Her Wedding Ring.

IN the house, a big hive of work people, situated in the rue Delambre, where for six months Tony Robec had occupied a room, everyone thought that he was a widower. He could not have been a widower very long, for his little boy, Adrien, who lived with him, and who was always well cared for, was not more than 6 years old. Yet neither of them wore mourning.

Every day Tony Robec, who was employed as a compositor in a printing house in the Quartier Latin, left his room with the child, still half asleep, on his shoulder. He left the little one at school, and called for him again at night, when returning from work.

The kind-hearted gossips were full of pity for the poor fellow. He couldn't be more than 40, and was still good-looking, although sad and pale, and with silver streaks in his black beard. Behind his back they said: "That man ought to marry again."

They wished to make his acquaintance. Generally this is not difficult in such a house, where the tenants live with open doors. But Tony had a very reserved manner, and they were afraid to approach him.

"No, ladies," said the doorkeeper, who was inclined to be sentimental, "that widower will never marry again; mark my words. The other Sunday I passed him in the cemetery at Montparnasse. His wife is doubtless buried there. It cut me to the heart to see the poor man with the motherless little chap at his side. He must have doted on his wife."

But he was not a widower.

His life had been simple, but not by any means happy. Although a conscientious workman, he was not particularly good at his trade, and therefore until he was 30 he had not succeeded in making a tolerably good living, and could not think of marrying.

When he did resolve to marry, he ought to have chosen a sensible, economical wife, who had known want as he had. But love does not occupy itself with such trifles.

Tony lost his head over a pretty, light-minded, light-hearted flower girl of 19, honest, doubtless, but frivolous, and thinking more of her toilet than of anything else under the sun.

They were married and at first lived very happily. They had two modest rooms on the fifth floor of a house in the boulevard de Port Royal, with a little balcony, from which they had a bird's-eye view of Paris.

Every night on leaving work Tony Robec disguised his workman's clothes under a smart overcoat and waited for his wife, who presently appeared from her little booth in the rue Saint-Honore and arm-in-arm they returned to their humble home.

At last a son was born, and put out to nurse. The parents went to see him once a fortnight. But at the end of a year the child died of convulsions.

The parents were, however, soon afterward consoled by the birth of little Adrien. Having had such a sad experience, Clementine resolved to bring up the child herself, and gave up her little shop in order to be able to attend her baby.

She took in work, but did not make more than half of what she had previously earned. Nevertheless, she continued to dress well.

In vain did Tony work desperately; the household became embarrassed and steeped in debt.

One evening, when Tony entered the house with the child whom he had picked up at the asylum as he had passed, he found an envelope on the mantlepiece, from which, when he opened it, fell Clementine's wedding ring. In the letter she bade goodbye to her husband and child, and begged their forgiveness.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife—four incoherent and desperate pages—plentifully washed with tears—in which she announced that she had repented and implored pardon. This was all very painful for Tony, but he was very proud, and the letter remained unanswered.

He heard no more from Clementine. On Christmas eve he went, as was his custom, to the cemetery at Montparnasse, there to place on the grave of his dead child a few frozen violets and roses.

For the first time Tony went alone with the child, and strange as it may seem, on entering the cemetery he suffered more poignantly than ever before from the absence of that wife who had so cruelly deceived him.

On arriving at the grave, he started, for at the foot of it were strewn several little playthings such as the poor give to their children—a trumpet, a jack-in-the-box, and a whistle. They had evidently just been placed there, for they were quite new.

"Oh, what pretty playthings!" cried little Adrien excitedly. But his father, having detected a scrap of paper pinned to one of the toys, opened it and read: "For Adrien, from his brother Felix, who is now with the child Christ."

Suddenly he found the boy pressing against him, and murmuring, "Mamma." There, only a few paces away, under a clump of cypress trees, knelt the mother.

She was clad in a wretched dress and a thin shawl. Her eyes were sunken, and her cheeks hollow and pale. She was looking at her husband, and her clasped hands were stretched toward him in supplication.

Tony pushed the boy gently toward her, saying, "Adrien, go kiss your mother."

The poor creature strained the child convulsively to her breast, and covered him with kisses. Then rising and turning toward her husband, but always with the air of a suppliant, she said: "How good of you!"

