Among the Players.

ARE THERE BUT THREE AMERICAN TRAGEDIANS WORTHY OF THE NAME?—MR. KEENE THINKS SO.

THE enterprise which is displayed in theatrical advertising is something impressive and admirable; impressive because of its colossal proportions, and admirable because of its ingenuity. There is however, a barrier at which good taste halts, and that is the effort to promulgate derogatory rumors concerning other attractions. Let the gentlemanly advance agent pour his silvery blandishments into the ear of the newspaper plodder; let the dead wall glow with visions of impossible people doing all sorts of impossible things, tear all the gushing adjectives out of the thesaurus by the roots and dangle them before the eye of the multitude with the solemn assurance that they were coined for the express purpose of being adapted to this particular attraction, but don't start one with the effort to blast another atraction in the eyes of the public. Let it alone, and possibly it may accomplish that end for itself.

The following is an extract of a notice which has been sent to the newspapers for publication:

"There are but three American tragedians left worthy of the name on the stage to-day. They are Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Thomas W. Keene. Mr. Booth, we are sorry to say, is aging very rapidly. A gentleman who saw him emerging from the Players' club, which is his home in New York, states that the great actor showed his sixty years very plainly, and being troubled with rheumatism he leaned heavily on his cane that used to assist him in walking. He will never again be the *Benedict*, the nervy *Petruchio* he was ten years ago, or looking the melancholy *Prince of Denmark* as no man that ever played the part looked it as he did in his youth and prime. The glandular trouble which compelled Lawrence Barrett to cease acting last season and brought him to the surgeon's table and consequently face to face with death has permanently aged him, for he is only a little over fifty years old and as he had led a blameless life, he should be in the height of his powers. He is not despondent, but at times he is ultra conscious of his years, and inclined to be reminiscent and morose. Edwin Booth's face was that of the ideal student, but he never was a student in the broad sense of the term.'

Then follows a highly eulogistic comment on Thomas W. Keene and a glowing description of his "Richard III." and "Louis XI." couched in terms which leave little room for doubt that the notices were disseminated by his management or in their interest.

That there are but three tragedians on the stage to-day is a bold assertion. It might be put more accurately and more modestly to say that there are but two. Mr. Booth may be passe, and Mr. Barrett may be an invalid, but nevertheless they hold a rank that Mr. Keene cannot attain to. James E. Murdock, our own Bob Downing, Fred Warde and several others (not to mention James Owen O'Connor) are ruthlessly excluded. England, with its Irving, is perhaps left out of the count through patriotic sentiment. Mr. Keene deserves and has always received recognition as an ambitious and industrious actor, but the effort to establish him as a member of an exclusive artistic triumvirate is as preposterous as the comments which accompany it are ungenerous. It is enough for the critics to point the waning powers of an artist; his adversaries should be above utilizing them as advertising capital.

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

A Son of the Illustrious Tragedian an Actor of Growing Renown.

