THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

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CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—Tea is a bracer for the brain.

—Magnolias are North American.

—London consumes as much fish as meat.

—Ireland has 2,830,000 acres of bog land.

—Trumpet honeysuckles are north American.

—Layers of flour on a cut will stop bleeding.

—The King of Italy eats only one meal a day.

—Paper stockings are now made in Germany.

—Plumer and Plummer prepared feathers for hats.

—The heaviest anchors weigh about 7700 pounds.

—Titian began to sketch before he was 4 years old.

—England's apple crop is the worst in twenty years.

—Female frogs have no voice; only the males can sing.

—Buffler as a family name descended from Beaufleur.

—Every day 3000 marriages are performed throughout the world.

—Basutoland has 113 schools with an enrollment of 5032 scholars.

—A new fire tug for the city of Cleveland was launched at Buffalo.

—Sixty thousand acres in this country are devoted to celery growing.

—Bridge, Bridger and Bridgster were tolltakers at the King's bridges.

—Germany has an average of 437 doctors to every 10,000 inhabitants.

—Rapid growth of the finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

—In Stuttgart there is a rosebush that covers a space of 230 square feet.

—The Thames pours 40,000,000 cubic feet of water into the sea every hour.

—Tea-drinking prevails to a very large extent among persons of literary habits.

—The smallest telegraph facilities are possessed by Paraguay, Peru and Persia.

—In New York a trifle over 70 per cent. of the families rent the habitations they occupy.

—The Portuguese say that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast.

—A growing pumpkin or melon vine will reach a pail of water left near it in a few days.

—Jules Verne's income, with all his tireless industry, has never averaged over £1200 a year.

—It is said that paving blocks made of compressed hay are being experimented with in the West.

—An average of 70,000 foot passengers and 8000 teams cross the Tower bridge of London each day.

—South Carolina has a colored woman 100 years old who still works in the fields and knits without glasses.

—A cotton shower, looking exactly like a snow storm, is a common sight in the cottonwood groves in Colorado.

—A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a wine glass of cold water will relieve a mild attack of headache.

—A glow worm has a brush attached to its tail because it is necessary to show its light that the back be kept clean.

—Glencoe, the scene of the massacre of the MacDonalds, was lately sold for $80,000. The estate comprised 6300 acres.

—A German statistician says that his latest discovery is that 3000 years hence there will be one man to every 220 women.

—The latest census returns show that England spends every year for drink about $720,000,000 and only $30,000,000 for books.

—Horticulturists now use glass houses which are moved on fixed rails to protect vegetation and force its growth in various localities.

—There are three khans—Khiva, Khokand and Bokhara—who date the origin of their families back to the Turkish invasion of Europe.

—A horse while fording a stream in Florida recently was attacked by an alligator, and had several pounds of flesh taken before he was rescued.

—Several books of the Second and Third centuries have leaden leaves. One such, in the British museum, has six leaden leaves, with hinges and a clasp.

—Many early books had no title pages, but in the center of the first page appeared a short paragraph setting forth the character and contents of the work.

—In 1850 stereotype plates for book work were rendered more durable by protecting them with a covering of copper, this being laid on by an electrotype process.

—A New Haven, Conn., man has invented a cotton picker that may revolutionize the process of gathering this crop. If successful, two men and two horses to run the machine will do the work of 100 men.

—Ex-Empress Eugenie lives in England as the guest of Queen Victoria, who is her warm personal friend. She often goes to the Continent, and is said on one or two occasions to have visited Paris incognito.

—After the downfall of Napoleon his mother, Mme. Bonaparte, went to Blois and thence to Rome. She returned to France during the Hundred Days, and, after Waterloo, went back to Rome, where she died in 1836.

—There are doors in some old houses in Holland which were, in former days, never used except for weddings and funerals. After the bride and groom had passed the door was nailed up to await the next occasion.

—There are two brothers living in the vicinity of Chicago who are exciting a great deal of interest just now. One is 17 years old and measures 6 feet 7 inches in height, while the other, who is 40 years old, measures but 4 feet 9 inches.

Not a Second to Spare.

Count Teleki, the African explorer, went out one morning in pursuit of a buffalo which had been wounded the day before. Such wounded animals are always dangerous, as they are extremely fierce and ready to charge anyone they may happen to see. The native assistants, well aware of this fact, dropped behind, and presently the count found himself attended by a single Masai.

At that moment the Masai uttered a cry of warning and took to his heels. A hundred paces from the count was a buffalo charging full upon him. What was to be done?

To take refuge in the thicket would be fatal. The buffalo would be invisible and might charge in the rear. The only chance was to meet it in the open. This the count did—most fortunately, for nothing else could have saved him.

With the long strides of desperation he advanced upon the buffalo, and only when the beast lowered its horns for a toss did he spring aside and fire. The bullet struck the buffalo in the neck, and with the death-rattle in its throat it rolled at his feet.

Count Teleki waited a long time for his people, who did not appear till they heard him shouting for them. They all knew the terrible danger he had been in, and bearing one shot, succeeded by absolute silence, had jumped to the conclusion that he had met his end.

It was touching to witness their delight when they found their mistake. They gathered about him, shaking his hand and feeling his arms and legs to make sure he was unhurt; then, after dancing madly around him in their glee, they fell with wild shouts upon the buffalo and cut it up with their knives and spears.

An Omaha Real Estate Story.

They tell a story of a man who came into Omaha one day and wanted to trade his farm for some city lots. "All right," replied the real estate agent. "Get into my buggy and I'll drive you out to see some of the finest residence sites in the world—water, sewers, paved streets, cement sidewalks, electric light, shade trees, and all that sort of thing," and away they drove four or five miles into the country. The real estate agent expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings, the value of the improvements made and projected, the convenience of the location, the ease and speed with which people who lived there could reach town, and the certainty of an active demand for such lots in the immediate future. Then, when he was breathless, he turned to his companion and asked:

"Where's your farm?"

"We passed it coming out here," was the reply. "It's about two miles nearer town."—Chicago Record.

One Man's Scheme for Flying.

A Rochester inventor thinks he has solved the matter of individual aerial navigation. By the use of a new chemical compound he thinks he can overcome the law of gravity, and by inflating a bag composed of tubes arranged in a similar manner to the intestines of animals, which will be placed at the base of the spinal column of the operator, the buoyancy will be sufficient to raise the voyager into the lower currents of the atmosphere. The only objection is the unsightly appearance of the traveler, who will look as though he were seated upon a huge ball. In connection with the project is an electric steering apparatus.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

COBWEBS IN MEDICINE.

They Have Often Been Used with Surprisingly Good Results.

