

SARAH T. BOLTON.

She was singing in the twilight, And a shade of purple gloom Half enveiled the pliant faces Gathered in a friendly room.

Not a whispered word was spoken— Not a movement stirred the air— As the music floated upward, In the silence, like a prayer.

As I listened, soul and senses Bapt, entranced, in a dream, I heard After the wondrous trilling Of a silver-throated bird.

That charmed me, with its sweetness, To a lovely fairy land, Where the sky was opalescent, And the odorous breezes bland.

There I strolled beside a river, In the pleasant event-time, Where the waters made a music, Like the rhythm of Gothic rhyme.

While the shadows of the leafage Danced together, hand in hand, And the flowers kissed the wavelets, Kneeling on the silver sand.

The Summer sun was setting, On a couch of molten gold, Dight about with crimson tresses Bright and wondrous to behold.

And, me thought, a band of angels Coming through the gates of heaven Stopped and listened there to listen To the sweet, melodious lay.

It was done, and I awakened From the beauty of the dream, To find that I had been dreaming, In that self-same lovely room.

But, in all the years before me, Be they short, or be they long, I shall not forget the singer, Nor the sweetness of her song.

Vicksburg, Nov. 1885.

Tribute to the Womanhood of the South.

"Nay! tell it as you may, It never can be told, And sung it as you will, It never can be sung!"

Edward Everett, speaking of the Crimean war, asks who carried off the palm of that tremendous contest?

Not Emperors and Kings, Generals, Admirals, nor Engineers launching from impregnable fortresses and blazing intrenchments the three-battled thunders of war.

Not the heroism of soldiers nor the peerless achievement of great chieftains.

No, but an English girl, cultivated, refined, appearing upon that dread stage of human action and suffering, in no higher character than that of a nurse.

Florence Nightingale's noble display of energetic benevolence, mingled with all the tenderness of woman's love, encircled her brow with the only enduring wreath of the Crimean war—a wreath that will be preserved in perfect bloom when all the laurels of the Alma and Inkerman and Balaclava, the Redan and the Malakoff, have faded.

And yet with this high tribute, I do not hesitate to assert that there were thousands of the late war more heroic and self-sacrificing, whose names were never paraded, and many of them scarcely known; noble, cultivated, great women, who made sacrifices and performed duties to which Florence Nightingale, with all her justly won laurels were totally unequal.

The womanhood of the South, under the watchful care, tender training, and stimulus of the chivalric sentiment peculiar to the warm generous Southern heart was delicate and refined.

Yet in times of great and crushing trials, these women found strength in self abnegation, deprivation and the more terrible sacrifices incident to civil war.

Their patriotism was more enthusiastic and their sacrifices greater than those of the musket bearers who went bravely to the field; whilst the immolations they made upon the glorious altars of this southland of their sons and husbands were greater to them, than the fall of Johnston at Shiloh or Jackson at Chancellorsville to the cause.

And it thrills me now, when I review the past, and remember what I have seen—these matchless women making sacrifices, enduring hardships and performing holy duties to which facing the fiery thunderbolts of the enemy were hardly to be compared.

Nothing but their superior moral worth, and exalted spiritual power could have sustained them in these trying emergencies.

To the noble and heroic who have sickened, been wounded, and died, and who have had the care and ceaseless attention of these angels of mercy, in hospital, at home, in camp, on the terrible field of carnage; who had received their sympathy, tears and prayers in their last expiring moments, it were a benediction of devotion little less than the constancy and love of woman at the Cross, when the great Pan was dying and dead.

I have seen these Christian women subjected to the fiery wrath of intricate strife. I have seen her in watchful, unflinching attention by the side of the sick and wounded; I have seen her by the hard cot of the dying in the wonderful tenderness of her sympathy and love. I have known of her standing over the graves of our fallen performing the last sad rites, "where no soldier discharged his farewell shot" I have seen her as she stood serenely steadfast and unmurmuring by the precious altars, where lay in glorious state the bodies of her brave sons!