Young Salvini, third son of the illustrious tragedian, himself an actor of growing renown, first appeared on the stage when he was 4 years old. At the age of 10 he took an old man's character in "The Craze for Country Life." He told a Detroit reporter that after a success in "The Son of Titian," at 14, he began to long to become an actor, as his brothers did. "But daddy refused us. He knew the severity of the life, its unceasing wanderings and its insecure rewards. 'Choose some other art, my sons,' he used to say, 'do not follow in your father's steps or you will be a wanderer on the face of the earth. Your art, too, will be lost; no trace of it will remain once you are gone. The poet perpetuates his life work in the written book; the artist by his canvases; the sculptor by his marble; but the words of the actor die with the hous, or if they live, exist only as a memory. So my daddy had me educated as a civil engineer. That was to have been my life work. And then—" Salvini paused a moment, let his cigarette fall, ran his hand through his crisp black hair, "then I fell in love. It changed my whole life. The girl was not acceptable to my people; I was too young, too. I often spoke to my daddy about it: I—but you know how such things go. I was to forget. I was to leave home. I was to come to America. I was to begin life anew, with new surroundings, new influences, new ambitions—a surveyor or something of that sort, where I hardly knew, but away out in America, and to America I came. Wandered over the country, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans and Texas. I was learning the language, and was to find an opening. But I grew tired of it. Nothing to do—made me sick. I went back to New York. I met Manager Palmer, who became interested. 'Can you act?' he asked one day. 'No,' I replisd,' daddy won't allow it. But if you wish I'll recite a bit in Italian.' Done. Palmer appeared pleased. He said to me: 'Cannot you learn something in English? Go and learn something in English and come back.' Over to my room in the hotel. What shall I learn? I have it, Hamlet's soliloquy! I got the dictionary, Italian and English, and began grubbing away. In twenty minutes I got back to the theater. 'Where is Mr. Palmer?' I asked. Palmer comes. 'Mr. Palmer,' I say, 'I am ready with that English recitation.' 'What is it?' asks Palmer in astonishment. I reply undaunted (I was young then), 'Hamlet's soliloquy.' You should have seen Mr. Palmer laugh! But I went through it. Not only went through it, but so pleased was the manager that he gave me a good place in his theater. What will daddy say? I met Clara Morris. I recited for her. Now I must be an actor! No other way out of it, so says Clara. I speak at Yonkers, 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' Clara is more insistent than ever. I must come in her company. 'Article 47,' her play—I try it. I study every accent, syllable, emphasis in the text. My first attempt to conquer the stage and the English language. As for the stage, well, that was all right, but as for that arbitrary, uninteligible English of yours—what a trial. I came on for my part and whenever my emotions became keyed up I would forget all and rattle away in a laughable mixture of Italian and English. But every one was kind to me, especially the critics. Now that the deed was done how was I to fix it with daddy? The agony of that thought. A friend came to my rescue, an old friend of our family. He cabled to daddy this pious illusion: 'Alexander has made his debut with grand success. It would be a pity to stop the boy now. What do you say?' In a few hours the answer came over the ocean: 'Very well, go ahead.' That was all. Soon after I received a letter from home, from dear old daddy. Rather a severe letter, too, in which he referred in a paternal, formal way to the fact that I hadn't asked his consent. Thus my daddy was finally satisfied and allowed me to begin my career on the stage."

"And the girl?"

"The girl? Gentlemen, I am still alone—a Bohemian, without a country and without a home."

MARIO AND GRISI.

A Couple Whose Musical Triumphs are Part of the Musical History.

A French writer has recently contributed to the stock of gossip about Mario and Grisi, the famous opera singers, the information that the former slept by day, and had such a distaste for newspapers and letters that he did not learn of the seizing of one of his estates by his creditors until a week after it had been sold. When not singing he dined in state every evening, the company being of miscellaneous character. His wife always sat on his right, and after the soup he would turn to her with a pretty speech and empty the first glass of wine in her honor. His wife was Giulia Grisi, whose triumphs on the operatic stage are part of the musical history of the century. She had an inordinate love of jewelry, wore dozens of rings and carried two watches at a time. To preserve her beauty she used quantities of crushed strawberries, in and out of season, to bathe her face, neck and arms; she had herself rubbed with orris and violet powder, and she drank milk of almonds, which last practice is supposed to have caused her death indirectly. It was her custom to wear nothing but white before dinner; yet she kept three maids busy changing her dress every hour of the day. Mario was a devoted husband, gave her valuable presents every day, and would not let her spend a farthing of her own income. Nevertheless, Grisi was not above jealousy, and once started on a sudden journey from Florence to St. Petersburg because of a rumor that a Russian princess was showing attentions to Mario. When she reached Vienna she fell ill and she died before her husband could reach her. She was buried in a casket of crystal, mounted in silver. Within this, visible to all, her body lay dressed in her favorite white and covered with gems.

A Merited Rebuke.

At Punxsutawney on a recent night Irene Taylor was playing "Camille." She had reached the death scene and was about to fall lifeless into the arms of her lover when two or three women in the audience giggled. No audience appears to be complete without women of that kind. Miss Taylor leaped to her feet and pointing at the offenders she cried: "Any woman who would laugh during such a scene as this is utterly void of any sense of delicacy, or refinement, or feeling. She is totally lacking in the sentiments of common humanity, and could not appreciate anything higher than the *Topsy* or the donkey in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" Then she began to die again and there was no more tittering. On the contrary the scene was ended with applause.

Harrigan's Leather Patch.

