quite short beside Li Hung Chang. In the middle of the lunch Mr. Gladstone left his seat and went to the library. Returning with six volumes, copies of his own works, he presented them to his distinguished guest, who received them with pride. Mr. Gladstone and Li Hung Chang then proceeded to the Jubilee porch and seated themselves in a couple of chairs placed side by side, while several photographs were taken. After this Mr. Gladstone went up to a little knot of his guests and entertained them with an amusing reminiscence. "I have been so delighted to meet Li Hung Chang," he said. "I have followed his recent progress about the country and what seems to me so remarkable is that he should have the physical strength to endure such a tour. The late Shah of Persia became very much fatigued when he was here, and I remember, on the occasion of a visit to Windsor, that I came across him fast asleep." Li Hung Chang, after inscribing his name in the visitors' book, took a cordial farewell of his host and hostess. As Li and his suite drove back to Chester they were enthusiastically cheered. On reaching Chester he proceeded by train to Furness Abbey. Yesterday he went for a trip upon Lake Windermere.

THE LAURADA'S CAPTAIN ARRESTED.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 12.—Captain Murphy of the steamer Laurada was arrested to-day by United States Marshal Lannan on the charge of organizing a military expedition against Spain. The charge was preferred by the Spanish Consul in Philadelphia. Captain Murphy was taken before United States Commissioner Smith this afternoon for a hearing. District-Attorney Vandergroft asked for a postponement until next Saturday. This was granted and Murphy was released on $1,000 bail. Ralph De Soto, of this city, became his bondsman. The Laurada completed the unloading of her cargo last night, and this morning asked for clearance papers. They were refused upon orders from Washington.

Violinist—The violin I shall play on this evening, madam, is 200 years old.

Banker's Wife—Oh, don't worry about that. I don't believe anybody will notice it!"

FINE HORSES IN MINIATURE.

DR. JACKSON'S SHETLAND PONIES AND THE GIRLS WHO TRAIN THEM.

A LONG ISLAND FARM WHERE PRIZE WINNERS ARE BRED—THE DOCTOR'S HOBBY OUT OF THE USUAL RUN.

Massive proportions, bulk, may cause one to look up with respect or awe, but it is the diminutive specimen of his kind that captures the heart. The mighty war-horse, with his nostrils spread wide to get a scent of the battle from afar, fills the mind with thoughts of the roar of artillery, bugle calls, the dust of deadly action; but the little Shetland pony, trotting along so good-naturedly, looking for all the world as if life were far too short for anything but love and oats, one would take to one's home, hitch to a basket cart and give to the baby as a pet.

Dr. Oscar C. Jackson, whose farm is near Woodbury, Long Island, has as fine a lot of Shetland and Welsh ponies as could be found anywhere. It is a sort of "fad" with the doctor, these diminutive specimens of the horse. He says that life is too short to spend at doing something which is distasteful, and that every man achieves the best that is in him when in the chosen occupation of his life he at once finds the toil that strengthens mind and muscle. He does not need a holiday; to walk out into his fields and see the frisky little colts sporting around their dams, to know where they came from, to see what they are, and thus to be able to calculate what they will be, is enough for him—quite holiday enough.

This love of horseflesh, this skill in handling them, the doctor has transmitted to two of his daughters in a remarkable degree.

Miss Laura Jackson, who is now a young lady, showed from her earliest infancy the ability to manage her father's pets. Not alone horses, but animals of all kinds, seemed to know that she could and would force them to do her will. Gently she did it, but firmly. A man who has spent his life among horses said that Miss Jackson was the finest reinswoman he ever saw in his life, and he also vouchsafed the remark that he had seen a great many women who thought they could manage horses, and a few who really could do a little in that line.

Miss Jackson's skill became so much talked about that the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Academy sought her services as an instructor for the young lady pupils.

She is in no fear of the most vicious horse that can be found. For miles around the neighborhood in which her father lives, if there is a horse of particularly bad manners the owner of the horse brings him over to Dr. Jackson's farm for a course of instructions in that which is proper etiquette in a horse belonging to a well-regulated family. Some people have scruples against having their brains kicked out, even by their own pets. It matters not to Miss Jackson whether the horse has ever had a halter over his head in his life or not. She goes into an open stall with the animal and, in a soft but firm voice, not too hurriedly, talks to him, taking time to get acquainted with the animal, to win his love at the same time that she is impressing upon him the knowledge that she is his master. In the end the horse is subdued.