I have seen her glorified in her heroism; and immortalized through her devotion to cause, duty and to honor! I have seen her in the thralldom of intense suspense, when the flashing thunderbolts of war shook the very foundations of her hope, and she trembled in agony under the blaze of the fiery conflict fearful of the great cause, her country, and the fate of her cherished idols!

I have seen her hope rise heavenward, above the fury and havoc of the deadly charge and rest there like a star of benediction!

I have seen this hope trampled, bleeding, and dying under the chariot-wheels of the triumphant victor!

I have seen her since the final defeat, in the hour of our humiliation, with everything reversed, doing the work of menials, building up the waste places, encouraging the tried and per-

plexed manhood of the land—never complaining, never tiring, always true, always equal to the emergency and the hour!

I have seen her bending over the graves of our fallen patriots, another Ripvan over the bodies of her slain, warding off the vultures of hate; I have seen her Confedrate only, in her mourning and memories, with her tears and floral offerings at the tomb of valor, doing womanly homage to knightly chivalry!

I have seen her walk with a firm step, midst the desolations of her home and prostrate institutions, and with unsanded feet treading the hot lava beds of sectional passion and bitterness. And yet whether in the days when she wore amidst the splendor of her prosperity, a crown of diamonds, or now amidst the broken columns of her dear Southland, her crown of thorns, she has always towered a real Queen!!

As I now behold her erect form, tried in the crucible of conflict, purified and ennobled, the only beautiful thing amidst this waste and ruin—I thank God, reverently, that he has spared us at least, as a glorious compensation for our sacrifices this "divine gallery" of exalted womanhood!

With the millions of excellent women of the world confronting me, I can point no higher, than to thousands of the women, of our own sunny clime.

Such women would be a crown of glory in any age—they are a revelation of human possibilities in the exalted sphere of their grand and matchless mission.

And whenever, and wherever, I meet one of them, I am reminded how watchful in hospital, devoted at home, bestowing her energies and toil upon the cause; and how she sent husband, brother and son to resist the unholy crusade against us—and I always feel in her presence, a tender reverence, and pay homage to her virtues.

There is a standard of excellence that cannot be easily surpassed; the crowning ornament of woman's best endeavor; this high plane she attained in the South in the fiery crucible or trial of war; and if their fair daughters in their emulation, which I hope to stimulate in this feeble tribute, shall have filled the full, perfect measure of their mother's stature, they will have accomplished a task which will make the world better, and lay coming generations under obligations to love and honor their names.

This my tribute to the womanhood of Mississippi and the South; what a stimulus their examples, to arouse every faculty to energetic work and to enable them to appreciate and improve the rare privileges of this marvellous, progressive age. Daughters of our valiant heroes, yours is a high and holy mission—every youth but honor and principle reversed—a new South; a people with broken spirit and ruined homes—the hopes and energies of the old crushed, but I thank God that we have the lovely, promising daughters of the old Southern stock and we look earnestly and beseechingly to them for the future advancement and glory of our great commonwealth.

Not that they shall cling to the past only to value and embalm its precious memories, but that they may boldly accept the new life and hold in imperishable memory the character of their noble ancestry.

You may have to tread in a certain sense, upon the traditions and usages of the past, but never forgetting its memories; whatever the requirements of the future, your obligations and duties, courageously and determinedly meet them, as your blessed mothers have done.

You shall not nurture the past to go back and fight over its battles and cling to its theories, as they appertained to the causes of the war; you shall only treasure the virtues of its trials, that they may teach you the great moral worth of duty in the trying critical times in which you may be involved.

Your moral, spiritual and mental impress shall mould and dominate the higher strength and worth of Mississippi's sons, prepare them thoroughly for your great and worthy duties, remembering always that through you alone shall be perpetuated and transmitted the heroic qualities of your noble mothers.

That the full life depends upon perfect spiritual graces, and culture, and the estimation of such virtues and strength as are gathered from the rich treasury of the heroic past.

Your interest individually, and the interest of prosperity are involved, and upon you depends, I repeat, with emphasis, the magnificent possibilities of the future of our State!

I conclude with the ringing eloquent words of Mississippi's honored Chief-tain.