The "cobweb cure" for asthma has occasioned a great deal of comment throughout the country, says the New York Advertiser. The family in Wooster, O., who effected the cure of a daughter by this peculiar remedy thought they owed it to the public to make the case known, never expecting that the publication of the matter would cause them to be deluged with letters inquiring about the alleged cure. At first the family undertook to answer inquiries, but when the letters reached hundreds daily the head of the household, who is engaged in other business, found it would require the entire time of himself and family to attend to the large correspondence. So he had circulars printed in which he gave particulars of the method, and for these he charged a fee, in order to limit in some measure the number of inquiries. He charged $1 for three "cobweb pills," and in speaking of the matter said: "I have to crawl around garrets and all sorts of dirty places to get the webs. I then have to clean them. All this takes time. I feel if it is not worth a dollar it is not worth a cent. Then there is the matter of discerning the difference between spiders' webs and cobwebs. I have heard from a number of people who undertook to cure themselves that they were made very sick through the poison of spiders' webs, which they thought the same as cobwebs. It is generally thought that a cobweb is a deserted spider's web. An authority says that a cobweb is not a spider's web. Although Webster and the Century Dictionary have it defined as such, the authority claims that both have made mistakes. A cobweb, says this writer, is formed in some manner as yet unexplained by the adhesion of particles of impalpable dust apparently self-coherent, and the result is a veil-like web without any approach to regularity of form, therein differing from the true spider's web. The cobweb is many times heavier than a spider's web, and is never occupied by a spider or any other insect. It is most frequently found in rooms that have long been darkened and are slightly damp, and generally has several filamentous pendants of varying length. It is never fastened across space from one place to another, but is invariably pendulous. The writer warns people against the danger of taking spiders' webs, as he says many cases of serious illness have resulted from swallowing them. While this authority may be correct, it is very difficult to make people believe that the cobweb is not made by a spider or some other insect. One man told me that the substance of the cobweb is vegetable." The Wooster case of asthma, which, by the way, is the only case upon which the alleged cure is founded, was cured by three pills. Cobwebs have been taken internally for other diseases. It is considered by some an unfailing specific for ague. The danger of making a mistake in administering spiders' webs for cobwebs should cause people to be careful in the use of this novel remedy.

Almost a Tragedy.

A certain Omaha baker put a small, two-line local advertisement in an Omaha daily one month. There is nothing strange about this part of our story, for such things are common. One of the subscribers, a lady, saw the ad, which ended with the words "try a loaf," read it, and day after day read it again, not from choice, as she understood all about it the first time she saw it. She could not overlook it, try as she would. Every evening that two-line ad stared her in the face. Each day the letters seemed to grow larger until they seemed a foot high. The words seemed to assume a voice of command like unto the voice of the commander of the Omaha guards, shouting to her to buy a loaf. She refused to read the paper at all, but yet the villain still pursued her. She would wake up in the night and call on her husband to buy a foaf and save her. He, in agonizing tones, begged her to tell him what kind of a loaf she wanted. "Why," said she, "a loaf of that bread advertised in the paper." No sooner said than done, when lo! the cloud passed from her brow and the sunshine of peace reigned in that home. Ever since, the bread that was advertised is king in that family. Who will dare to say that advertisements are not read after such an experience as this?—Western Advertiser.

The Boy Knew.

The policeman had been standing on the corner for about ten minutes, and a foxy-looking boy, sitting on a nearby doorstep, was watching him. The boy's curiosity overcame him at last, and he sidled along up to the officer.

"I say, Mr. Copper," he said, at a safe distance, "what are you standing on this corner for?"

"That's my business," he replied, curtly.

"Well, you seem to be tendin' to it," ventured the boy.

"That's what I'm paid for."

"Alle samee," chirruped the lad, "I know what you're standin' there for."

"I'll give you a nickel if you'll tell me," bantered the officer, as he held a coin out to the kid.

"Throw it to me," said the boy, keeping his distance, warily.

"Not much. You tell me what I'm standing here for and I'll give it to you."

The boy came up close enough to reach the coin. "You're standin' here for ten minutes," he said, with a grab at the money, and the officer chased him in vain.—Detroit Free Press.

She Had a Record.

Those who have charge of charitable institutions for the aged poor will tell you that no topic is more pleasing to some poor old women than the discussion of their "better days," when they were the fortunate possessors of "everything heart could wish for," as they are apt to express it. One old lady never tires of describing the finery she had when she was a bride; another boasts of having once owned a "gold band chany tea-set" and six "solid silver teaspoons," while a third dwells at length on the elegance of a flowered silk gown and a satin parasol with fringe fifteen inches long that she once owned. One poor old woman never says anything until the others are done boasting. Then she calmly remarks: "Well, I never had no chany tea things, nor no silk gowns or embroidered petticoats, nor pen-work stockings, nor gold eardrops, nor nothin' of that sort, but I have had four husbands, and I'd like to know if any of you can beat that!"—Youth's Companion.

Idea Peddlers in Chicago.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant. The "idea" man goes into the place and says: "Why not put up a sign that you'll give a dish of ice cream free to every red-headed man? It would cause talk."

If the restaurant man adopts the suggestion the "idea" man expects to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soap and patent medicines and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides a new and startling scheme for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager and says: "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business, and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind.—Chicago Record.

Lord Rosebery and His Dog.

They tell a story of Lord Rosebery and his dog, Mutton, that is greatly to his credit, in a French newspaper. It appears that on a certain occasion the Prime Minister was making a voyage between Liverpool and Dublin in company with Mutton. Everything went well until Mutton began to frisk and gambol like a young lamb and in his excitement fell overboard. Lord Rosebery shouted to the captain to stop the boat, but the latter refused, saying he couldn't stop for anything less than a man. Whereupon Lord Rosebery joined the dog and the skipper was forced to bring to for the "man overboard." The Premier and Mutton were picked up wet, but well. So it seems dogs as well as horses received distinguished consideration at Rosebery's hands.

No Longer Li Hung Chang.

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy, "an' I'm jist gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone if I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."—Cincinnati Tribune.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Miller Boy's Song.

I am the boy that tends the mill
Down in the lonely nook
Between the plane trees and the hill,
Beside the foaming brook.

A busy, wholesome life I lead,
And many a joy I find;
There is a poem that I read
In every grist I grind.

For listen to the buhrstones' boom,
The gudgeons creak like frogs,
And, in the trembling under-room,
The gnashing of the cogs.

Whir and rumble, rasp and ring,
Jolt and growl and roll,
Old mill, what time I gayly sing,
And measure out my toll!

The snarl and purr of belts and gear
Blend in the garret's gloom;
But on the water-wheel I hear
The music of the flume.

Oh, rich the color, sweet the smell
Of old and golden corn,
In every grain imprisoned dwell
The beams and blooms of morn.

The joys of all the fields exhale,
And settle down on me,
Like a thin, filmy gloss of pale
Flower-pollen on a bee.

I whistle, sing and take my toll,
And keep my hopper fed;
Roll, my merry mill-wheels, roll,
The world must have its bread.

