

MAUD HUTH'S NEGRO DIALECT

Tells the Story of How She Came to Sing Negro Songs

BORN AND RAISED SOUTH

Incidents of Her Childhood and Her Playmates

She Comes Naturally by Her Peculiar Intonations and Dialect—Her Early Life and How She Came to Sing Negro Songs

It is a fact well known that, as a rule, each nation has its own peculiar and characteristic style of music. This fact is easily recognized by those who have made a study of musical composition. Not only do nations have a style of music all their own, but different sections of a nation may have their own peculiar way of rendering it.

The study of negro dialect work on the stage is interesting," continued Miss Huth, "and I will give it so far as I know it. Dan Rice was the first variety actor to introduce negro songs to the public. It was in 1831, when he sang Jim Crow in New York. It is well that a clever man as Rice first took it up. Others may have attempted it, but Rice made a sensation, and afterwards went to London and repeated it. The song was a sort of jingle with a kind of riddle in the chorus. The imitation of Rice came to the front and negro songs became all the go until 1842, when E. P. Christy organized a band of minstrels in Buffalo and later came to New York. Christy's minstrels became famous all over the United States. Christy popularized Old Folks at Home, which was later sung by Jennie Lind and almost every singer of repute. Then negro minstrels became prime favorites, and a number of companies were organized. Where are they now? That's another story, too long to tell now.

Miss Huth is a most entertaining woman and has the happy faculty of making those about her feel quite at home. In private life she is Mrs. Clifford and lives a very domestic life, at least as much so as her profession will allow. Their children are now with Mrs. Clifford's mother in New York and instead of living the life usually credited to theatrical people Mr. and Mrs. Clifford are careful of their personality as the favorite of the children. Mr. Clifford neither smokes, chews, drinks nor gambles, but is a very jolly companion for all that.

SIX GRAINS OF SENSE

A woman can lose her head about as easily as she can her heart.

A woman can rarely conceal her true self from another woman.

An engagement without kisses is taxation without representation.

A bad man's example often does more good than a good man's precept.

A perplexed woman can ask more questions in a minute than she can remember the answers to in a lifetime.

OLDEST GAME

Was it only croquet they played?

A flash of the eye,

As he asked with a waiting mailer,

A tight croquet or a roll together.

Was it only chess they played?

A faintness of heart,

As he moved the bishop and cried "Checkmate,"

And searched brown eyes for another fate.

Was it only these games they played?

The balls laid away,

The bishop stands by the coquetized queen;

The game has nothing to him, I ween.

All summer another game they played;

The playthings away,

But the pieces are altered and some are gone.

From the side that lost to the side that won.

Heigho! for this oldest game they played,

For each lost the same,

A heart in the game;

And now with the summer the game is done.

And nothing is lost, for both have won.

—SARAH DAWSON MERRILL.

LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE

I say: "The world is lonely;

The hearth at home is cold,

And sad is life to child and wife

When life hath little gold."

But soft her arms steal round my neck—

My comforter so dear;

And "How much do you love me?"

And her sweet voice answers clear:

"I love you, I love you

A hundred million—there!"

And then I'm poor no more—no more,

For I'm love's millionaire.

Then sweeter seems the breaking

Of poverty's sad bread,

And sweet the blood from out the gloom

And crown her curly head,

And if sometimes a thankful tear

My dreaming eyes will fill,

Her soft arms steal round me,

And she whispers sweetly still:

"I love you, I love you

A hundred million—there!"

I weep no more, God help the poor

I'm love's own millionaire.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

WHITTIER'S COURAGE.

He Hazarded Life and Popularity in the Cause of Abolition.

Before Whittier was 30 he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes who were held in bondage in the south. In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later he became secretary of the Antislavery society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the Pennsylvania Freeman, and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterward, he gave up all chance of office. He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the antislavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly and never regretted it. In 1840 he was elected to a term of 18 to whom he was giving counsel. "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."—Professor Brandor Matthews in St. Nicholas.

OVERWEIGHT LUGGAGE.

He Didn't Dispute the Weight, but Refused to Pay For It.

A young man was standing beside some luggage waiting for a train when a porter came up to him and said: "Sir, that luggage is overweight."

"Who says it is?" asked the man, who stammered badly.

"Well, I think it is," answered the porter. "But we will weigh it."

During the conversation a crowd had collected round them, and another porter came up and asked what was the matter. The man stammered out:

"First he says it is overweight, then he says he thinks it is overweight, and then he says he will weigh it."

The porter then took hold of the luggage and carried it off to the office and weighed it.

"It is overweight, and you have got a shilling ninpence to pay," said the porter.

"Sh-shan't pay it," the man said.

"Well, if you won't pay it, we shall fetch the station master," said the porter.

"Fetch wh-who you like; sh-shan't pay it," again stammered the man.

The station master was duly fetched, and on arriving he asked the other man about, when the man again said:

"First he says it is overweight, and then he weighs it and says it is overweight, and I have a shilling ninpence to pay Sh-shan't pay."

"Well," said the station master in a rage, "why won't you pay?"

"Because it is not my luggage," answered the man and walked off.—Rockdale News.

MIND AND MUSIC.

I suppose the relation between mind and music is pretty generally admitted and recognized. On the susceptible person the influence of music is often most marked in producing a pleasant frame of mind, in calming irritation and even in inducing sleep.

The man "that hath no music in himself" is of course exempt from such effects and results, but it would indeed be a strange and anomalous thing if one of the oldest of the arts should have exhibited no direct relations to the mental phases of individuals and nations alike. On the body and working through the mind, of course, or rather through the nervous system, I should say, the influence of music has been but imperfectly studied.