"The daughters of Mississippi, with virtuous grace, have blessed our days of peace, and the self-denial and fortitude with which they have met the trials which it has been our misfortune to suffer, has commanded my highest admiration, has been the ground of my hope for the future, and justified the confidence I feel that among them we might look for such examples as the mother of the Maccabees!"

CROMWELL.

Winchester and a Revolver.

RAWLINS, WYO. Nov. 21.—John Lyons and Chas. O'Brien quarrelled over a game of cards yesterday, each left and "heeled" himself, and they met just outside the building. O'Brien opened fire with a Winchester rifle, Lyons replying with a revolver. Seven shots were exchanged without injury to either, but one of the bullets passed through the saloon window and struck John Lovin, one of the proprietors. He lived about twenty minutes. Lyons and O'Brien ran, but were captured. An inquest developed the fact that the shot that killed Lovin was fired by O'Brien.

The Vicksburg Harbor.

A practical question for the Senators and Congressmen is the improvement or restoration of the harbor of Vicksburg. The Mississippi River Commission in its annual report, makes the best suggestion, in its opinion, that has yet been offered—and that is, by works above Vicksburg—to bring the main channel back to at least a portion of our city.—Vicksburg Post.

In our opinion this business of appropriating the people's money to improve harbors is being carried most too far. If a harbor is a public convenience, that is, a convenience in which a country is interested, improvement by the Government may be proper. But there are too many ports in the country that claim to be public conveniences of this character, and it is asking too much of the Government to take them all in charge and spend the people's money on them. Our own town of Columbus has its strong claims on the Government as Vicksburg. Our harbor here is as important as that of Vicksburg. Yet if we were to ask a special appropriation in our behalf, we would probably be laughed at. We would like to see Vicksburg prosper, as we take a pride in the place; we would like to see a channel restored to it; but at the same time we do not think it is good policy for the Government to appropriate the people's money for its benefit.—Columbus Index.

We are a little surprised at this expression from the Index. Our neighbor is certainly aware of the fact that Vicksburg is one of the prominent ports on our inland sea, and the chief harbor of Mississippi on either fresh or salt water coast. In its relations to the commerce of the great converging waterways that seek the ocean through the Mississippi, it is in every sense a National harbor, and is the entrepot for three great railroads, two on the eastern and one on the west-river side of the river. It is a port where every steamer ascending or descending the river, below Memphis, whether coming out of the Missouri, Ohio, Yazoo or other great tributaries, must halt to receive or discharge freight and passengers, and is also a harbor of refuge for river craft in the event of storm or accident. In addition to this it is a port upon which a city of fourteen or fifteen thousand people rely for maintenance; that conducts the convenience and necessities of tens of thousands of people who look to Vicksburg as their market. If this harbor is destroyed it will be a calamity to the merchant marine of the whole lower Mississippi river, and a terrible blow not only to the great railroad that extends from our eastern to our western boundary, but to every town on its line. To lose the harbor of Vicksburg involves the destruction of that fair city, the impoverishment of its property owners and local industries, and compels as a necessity to river commerce the opening up of another port in its vicinity and the diverting to the new harbor of the railroads, that now meet the waters at Vicksburg. It is a duty the Government owes to our people and to all the people in the Mississippi Valley and to all who ply the great river, to avert this calamity by ample and timely appropriation, and we are glad to know that in reference to the matter our Senators and Congressmen are a unit in sentiment.

As to the importance of improving the Tombigbee, the Examiner was largely instrumental in obtaining the first appropriation ever made for it, and has fought its battle here and elsewhere each succeeding year; but the Examiner recognizes the fact that while the Tombigbee is all important to the commercial constituency of Aberdeen and Columbus, it is of trifling importance to the country at large as compared with the Mississippi, and that while the harbors of our two towns have local value and accommodate vessels that, like our merchants, have local interests, the harbor of Vicksburg has for many years been a necessity to the commercial marine of the whole lower valley. Then, again, our harbors are not in danger while that of Vicksburg is threatened with destruction and must be saved if scientific engineering and wise legislation can accomplish the desired end.—Aberdeen Examiner.

From Bastrop.

Special to Commercial Herald.

