

THE JOYS OF WINTER

In the Favored Regions Where Snow Abounds at This Season and

THE ICE CROP NEVER FAILS.

Story of a Snowshoer's Mishap and a Coasting Accident by Which

A PRETTY ROMANCE WAS SPOILED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The reader never lived in a cold climate it is highly probable that he never walked on snowshoes. If he never had that experience he has missed a great deal of fun. I don't want to say a word against serene skies, balmy breezes and other things that make existence a poem; for, as was said of Benjamin Harrison and President Cleveland, "They are all right," and take about as much delight in them as the average mortal. But no snowshoes go with them, more's the pity. When the fields and woods are green and the perfume of flowers sends the sultry summer air, one can find a certain amount of pleasure in taking solitary strolls along unfrequented paths leading through verdant meadows and groves of stately trees, listening to the songs of birds, the soft murmur of the zephyr that gently stirs leaves and boughs and the incessant, drowsy hum of insects, while black flies gnaw the back of his neck and green worms crawl around his coat collar. But it is only a sort of listless enjoyment that comes stealing over the senses of the traveler under such circumstances, and as likely as not, before he has gone very far he becomes weary and tired, and wishes he hadn't started.

For my part, when I was younger and less rheumatic than at present, I used to prefer the winter season as a time for taking long walks in the country. When the songsters of the grove had long since taken their departure to the southward, leaving behind only the noisy woodpecker, the timid partridge and the solemn owl; when the mosquitoes and flies, having made careful provisions to insure an abundant crop of creatures of their kind for the next year, had gone, no one knew or cared whether, when the snow lay thick in field and woodland, then was the time I chose to ramble through grand old forests. The



Mishap to a Snowshoer.

big oaks and maples, gray and cold, and destitute of all covering save here and there a bunch of yellow leaves, which even a gale could not tear away, hence the defiance to the roaring winds, scarcely degrading to bow their proud heads to the rule blast before which the younger trees abook and cringed in terror. A great tree in all times one of the most beautiful and stately pieces of God's handiwork, but it never seems so absolutely grand, so dignifiedly noble and serene as when the snow is heaped about its roots and wintry winds sweep across its branches. But what has all this to do with snowshoes? Very little, I must admit; yet it was through their aid that I came to have some knowledge of the severity, the solemnity and the rugged beauty of Nature in her sublimest aspects. Tramping through snow that is several feet in depth is wearisome and uninteresting, but tramping over it is exhilarating, fascinating, delightful. The exercise is healthful, calling into play almost every set of muscles in the body, inducing free respiration, stimulating the appetite. Skating, rowing and horseback riding are tame in comparison. It is no wonder that the Canadians, who usually have plenty of snow for at least four or five months each year, find snowshoeing a most attractive sport.

To walk on snowshoes with ease and grace is an accomplishment not easily learned. Indeed, the beginner usually finds it quite difficult to walk on them at all without treading on one shoe with the other, with the immediate result of pitching himself head first into the snow. The first time I took a lesson in the art I succeeded admirably until I attempted to "show off" by racing down a hill with a friend. When my shoes wanted to go both sides of the road they had their own way—it was impossible for me to prevent them—and the consequence was I became downcast, so much so, in fact, that it was impossible for me to look my friend in the face. I couldn't very well look through eight or ten inches of snow, you see, and there was just about that quantity of compacted snow surrounding my head when I first tried to look up. I took a lesson in the art I succeeded admirably until I attempted to "show off" by racing down a hill with a friend. When my shoes wanted to go both sides of the road they had their own way—it was impossible for me to prevent them—and the consequence was I became downcast, so much so, in fact, that it was impossible for me to look my friend in the face. I couldn't very well look through eight or ten inches of snow, you see, and there was just about that quantity of compacted snow surrounding my head when I first tried to look up.