But he, already at her side, said huskily, almost harshly, "Don't talk. Take my arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the rue Delambre, and they walked quickly and without uttering a word. The child, engrossed in his newly found treasure, trotted along at their side.

When they reached the house the housekeeper was standing on the steps.

"Madame," said Tony to her, "this is my wife. She has been six months in the country with her mother, who was ill, and now she has come back to live with me."

When they reached the room Tony made his wife sit down on the only arm chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer from which he took an old cardboard box. Out of this he took the wedding ring, which he pressed on his wife's finger.

Then without a word of reproach or bitterness about the sorrowful past, silently, gravely, with overflowing generosity of a simple, childlike heart, he gently pressed his lips to her forehead as the seal of forgiveness.—Romance.

HIGH DADDY IN THE HOUSE.

They had a little outpouring of language Friday on the floor of the house. Language accompanied by gesticulation. The language was all of it fervent and some of it quite lurid, though it lacked the illustrative cuss words with which persons who indulge habitually in that manner of discourse usually decorate conversation and make their meaning clear. The gesticulation was forceful and animated; so much so that some of it came near impinging on the features of the statesmen who were giving the exhibition. Devotees of the manly art in the galleries and on the floor, who have been feeling more or less depressed of late in consequence of the growing tendency among the great lights of pugilism to omit gesticulation from their athletic engagements, began to be encouraged. Not for many months has there been so close an approach to actual collision between public men of the dramatic profession, or the prize ring, or in the congressional arena. It refreshed, encouraged and exhilarated many whose spirits had been drooping over the manifest decadence of the manly art. Except for the interference of mean-spirited bystanders, who entertain the absurd notion that discussion of public questions of great moment should proceed from between the nose and chin and not from the shoulder, there might have been then and there an entertainment that would have rejoiced the galleries exceedingly, and possibly made a warm-hearted and patriotic people very proud of themselves and their representatives. If it had been continued to a finish it might have reconciled the Hawaiians, to whom the debate was not unrelated, to the policy of the present administration, which keeps their republic from the enjoyment of such festivities, or it might have made them more eager to get in and have a hand in the sport.

The discussion sprang up, as it were, spontaneously. Mr. Heard, of Missouri, who is described as a tall and thin person, a recent invalid and not muscular or athletic, had become weary of the talk about Hawaii which had been going on for some time, and accordingly moved the previous question. There are democratic precedents for moving the previous question with a gun; also with an empty bottle; also in many other ways which in democratic communities are deemed effective for closing debate. But Heard did it by word of mouth. Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who is not unknown to fame as a peculiar Presbyterian with a silvery tongue, an impressive manner and a physique which commands the admiration of both sexes, had some remarks of a high order of eloquence shut up within his heart's hot cells, which he was exceedingly anxious to let loose then and there. He expostulated with Heard. Heard was abrupt. Breckinridge, tapping his eloquence on a key a trifle lower than he had intended, let fall a remark that Heard was an impertinent scoundrel. Heard, feeling in his own mind that Breckinridge, however sincere he might be in his statement, was evidently laboring under a misapprehension as to his (Heard's) real character, endeavored to correct him by informing him that he was a liar. Nothing could have been more to the purpose or freer from circumlocution than this brief but apposite remark. Breckinridge, who is famous for his readiness at repartee, as was shown in a recent trial, immediately let go his left. Whether or not Heard dodged does not clearly appear from the report. Probably not. Democrats are not dodging so much as they were in the Reed congress. At any rate, the gesture fell short.