Among the people who are "smitten" by actors none has been more curiously affected than the man who pursues Harrigan in the hope of getting possession of the square of calf-skin that he wears in "The Leather Patch," and that gives the name to that comedy. He is probably a collector of theatrical bric a brac. At first he offered to buy the patch, requesting correspondence through the personal column of a New York paper, as he did not wish to reveal his identity. Receiving no answer to his letters, he attempted to filch the precious object, using as his agents stage hands who were amenable to bribes. Twice, and in different cities, the trousers were taken from Harrigan's dressing room but each time the theft was discovered in time to prevent the abstraction of the costume from the theater. While at the Amphion in this city a fortnight ago he played this piece, and on going to his dressing room to sit down between the acts he sat on a pin. Then he got up. And said something. Examination showed that the original patch had been ripped off and another one adjusted with pins. On the third night the original patch was returned by a man who had obtained a permit from the actor himself to go behind the scenes during the day and see what a theater looked like. When he was found in a saloon examining the treasure he sent it back, claiming that he had abstracted it as a joke. Until it was sewed on again Mr. Harrigan sat down in public quite judiciously.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THEATRICAL NOTES.

It is said that Joseph Jefferson proposes building a theater in New York.

McKee Rankin's five-act play, "The Runaway Wife," has made a big hit on the road.

"A Trip to Chinatown" made an unquestionable hit at the San Francisco Bush street theater last week.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett begin an extended engagement in New York at the Broadway theater in January.

It is probable that a benefit performance will be arranged for Mrs. Agnes Robertson Boucicault, who is wholly without means.

James Reilly has fully recovered from a long illness, and his voice is again in fine condition. He has resumed his role in "The Broom-maker." Ethel Tucker is now the leading lady of the company.

The first two plays selected by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal for their appearance in New York are "The Squire" and Merivale's "All for Her." The former play, by Pinero, was written especially for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and it was one of their chief successors during their occupancy of the St. James theater.

The two Spanish dancers, Carmencita and Otera, are running each a close race for the greatest popularity. Carmencita gives the untutored dance of the country folk, and Otera the well-studied movement of the regular school. Carmencita is of the people; Otera of the aristocracy; both are fetching, but our own little Amelia Glover is said to be as clever as either of them.

It is interesting to study the different styles of boys our favorite soubrettes affect to impersonate. Lotta, who has grown a trifle stout, makes a very cute gamin. Minnie Palmer makes a very fetching shaver in loose trousers. Marie Jansen is tip-top in satin breeches—a trifle too big in the hips, perhaps. The same may be said of Pauline Hall, Flora Moore, Bilee Barlow and Carrie Tutein. Agnes Huntington is a stunning figure in male attire. Mollie Thompson makes up first-rate as a lightweight jockey. Jennie Winston is, of course, in comic opera one of the most dashing of boy impersonators. Lena Merville makes a most genteel swell. Marion Elmore always hits audiences as a newsboy or a street gamin. Some of our leading legitimate actresses have at certain periods of their careers played boy parts. Think of Marie Wainwright, Clara Morris, Rose Coghlan, Lillie Langtry, Fannie Davenport and Georgia Cayvan coming right out in kneebreeches and hose. Grace Filkins, when with Modjeska, had to jump in one night and play the part of the page in "As You Like It," but she didn't like it a bit, and said so.

Miss Helen Russell, who will be a member of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, which opens at the Broadway theater November 10, was for some time a member of Lester Wallack's famous stock company. She is a very beautiful woman, one of the most tasteful dressers on the stage, and above all an exceedingly clever artiste.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett played at Davidson's theater in Milwaukee last week to upwards of ten thousand dollars; the largest receipts ever known in that city. He was seen in "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Richelieu," "Julius Caesar," "Yorick's Love," and "Francesca da Rimini." Mr. Barrett and his company, including Miss Gale, were most cordially received at every performance.

Chicago having now the biggest and prettiest theater in the world, is soon also to have the biggest extravaganza ever produced. An English theatrical speculator has bought all the scenery and costumes of "Cinderella," which, with Minnie Palmer, was seen at Her Majesty's theater, in London, and to it he has added the costumes of "Babes in the Woods" and "Little Red Riding Hood," all to be rolled into one gigantic show, and put upon the mammoth stage of the Auditorium. The costumes alone are said to have cost the earls and dukes who were in the London scheme £120,000.