He Got His Petition to Just in Time. Not for a saloon or restaurant, but an old establishment where the general public have their old clothes cleaned, repaired and renovated and made look like new. Dickson, the tailor, is his name, and his place of business is corner Fifth and Wood streets, second floor. On his petition can be found almost all of Pittsburgh's most prominent business men. Telephone 1508.

Cupid Union Message Co. "Messages of Love" (valentines) in all shapes and forms can be had in largest variety and lowest prices at main office of L. Brenner & Co., 635 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 3, 7, 10, 12

FOUR HUNDRED pieces of fine French and American flannels; stripes, checks and figures; all prices, 35c, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1 per yard. HUGGS & HACKE. WFSU

\$5, \$6 and \$8 Pants. For a good fitting suit or pants go to PITCAIRN'S TAILORING EMPORIUM, 434 Wood street.

Clearance Sale of Revolvers. Double action, self-loading revolvers, any caliber, at \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$3 upward, at J. H. Johnston's, 621 Smithfield street.

LECTURE by Rev. Francis McCarthy (native of Pittsburgh) in basement of Cathedral this evening at 7:30. Admission 25 cents.

SEE our handsome costume patterns; entirely new designs just arrived. HUGGS & HACKE. WFSU

CASH paid for old gold and silver at Hauch's, No. 205 Fifth avenue. WFSU

Cooper's pond while I was yet a schoolboy, and I have no doubt that the industry still flourishes. It was there also that the first courtship in which I ever figured as one of the principals had its beginning. It came about in the usual way, but it didn't end so. "I'm glad now things turned out as they did, but at the time I felt sore over the matter for as much as two weeks. There was a big hill near the old red schoolhouse on which the boys and girls amused themselves at the noon recess when there was a crust upon the snow. In these days the exercise which afforded us so much pleasure is known as coasting, but we didn't call it that. With us it was simply "sliding on a base sled," which was certainly much more expressive than the other term, even if less euphonious. Well, about the time that an incipient mistake was beginning to darken my upper lip ever so lightly, one day I asked the prettiest girl in school to try a few trips down the hill on my sled. She agreed, with the same sweet yet glad readiness with which she had consented to be mine when I popped the question on the skating pond. We took but one slide down the hill and even that didn't extend to the bottom. By cruel fate's decree or my own awkwardness—Lucy put the blame wholly on the latter—the sled was upset and both of us received some painful yet by no means serious bruises and scratches. If ever a person was "hopping mad" it was that girl of mine—yet mine no longer from that day forth—at that very moment. In her anger she fairly danced up and down and gave vent to her feelings in tears and words which, although not polite, were perhaps excusable under the circumstances. The engagement was broken then and there despite my apologies and protestations. No man, she said, in effect, who was incapable of steering a sled properly, should ever have the privilege of piloting, on the matrimonial sea, the craft on which she was to make the voyage of life. I thought of course that two lives had been wrecked by the coasting accident, whereas the only real damage done was the slight physical harm to each of us, and we got over that in a few days. My hated rival got Lucy, and after they were married she led him such a life that I fairly pitied him. This is a most unromantic ending for a story I am well aware, and perhaps I ought to apologize for it.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Take for instance "Old Dog Tray," "Wandering Boy," "Captain Jim," "Flying Trapeze," "Dan Tucker," "Captain With His Whiskers," "Old Uncle Ned," "Champagne Charley," and even later issues, "Put My Little Shoes Away," "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," "Mollie Darling," "Grandfather's Clock," "Dreamy Eyes," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "See That My Grave's Kept Green," "Put Me in My Little Bed," "Shine," and many others that were as much in demand

both to the author-composer and publisher. Some have lain dormant upon the shelves for years, others have sprung into popularity from the first moment of their introduction. That the making of a song rests with the singer there can be no doubt, consequently the stage and publisher are as closely allied as are the dramatist and stage. In corroboration of the above statement "Sweet Bye and Bye," that has been generally sung in houses for years, was never popular with the masses until Lotta sang it. It is not so much the melody or beauty of a song that makes it a favorite with the public as it is the range of it. Of course there must be some attractiveness in the theme, but it must never go above F or below C, for in that compass is the highest and lowest of the average human voice. Anything written out of that limit is an effort, and being such, it ceases to be a pleasure. This class of songs does not become standard unless they are particularly original both in words and music, and then they are usually kept so by being sung in public by professionals.