BASTROP, LA., Nov. 20.—Last night, at the court-house, Dr. J. C. Orcutt, a very intelligent gentleman from Houston, Texas, delivered an eloquent address to the citizens of Bastrop on the subject of Temperance and Prohibition. The audience was large and appreciative.

Miss Lena, the eldest daughter of Mr. S. D. Brown, was buried here today. She was an excellent young lady, sixteen years of age. Her relatives and friends deeply deplore her untimely death.

The weather is clear and cool. Cotton picking has progressed finely, about four-fifths of the crop having been gathered. Corn has been sold in the parish as low as thirty cents per bushel.

Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The president made the following appointments to-day: To be consuls of the United States, L. Bridges, of North Carolina, at Montevideo, Uruguay; Wm. H. McCardle, of Mississippi, at San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua; Joseph W. Meviam, a citizen of the United States, at Iquique, Chili; Wm. C. Emmet, of New York, at Smyrna, Turkey.

Senator Miller Alarmingly Ill. SOUTH BEND, IND. Nov. 21.—Word has been received here, at his old home, by his relatives, that Senator Miller, of California, is alarmingly ill. His condition is such that it is feared that he will not be able to be at Washington at the opening of congress.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

The Times on the Vignaux Victory.—The Brooklyn City Court Occupied Two Days in the Second Trial in an Action Brought by Henry Reddick Against the Standard Oil Company, Etc.

New York, Nov. 21.—The sale of the late Richard Grant White's library was concluded yesterday. The total sum realized was about \$8,000.

Miss Lydia Thompson, the well known English burlesque actress, arrived yesterday on the city of Berlin. The Times says: Vignaux victory over Slosson last night was probably the most wonderful exhibition of billiard playing ever seen. It is to be borne in mind the game was arranged expressly to make large runs by nursing impossible and compel open table-play. At this game Vignaux made an average which a few years ago was unheard of at "straight billiards" and has eclipsed all records in respect to both single runs and average. This victory may bring about a result which probably did not enter the calculations of the persons who projected the tournament.

The Brooklyn city court has been occupied for two days in the second trial of an action brought by Henry Reddick against the Standard Oil Company to recover one-sixth of the property on which their works are located at Green Point, and which is worth about a half million dollars. A grand father of the plaintiff bought the land nearly fifty years ago, and gave a purchase mortgage on it of \$5,000.

The mother of plaintiff, who was John Haines' daughter, died five days after plaintiff's birth. Plaintiff was then sent down to Virginia to be brought up by the grandfather. Horne married again and his second wife on her death left one son, and in her will cut off the children of the first wife from their inheritance of property. She induced the mortgagee to foreclose the mortgage and plaintiff claimed he was not made a party to the suit. The defense is that he was made a party to the suit, and his name instead of being Henry as he was sworn was John Henry and under that name he had been made a party to the action. His father and uncle, who is a Methodist minister and baptized him, swore his name was Henry, and a colored nurse swore that the grandfather wanted him called John Henry. Defense further showed he was married under the name of John Henry, became a member of the Masonic lodge under that name, applied for life insurance and divorced and obtained permission to marry again under that name. The jury found a verdict for the defendant, and immediately afterwards the plaintiff was arrested on the charge of perjury, on the ground that on a former trial he swore he never signed his name as John Henry or John H.

The Herald's Washington correspondent says: "Mr. Hoyt is still a guest at the White House with Miss Cleveland, she is 'at home' informally an hour each morning. A greater number call by card. These calls are, however, not as a rule returned, but the White House ladies now and then make exception, and do return them, especially when callers are residents of the city.

"The president had a long talk with Mr. W. W. Corcoran to-day, in regard to some district matters that he intends to present to congress in his message. Mr. Corcoran has been consulted very often by the presidents on local affairs. Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur always consulted with him before making recommendations in regard to local matters."

A special to the Herald from Richmond, says: "L. B. Jones, a young and prominent man here, was to-day fined one cent and given an hour in jail by the jury in the Hustings court, for sending a challenge to fight a duel. The trouble out of which the hostile correspondence grew occurred in August last. No meeting took place, and the difficulty was amicably adjusted. The officers, however, arrested Jones, and he was tried to-day. This is the second time in the history of the duelling laws of Virginia since the war, that any punishment has been inflicted for violation thereof."