My readers will probably remember how Canon Harford undertook of late days to induce repose in hospital patients by the playing of soft music. His efforts in many cases were crowned with success, and I suppose we may now rank music among those aids in mental therapeutics the action of which deserves to be more prominently studied than has hitherto been possible.—James Payn in Illustrated London News.

SHARK AND BLACKFISH.

In the big central pool at the aquarium at Castle Garden there are two sharks, one about 4 feet long, the other about 8. In the same pool there are a number of blackfish. It may be that one of the blackfish, perhaps one of the largest of them, a fish 15 or 18 inches in length, that is swimming along in a leisurely manner as though he had just set out for a circuit of the pool, is seen suddenly to turn with a more businesslike air, as though he had thought of something that he must really go back and attend to. Presently coming from the direction in which the blackfish had been heading is seen one of the sharks, silent and surlily looking and weaving its tail from side to side as it swims.—New York Sun.

IN A WARM CLIMATE.

Some of the Discomforts of Living in a Place Like Guerrero.

Mr. F. R. Guerrero, describing a visit to Guerrero, says that the tarantula is sometimes found there as big as a man's two fists. Scorpions are of all sizes, but the one which does the most harm by its bite is a smallish gray creature. The larger ones bite so hard that the blood flows freely, and the infected poison flows off. There is a little snake called the coralillo, which is particularly fond of getting into floors and nesting in one's boots. Its bite is fatal. Bats should always be inspected for scorpions before they are put on—in Guerrero.

If a scorpion creeps on the face or hands, the person so visited should carefully refrain from making any movement. He should allow the horrible insect to crawl just where it will. If it is not disturbed in all likelihood it will do no harm; if it is attacked, it is quite sure to sting. The worst terror to the people of Guerrero is neither snakes nor scorpions, but the red ants. Before these insects the people flee in terror from their houses. They have nothing behind them if they can help it.

An Indian woman rushed out of her cabin with her children on the coming of the ants being announced. In her terror she left her baby behind the house swinging in a hammock. It was hoped that it would escape, but when the ants had departed the mother found that the insect had crept down the cords of the hammock and had left of the unfortunate child nothing but its bones.

On some of the Guerrero sugar estates great lazy-looking snakes are kept in the storerooms to keep rats and mice away from the sugar loaves. These snakes are repulsive in appearance, but harmless to human beings. Not all the places in Mexico, however, which have an agreeable climate are cursed with insects and reptilian pests. Such places as Cuernavaca, in the state of Mexico, are too high above the hot plains to suffer from venomous insects, and yet so much below the cold tableland that the climate is a perpetual summer. Cuernavaca enjoys many of the advantages of the temperate zone with all that is delightful and alluring in the tropics.—Boston Herald.

SHORT DINNERS AND SPEECHES.

Crying Need For Great Reform, Both Civil and Political.

"Whenever the Prince of Wales takes the chair at a public banquet, he makes a rule that the dinner shall not take more than an hour nor the speeches more than an hour." To this effect it is written in a certain paper.

If it is true, it is a most welcome piece of news. If it is not true, we ought to govern ourselves in the matter of public dinners exactly as if it was true.

We want short dinners and short speeches. When I consider my own sufferings from long dinners and long oratory, my heart bleeds for my brothers, and my sons, and my nephews.

Can we start a dinner reform association, pledged never to give a dinner of more than four courses? Soup or fish, something roasted or boiled, a bird and a pudding—no one wants more than this.

And then, as for after dinner speeches! Two or three years ago I was at a public dinner. We sat down at the usual hour. One speaker—a had speaker—actually went on for three-quarters of an hour! It was 12:15 when I got up just to say three words.

The best speech that I ever made in all my life was at a certain dinner where I was set down to follow a colonial bishop. I had "put together" my unpretending speech with some care. It contained three divisions, each with a little story and a little epigram. Quite an ambitious attempt it was.

Well, the bishop went on for fully half an hour. We listened with glassy eyes and faces wan and weary.

At last he sat down. Then my turn came. I sprang to my feet. I began my beautiful speech. I fired off the first little story and the first little epigram. These were kindly received.

And then—then quite forgot the other two divisions—stories, epigrams and all—and had to sit down abruptly and pretend there was no more to say.

But I received what his right reverence did not—the congratulations and thanks of the assembled multitude.—London Queen.

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Where water from the wells goes low, Where grains and fruits and flowers grow, Where purest air and sunshine give To young and old a chance to live; Where home is home, and life a joy To man and woman, girl and boy; Where Nature did rich treasures place And leave them for the human race, A law existing since our birth Requires each one to use the earth, Since from that source all wealth must come,

For palace grand and humble home; So each should own some chosen spot, If 'tis no more than one good lot, With healthful climate, water pure, And soil from which good crops are sure. Lancaster is the place, you are warned, To which the eyes of all are turned. For there the Herald's land is found, A nice and level slice of ground; Each lot in length, one hundred feet,

Inside the town with buildings neat, And good hotels, where every guest Gets wholesome food and perfect rest. And yet there's room for hundreds more Who never in their lives before Had such an offer as they can

Accept upon the Herald's plan. The S. P. railroad running through To "Angel Town," and "Frisco," too, Makes transportation either way Both swift and sure, by night or day; Hence, to or from Los Angeles The trip is made with charming ease, Now is the time to choose your lot, They're going off like pancakes hot;

Come to the Herald, at good speed, Pay your money right, get your deed; You'll have a paper that contains The work of earnest men with brains, Better than e'er it was before, Worth all it costs and vastly more; Come quick! They're going fast and faster— Those Herald town lots at Lancaster.

Many imported thoroughbred sires reach this market yearly from all parts of Europe. It would be advisable, perhaps, to require before investing, besides the pedigrees, all possible guarantees as to soundness, conformation, action, gait, etc.—Horse Paper.