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in their day. I venture to say that hardly one-fourth of the present generation knew anything of them at all, and yet many of those very songs were the making of some of the most prominent music publishers of to-day, C. A. White, Smith & Co., Boston; Root, of Chicago; Ditson, of Boston; Peters, of St. Louis; Brinley, of Cleveland; Church, of Cincinnati; Folsch, of Louisville; Pond, of New York; Bonner, of Philadelphia, all have been enriched by one or more of the enumerated songs. A few publishers have by the aid of one song alone jumped from a single back room to a magnificently furnished store, and yet some one drew a simile between poverty and a song. It is often the case with the composer, as it is with the inventor, that after days and nights of study and worry he disposes of his work to the publisher for a mere pittance. It is to this probably that the above allude when they say "I shall compose of 'Crickets on the Hearth';" Joe Gulick, author of "White Wings"; Gussie L. Davis, the young negro of Cincinnati who wrote "Blue Bells of Scotland"; Paul Dreser, of "The Letter that Never Came"; fame, were as unfortunate as some of their predecessors in not securing a royalty instead of taking a stipulated sum for their productions.

LUCKY COMPOSERS. Emmet, Luckard, Scanlan, Harrigan, Branham, Lillie Hall, Kennedy and May Howard are some of the few performing authors who have realized pecuniary benefit from their ballads, but as Johnson says, "Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek," so it is with a great many supposed composers. They know little music and less of harmony. Notwithstanding their songs become popular because they were sung extensively, of catchy melodies and within easy range of the voice. When we take into consideration the fact that Emmet realized a profit of nearly \$15,000 out of one song on a royalty of 10 per cent, we can imagine what the publishers made when they received from 15 to 40c for every copy sold.

"For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You," "Can't Do It, You Know," and other topical songs are not as remunerative as they would be were they not of a purely local character. Although the subjects may be but low and well known, the airs are mostly a commonplace rehab. Therefore they are not in demand, because they are lacking in the one and more especially the one theme qualification. A great many songs have been attributed to and claimed by persons who never as much as the serials of a pen or pencil to them. Woodward & Co., of New York, brought out one that was written by Joe Gulick, which yielded an enormous income to both publisher and singer; as was also the case with a song of Alfred Celliers printed by Church & Co. at Cincinnati. Many other instances could be recited where the originals had sold every third copy to them, and the serials of a pen or pencil to them, Woodward & Co., of New York, brought out one that was written by Joe Gulick, which yielded an enormous income to both publisher and singer; as was also the case with a song of Alfred Celliers printed by Church & Co. at Cincinnati. Many other instances could be recited where the originals had sold every third copy to them, and the serials of a pen or pencil to them.

almost none for note the same thing as "Colleen Das Macree," and the respective publishers, one in New York and the other in San Francisco, have been able to today, at law about it. Kennedy's "Emmet's Cradle" is an old English song, "All Among the Barley." When Harris first

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A BIG NOTE ROBBERY.

The Peculiar Methods of Some Musical Composers Explained.

ANCIENT MELODIES REVAMPED

Become the Most Popular Airs of Modern Minstrelsy.