Then the debate became tumultuous. Lafe Pence entered into it with enthusiasm. Much language was spilled on the floor unreported. Mostly crude and extemporaneous, but tropical in the extreme, for both disputants are warm-hearted, high-spirited, and the soul of honor. Of course, it is only the soul of honor that discusses public questions in this manner. Then the United States government—the same government that compelled Coxey to keep off the grass—appeared on the scene in the form of the sergeant-at-arms, carrying an uncommonly impressive stick with a gilded bird on the end of it. This emblem has the reputation of having quelled everything in the nature of a disturbance except the civil war. Doubtless it would have quelled that if it had been taken in time, but Breckinridge and Heard had by this time become so much interested in each other and in the various members of the democratic and populist parties who were holding them apart, that they failed to recognize the emblem. So they kept right on illustrating the latest phase of Christian civilization, the present condition of the democratic party, and the millenium which was ushered in in 1892. It was very inspiring while it lasted. Everybody felt that this congress was on the point of doing something. Then after Lafe Pence and the rest got tired of holding the controversialists, and the controversialists themselves were weary, that portion of the entertainment ceased and the curtain was rung up for apologies. Both gentlemen apologized in the handsomest manner to the United States government and then to each other. Then each withdrew the apology he had made to the other and took a fresh start, until at length the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who is not remarkable for being warm-hearted and high-spirited and the soul of honor, suggesfed that as the house had considerable work to do and not much time to do it in, it should proceed to business, which it did. Nothing herioc about that. But, after all, it suggests a contrast and sets one thinking.—New York Tribune.

There has been a disposition to condemn the Hawaiian republic because of the sentences of the military court upon the rebels. But the court could impose no other sentences, under the circumstances. The president now reviews the sentences, and will probably show clemency. That seems to be the opinion in Honolulu, according to papers just received in Seattle. There had been no official announcement of sentences on February 1st, when the Warrimoo left, hence Minister Willis' haste to protest against execution of the sentences was, to say the least, premature.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

There should be no bank examnier at the expense of the general taxpayers of this state. This kind of legislation is too plentiful already and too entirely paternalistic and antagonistic to free institutions to have more of it. The people are in need of no bank examiner and if one is appointed the few will get the benefit of his services, while the many—the workers and producers—will have to meet the expenses of his office, some $5000 or $6000 a year.—Pendleton Oregonian.

THE MYSTERIOUS RING

How Man's Cupidity Undoes Him.

The Greedy Pawnbroker of Paris

And the Clever Ruse by Which He Lost Seventy Five Thousand Francs.

Mr. Lagrange sat behind his window looking over his accounts. The window was draped after a fashion that displayed both art and science. A few pieces of lace and antique jewelry were exhibited in such a way as to inform the initiated passer-by that such articles were bought, sold, and taken in pledge on the premises; while true science was shown in the arrangement by which the master of the establishment could see into the street without himself being observed.

It was a convenient plan; and it enabled Mr. Lagrange to notice that a tall, pale, clean-shaven young man was peering in at the window in an inquisitive way. He had a semi-clerical aspect, wearing a low-crowned, black soft felt hat, and that voluminous garment known as an "Inverness cape." His manner was nervous and hesitating, as of a man who found himself in an unwonted or embarrassing position. He made as though he would pass on, stopped, looked at the name on the brass plate a second time, glanced up and down the street, and then, with an air of affected unconcern, walked into the establishment.

Mr. Lagrange's street door opened noiselessly, and admitted the visitor to a small, carpeted hall, in which the only apparent aperature was a window like that of a booking office at a railway station, formed chiefly of ground glass. The open part was close to the seat occupied by Mr. Lagrange, who had, of course, observed all the

MOVEMENTS OF HIS VISITOR.

After standing at the aperature for a moment or two without seeing anybody, the stranger rapped gently with his knuckles on the window sill, and shortly afterward Mr. Lagrange, with the air of a man who was taking a constitutional, sauntered past the spot.

"I have got a ring," began the stranger, speaking with a marked French accent.

Lagrange gave his visitor a bold look, before which the young man's eyes dropped, and held out his hand for the trinket.

With some hesitation the stranger produced a plain gold ring of a peculiar pattern and laid it on the desk before him. It was very much like one of those old-fashioned rings which were made with a hollow space for a morsel of hair of a deceased friend; only, in this case, a scroll work took the place of glass; and this scroll work was of a very delicate pattern, here and there pierced with minute holes. Lagrange had seen such rings before and knew that in former days they had often been used as the repository of some small articles of value, such as a gem or a precious medicine.

Taking it up in his fat, shiny fingers, Lagrange, without a word of apology to the owner, carried the ring to a large plate glass window, under pretense of examining it under a better light. The pawnbroker then weighed the trinket in his hand, peered at it curiously through a magnifying glass, shook it a second, third, a fourth time with increased interest, for he was certain that he heard

SOMETHING RATTLE INSIDE.