Violins in Place of Pianos.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Is the pianoforte waning in popularity and giving place to the violin? One would not think so to see the activity among the dealers in these instruments on Tremont street. And yet it would appear that the violin, especially as an instrument for young girls, is rapidly increasing in popularity. The classes in the violin at the music schools are growing larger, and a "popular" concert to-day can hardly be regarded as popular unless a young lady violinist is included among the "talent." In England it is said to have fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls. After all, the pianoforte is really a very modern instrument when compared with the violin. It is only a harp set in a box and twanged with leather-covered hammers. It is really a mechanical sort of an affair; while the violin has never within the memory of living man or woman been improved and never will be. Who cares for an old piano, and how much will it bring in the market? But a violin! What divine melody will pour forth, under skilful fingers, from an old Stradivarious or Amati. The wizard of Cremona possessed a secret which no inventor, however keen, has ever been able to fathom. Princes and dukes, men of high renown and modern money kings have scrambled for the possession of the few rare products of his cunning. Stradivarius died more than 150 years ago, but the few violins and 'cellos which still exist to enchant the ear of the world are worth their weight in gold. The master of the pianoforte is a skilful mechanician with agile, supple fingers and an acute musical instinct. The master or mistress of the violin is imbued with divine fire, unquenchable with age, the gift of the gods.

Coaling Big Steamers.

The cost of running the fast European steamers and all other facts relating thereto are ordinarily obtained with difficulty, no one being authorized to impart the information. A local New York reporter had a very satisfactory interview with the agent of the Hamburg-American line, who dissipated, as well as he was able, the mystery that had enshrouded the problem. A midsummer trip of the magnificent "Normania" was the theme of his calculation. The "Normania" is not quite as big as the twin-screw boats of the White Star and Inman lines, but her expense account, owing to the greater length of her voyage, is just as formidable. The cost of running her from her dock in Hoboken to her dock in Hamburg is about the same as the cost of running the City of Paris from New York to Liverpool. When the Normania starts on an eastward voyage see carries nearly 3,000 tons of coal in her bunkers, and it costs about $3.50 a ton. The stokers daily shovel into her furnaces between 250 and 300 tons. The expenditure of coal runs just short of $1,000 a day, or nearly $8,000 for the voyage. All expenses included it may be said that one trip of the "Normannia" costs the Hamburg-American line not less than $25,000. The receipts from all classes of passengers on a good midsummer trip are over $50,000. Usually the "Normania" carries 800 tons of freight which, at the transportation rate of about $10 a ton, amounts to $8,000.

Naming the New Navy.

From the New York Sun.

Secretary Tracy will have the naming of a dozen or more new naval vessels, and he is giving his fancy full play upon the problem, subject only to the limitations of the system of nomenclature recently adopted. It is tolerably certain that he has already settled on four names, and that the two battleships now in process of construction at the Cramps' yard in Philadelphia will be called the New York and Pennsylvania, while the battleship which the Union iron works of San Francisco has in charge will be named the California, and the 3,000 ton ship now building at Brooklyn will probably bear the name of that city. A strong effort will be made in the next session of congress to secure an appropriation for the repair and preservation of the historic war ship Hartford, so gloriously associated with Admiral Farragut's name. The Hartford is fast sinking into a condition of decay and needs immediate attention if it is to be saved for the contemplation of posterity.

When the Czar Relents.

The *Gil Blas* hears from a trustworthy source that the czar, as soon as was convinced of one of his principal secretaries being innocent of the political charges exhibited againt him by an artful cabal at the court of St. Petersburg, gave orders for his immediate recall from the remotest parts of Siberia, whither he had been banished. Horses were provided gratis and a large sum of money ordered him for his traveling expenses. The czar also gave orders to send for the secretary's wife and children to St. Petersburg to receive him. He also granted him for life the possession of an estate of 3,000 roubles; but the secretary, wise from experience, asked and obtained leave to quit Russia.

It Generally Does.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Squildig—The rain is letting up a little.

McSwilligen—That's right. It's been letting down a good deal.

There are writers who fancy they are luminous when they are only volumious.—Boston Transcript.