—Maurice Thompson in the Independent.

The Four Gnomes.

Once upon a time there lived four gnomes on the summit of an exceedingly high and inaccessible mountain. This mountain was covered with a fine forest, through which the wind sighed continually, no matter how still the day. Occasionally a hunter, finding himself shut in by these tall, dark trees, which seemed to threaten him sternly as they stood with their long branches shutting out the bright sunlight and pure air, would find something so real, so lifelike and withal so supernatural in their lofty trunks and far-spreading, solemn branches, that he was glad to get back to the little village below and join the jolly little company at the inn.

The four gnomes, however, lived a very sociable, cheery life together. They did not bother themselves very much about the solemn trees or the want of sunshine in the forest; or, indeed, about anything else outside of their cave, except at the arrival of the doves, then—but stop, I haven't told you a word yet about these doves, have I? and it would not do to forget them, for if there had been no doves I am afraid that I would have had no story.

Well, these four gnomes each possessed a dove, not an ordinary dove by any means, fit only for cooing in the sunshine; no, indeed, but a dove gifted with human speech and intelligence and the four made very useful messengers.

Every six months the gnomes sent them off, one to the north, one to the south, a third to the east, and the fourth to the west; during their journeys they treasured up every kindly, unselfish word and deed that came to their notice, for reporting which to their jolly little masters they were sure to be rewarded by the gift of a shining luck penny; for these gnomes having lived quite a long time upon the earth, that is, about a thousand years or so, naturally took quite a lively interest in the doings of the inhabitants; it was their delight to reward good conduct of all kinds, and a pure unselfish act would give them pleasure for days. Of late—that is, within the last one hundred years or so—they had begun to suspect that something was wrong; people seemed too busy making money to find time for those friendly, unselfish acts which in times past had been the delight of their dove messengers to report—and now, while I think of it, I'll just say a word or two about these luck pennies, so that should you ever happen to come across one, you would know what it was and keep it carefully—and a real bit of fairy gold is not to be despised, let me tell you, for it is sure to bring health, wealth and happiness to the fortunate possessor.

Of late, as I said, the doves had nothing to report, and discouraged with their fruitless journeys, sat day after day disconsolately in the darkest corner of the cave, while the gnomes sat each in his high carved chair with his eyes gloomily fixed on the table before him, waiting to see what dreadful catastrophe would occur next. Suddenly an unusual ray of sunshine fell across the threshold, and right in the middle of it there appeared a little, bent old woman leaning on a half-unrolled fern; her dress was of the same color, and, altogether, she looked a good deal like a fern herself.

"Oh, you lazy gnomes," she said in a thin, gay little voice. "What are you thinking about? You look as stupid as some of the owls I see when I'm out at work. I've done a good deal this morning, already, coaxing the little baby ferns to unroll and enjoy life a little, but they're stupid little things, some of them, and the more I talked the more some seemed to roll themselves. But what is the trouble with you?" catching herself up, for dear little Mother Sweet Fern was rather fond of hearing herself talk.

She was a sympathetic little body, though, and looked as sad as a very gay little fairy could for about a minute and a half, while she listened as they told her that as the mortals had given themselves up to sordid money-making cares, thereby crowding all good, generous impulses out of their hearts, they had almost determined to leave the race who had so poorly repaid their efforts to encourage and help them, and bury themselves deep in the heart of the mountain.

Oh, what a scolding she gave them, mixed with some very good advice, and then she slipped wisely away, her little basket of sweet-fern seed on her arm, and the downy coil at the end of her penny staff bobbing briskly over her shoulder.

A few moments after she left a great change had taken place in the cave; the chairs were all askew, the doves' cages were empty, and the birds themselves were rising far above the gloomy trees, appearing like snowflakes against the blue sky, as they rejoiced as only a bird can rejoice, I think, in the glorious sunshine and fresh pure air. In the meantime a great clinking and hammering was going on down in the rocky cavern where the gnomes worked; they were putting all their skill and energy into their task, and were bent on making this their finest luck penny ever seen.

The months passed and it was time for the messengers' return; the gnomes were again seated around the table, where lay the shining piece of magic gold, waiting in breathless suspense.

Soon a whir of wings was heard outside, and a moment later the doves flew in, each taking his place on his master's chair; the gnomes looked up eagerly. Three of the doves sat with folded wings and drooping heads, but the fourth—he that came from the north—raised his head joyfully and smoothed his white feathers as he answered the inquiring look.

"I have found one who is worthy of the brightest and best luck penny ever coined," he said; "listen," and with great satisfaction he began his tale: "One morning, as I was flying over a wide moor, I saw a little girl tending a flock of geese; near her some boys were playing; she was knitting away industriously and did not notice me; not so the boys. 'Look,' said one, "there is a nice dove, so near, too," so saying, he threw a stone which struck me on the head, and I fell trembling and faint into the lap of the little girl. She picked me up so gently, tended me so carefully, and seemed so glad to have something to pet and love, that I could not make up my mind to go away. She shared her dinner with me, though it was nothing but a crust; and when it grew dusk, she collected her flock, took me in her arms and went home. Such a place to call home; a miserable little hut into which the rain and snow fell with impunity, and containing only a few broken sticks of furniture. I found out that her father was dead, and that her mother led the poor, trembling, little child a terrible life; from her she only received blows, sharp words, and barely enough food to keep body and soul together. She always shared what she had with me, and would not be satisfied until I had eaten it. She lavished all the affection of her sad little heart on me, and I did all I could to amuse and please her during the long hours we spent on the moor. I had become so attached to her, and she to me, that I dreaded going, as I knew I must soon.

"One night as we came home we heard a low moaning in the hut, not far from ours, where a boy lay sick with a fever. He was tossing restlessly about as Gretchen entered with me upon her shoulder, and he paid no attention until his eyes fell on me; then, how his face changed; he said nothing, but kept his eyes fixed on me, oh, so lovingly, as long as we stayed. I thought Gretchen had not noticed it, and wondered what made her cry so during the night. All the next day her face was so sad it made my heart ache, and then she would lay down her knitting, and, holding me in her arms, cry as if her heart would break. I was greatly puzzled. At last it grew time to go home, and we stopped again to see the sick boy. The room was cold, damp and cheerless, and the child lay there alone with such a weary look of pain on his face. It vanished though, as I flew to his pillow, and he put his little hot hand on my neck, looking as happy and contented as possible. Suddenly, Gretchen turned her face, flushed rose red and then the color receded, leaving her paler than before. Straight up to the bed she came and laid her hand lightly on his. Dear child; I could feel it tremble. She said 'Keep him, Hans; you need him more than I,' and ran quickly out of the house, as if not daring to trust herself farther.

"I saw it all, what a struggle it had been, and how completely her unselfish, loving nature had conquered. Little Hans soon fell asleep with his little hands still resting on my neck, but with the first rays of light I slipped away and started back, eager to prove to you how much goodness and unselfishness there is still to be found in the world if we will but look for it."