"Did she ever get spilled out?" was asked of the informant. "Oh, yes, many a time. But she never lets go. She sits on the head of the horse when in throwing himself he gets tangled up in his harness until some one can come to help straighten things out."

Another one of Dr. Jackson's daughters is Miss Carrie Jackson, still only a child of twelve years. When this little girl was six years old she drove a span of her father's Shetland ponies in an exhibition at the Madison Square Garden. These two little mares, Dinah and Sister, received the first prize, and were purchased by Frank Underhill. The little things were not much bigger than good-sized St. Bernard dogs. After the exhibition at the Garden this same little girl drove the ponies down to Mr. Underhill's place at Oyster Bay, a distance of seventy-seven miles.

One of the features of the Queens County Fair at Mineola for a number of years has been this child's managing of her father's horses.

One of the things in the way of breeding horses that Dr. Jackson is trying to bring to perfection is a cob that shall meet the requirements of ladies. For this purpose the horse should be "roady," as well as having plenty of style and action. To this end the doctor has Eclipse, an imported hackney pony stallion, seal brown, about fourteen hands high, a horse of unusual high action all round, and great style, with a disposition all sunshine, and there are few members of the assembly that have as many well-known ancestors. His sire was Denmark, 177, by Sir Charles, by Performer, by Phenomenon, by Wildfire, by Sportsman. His dam was a Welsh pony mare. Dr. Jackson has a number of well bred trotting mares that he is breeding to Eclipse.

Among the most interesting of Dr. Jackson's small horses is the stallion Howland L., imported direct from the Marquis of Londonderry's stables. Howland L. is as black as a crow, is eight years old, and forty-two inches high. There could not

HOWLAND L.

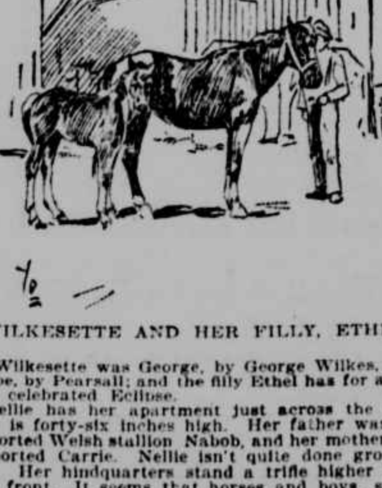
well be a more perfect specimen of the Shetland pony than Howland L. He is stocky, pony-built and fat, and as good-natured as the day is long. If an ordinary horse were extended up and out upon the same proportions that Howland L. is built on, that horse would weigh several tons. At least that is the way Dr. Jackson figures it.

In the next stall to Howland L. is Flying Cloud, another stallion, seven years old and forty-three inches high. Flying Cloud is also coal black, with the exception of three white feet and a white star in his forehead. Flying Cloud's father was the imported King Harry, that, little mite as he was, sold for $1,000. Flying Cloud's mother was an imported Shetland mare. Flying Cloud is not so "Shetland-pony built" as his companion in the next stall. He looks more horsey. Lots of people would think him prettier.

In the next stall there is a pretty little bay mare with black points—Brightness. She is so little and so trim and so pretty that one could fairly pick her up in one's arms. Her sire was an imported Shetland, Dave, and her dam a full-blooded Welsh mare, Baby Mine. Brightness has not, so far as her most intimate acquaintances know, one single fault.

In the next stall to Brightness is Dinah II, a daughter of the same Dinah that little Carrie Jackson drove at the horse show, and after that was over, from the Madison Square Garden down to Oyster Bay. Although Dr. Jackson consented to sell the first pair, he was so fond of the family that he bought two of her colts as soon as he had an opportunity.

Then there are Wilkesette and her filly, Ethel, both mare and filly bred by Dr. Jackson. The sire



WILKESETTE AND HER FILLY, ETHEL.

of Wilkesette was George, by George Wilkes, dam Hope, by Pearsall; and the filly Ethel has for a sire the celebrated Eclipse.

Nellie has her apartment just across the hall. She is forty-six inches high. Her father was the imported Welsh stallion Nabob, and her mother the imported Carrie. Nellie isn't quite done growing yet. Her hindquarters stand a trifle higher than her front. It seems that horses and boys, sometimes, when they are getting their growth, grow up or out in spots, and finally toward the last they develop all round and make a symmetrical whole. Nellie's owner said that some horsemen deemed the high hindquarters to be an indication of great propelling powers.