HIS LUCK DIDN'T TURN

A Kentucky Colonel Tells a Good Gambling Story.

PINCHED THE OLD MAN HARD

A Poker Game Which Cost a Life—A Prominent New Orleans Merchant Who Doesn't Gamble Any More.

THEY were speaking of poker playing at the Chicago club the other night and some pretty tall romancing about big hands and queer experiences had been told. A man from Louisville, who of course was called "colonel," had listened in silence.

"I've nevah played any pokah, gentlemen, since befo' the wah. I used to be, I reckon, one of the most incorrigible pokah playahs in the South. But I could afford it then, and everybody played. I was a young fellow of 24 or 25, owned one of the finest plantations in Kaintucky, and had a partnership in tobacco warehouses in Cincinnati and New Orleans. I've lost 'em all, or most all, since—lost most of my property, in fact, with the cause. But at that time, the fall of '58 or the spring of '59, I was about as well fixed as any young man in the South.

"My business used to take me a great deal to Cincinnati and New Orleans, as you may suppose, and I always went by boat. There were some great boats on the river then, too—the old Natchez, the Robert E. Lee, the Pensacola and the old Hayes. They were floating palaces, and the biggest game of pokah I ever sat in or evah expect to see was played in the smoking rooms and saloons of those boats. There was a regular run of professional gamblers up and down the river, but they were gentlemen, generally squah, as quick to defend their honah as any gentlemen, and generally friends of the captains, who, they say, stood in with their winning.

"It was early in the fall of 1858, I believe, that I left Cincinnati on one of the down river flyers at 3 o'clock one afternoon. There was a good passenger list and considerable merchandise aboard. Among the merchandise I had about 20 as likely mules as evah was foaled that I was going to carry to New Orleans an' sell. Among the passengers was an old gentleman from Vahginny, with his daughter, a mighty fine lookin' girl of 20, an her maid, a likely looking quadroon girl about the same age. I noticed 'em that night an' the next day, foh there wasn' any game till the folks sort of got acquainted along down about Cairo. The young girl was mighty fond of that niggah girl and the maid was mighty devoted to her.

"The night after we left Cairo somebody proposed a little game, an' I an' the old man from Vaginny, who was a rich tobacco planter, as I found out, agreed to sit in. The other members of the party were one of the regular gamblers, a fellow known as Colonel Somers, an' a nigger trader from down the river somwhere. I had about $2,000 on me an' played with variable luck for an hour or so, till presently along came a jack pot an' broke me.

"Colonel Somers won it an' he pinched the old man pretty hard, too. I was a-goin' to quit but he said: 'Stay in, sah. Yo' credit is good with me for the value of that 20 head of mules on the lowah deck.' An' I stayed. My luck didn't turn, though, an' by 2 o'clock I had lost every one of those mules. I sat out an' watched the game. Presently the nigger trader began to play some pretty hard kyards an' was getting into Somers' roll right smart. It run along that way awile an', his luck leavin' him, he laid back and played 'em close, about $3,000 ahead of the game.

"The ole man from Vahginny had been a-loosin' steadily and seemed all of a sudden to get sort of desperate. He says: 'Gentlemen, I'm $4,000 into this game; I have no mo' money, but I have a mighty likely niggah gal aboard that I'll put up at $2,500 for a few more jackpots.'

"They both consented an' the play got pretty hot. It was mighty mean of the ole man, I thought, bettin' his daughter's own maid, but he was a born gambler an' had that flash in him that makes a man let go of his overcoat.

"It was 5 o'clock in the morning when that game broke up, an' the ole man didn't have a cent. The niggah tradah had been cashin' his papah an' had made good to Somers. We went on deck, the ole man an' I feelin very blue, he especially bein' all gone to pieces. 'I doan' know what I'm a-goin to do,' he said to me. 'I can get plenty of money in New Orleans, but that isn't heah an' that niggah tradah gets off at Memphis. I'll have to give him the wench, I reckon, but it'll break Georgia's heart to part with her.'