Taken to Montrose for Safe-keeping.

DENVER, Nov. 21.—About a mile above Delta station, on the Denver & Rio Grande, Wm. Whalen had left his wife on their ranch, while he with his two sons, went on a hunting trip. Stopping with her was Mrs. Cameron, wife of J. A. Cameron, a dissolute character. Yesterday Cameron quarreled with the women and his wife fled. After her flight he shot and killed Mrs. Whalen her body falling into the fireplace was badly burned. Cameron visited one of the neighboring houses searching for his wife, threatening to kill her if he found her. He was finally captured and at once taken to Montrose for safe-keeping, as the officers feared summary punishment would be dealt out to him.

Interesting to Stock Shippers.

DUNBUQUE, IA., Nov. 21.—A case in law interesting to live stock shippers was decided in the United States district court, having been brought up from the lower courts by a change of venue. Williamson & Davis, of Delaware county, made a shipment of forty-eight head of cattle last winter from their ranch in Palo Alto county. The train got stuck in a snow drift on the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway forty-eight hours, and a blizzard came up and froze the stock to death suit was intered for \$3,000; the jury awarded \$500.

Dead.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—Jean Baptiste Marie Baillet, a noted book publisher, is dead.

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

WHO STOOD ON HIS DIGNITY WITH ITALIAN ROYALTY.

A Couple of Princes Who Turned Out To Be Very Pleasant Fellows—An Agreeable Chat and a Cordial Parting.

[Rome Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

The two eldest sons of the Duke of Aosta (ex-king Amadeo of Spain, the brother of the king of Italy) visited Rome the early part of August. They are boys of 14 and 15. Duke de Poulles and Count de Turin are their titles. They lodged at the Hotel d'Angleterre while in this city. A young friend of mine, a fine, bold-spirited, original, intelligent American, about 18 or 19, was visiting Rome at the same time, and stopped at the same hotel. The two young princes and the American were the only first-class lodgers at the d'Angleterre. The first night the young princes arrived, when the American went into table d'ote he found a rough set of men already seated.

SEATING ON HIS DIGNITY.

"Before taking his seat he beckoned the head waiter and asked those persons were 'The suite of their royal highnesses,' was the reply. 'Are the princes to dine here also?' 'Oh, no; they dine in their apartment.' 'Then what business had you to serve me my dinner with a pack of royal hunkies?' said the American indignantly, and then turned and went into the hotel parlor. In a few minutes two waiters came, sat a small table and served the American an excellent dinner alone in the parlor. At the dessert the proprietor came in and apologized, said it was a mistake, etc., and begged my friend not to take offense.

The next morning the proprietor came to the American and said that the Duke de Poulles and Count de Turin would be happy to have him presented to them. 'Very well,' replied the American. 'Tell those young men they will find me here in the saloon any time the next half-hour.' The proprietor stated, but as the young man resumed the reading of his journal the proprietor shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

HOBNOBBING WITH ROYALTY.

A short while after the "young men" came into the parlor and introduced themselves, just as any ordinary untitled youths might. They were alone. "Duke de Poulles," said the elder, "and my brother, the Count de Turin." The young American took their extended hands and gave his own name. The three young men sat down and had a pleasant talk for a half-hour. They asked a great many intelligent questions about the United States. They seemed most curious to know about its institutions, its large cities. They were especially interested in statistics, number of population, manufactures, etc.

My friend said he was surprised to find such young fellows so serious and knowing in their questions. The Count de Turin said: "Tell us, if you will be so good, how does your city of New York compare with Rome, for instance—for, as you say, you have not seen Turin or Milan." The American then endeavored to make them comprehend why in some respects it was a much finer city—that is, judging from a modern point of view, and setting entirely aside the historical monuments which make of Rome a city sui generis.

ROME VS. NEW YORK.