And the dove flew down and picked up the penny proudly, as if challenging any one to dispute his right.

That night, just as the moon was beginning to silver the tops of the trees, making the lower branches blacker than ever by contrast, the four gnomes, attended by their four doves, came out, equipped for a journey. In a moment they were joined by little Mother Sweet Fern.

"Ah! ah!" said she; "so you took my advice, did you? I thought you would find it more satisfactory than moping in that dismal cavern of yours. No wonder you thought all good people had vanished; but come, we're wasting time, and I have a great deal to do before sunrise."

And so away they went. A little, sweet fern seed, placed in the shoe, helps one amazingly in a long journey, as any fairy will tell you; so it was not long before they halted at the old hut. The moonlight made a broad path through the broken window frame and fell full upon the sad little face of the sleeping child. Little Mother Sweet Fern, who could never bear to see anyone sad, especially children, leaned over and whispered a merry word or two into her ear, which must have brought pleasant dreams, for the sad look changed to a happy one, and a pleasant little laugh came from her parted lips. They slipped the magic penny into her hand, but as I was not present that evening, and am not well versed in fairy customs, I cannot tell you what happened next, but I do know that every blessing which fairy heart could desire and fairy power execute was hers. And she was watched and protected all her life by these four gnomes, though she never knew it.

I have not heard from them in a long time, but at last accounts they had discovered so many unselfish people that they find it hard to reward them all; so don't be disappointed if you think your efforts are not noticed or appreciated. Some time, I'm sure, you'll find your golden luck penny.—American Youth.

Webster's Last Speech.

Webster's last speech in Washington was made from the portico of his mansion in response to a serenade given by some of his admirers, who were more zealous than considerate. The news of Gen. Scott's nomination for President had just been received. Webster had failed of the nomination, and the failure had broken his heart. It was a beautiful starlit evening, and Webster, appearing before his friends, said a few words complimentary to Gen. Scott, for whom, in fact, he had great contempt; then, turning away from the subject of politics and the nomination, he said: "Gentlemen, this is a magnificent night." Then he apostrophized the stars and the planets revolving in their orbits in one of those splendid flights of oratory of which he alone was capable. Then, suddenly descending from the skies to earth, he said: "I now bid you good-night. I shall retire to my couch to rest in untroubled sleep, and on the morrow the lark will not rise more jocund to greet the rising sun than I shall." It was the speech of a politician. He praised Scott, whom he despised, and he sought to convey the impression that he did not take to heart his failure to receive the nomination, when, in fact, it was the greatest disappointment of his life. Four months later he died at Marshfield.—J. B. Mann in the Springfield Republican.

Rochester's Fire Dog.

Rover is the name of a white-and-black spaniel that for the past month has followed truck 1 of Front street to all fires where the services of the company were needed. Truck 1 only responds to calls in the sections of the city where there are high buildings, but there have been a sufficient number of calls to break Rover in to his new duties. It is a strange story that the firemen tell of how the dog happened to take up with their manner of life. It was in the early part of August, they say, that when going at full speed to a fire on the west side the animal was first seen following the apparatus and barking as if he thought his efforts would spur the four grays on to a greater speed. The dog was allowed to follow the truck back to the house, where he has since remained. He is a great pet of the fire laddies, who named him Rover, after the old hand engine Red Rover.

Rover sleeps in the stable with the horses, and during the night if a call comes he will bark and run about impatient for the firemen to leave the building. The men say that when their pet gets used to a fireman's life he will be more calm when an alarm is sounded.—Rochester Herald.

Invented by Two Monks.

The inventors of the game of dominoes were two monks at Monte Cassino. One day the inmates of the convent were on the lookout for a method of beguiling their leisure moments without transgressing the rule of silence to which they were subject. Two of their number hit upon the device of playing with square stones covered with dots, which they showed to each other and combined in a certain order agreed upon. The winner communicated the result to his partner by pronouncing in a low voice the lines of the vespers, which commence as follows: "Dixit Dominus, domino meo." The new game soon sprang into favor, and was admitted to the rank of lawful recreations. It became popular outside the monastery walls, but the people, with their scanty knowledge of Latin, simplified the monastic formula, only retaining the word domino, by which the game was afterward entitled.—Le Monde Pittoresque.

Got Back at Newell.

This story of the exchange of courtesies between two well-known railroad men is told by the Buffalo Courier. Recalling the custom for all railroad presidents to interchange annual passes, it says that on a recent New Year's President Newell of the Lake Shore road made up his packet of exchange passes and sent them out. Across the end of the one he sent President Caldwell of the Nickel Plate road was printed in red ink the words: "Not good on limited or fast mail trains." By return mail came President Caldwell's annual pass on the Nickel Plate to President Newell. Across its face in flaring red ink and in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell were written the words: "Not good on passenger trains."

She Didn't Read.

People who fail to read the newspapers don't know what moment they will "get left," as it were. A man with a wonderfully poor memory got lost in New York, and went to a small hotel. He was so absent-minded that he couldn't for the life of him remember where his home was. But he had a great head, and sent an advertisement to a newspaper offering $200 reward for himself. After a couple of days the proprietress found his address on a card in the corner of one of his pockets, and she called a hack and sent him home. He's now chuckling because she didn't read the newspapers and claim the reward.

Told by the Child.

A dignified little mamma, who sometimes indulges acrobatic feats in the privacy of her bedroom for the entertainment of her 6-year-old daughter, took the child to an amateur circus, where the society people were acting for the benefit of a fresh air fund. One of the performances consisted of a double somersault, which elicited great applause, and when the applause had died away the voice of the child could be heard distinctly over half the tent: "Mamma, that man does that most as well as you do it."—Harper's Bazar.

When He Cared.

"But, my dear boy, why can't you wait? You are still in college, and I don't think it's well for a man in college to be engaged." "Perhaps not, Jennie, but if we're engaged I'll have a decent excuse for leaving college and going to work. If I go out now people will say it was because I couldn't pass my examinations." "Well, what if they do? You don't care what people say, do you?" "Yes—when they tell the truth."—Harper's Magazine.

What Dinners Do.

A man with a thought above soups and roasts is T. J. Murphy, who for two years has had charge of the restaurant run for the benefit of the members of the House of Representatives. He has kept the orders for the various statesmen for every day. These he compares with the congressional record of that date. He undertakes to show that legislation is a direct result of dinner orders. He intends, so he declares, to write a book which will prove that congressmen, cabinet officers and presidents should be fed by law and on a scientific programme, in order to get the best public results from these servants.

SOMETHING IN HIS NECK.

It was Two Inches of Steel from a Circular Saw, and He Didn't Know It.