Bending a little backward, Mr. Lagrange took an observation of his visitor through a convenient hole in the ground glass, and then, moved by a feeling that the stranger's face was not unfamiliar to him, he wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, which he dispatched through a tube.

"This is a quaint little thing," observed the pawnbroker, returning to his customer.

"A—yes."

"Have you any objection to give a reference? It is usual."

"Well—a—I'm not sure that the father superior would like it. The ring belongs to our order—the Order of St. Simeon. We lost all our property during the reign of the Commune in Paris, and then the French government banished us with the other monks."

"What is all that to me?" asked the pawnbroker, impatiently.

"One of the fathers," said the stranger, in an humble tone, "told me to try and borrow a little money on the security of this ring. But, you understand, I must not sell it. It is a kind of a relic, for it belonged to Father Clerc, the superior of the order, who was shot by the Communists in 1871. He got it conveyed out of prison to one of our friends."

"How?" asked Lagrange, who was beginning to feel interested.

"I cannot tell; I did not belong to the order then."

"But you do now?"

"Yes; I am a lay brother."

"Well, I don't mind lending you a sovereign. It's only worth the weight of its gold."

"But we must have more than that," and the lay brother leaned forward through the window and spoke in a low, eager tone: "We are all convinced that there is something remarkable in that ring. I have heard that Father Clerc always wore it, because it would one day bring back prosperity to our community."

"He sent that message out of prison along with the ring?" asked the pawnbroker, in a careless tone.

"SO I HAVE HEARD,"

responded the lay brother. Could it be, Lagrange asked himself, that the imprisoned priest had used this ring as a means of conveying a secret message to the rest of the community. He felt interested and curious. Eventually he agreed to lend Brother Antoine three pounds on a special contract, which provided that if the ring was not redeemed within a month it should become the absolute property of Lagrange.

The lay brother cast a regretful glance at the ring, signed the agreement, slipped the sovereigns into his pouch, and left the establishment.

No sooner had the door closed behind his customer than Lagrange touched a bell which summoned his confidential clerk.

"Did you recognize the gentleman who left the house a moment ago?" he asked.

"I cannot be certain," answered the clerk, "but I fancy he is M. Le Comte Desnoettes, a nobleman who used to visit us years ago in Paris."

"Ah! Very likely. I fancied I knew the face. I thought I had assisted at the funeral of the gentleman's gay career! He tells me he has joined a religious order. Those poor devils often do when they are sold out. That will do, Marot."

Then the pawnbroker fell to examining the trinket which Brother Antoine had left with him. He even tried, by slightly enlarging one of the holes in the scroll work, to catch a glimpse of the small object which his sense of hearing told him was concealed in the cavity of the ring. But in this he was quite unsuccessful, he could see nothing. All he could learn was, that if a precious stone was inside, it must have been wrapped in something to deaden the sound of rattling.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

Not daring to break open the ring, Lagrange waited thirty days with the utmost impatience, hoping, almost against hope, that the young lay brother would find himself unable or would neglect to redeem the trinket on the appointed day, and thus suffer it to become his property. He was convinced that the superior of the order would not have taken the pains to convey this ring to his brethren when he was in such imminent peril unless it contained something of value. Sometimes he felt as if he would give half his fortune to cut the trinket open.

One by one the days went by. Unluckily the month had 31 days. Mr. Lagrange reviled the idiotic arrangement of dividing the months of the year, and waited until the next day. As the afternoon drew to a close he bpecame more anxious, more eager to possess the jewel and its hidden secret. He could not sit at the window. Every man that passed made his heart beat with the fear that it was Brother Antoine come for the ring.

At length Lagrange convinced himself that 6 o'clock had struck. He locked and double-locked his door, drew down his blinds, seized an instrument, and in the twinkling of an eye had cut the ring in two.

A tiny pellet of paper tumbled out. Carefully and slowly the pawnbroker unrolled it. It was a morsel of very thin paper, closely covered by writing so very fine that it had evidently been written with the point of a pin. The color was a reddish brown—the color of the blood when it is dried.

With the help of a magnifying glass Lagrange read the secret message which the paper contained, written, of course, in French:

"My children, I die tomorfow, and I send you my blessing. The church plate is in the cistern of our own house, which has a false bottom. But our savings, amounting to nearly 4,000,000 francs, I caused to be buried in the right-hand corner of Jacques Guegan's house, in the Rue St. Louis. He knows nothing of this. Courage and hope! E. C."