SOME VERY CURIOUS COINCIDENCES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

EMMET'S LULLABY

often sent song profits exaggerated beyond all reasonable limit. If you take two or three editions of a song, amounting to say 800,000, which is a very large number, averaging each song at 10 cents, allowing 10 per cent to the author, and from \$2,000 to \$5,000 as expenses, you can get a fair approximation of the returns on song publishing, but for every song written that never sees the light of day. The lives of Burns, Moore, Glover, Hatton, Payne, Crouch and Foster need no recounting here, suffice to say, with the exception perhaps of Burns and Moore, that their efforts were never fully merited during life. Poor Stewart—gentle, soul-souled with no other enemy in the world but himself—

was buried in a pauper's grave. The same can be said of Gulick, who lived to bear his own music sung on the streets; furthermore had his hearing offended by their being sung out of a dilapidated band organ. It is well known that Payne that as he wandered one cold winter night, thinly clad and hungry, without a place to sleep, he stopped in front of a palatial residence and heard his own "Home, Sweet Home," from the lips of a happy family while he was suffering the pangs of poverty. Being observed from the window, he was ordered from the place, and with tears in his eyes begged that he might stay and listen to his own song. The air of which, however, is said to be of Cilician extraction, and in pursuance of this fact, and the fact that the song is said to show wherein other songs have been taken from older compositions. Whether they were taken knowingly or not is a question that the composers will have to decide.

MUSICAL ASSIMILATION. A convention of musicians at Leipzig some time since allowed that four bars of one melody resembling another of previous publication was not a steal, but a variation of an embodied idea that nothing is said. That there is a fragment of another melody will be palpable to any casual observer in the following songs, but I doubt if there is one in a thousand who has ever noticed the similarity. "When the Robins Nest Again" starts exactly like "Maid of Athens." "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" begins as does the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Emmet's "Love of the Shaurook" is of the same idea as "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood." "See Thee and Forget Thee Never," which was introduced in "Erminie," is a counterpart of "The Song of the Sea." Any one comparing Dixey's great success in "Adonis," "My English, You Know," to the old song "Flying Trapeze" will find that there is but a slight modification. A change of key and the quartering of a few notes a difference is made between the "Spanish Cavalier" and the chorus of "Peek-a-Boo." I shall not say that the latter was published about

the same time, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," or "Will You Meet Me at the Bar," which met with so much favor in "Joshua Whitecome," is so closely allied to "Claribel's 'You and I' that they can hardly be distinguished one from the other. "All on Account of Eliza," from the opera "Billie Taylor," is nothing less than "How Lovely Are the Mountains" from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul." "When Nellie Was Raking the Hay" is taken from the "Blue Alsatian Mountains." Milton Walling's exquisite song, "Dreaming," the refrain bears a striking resemblance to an old German waltz entitled "Lovely Woman."

MUSICAL COINCIDENCES. I wonder does Mr. Brahms think the American people a lot of ignoramus when he deliberately takes the "Last Rose of Summer" music and sets "Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full" to it, and claims it as his own. "Call Me Back Again" is

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. BIJOU THEATER. Under the Direction of R. M. GULICK & CO. Business Manager A. J. SHELDON. WEEK OF FEBRUARY 11, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. HARRY LACY, STILL ALARM. By JOSEPH ARTHUR. The Lacy and Arthur Co. 100 Nights in New York. 100 Nights in London. Under the Management of Joseph Arthur.

BIJOU PRICES, RESERVED SEATS, 75c, 50c and 25c. HARRIS' THEATER. WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1889. EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING. FRONT. The Funniest of Them All. The Sparks Company. In the Greatest of All Successes. A BUNCH OF KEYS Or, THE HOTEL. By CHARLES H. HOYT. Entire Change and New Specialties, New Songs, New Dances, New Features, New Medleys, and more fun than all other comedies combined. PRICES: Matinee, 10c; Reserved Seats, 15c and 20c. Night, 10c; Reserved Seats, 15c and 25c. February 18-NELSON FAMILY.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. E. D. WILT, Lessee and Manager. Commencing Monday Evening, February 11, 1889. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday. "THEY LIKED IT SO MUCH" Engagement of the handsome and talented young American Star.