On Monday, August 27 last, one of the inserted tooth-edger saws at the D. R. Wingate Lumber company's mill at Orange, Tex., got into a bad way, and during the early morning of that day cast several of the half-circle springs that hold the teeth in. The men about the edger were on the watch and kept to one side. William Litchfield, head edger at that machine, had just walked up, and while talking of the ugly behavior of that particular saw, was knocked down by a lick on his throat just under the angle of the right jawbone beneath his ear. The gash was not more than half an inch in circumference, the wound bled freely for a few minutes, but by the time he walked 400 yards to the drugstore it had ceased to bleed. The cut was a smooth one, and as there was not the least sign of the presence of any foreign substance beneath the skin the patient was dismissed with the simple lotion with which to bathe the wound occasionally.

A few days ago, says an Orange dispatch of September 17, a lump appeared on the skin two inches below the point first injured, and the attending physician lanced it. This seemed to relieve him, but last Saturday he began to realize that there was a hard substance just under the skin, immediately over his windpipe, and today he came to Drs. Hadra and Hewson and told them there was something in his neck. They made an incision and found a piece of metal, but being uncertain as to its shape, they stopped to ask the patient to describe it. Litchfield told the doctors he could not give them an accurate description, but to just stop the bleeding a minute and he would go to the mill and get one for them. This was done, and he marched off to the mill, nearly a quarter of a mile, and returned in twenty minutes with a half-circle of steel, half an inch wide and two inches from point to point, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and weighing fully one ounce. The doctors began feeling for the lost spring, but finally mapped it out, cut in, and brought forth a duplicate to the piece that Litchfield held in his hand.

As soon as the operation was performed and the incision dressed, the patient went home and got his dinner. But he was in town this afternoon looking better and more cheerful than he had at any time since the piece of steel forced its way into his neck.

A Biblical Character.

The name of the soldier who pierced Christ's side with the spear while he was hanging on the cross has been preserved in the legendary lore of the church as Longinus. This man was one of the soldiers appointed to keep guard at the cross, and it is said that he was converted by the miracles which attended the crucifixion. The legend even goes further, declaring that he was one of the company of watchers set to guard the sepulchre, and that he was the only one who refused to be bribed to say that the body of our Savior had been stolen by the disciples. For his fidelity to this great truth Pilate resolved upon his destruction. On this account Longinus left the army to devote his entire time to spreading the gospel; but he did this without first getting permission from the government of Judea or from Rome. He and two fellow soldiers whom he had converted, retired to Cappadocia, where they began to preach the word of God. At the instigation of some of the leading Jews, however, Pilate sent out a detachment of soldiers who surprised the deserters at a place where they were holding a Christian meeting and where they had three crosses set up as an illustration of the great tragedy which had occurred but a short while before at Jerusalem. All three were killed and beheaded and their heads nailed upon the crosses and carried in triumph back to Jerusalem.

Luncheon Menus.

The following luncheon menus for young students are of interest because they are models in a way, as they combine in the proper proportion the proteid, fat, carbohydrates and calories of food. They represent the luncheons served to the young women of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics by the New England Kitchen, and suggest to mothers various healthful combinations that please the taste and that are inexpensive. The first luncheon consisted of beef broth, two rolls, ginger bread and butter; the second, of baked beans, brown bread, one roll butter and an orange; the third was of escalloped meat, rolls, butter and apple sauce; and the next day came vegetable soup, rolls, butter and apricot sauce, and on the last school day in the week potato soup, rolls, butter and two baked apples. Other combinations were pea soup, rolls, butter and apple cake; beef hash, rolls, butter and apple sauce; oyster soup, rolls, butter and prune sauce; beef croquettes, potato rolls, butter and baked apples; fish chowder, rolls, butter and orange; tomato soup, rolls, butter and doughnuts, and escalloped fish, rolls, butter and baked apples. Mrs. Helen Richards, who has given much attention to suitable food for all classes of school children, thinks that, both for the sake of the sound body and mind, they should have a good, nutritious, light luncheon in the middle of the morning when they leave home at or about 8 o'clock, not to return before half-past 12 or 2.

His Mistake.

This may not be new, but it was new to the reporter who overheard it on an East Providence car on Sunday, so it is likely that there are others who have never heard it. The young man who told it was evidently a collegian, as was his companion.

"I heard a good one on Prof. —— of Andover," he said.

"What was it?" queried the other.

"Well, you know he was married during the winter and went to housekeeping just outside the village. This spring he thought he would add a few hens to his stock; he already had a dog. He set a couple of the hens and in time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or two the chickens began to die. He called in a neighbor to look at the chickens and offer advice. They were certainly a pretty scaly lot of chickens that the neighbor viewed. They were skinny-looking and apparently without ambition.

"'What do you feed them?' asked the neighbor, after a brief survey.

"'Feed them?' responded the professor as though he didn't hear aright. "Why, I don't feed them anything. I thought the old hens had milk enough for them.'"—Providence Journal.

Curiosity of Men.

The Duchess of Westminster put into her guest chamber a curious Swiss clock to which was attached a printed notice: "Please do not touch!" When M. Joly, the Canadian Liberal, visited her grace, he ventured to inquire the reason for the prohibition. "You are the twentieth man who has asked that question," replied the duchess gleefully. "Women, you know, are supposed to be proverbially curious, and I put that placard on the clock to test the same weakness in men, and I am happy to say I find them not a whit less curious than women. I keep a list of all the gentlemen who have asked me the question you have just put, and there has been only one exception among all my guests who have occupied the room; that was Mr. Fawcett, the late postmaster-general, and he, poor man, was blind."

A Fellow Feeling.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the passenger in the skull cap, tired of the monotony of the journey and desirous of scraping an acquaintance with the man in the next seat. "Are you traveling for some house?"

"No, sir," said the other. "I am not in usiness. I am a Universalist preacher."

"Shake!" rejoined the man in the skull cap, heartily. "I am an agent for a fire extinguisher."—Chicago Tribune.

Lost Their Heads.

Bob—"What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him?" Dick—"Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important News.

A contributor to Vogue says that the last time he saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York both wore trousers guiltless of creases. To the anglo-maniacs that will rank as the most important foreign news of the day.—Troy Times.

—Europe can raise an army of 9,366,000 men, the daily expenses of which would be $20,000,000.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES

Don't be Too Sure.

You know it isn't going to rain.
There's blue and sunshine in the sky,
And so you leave at home again
The only thing to keep you dry.
No need of an umbrella when
It doesn't rain—oh, logic poor;
There comes a sudden shower—then
Don't be too sure.

You've staked your earnings on a race,
That Roan Bess can beat the gray;
You hurry to the booking place
And bet, and raise your bets all day.
You'll go to Europe if you win.
Of racing this shall be the cure.
Alack, it is—the gray comes in—
Don't be too sure.