And there are Stella and her colt Atom, both little piebalds. When Atom first made his appearance in this world he was just about a foot high, and little

STELLA AND HER COLT, ATOM.

Carrie Jackson could pick him up in her arms and walk off with him.

This youngest daughter of Dr. Jackson bids fair to rival her older sister in the management of horses. Young as she is, she breaks all of the Shetland and Welsh ponies that her father raises.

TESLA'S ELECTRIC OSCILLATOR.

IMPROVED APPARATUS FOR EXCITING WAVES OF HIGH FREQUENCY.

It is now four or five years since Nikola Tesla startled the electricians of the world by allowing a current of 200,000 volts to pass through his body. And it was nearly or quite as long ago that he produced a beautiful effulgence in a sealed glass tube by electrical means, yet without connecting the tube with a wire. These and other wonderful achievements of that eminent investigator have been the outgrowth of his study of "high frequency" and "high potential" currents. In fact, his most brilliant and original experiments for several years have been conducted in this, his favorite, department of research, and he has contributed greatly to the general stock of knowledge on this subject.

Every schoolboy, nowadays, knows the difference between a direct and an alternating current; and the practical electrician, if not the schoolboy, is aware that an alternating current may have oscillations of almost any frequency. The waves may number only twenty-five to the second, as in the great Niagara dynamos, or they may occur several thousand times as frequently. It is only the low-frequency current that is used commercially at present; but Mr. Tesla has repeatedly expressed his belief that practical results of great importance ought to be developed out of the use of high-frequency currents.

Few readers of The Tribune need to be reminded of the difference between the volume and the pressure or potential of an electric current. The one is expressed in "amperes," and the other in "volts." When, for any reason, you transform a current so as to raise the voltage, you correspondingly reduce the amperage. You cannot by any such operation increase the total energy, which is calculated by multiplying the number of volts by the number of amperes.

Reference is here made to these elementary principles of electrical science in order to render more intelligible the announcement that Mr. Tesla has nearly perfected a new piece of apparatus, which is designed to transform both the frequency and the potential of an alternating current, and do so very economically. It frequently happens that pioneers in scientific investigation find it necessary to make a special tool before they can manufacture the article they have in view. Perhaps that tool is a new mathematical formula or a novel chemical process, or a bit of electrical apparatus. In any case, it is a means to an end. This latest invention, or improvement on old devices, with which Mr. Tesla is to be credited, is to be regarded in the same light. His goal is the production of cheap, cold light in vacuum tubes; and the new instrument is designed to help him and others in attaining that object. Mr. Tesla has imitators, and there are people audacious enough to think of themselves as his rivals. But, after all, the great number and broad scope of his experiments and their character place him distinctly at the front in this magnificent field of inquiry. The public grows impatient at times because Mr. Tesla does not occasionally "report progress," like a Congressional committee; but, as The Tribune has often remarked, it is the privilege of genius to take its own time and work in its own way.

Already Mr. Tesla has given to science many useful hints and suggestions as to the arrangement of well-known pieces of apparatus in electrical work. His famous "disruptive discharge coil," designed to excite subordinate waves of enormous frequency (millions to the second) in an electric circuit, may be cited by way of illustration. The instance also serves to show that the new apparatus is not the first of its kind which he has originated for the same purpose. As yet Mr. Tesla does not want to furnish details regarding his latest advance in this direction. But it seems probable that it will replace the costly "induction coils" now extensively used in much laboratory work. Such coils costs hundreds, even thousands, of dollars. In Röntgen-ray photography, as well as the production of "the light of the future," the new apparatus is likely to prove exceedingly useful. The author of it calls it an "electrical oscillator," but is careful to explain that it is a very different sort of a contrivance from his well-known "mechanical oscillator," which exercises the functions of a steam engine and a dynamo combined.

"Yes," said Miss Bellfield, "it is all over between George—I mean Mr. Homewood—and myself."

"Whatever was the matter?" asked Miss Bloomfield. "I thought you loved each other devotedly."

"Oh, we do; or, rather, we did. But it was this way: When he asked me to marry him I said I would if he would give up smoking. He replied that he would give up smoking if I would give up my pug dog; but, of course, I could not think of such a thing as parting with Fido, and so it ended."—(Pittsburg Chronicle.

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