"Of course," said my young friend, "everything in New York is new and totally unlike even the new part of Rome. For instance, I feel all the while here in Rome as if I were looking at stage effects. The architecture, the curious direction of the streets, and even the air and sky are all scenic, while in my city it is just the contrary." The young men listened with keen interest. The Count de Turin, who is considered extremely intelligent, said: "We hope to go to the United States some time, and of course to New York. Will you allow us to hunt you up? I should like so much to meet you again."

My friend responded in the same frank spirit, and gave the count his card and address, and the three young men parted most cordially. Both of the young princes, who are in the navy, are now aboard the ship Vittoria Emanuele, at Brindisi, and sail shortly on their voyage of instruction.

Cocaine Becoming a Cure-All.

[New York Tribune.]

Cocaine is becoming one of the popular remedies of the day. Its functions of allaying the sensibility of the nerves of mucous membranes and other tissues renders it valuable in surgical operations and in the treatment of throat and lung affections. In consequence of its remarkable qualities and of the prominence given to it in the medical treatment received by Gen. Grant, it is now coming into general use. Hay fever is not by any means the only disease for which it is declared to be an effective remedy.

The chemists who are compounding cocaine tablets for the noses of catarrhal patients are also putting up cocaine troches for the throats of sufferers from bronchial and pulmonary complaints. There is reason for believing that the market will speedily be flooded with cocaine lozenges, cough-drops, soothing syrups, patent plasters and every kind of cure-all. Advantage will be taken of the sudden reputation which the singularly effective curative agent and anesthetic has obtained. Cocaine will be recognized by patent-medicine manufacturers as a popular catchword, and the business of prescribing and compounding it will be speedily overdone.

Souvenir of Alex. H. Stephens.

[Philadelphia Press.] Andrew J. Fleming, of St. Louis, has in his possession a slip of paper bearing an autograph writing by Alexander H. Stephens. The writing is with a pencil, and the souvenir contains the following words: "Revenge reversed—that is, to rise superior to the neglect and contumely of mankind by trying to do them good instead of harm. A determination to rise even against fate; to meet the world in all its forces; to master evil with good and to leave no foe standing in my rear."

Good for the Brain.

[Trib.] Newspaper Proprietor—Our Mr. Filkins, of the editorial staff, is a wonderfully bright fellow. He has great brain power. Subscriber—He ought to have. He lives next door to my phosphate factory.

Old Times in Boston.

It was the custom in the olden time in Boston to post the names of common drunkards and common tipplers, as provided by law.

It takes about 250 bushels of potatoes to make one ton of starch.

A hat made of alligator leather is an autumn oddity.

A Famous Washington Sketch.

[Letter in Boston Journal.]

In the immediate vicinity of the house occupied by Senator Hale is the famous block in which once lived James H. Watson, Gen. Sherman, Senator West, of Louisiana, Gen. Van Vliet, of the army, and Fernando Wood. This is the time was one of the most noted blocks in Washington. West, who is now one of the district commissioners, alone occupies his house. Gen. Sherman has moved to St. Louis and his house is rented. Mr. Blaine sold his house for less than he gave for it (he having purchased it when real estate in that locality was at its highest), to a broker, William H. Travers, of New York, whose daughter and son-in-law, Representative Wadsworth, of New York, now occupy it during the winter. The Fernando Wood house and the one adjacent to it are occupied by the famous John Chamberlain as a restaurant. Immediately across the street to the west, towards the Arlington, is the famous Gov. Morgan house. This was occupied by Gov. Morgan when he was in the senate, and subsequently was the residence of Hamilton Fish during his entire administration of the state department. This house was the center of society during the Grant regime. Mr. Fish is said to have never expended less than \$50,000 a year in social entertainments. The costly example which he has set has not been a social burden upon some of his less wealthy successors. Mr. Evans followed him so far as to pay almost the entire salary as secretary of state, \$8,000, for the furnished house owned by Mr. Hutchinson, of the locality. Mr. Evans is said to still boast that of his entire salary as secretary of state there was exacted \$1,000 which he did not expend for house rent. On a street, to the north of the Chamberlain house, is the house which Chief Justice Waite has recently bought and the much larger house of Mr. William E. Chandler. Mr. Waite preferred to live nearer town, and gave up a house in which he had established himself some years ago nearer to the famous West End. Near to Mr. Waite's is a large double house owned by Mr. Foster, our minister to Russia, and occupied by his intimate personal friend, who doubtless secured his place in the cabinet through Mr. Foster, Postmaster General Gresham. Adjoining this house is a row of wooden tenements occupied by negroes.