Don't be too sure it's safe to cross
Upon a locomotive's time;
Don't count your gains without a loss,
Although such faith may be sublime;
Don't those erratic theories tell—
Their fatal smartness may allure;
Don't preach there isn't any—well,
Don't be too sure.

—Detroit Free Press.

Take Things Easy.

Presupposing that all our preaching in regard to learning to take things easy has resulted in hundreds of tired housekeepers enjoying a pleasant season of rest, we wish to supplement the little sermon with a postscript, knowing that the gist of a woman's writing is supposed to lie in that extra bit of pen-and-ink conversation.

You have been away, the burdens of home have for a time slipped from your tired shoulders and you have felt free from care. In the morning you have awakened to a blissful consciousness that the breakfast, dinner and tea will be served without a single thought of yours being given to it. If you have felt tired you have stayed in bed until you were quite ready to get up and the delightful, lazy days have passed all too swiftly, bringing the time for the return home long before you feel ready to once again resume domestic responsibility.

Now, just here is where the postscript comes in. The summer vacation has done you much good, don't let the autumn house cleaning upset it all. Of course the house will look perfectly dreadful to your tidy eyes when you once again invade its dust depressed precincts. The weeds will be high in the small and large yard alike and shutters and steps show plainly that the caretaker has been away. This is only the natural result of absence, therefore let it not torment you, even though your next-door neighbor's well-kept possessions put yours to shame. Your rounded form and rosy cheeks counterbalance these trivial details that can so soon be set right. But do not try to restore order too soon. Take the accumulated labor easily. Weeds have not grown in a day, dust has not settled in a night, and neither the one nor the other can be banished in a minute. Put up with a little inconvenience, smile resignedly over the accumulated disorder, working cheerfully and systematically, and you will soon restore order out of chaos and not lose an ounce of the summer's good thereby. This is the right way to come home, but, alas! how few there are willing to reasonably accept the consequences of their absence and take time to obliterate them. Thus, by October the blessings of August are lost sight of and the summer outing has gone for nothing. Be sensible, sister mine, and if you feel like rushing pell-mell into a veritable vortex of accumulated housework, just stop and think, saying: "Here, again, is a place where it pays to take things easy."—Philadelphia Times.

The Daily Menu.

So much health depends upon having good food in proper variety that the question of the daily menu is an important one to every housekeeper. Miss Frances Willard is said to have recovered her strength and vigor from the English custom, adopted by her during her recent visit, of taking five meals a day. It must be understood, however, that of these five meals at least two were but slight refections sandwiched between more serious affairs. Five o'clock tea, when limited to a single refreshing cup accompanied by thin bread and butter, and perhaps a salted wafer or a bit of sponge cake, takes off the edge of hunger, but does not interfere with the full enjoyment of dinner two hours later. Supper before bedtime, if consisting of a very light repast, often induces sleep and gives tired nerves the repose they need. We Americans, women especially, are apt to eat less than we should and physicians frequently suggest that food taken at short intervals and in small quantities will do much toward toning and building up a physical system which has run down.

But whether we follow Miss Willard's example or not, we who are charged with catering for our families know that it is no trifle to order three meals a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. Many of us break down at this point, wearying of the monotony of our task, and so far as we are concerned we grow so indifferent to our own tables that any meals taste better to us than those which come from our kitchens.

"I always eat more when away from home than when there," said a farmer's wife, not long ago, addressing a city boarder. "By the time I have thought what to have and seen it cooked my interest in the thing is gone."

This was very natural. But even when a woman does not cook with her own hands or personally supervise every part of the process of dinner-getting, she must, if she keeps house, arrange the details, select the viands, and make up the daily bill of fare.

Her great danger is that she may fall into a trodden rut, and, as too many do, fancy it of no special importance whether or not her meals are varied. Thus, a woman of little imagination and small capacity will permit Sunday's roast to appear and reappear on the table in the form of cold meat, growing scrappier and less attractive at every fresh presentation. After the second entrance upon the scene of any dish, fish, flesh or fowl, a skillful cook should proceed to metamorphose it so that it shall bear little resemblance to its original form. Transformations of dishes are often so appetizing as to be preferred by the epicure to the first estate of the edible, but it goes without saying that brains and pains are needed to produce satisfactory results. Intelligence tells in housekeeping and catering as much as in any other department of work known to mankind or womankind.

The Necessity of Composure.

One thing that, if not a necessity, is at least conducive to comfortable living, is hardly appreciated even by those who most need it. This is the need of having some time each day entirely alone. It is impossible to live comfortably without composure of mind, and there is no way of securing it so surely as to spend a short time each day (and a long time is even better), in silence, and free from interruptions. It is soothing to tired nerves, and strengthening to a tired mind. The person who does not like to be alone, who does not even strongly desire to be alone once in a while, is already on the high-road to ill-health. It is the only way to have relief from the confusion of always being in someone's presence, which will, sooner or later, either affect the nerves or weaken the mind.

Wherever, or however, you live, then, see to it that you have at least one hour out of every twenty-four that you can call your own. Some busy people may at first think this is impossible; but we rarely find anyone who does not waste more than this every day, and who is not the worse off for the waste. The very act of taking this hour strengthens the will and adds that much to the comfort of living, since a weak-willed person is at the mercy of everything and every person that encroach upon his rights; and not the least of these is the right to live a healthy, comfortable life.—"Sanitarian," Demorest's Magazine.

Queen Victoria at a Bazaar.

The Queen had looked in at the Balmoral bazaar on Saturday afternoon, and she was expected to visit it on Monday afternoon to give the preparations the imprimatur of her approval. Shortly before 4 o'clock a sudden stir in the hall announced the approach of the sovereign, and the words went round, "The Queen! the Queen!" Everyone moved away from the stalls so as to leave the view unimpeded, and, seated in her chair, the Queen made the tour of the bazaar. She looked in excellent health and spirits, scanned everything through a lorgnette she carried, and stayed quite a long time making purchases, which Lady Churchill noted down as they went along. Without being thin, Her Majesty was not so stout as when I last saw her a few years ago, and altogether she gives one more the impression of age. She grows "little boukit," as we say in Scotland, and the hand which holds the glasses trembles just the least little bit.

She is rather a comfortable, motherly-looking old woman in a plain black dress, from beneath which is visible the point of a broad, easy-fitting shoe. A warm gray shawl is pinned about her shoulders by a gold pin with a big ball for a head, and she wears a shady hat with touches of white in the trimming, over which her black veil is flung back. She is the indulgent grandmother, too, and stops to smile benignly at the group of little figures so busy round the doll stand, while even the picturesquely attired Indian servant beams in sympathy. In front of her chair goes Francie Clark, a sturdy Highlander, John Brown's successor, clearing everything from the path of his royal mistress, and all the ladies who are sent for to speak to the Queen make a deep reverence as they approach, which is repeated as Her Majesty passes by.—Letter in the Dundee Advertiser.

A Nice Grandmother.