Lagrange's fingers trembled so that the paper fell from them on the desk before him, and his face became

PALE WITH EXCITEMENT.

Four million francs—£160,000. Lagrange looked at his watch, seized a time-table, and turned over its pages with feverish haste. That night he sailed for France.

He could easily understand that the accumulated wealth of the Order of St. Simeon (which numbered many well-born men in its ranks), should reach the sum of 4,000,000 francs. And nothing was more probable than that the superior of the order should have buried the money in the house of some obscure sympathizer at the time of the siege of Paris. But the fear that haunted Mr. Lagrange's mind during the tedious journey was: What if the secret has leaked out? What if the money has been accidentally discovered by someone who has had brains enough to hold his tongue?

Once or twice the thought crossed his mind that this treasure did not belong to him. The poverty into which the Fathers of St. Simeon had fallen was probably due to the loss of this treasure, coupled with their expulsion from French territory. But Lagrange silenced his conscience with a growl. He had not carried on the trade of a money lender for twenty years without being able to do that.

Having arrived in Paris, Lagrange sought out the Rue St. Louis and found Guegan's house without much difficulty. It was a small, mean-looking place, hardly bigger than a cottage. Guegan was a shoemaker in a small way of business.

Lagrange paved the way diplomatically by ordering a pair of shoes and then asked the shoemaker whether he had any cellars to let.

THE EXPOSE COMES.

"Cellars! my faith, no!" answered the man of the lapstone. "The only cellar I have is paved with earth, but two metres either way. How could I let that? What do you want it for?"

Lagrange saw that he had made a blunder.

"I want it for a—a—store place. But you are right. It is too small. I should need the lower flat also. Perhaps you would let the house?"

"Well—I have not thought of that," said the shoemaker, with a suspicious glance at his customer.

"What do you say at 40 francs a month?"

"Not enough."

"But I should only occupy it a week."

Lagrange could have bitten his tongue off as these words escaped him, for he saw that they had roused the landlord's suspicion effectually.

It was in vain that he offered a higher and higher rent; the very fact of his being willing to pay a month's rent for a week's occupation of the premises seemed to make Guegan determined not to let the place at all.

Lagrange saw that he would have to purchase the house out and out. Well, what did it matter? he said to himself. He could sell it again. The cottage and garden might be worth 10,000 francs.

"Would Guegan sell the house?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the shoemaker, with a grin. "What would the gentleman give?"

"I'll give you 10,000 francs down," said Lagrange.

The man darted a keen glance at the stranger, shook his head, and calmly went on with his work.

"Eleven thousand—twelve thousand?"

"No."

Then Lagrange stopped. He saw that he must affect carelessness, or he would never get the house at all, and curtly saying, "Twelve thousand is too much; good day," he

ABRUPTLY LEFT THE HOUSE.

But he could not rest for a moment. What if that horrid old man, who knew that the cellar was the center of the eccentric stranger's interest, should take it into his head to dig there in the meantime? Lagrange went to the Paris correspondents of his bankers and provided himself with a notary, and, accompanied by that functionary, went back to the Rue St. Louis.

The old man proved a tougher customer than he had been before. He evidently saw that Lagrange had set his heart on the property, and he ran up the price until the pawnbroker, in despair, offered the man 75,000 francs the whole of his £3,000. This was accepted, and that very afternoon the deeds were signed.

Lagrange, trembling with excitement, remained in the house during the rest of the day, and toward evening the shoemaker, having pocketed the money, went for a van and went off with his belongings.

Then the treasure seeker set to work with pick and shovel, and dug deep into the solid earth—dug until the sweat poured from his brow, until his arms ached, until the walls of the house threatened to fall down and bury him.

If Mr. Lagrange could have peered into the next street and seen Guegan and the pretended lay brother, with a bottle of brandy between them, dividing, with many a joke and burst of laughter, the £3,000 which he had paid for the tumble-down cottage, he would have left off digging sooner.—Exchange.

POTENTIAL TRIUMPHS

Of the Veritable Queen of Song.

Jenny Lind's Superb Successes.