"Sure enough, at Memphis, the trader demanded his property, an' there was an awful scene. The ole man pleaded with him to keep the girl till he could raise the money and come back, an' even pretty Miss Georgia begged for him. But, gentlemen, he wouldn't do it. He insisted on havin' the girl. I hadn't the money and couldn't raise it in Memphis, or I'd have offered it to him. But just as he was leading the pooh, cryin' thing off the gang plank, up comes Somers, who bows to Miss Georgia and says: 'Pahdon me, but if I can advance yo' father anything, it's at his service.'

The girl thanked him and turned to the old gentleman. He hated to take, but Somers insisted an' called the trader back.

"'I'll give you money for that gal,' he says.

"'No, thanks, cunnel; she about suits me and I reckon I'll keep her.'

"She is this young lady's maid an' she wants her, urged Somers. 'I'll give you $2,000 foh her."

"'Not for twice that sum,' said the trader. She's mine an' I'm going to keep her.'

"'If you do it will be after I'm dead,' says Somers, an' he steps forward and gives the trader a slap across the mouth. Everybody grabbed 'em and it was decided that the affair must be settled right there. The trader stayed on the boat till we run to a woodyard, six miles below Memphis. When we got there he an' Somers, the captain, and me went ashore. The old gentleman wasn't allowed to go, because he insisted on making the fight his own, and as his daughter was alone except for him, we all couldn't permit it.

"Pistols were chosen, an' I dropped the hat. Both went off at the same moment, an' the trader dropped dead. Somers left his remains to be sent home on the up boat, with $1,500 in notes and a letter to his folks, an' we all went aboard the boat again, an' on to New Orleans.

"The old gentleman paiu Somers there, an' his daughter held both his hands an' thanked him with tears in her eyes. The old man an' I swore off poker playin' right there together, an' I've never played since.

"No, Somers didn't marry the girl, gentlemen; he had a wife in Cincinnati. He went back home an' when the wah broke out went into the business of runnin' cotton past the blockade an' got rich. I've seen him several times since. He's a prominent merchant of New Orleans now an' doesn't gamble. That game broke three of the habit—fo', in fact, for the tradah never played kyards again."

Smoke Agnes Booth cigar.

THOUGHT HE SAW CRAPE.

A Hasty Conclusion Which Gave a Father Much Pain.

From the New York Tribune.

A young husband and father was hastening along in a suburban town one afternoon not long ago to cover the short distance between the railroad station and his home. When he started for business in the morning his little son was ill with a fever, so anxiety had driven the father from his office at an earlier hour than usual. As he caught sight of his cosy home, in its setting of greensward, ivy and shade trees, he could not help thinking how blessed he was to have such a place to live in, and, above all, that there were awaiting him within it a loving wife, a handsome son, and the prettiest, sweetest, cunningest baby in or out of Christendom.

As the reason of his early coming home crossed his mind, however, a cloud spread over his joy, and he quickened his pace to put an end to his suspense. He had come within half a block of his home, on the opposite side of the street from it when he saw something white on its door bell knob. He imagined he saw the object sway gently in the breeze. Gazing intently on it, he had walked a dozen paces when of a sudden he felt a sinking in his heart, an indefinable impression of fear, of poignant grief and desolation.

In another instant the feeling had transplanted itself into words: "My God, it's crape. Arthur is dead," and the breath seemed to leave his body. Pictures of hopes, and hopes destroyed, of a happy hearth and a desolate one, of a sunny smile with an aureole of curls and a little face pale and cold in death, lacerated his soul like so many knives, as they flashed across his soul with the rapidity of sparks from an electric machine.

"Why did they not telegraph? Perhaps they did, and the telegram didn't reach me. It takes me an hour to get home. How will Mary bear up under it? Perhaps it has killed her, too! No, no, she wouldn't die. She would live for baby. O, God, why did you take my first born? Why did you not take me instead? All my dreams for his future, all for naught." It cannot be said that he thought these things. The impressions that gleamed across his consciousness would have translated themselves thus had they not succeeded one another too rapidly to be put into words.

He had slackened his gait, casting his eyes on the ground, but now he hurried along and summoned up courage to look at the white object again. It did not seem to be crape now, as he neared it, but what else could it be? A puzzled uncertainty lightened his load of grief, but not until he had crossed the street and entered his gate did he solve the mystery.

The white cloth was a waistcoat turned inside out, which an old Irishman had hung on the doorbell knob while he was cutting the grass. It did not take the undeceived father long to tear the waistcoat down, fling it clear over the fence into a neighbor's yard, rushed into the house and ask breathlessly:

"How is Arthur?"