There are advantages in being related to royalty. Princess Alix of Hesse would acknowledge that in these days. Queen Victoria is providing her with her trousseau, which is to be of a magnificence suited to her future exalted position. It is very different from the one which accompanied the present Czarina from her frugal Danish home to St. Petersburg, for that was of the most meager dimensions. Among other articles the Queen has chosen some superb Irish poplins. One is quite lovely, being white, with a Louis XV. pattern of scrolls and ribbons in pale blue, and the whole is powdered with shamrock leaves in real woven gold bullion thread. Another is covered with most life-like maiden hair ferns, raised in relief on white satin, in their natural shades and tied with golden ribbons.

The Sans Souci Musicale.

A private letter from one of the guests present at the musicale a la Frederick the Great, which the Emperor of Germany gave at Sans Souci a short time ago, says: "We first had supper in the dining room, where Frederick so often had Voltaire, d'Alembert, d'Argenson and other celebrities around him, and then we adjourned to the music room, where the concern was given. The flute, the cello and the violin were used in a trio, the same one which Quantz, Frederick the Great's teacher, wrought for him, and later on the quaint old spinet—tuned and made 'as good as new' for the occasion—was introduced into a morceau in the performance of which the Empress and one of her ladies took part.

"There were twenty-one of us in all and everyone was attired in the costume of the last century—wigs and all. Nothing but the old silver chandeliers, bearing wax candles, were used in lighting the apartment and the furniture was placed exactly as in 1786, and even the old manuscript sheet music belonging to the Emperor's great ancestors was displayed during the evening.

"Since the days of Frederick William IV. this was the first time the apartments were actually made use of by the Prussian royal family. The Emperor was delighted and expressed his determination to give similar entertainments in the future."

Dresses Worn at the Russian Wedding.

Most of the dresses worn at the wedding of the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia were beautiful. The Empress wore a magnificent robe of pale blue moire antique, richly embroidered with silver. Her jewels, which were of great splendor, were diamonds and sapphires. The bride's robe was profusely embroidered with silver, and over it she wore a mantle of scarlet velvet, trimmed with ermine. Her train, which was also trimmed with ermine, was carried by four chamberlains. On her head she wore a wreath of orange blossoms, a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and the crown always worn by a grand duchess on the occasion of her wedding. The Princess of Wales wore a charming white robe, with long gold-embroidered train, and her jewels were magnificent. The Princesses Victoria and Maude of Wales wore robes of pale blue silk, with velvet trains. The Grand Duchesse wore splendid national costumes, notable among which were the orange velvet dress of the Grand Duchess Vladimir and the white velvet dress of the Grand Duchess Serge, both of which were embroidered in gold. The Queen of Greece wore a national dress of red and gold.

The Proper Waist Measure.

No doubt it will be a relief to some girls with athletic proclivities to know the extreme limit of the size of the waist. A recent article from the pen of an eminent authority on the subject says it is not the proper thing to lace or even to have the appearance of lacing. No waist should be smaller than twenty-four inches. The proper measurement for the chest of a girl whose waist is that size is thirty-eight inches. Thus it will be seen that the modern beauty must be solid, and nearly approach the proportions of the heroic age. The present age is an athletic one, and as long as the young women continue their healthy exercises—lawn tennis, croquet, rowing, riding, bicycling, fencing and vaulting, jumping and turning in the gymnasiums, bright eyes, good complexions and firm, well-knit and muscular figures will be found.

Freckles and Carrots.

There are two kinds of freckles, sun and constitutional. The first comes from the sun, last all summer and disappear at the approach of Jack Frost; the others come from a superabundance of iron in the blood or a bad condition of the liver. Citric acid, applied to the "pinches of Phoebus," is recommended by reliable authorities. No harm will be done the face even if they do not come off. The discolorations will wear off as the weather and the sun cools, and a diet of carrots is said to assist nature. Nothing will do away with the constitutional freckle but a blood purifier or liver reform.

Women in Boston.

According to Francis Albert Doughty, Boston is a paradise for women of uncertain years. In the October Forum she writes that in that city woman is valued socially in proportion to what she knows and can do well—or, to put it correctly, what she has the reputation of knowing and doing well. If it could be a pleasant thing anywhere for a woman to grow old it would be so in Boston. In that city, spinsters and widows, if they are ambitious and even tolerably healthy, never consider it too late to find a vocation. They would take up botany, China painting, sloyd or political economy at 60, with a refreshing independence of their age. I have seen a pupil of 70 at one of the prominent schools of oratory, her fellow students, mostly in the teens, treating her with a beautiful comradeship, instead of staring at her with suppressed smiles as if she were a kind of "freak." They recognized only her plucky defiance of Father Time's limitations by a larger measure of applause when she recited her pieces than they usually accorded to the younger members of the class. A Boston man forgives and may even forget a woman's advancing years if she is bright and interesting and can make him feel always that he knows more than she does.

Albino Bats.

"If you wish to know the most curious thing I saw during my vacation, it was a colony of white bats," said an Arch street artist, just returned with others from a sketching tour along the capes of the Delaware. "One day we found in the woods a deserted old hut with a huge chimney, which we were told had been an illicit whisky still, and we made it our headquarters and slept there one night.

"Judge of our surprise when, at twilight, we saw numbers of white objects fluttering in the air over our heads, and identified them, from their manner of flight, as bats. We traced them to their home in the dilapidated chimney. Whether they were natural albinos or artificially bleached by the fumes of the still was a question that puzzled us considerably, but they were bats—of that we were all certain. One of our party thought they were all covered with chimney lime or ashes, but they were too intensely white for that."—Philadelphia Record.

Cattlemen Bothered by Wolves.

A meeting of cattlemen was held recently in Jackson county, S. D., to discuss the matter of ridding the ranges of the numberless wolves which now infest them, much to the annoyance and damage of the cattlemen. It has finally been decided to assess each owner of cattle or horses 1 cent per head, the money thus raised to be converted into a fund and paid out in bounties of $5 for each gray wolf's scalp brought in. This plan is believed to be the only solution of this question, and it is believed it will result in the number of wolves being greatly diminished. Great damage has been done by wolves on the ranges of South Dakota this season, and these pests are practically the only serious obstacle against which the stockmen have to contend.—St. Paul Dispatch.

LOST HER CHANCE.

Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Out in the hammock dozing lay;
The judge rode by, but did not ask
A drink—he had his pocket flask.
And thus Miss Maudie lost her chance
For a first-class, high-toned romance.

—Kansas City Journal.

—The Princess of Wales has a great fondness for having her picture taken in "groups." The Prince dislikes the ceremony as much as his spouse enjoys it.

BY THE QUEEN'S ORDER.

Beerbohm Tree and His Company Appear Before the Royal Family.