Tale of the Famous Swede and Her Career On these Shores, Engagingly Retold.

The tour of Jenny Lind through America stands out still as the great musical event in the life of the nation. Other song birds have come and gone; they have delighted audiences and reaped rich returns in the way of applause and money, but none of them have ever rivaled Jenny Lind in the hearts of the people, as they could not rival her in song. She was the queen of hearts, as she was the queen of song. More than a generation has passed since she captured all America by her singing and by her pure, womanly life, yet none who heard or saw her have ever forgotten the emotions of that hour. She was triumphantly above all others the human nightingale, warbling notes that rivaled those of her feathered namesake.

She had experienced a wonderful European career, such as no other had won, before she was heard on the American shores. She had sung before immense audiences in every capital of Europe, and before all of the crowned heads. She had been the welcomed and honored guest of the highest and best in all the countries of the continent, and was the idol of the people. Her fame had leaped the ocean and extended to America. An English actor or two had made professional tours through this country, and had been moderately successful, but no singer of great note had ever crossed the Atlantic to try her powers on these shores. She was the pioneer in that line, and although she has been followed by other birds of song, Jenny Lind still stands without a rival in this country.

It was a daring venture for Mr. Barnum to attempt to introduce this new and untried feature in entertaining American audiences, and to one of less daring spirit or with less faith in his own powers would have undertaken it. He made her what was then a fabulous offer for a series of 100 concerts. It must be remembered that the population of the country was less than one-half of what it is now, and its wealth was not one-tenth as great. Washington was hardly more than a straggling village, and Chicago was almost wholly unknown. There were scarcely a dozen cities where it was thought possible that paying audiences could be obtained. Yet she carried away with her as her share of the proceeds of the ninety-five concerts a very large fortune, after giving away more than $50,000 to various charities.

WELCOMED TO NEW YORK.

It was in August of 1850 that the wonderful singer sailed from Liverpool for New York. Sunday, September 1st, the steamer reached New York, where every preparation had been made to receive her. Thousands of persons crowded the shipping and piers as the Atlantic steamed up to her landing place, while other thousands were crowded on the wharf. A bower of green trees, decorated with flags, and two triumphant arches were arranged upon the wharf. As she appeared on the deck of the steamer, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Barnum, a great shout of welcome went up from the thousands who had been standing there for hours waiting to get a glimpse of her.

Never before had there been such enthusiasm in New York. The day was forgotten, and within a few minutes of her arrival at the hotel not less than 10,000 persons had gathered around the entrance. At midnight she was serenaded by one of the musical societies of the city, numbering on the occasion more than 200 singers. At least 20,000 persons were present. The musicians had been escorted to the hotel by 300 uniformed firemen, bearing torches. The calls for the songstress were so vehement that Mr. Barnum was compelled to lead her out on the balcony, when the cheering lasted several minutes.

The enthusiasm continued unabated for several weeks. She was the idol of society, and her rooms at the hotel were thronged with visitors, including all those prominent in church and state, and the carriages of the leaders of Gotham society were seen in front of the hotel during all fashionable hours. When her carriage appeared at the door it was immediately surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd.

The first concert was to take place at Castle Garden on the evening of September 11th. Great preparations had been made for this first appearance. The great parterre and gallery of Castle Garden were divided off by imaginary lines into four compartments, each of which was designated by lamps of a peculiar color. The tickets were printed in colors corresponding to those of the lamps, thus designating the position of the seat of the holder. One hundred ushers wearing appropriate colors were in attendance. The tickets were sold at auction, Mr. Genin, a hatter, paying $225 for the first choice.

THE AUDIENCE WENT WILD.

When the singer was led down to the footlights the entire audience arose and received her with shouts of applause and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the casting of bouquets on the stage. It was by far the largest audience that had ever greeted her, and the enthusiasm agitated her at first so that it was with difficulty that she uttered the first notes, but in a moment she recovered herself, and then her triumph was complete.

The enthusiasm had been wrought up to the highest pitch, but the wonderful musical powers of the singer were far beyond anything ever before heard, and many times the singing was lost in a spontaneous outburst of applause. A voice so rich, so full, so clear, and so sweetly musical had not been dreamed of. At the conclusion of the concert she was several times called before the curtain, the applause lasting for several minutes on each occasion. At last the audience called for Mr. Barnum, who appeared and announced that the entire proceeds of the concert would be devoted to charitable objects. On this announcement the audience went wild with its cheering.