"Why, he's much better. What is the matter, John?"

John at first felt heartily ashamed of himself, but as he looked at his wife, who still wore a gaze of troubled inquiry, at the baby in her arm and at Arthur whose arms were about his legs and whose mouth was turned up to receive the kiss which would follow mother's, a feeling of thankfulness overflowed his heart at the thought that after all his grief might have had sufficient ground, and he kissed his children heartily.

When he told his wife the story she did not scold him for his foolishness, but moving closer to him, said:

"How thankful we ought to be that it isn't so!"

A Real Irish King.

"King, old fellow, I'm disappointed in you. To think that, after all I've done for you, you should go and be a play actor."

With this parting shot the late owner of Helen Dauvray's big Irish setter turned disgustedly on his heel the other morning and walked out of the stage door of the Standard theater.

King had been brought there by his master in response to Miss Dauvray's request, and though the man was willing to sell the animal he did not have any idea that his old friend would be called upon to act.

The sale was a conditional one and depended on the dog's ability as a delineator of dog character. The part assigned was one that required dignity, an easy manner full of repose and perfect knowledge of all social observances.

He was to be a trusted friend and even the adviser of the lovely heroine in the most important event of her life—the selection of a husband.

Could he fill the bill? Could he do what a number of other canines, ambitious for histrionic honors, had shown that they were utterly incapable of doing?

King, when he had gotten his cue, followed Miss Dauvray down the broad staircase leading into the heroine's boudoir, with the easy grace of a Chesterfield. All through the scene which ensued the four-footed actor played his part with judgment and discretion.

There was no straining for effect, no sawing of the air, no "playing to the gallery" here. King was too true an artist to be guilty of any such cheap, clap-trap methods of gaining applause.

He just lay quietly looking up into Miss Dauvray's face from the rug at her feet, and when she gave him to understand that it was his time to act he did so without any fuss or nonsense. When the scene was over the actress closed the bargain with the owner of the canine prodigy, who became richer by $300.

Now that he had crossed the boundary line between private and public life, King, following in the footsteps of some of his two-legged dramatic colleagues, determined to celebrate the event by getting himself talked about and his name put in the newspapers. He disappeared suddenly from his quarters at the Hotel Vendome.

King finally trotted out from his hiding place and allowed himself to be led back to his apartment. He is already the idol of "The Whirlwind" company, and Sidney Rosenfeld, the author of the play, said that King is one of the few actors who do not want to be always in the center of the stage.

He Wanted the Gall.

From the Indianapolis News.

Some years ago a Posey county man went out west. He became president of a bank, president of a water works company and owned the electric light plant. One fine day the bank closed its doors. The supply of water was exhausted and that night there wasn't a bit of electric light in the town. An outraged community with a rope called on the Posey county man and, after standing him on a rock, asked him if he had anything to say.

"Not much. The bank's busted. There isn't a drop of water within two miles and the electric plant has shocked itself to death. In order to be square with you, I would suggest that you cut me up in little bits of pieces and divide me among the citizens."

When he had finished a little old man hopped up and shouted:

"Gents, in the general distribution of the hunks of that catamount, I want his gall.

The bloom that is on the rye is all right. It is the bloom that comes on the nose that is all wrong.—New Orleans Picayune.

TYPES OF LOVELINESS

England's Rugged Daughters and Their Fair American Cousins.

CONTRASTS OF BEAUTY

The Visit of the Iron and Steel Magnates Gives a Hotel Manager An Opportunity to Discuss Womankind.

"HOW rosy and robust in looks are the English women," said the guest of an uptown hotel, admiringly, apropos of the presence in Washington of two or three score wives, sisters or sweethearts of the British members of the Steel and Iron association, says the Washington *Post*.

True enough," responded the manager of the house, who is somewhat of a critic in matters pertaining to the sex. "They are as hearty and strong, too, as they look. It all arises from the way an English woman is bred. She is not put under a glass case, as is too often the way in our country. Over the water the girls are as fond of active sports as their brothers, and indulge in them quite as much. They take long walks in the country, ride horseback regularly, row boats, play billiards, are experts at tennis, and go out rain or shine, fully as competent to stand inclement weather as the men.