London, Sept. 29.—Theatrical events the past week were signalized by one of Queen Victoria's spasmodic indulgences in a dramatic treat. On Monday night, as already cabled, the Haymarket theater company gave a brilliant and successful performance of the "Ballad Monger and the Red Lamp" in the ballroom of Balmoral castle Scotland, before Her Majesty, the royal family and party and representatives of the principal families of the neighborhood. The Haymarket company was afterwards entertained at supper, the members of the royal family and their guests being present. For this entertainment of royalty Beerbohm Tree, after being commanded to take his company to Balmoral, only had twenty-eight hours in which to prepare for the trip, paint new scenery and secure new properties for the strange-sized stage of the ballroom of Balmoral castle. Everything had to be made with magician-like rapidity and finished in time to be transported by train to Scotland and arranged for Monday night. After the supper the Haymarket company, flushed with success and honors fairly won, left Balmoral castle at 1:30 a. m., drove ten miles to a railroad station, and then by means of a special train and a special steamer succeeded in reaching Dublin at 8 o'clock Tuesday night, where the company opened an engagement. The Queen was much interested in this race against time and telegraphed her congratulations to Mr. Tree when informed that the company would open on time at Dublin.

* * *

Emperor William's song will for the first time be made public in Berlin on October 28. Copies of the imperial production have been sent to all the reigning sovereigns and the original manuscript has been deposited among the royal achives.

Tonight is fixed for the premiere of "Odette" at the Princess when Mme. Anna Rupert will for the moment give up beautifying female faces and turn her talents to entertaining London play goers. She has undoubted dramatic talent and as Clement Scott is standing sponsor for his version of "Odette" that will be produced—a strong cast should be able to fill the Princess for the few weeks of Mme. Rupert's lease. At the same hour Tripp Edgar opens Toole's theater with Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown." R. G. Knowles, who has made such a distinguished success at the London halls, will upon this occasion make his first essay on the legitimate boards and will be supported by a strong cast, including H. De Lange, Tripp Edgar, Edgar Stevens, Henry Hilliard, Fred Bensfield, George Egbert, Albert Bernard, Fann Merion, Edith Vane, Georgia Wright, Aubrey Ford, Kate Everleigh, Marie Dainton and Madeline Rowsell.

Sarah Bernhardt has added "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Oscar Wilde's "Salome" to her repertoire.

The chief event of the coming season at the Opera Comique, Paris, will be a lyrical version of "Le Femme De Claude," the words by M. Gallet and the music by M. Albert Cohen.

"A Gay Parisienne" is announced as in rehearsal at the Avenue theater. For it Ivan Caryll has written the music.

The Marquis of Lorne, replying to inquiries, writes as follows:

Kensington Palace, Sept. 28, 1894. Sir: Regarding operas being written by Mr. Hamish McCunn, on librettos of mine, it is true that Mr. McCunn has the music in a forward state of preparation. The themes are worthy of the author of the well-known cantata, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood." They are founded on the [illegible] tales so well known in Ireland and Scotland. They are linked with those of England and are fully equal in interest to those so successfully treated in German by Wagner. The dramas have been put into libretto form already. I remain, yours faithfully,

LORNE.

It is not improbable that one of these works will be seen on the London stage next spring, as a leading impressario is somewhat impressed with the subject.

* * *

Mr. Irving has been unburdening himself on the art of acting. He insists that "it is a great point in the dramatic profession not to over-estimate one's ability." Mr. Irving also thinks that every actor should be a scholar, at least so far as it is possible for him to be such. To the retort that many ignorant men have been great actors, Mr. Irving returns the reply: "How much greater they might have been had they been educated—if the very great imitative quality they possessed had been guided by a trained intelligence." Upon the much-debated question whether acting is feeling or training, Mr. Irving says: "The young man desirous of becoming an actor, must avoid embracing the mischievous idea that acting is merely a matter of feeling; that a part is to be interpreted merely as he happens to feel at the time of its portrayal. I have said that acting is a science, and therefore the actor should try to make it as exact a science as possible. He should study every facial expression, every gesture, every inflection of voice, every movement that he intends to employ in the delineation of his role, before he takes the stage, and should know just how he is going to speak, look, walk and gesticulate in every phrase, and not trust to feeling to inspire him to do these things after he goes upon the stage."

* * *

Mr. Willard writes that he has finally determined his future movements, and says: "I terminate my London performances of 'The Professor's Love Story' on October 26, and will act at Brighton, Birmingham and Liverpool during the month of November. After that I mean to rest absolutely until the autumn of 1895."

Some London newspapers having announced that Mrs. Humphrey Ward was writing a play which Mr. Irving had accepted, Mr. Irving writes the Associated Press saying that "the statement is untrue."

Two Viennese journalists have arranged the action and scenario of a ballet which is to represent and reproduce the history of the press. Theobald Kretchmann is at work on the music. Just how this vast subject is handled is still a Viennese secret. A Wagner museum will shortly be established and will contain all sorts of memorials and souvenirs of that gifted composer. Probably it will be located at Dresden or Munich, in which cities many of the composer's operas were first produced.

Arthur Roberts reopened the Prince of Wales theater on Monday last for a three weeks' run of "Claude Duval," a piece of the gaiety order, although there is nothing in it, but Mr. Roberts, who is provided with about fifty disguises. However, Mr. Roberts is playing to packed houses.

The London rehearsals for the Birmingham musical festival were finished on Thursday last. The festival opens today. Mme. Albani, Brema and Lloyd caused great enthusiasm at the rehearsals.

Corean Curfew Law.

The Corean code enforces a rigid observance of a very strict and arbitrary curfew law. Soon after dusk the curfew strikes. Then must every human creature to its lair. And there must it stay until dawn. There are but three cases exempt from an absolute observance of this rule: the high official class, the blind and doctors, and messengers sent to summon them to the sick, or by them sent for medicine. A watchman roams the deserted streets and anyone, outside these three classes, found upon those streets after curfew is promptly walked off to the nearest magistracy and thoroughly flogged. The three exceptions made to the curfew law are rather interesting. The high official class are above suspicion. It is inconceivable that they should take advantage of the cloak of darkness to do wrong. To the Corean mind an official can do no wrong. The blind are allowed to go abroad at night because they are as safe in the dark as in the light. Day and night are the same to them. And not the most desperate Corean criminal would lay his finger in harm upon a blind man. The blind are sacred to the Coreans. The third dispensation is one of obvious mercy. And the Coreans are superlatively a merciful people.

Strong and Rich.

Last week I asked a Cavan laboring man how far it was to a place to which I was bound. "Two miles, your reverence." "Two miles and a little more," said I, knowing by long experience that my countrymen don't like to discourage a traveler by letting him know that he has still a long walk before him. "Well, your reverence, it's two miles strong and rich, so to spake."—The Spectator.

—Drunken Irish and Italian miners fought with knives and clubs at Essen, Pa. Many of the participants were injured.

DEFECTIVE PAGE