The Theatres of Italy.

[Florence Letter to the San Francisco Chronicle.]

The Italian theatres are the finest in the world. They are not so richly decorated as ours, they are not so luxurious, but they are far more roomy, more commodious, better ventilated and less liable to catch fire. They appear to be modelled after or rather developed from the Roman amphitheatres. The form is oval, not hors-shoe shaped, like ours. The oval form enables the stage to be seen from every seat, which is not the case with the horseshoe. The floor of the parquet is the solid earth itself, covered with garden gravel. This forms an excellent receptacle for cigar stumps, orange rinds and the other debris of enthusiastic audiences, and it may be easily removed with a rake. The structure is usually of brick, with a minimum of woodwork. A fire is next to impossible, and if one does occur the parquet, in which the seats are wide apart, and where the aisles and cross-passages are wide and numerous, is an excellent refuge while the audience is filing out of the house. The roof is ten feet above the top of the walls, the intervening space being left open for ventilation. One of the consequences of these arrangements is that there is no close or musty smell about the houses. I am now describing the Arena Nazionale of Florence, but the other theatres are much of the same type. The play was an Italian version of the "Forgemaster" (Le Maître des Forges), a play which I had seen in London, Paris and elsewhere. The acting was very good. The price of admission to the parquet, without seat, was 20 cents; with seat, 60 cents. For the same performance and accommodation I paid in New York \$2; London, \$1.25; Paris, \$1. It is that actors are scarcer or money more plentiful in these places!

Stomachs and Voices.

[New York Letter.]

More depends upon a singer's eating than one is apt to suppose. You constantly see paragraphs in the papers how this prima donna or that prima donna is so capricious about her food. It is not capricious, it is necessity. A prima donna could not sing on a meal cooked as the average hotel furnishes it. Her digestion must be looked after or her voice suffers. A good-natured laugh passes over the face of the country at Miss Kellogg's little frying-pan and alcohol stove, but that little frying-pan and alcohol stove have made it possible for Miss Kellogg to sing after a day's journey, when she would have no appetite for ordinary hotel food. A chop or an egg, or a bit of chicken, cooked as they are not cooked in an ordinary hotel, give her nourishment, and she must be nourished to sing. The voice is largely dependent upon the condition of the stomach. Patti knows this, and she will take no risks. She has her own chef with her, and she prepares her food just as she wants it. She is about to go to Boston, and she has just sent word to Col. Massillon that she won't go unless her chef can cook the dinner she has on the train. Of course, he cooks for her in Boston, but Massillon thought she might partake of one meal not of his preparing; but she thinks differently, so her chef must don his cap and white apron and cook her dinner as the train speeds over the New England landscape. Patti is right. She knows her own stomach and what it requires, and she is going to cater to it. If she didn't she wouldn't sing as well as she does.

He Had Got Down.

[Wall Street News.]

They were talking about the times and the general disinclination to buy large stocks or make heavy investments when a bald-headed man edged into the crowd and said: "Gentlemen, we have been living beyond our means, and we must get down to hard-pan and begin over again." "That may be all very true," replied one of the others, "but who will begin?" "I have already begun," said the bald-head. "I was worth \$50,000; I bought \$20,000 worth of city lots and started to build a \$75,000 mansion. The result is that I am right down to bed rock and ready to begin anew. Do any of you happen to know a good opening for a dancing master?"

Before and After.

[New York Sun.]

Just starting on the wedding trip—Young wife: I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive. Young husband: It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have.

Just ending the wedding trip—Young wife: What a delightful time we have had, my dear! Young husband: Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an expense it has been!

Mary's New Designation.

[Jingo.]

Now, the maid whose name was Mary, Cometh home from gay "Paris," Circumflex her accents—very! And she calls herself Marie.