"Our girls, on the contrary, are coddled from birth. All the way up to womanhood their nurture proceeds on the principle that they are like fragile bits of porcelain that must be handled with extra care.

"Is it any wonder that we have contrasting types?

"As far as physique goes the British girl has certainly the best of it; her training has expanded her chest, given her muscle, and a freedom of movement almost masculine. The American maiden is certainly very much behind in all that goes to make up the physical woman.

"As to looks? Oh, that's something different; but set it not down to undue patriotism if I venture the assertion that our girls take the palm for beauty. A delicacy and refinement of feature stamps American femininity with a peculiar charm throughout every nook and corner of the United States. An English woman is often fine looking, but her beauty is like that of a handsome picture unframed. It seems, somehow, to be minus the setting.

"As the types differ in look, so they are likewise different in manner. The girl born in the states is used to masculine homage since the hour she could first notice. Her environment has made her tender and delicate. She is not prudish, nor exactly shy, but distinctively timid in many things, where her British cousin is free and unreserved. The latter will do things in a frank and innocent way that a girl in this country would fall in a fainting fit if similarly placed.

"Many of our girls would decline sipping a little spirits in a hotel dining-room, whereas the quaffing of a glass of ale in such a place would be done as composedly as if it were tea or coffee by an old country lass. I like this latitude and freedom of action on their part.

"I noticed an English lady this morning sitting in the guests' waiting room composing a letter without seeming in the least bothered by the fact that a lot of men were writing at the same table, and that the room was full of men. Nothing wrong about that—not in the least—and yet you wouldn't see it once in a shousand years in this country."

"Any further points of difference?"

"Yes. There is a difference in the way the women of the two countries dress. I will not go into a minute description of the contrasts in attire, but put it all in a sentence: The American girl dresses to please the men, the English girl to please herself."

Pampered Paupers.

From the New York Sun.

A venerable clergyman, who is chiefly occupied by the cares of family real estate in this city, was heard to remark to a brother clergyman on an elevated railway train that there were sixty clergymen of his denomination living in New York without a ministerial charge. Some daily with life insurance work, others dabble in literature, while not a few live on their wits. The speaker attributed this spiritual surplus to the mistaken zeal of societies for the increase of the ministry, which offer to impoverished young men a support through college and the theological seminary, and thus bribe them to take up a calling for which they have no taste and are neither morally nor intellectually fitted.

"It is a free lunch route to the altar," he said, "and nothing better could be expected of it than that it should produce a race of clerical bummers. The pampered pauper finds too late that he has made a mistake in climbing up into the pulpit, whereas if he was really fitted for the work he would have managed to get into it without anybody's help."

Chinese Alligators.

From the London Daily News.

Two examples of the Chinese alligator have just reached the zoological gardens. They are the first that have ever been exhibited here alive. The alligator is so distinctly an American animal that the proof, so recently as 1879, of the species in China was extremely interesting. Nevertheless, the Chinese classics contained numerous references to the creature, and even pictures, which could be easily recognized as being meant for a crocodile of some sort.

It is to be hoped that the specimens at the zoo will bear out the notion of the extreme longevity of the reptile. Its name is apparently used in certain parts of China in the same sense as Methusaleh in this country. Marco Polo wrote about this animal, and recommended its gall as an excellent remedy for the bite of a mad dog and for various other complaints, so that it seems to have been the mediaeval equivalent of some of our much advertised remedies of the present day. Curiously enough the beast is even now made use of in Chinese medicine.

It Was New to Him.

From the New York Sun.

"Wy do you New Englanders invariably answer a question by asking another?" asked a visitor of a Maine man.

"Do we?" replied a native, in a surprised tone.

Same Thing.

From Harper's Bazar.

"He has a Roman nose."

"I hadn't noticed that, but I noticed he had a nomadic disposition."

A Dissipated Old Planet.

From the Boston Herald.

Strange it is that when the moon loses its last quarter it gets full.

Professor in Political Science—To what party did Grover Cleveland owe his election as president of the United States? Student—To the republican party. What is your authority? The history of the civil war. If it hadn't been for the republican party there would have been no United States to elect a president in 1884. Binghampton Republican.

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