From New York she went to Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Baltimore, Washington and all the principal cities of the country, meeting with the same wonderful success. Wherever she appeared she was feted and honored. In this city President Fillmore called upon her at the hotel, and entertained her one evening at the White House. While there all the prominent men of the country then in the city, including Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, General Cass and Colonel Benton, called upon her. Two or three very amusing things occurred during the two concerts she gave in this city. Both of the concerts were attended by the president and his family and by members of the cabinet.

At the first concert, while the overture was being played by the orchestra, the venerable Henry Clay, feeble with age and increasing infirmities, entered the door. A murmur of applause greeted his appearance, but it was hushed and the number completed by the orchestra. On its completion, the audience broke into a wild cheer. The leader of the orchestra did not notice the thin and feeble figure of the popular idol slowly making his way to his seat, and took the applause as a tribute to his orchestra, and began bowing right and left.

He soon discovered that the eyes of the people were all turned in one direction, and that was not toward him. About that time someone shouted: "Three cheers for Henry Clay!" and they were given with a will, as the abashed orchestra leader sank into his chair.

WEBSTER JOINED THE CHORUS.

The next evening several of the members of the cabinet were detained by a dinner given by the Russian minister, and it was late before they made their appearance. Soon after they had settled in their seats the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind singing "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse Mr. Webster's enthusiasm and patriotism got the best of him, and he arose to his feet and joined his deep bass voice with the birdlike tones of the nightingale in singing the chorus.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, tried in vain to get him to sit down, but the great master of parliamentary oratory stood like a Greek god and joined in the chorus to each verse, to the great delight of both Jenny Lind and the audience. At the close of the air Mr. Webster, hat in hand, made her a bow, such as even Chesterfield could not have surpassed. The singer, in return, courtesied to the floor. The audience broke forth in vociferous applause, when Webster again bowed to the singer on the stage, who again returned it with a deeper courtesy, and the house again applauded. This was repeated several times.

Her charity was unbounded, and she gave away large sums to one object or another. No one from her native Sweden called upon her without receiving the most friendly welcome. It was told of her that while in Boston a poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family living in one of the suburbs, called on her. The divine Jenny welcomed her and detained her for several hours, and in the evening took her to the concert in her own carriage, and after the concert was over sent her home in the carriage.

The desire of all classes to hear her sing is best illustrated by a story told of one of her concerts in Boston. A girl approached the ticket window, and, laying down $3, the price of a ticket, said: "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind sing." Jenny's secretary was in the ticket office at the time, and on going to the room of the singer told her the incident. She immediately asked him if he would know the girl again, and, on being assured that he would, gave him a $20 gold coin, and told him to seek her out and give it to her with her compliments.—Washington Star.

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

The Great Northern Bulletin is a splendidly gotten up monthly journal, of St. Paul, Minn., and is sent out by the railroad company of the name mentioned. In its special fruit edition it has the following pleasant writeup of this valley:

The Willamette, or Wallamet, is the river of western Oregon. It is navigable from Portland, 96 miles to Corvallis, and in high water to Eugene 130 miles. Falls 42 feet high, at Oregon City, are passed by a system of locks. It drains a valley of 7,800 square miles, or nearly 5,000,000 acres in extent. This valley is the best settled section of the Pacific Northwest. From northern to southern limits it is a succession of orchards whose blossoms perfume the air as early as March. The valley is also noted for wheat and hops. In addition to cereals it grows nearly everything raised in any part of the United States, except tropical fruits. On the west rise the coast range of mountains, on the east the Cascades, making it a scenic locality. The prairies are interspersed with streams bordered with timber, and lead up into the heavy forests of the mountains. Portland, unsurpassed in scenic beauty and pre-eminent in its wealth, is 12 miles from the mouth of the Willamette, but reached by the largest ocean steamers.

PASSED THE HOUSE.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The bill to equalize pensions of Mexican war veterans and to make the pensions of all Mexican war veterans $12 per month, which passed the house today, benefits about 17,000 persons, and involves an additional charge on the treasury of about $1,000,000 annually.

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