CORA TANNER. Under the management of Colonel W. E. Sinn, of the Park Theater, Brooklyn, in Robert Buchanan's delightful and eminently successful new play, "FASCINATION!" Which, since its remarkable run of 57 nights at the Fourteenth Street Theater, N. Y., has caught Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington by storm. It will be presented here in a manner to eclipse all previous productions.

Harry Williams' Academy. MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11. Matinees: Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday. Hyde's Big Specialty Company, from Hyde & Behman's Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y. February 18—Austin's Australian Novelty Company.

PARTNER WANTED! With \$5,000 capital to join undersigned in producing his original farce comedy, "Is Marriage a Failure?" I have full copyright on above titled and patents on several comedy effects used. Address by mail, JOHN W. RANBONE, 631 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS. Have commenced to arrive, and we require MORE ROOM. We therefore offer our large and complete line of HOUSEHOLD CHINA AND GLASS. Embracing Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets, Hotel Ware, Lamps and Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, Bronzes and Clocks, Bric-a-Brac, Cut Glass and Art Potteries, comprising many useful and elegant WEDDING GIFTS, AT POPULAR PRICES. THE J. P. SMITH, Lamp, Glass & China Co., 935 Penn Avenue.

DESKS A SPECIALTY. The Most Complete Stock in the City. BED ROCK PRICES. We also manufacture this wonderful combination Easy Chair. STEVENS CHAIR CO. No. 3 SIXTH ST. JAIL-60 PITTSBURG, PA. PATENTS. O. D. LEVINS, Solicitor of Patents, 115 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield, next Leader Office. (No delay.) Established 23 years.

THE BEST PROOF. That our trade and popularity is ever increasing, is that we are again compelled to ENLARGE AND IMPROVE OUR SPACIOUS AND HANDSOME STOREROOMS.

In a few days carpenters and painters will be at work putting up additional shelves and counter room, which we must have to accommodate our steadily growing business. We MUST REDUCE STOCK QUICKLY, in order to give the men room to work. We shall do this by means of a Grand Alteration Sale!

That we mean business, the following prices will show: 360 dozen imported Balbriggan Hose, seamless French Toes, 9c and 12c; worth 15c and 20c. 240 dozen fine quality full regular made Striped Hose, 12c; worth 20c. 120 dozen fine quality full regular made fancy Hose, 15c; worth 25c. 50 dozen Black Silk Hose, 45c; reduced from 75c. 210 dozen fancy Lisle Hose, 45c; reduced from 75c. 80 dozen Ladies' Natural Wool Vests, 44c; reduced from 75c. 300 dozen Ladies' fine Ribbed Swiss Vests, pink, blue, ecru, 20c; worth 38c. 240 dozen Ladies' extra fine Swiss Ribbed Vests, 22c; worth 40c. 50 dozen colored Silk Vests, 75c; worth \$1.25. 180 dozen fine fresh Corsets, 38c; would be cheap at 50c. 340 dozen striped and plain Beaver Newmarkets, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7.50; worth more than double. 320 dozen four-button embroidered and genuine Foster hook Kid Gloves, 44c a pair; reduced from 75c and \$1. 50 dozen real French Mosquetiere Kid Gloves, 73c; worth \$1.25. 75 dozen Misses' extra fine four-button embroidered Kid Gloves, 45c; worth \$1. 60 dozen Ladies' White Merino Vests, 25c; worth 40c. And hundreds of other articles marked down equally low.

Just Received NEW SPRING WRAPS, NEW SPRING JACKETS, NEW SPRING BLOUSES. 4,500 Pairs New Lace Curtains 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and up; worth double. New Embroideries, New Laces, New Bonnet Frames, in immense variety. SPECIAL! Another lot of 350 dozen extra fine Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 10c; worth 20c and 25c. The greatest bargain ever offered. See for yourselves, at Rosenbaum & Co. 510, 512, 514 MARKET ST. AND 27 FIFTH AVE.