A CASE OF COURTSHIP.

Here is a case of courtship *a la mode*, or the widow bewitched.

The widow Cumiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store in Newark avenue the other evening, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good evenin' to you, ma'am," said he.

"Good evenin' to you, Mr. Costello," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin' ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs. Cumiskey, "but the winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all, both great and small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, "but for all that it doesn't come to us alike. Now, here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy and good lookin', equally swate as a summer greenin', a fall pippin or a winter russet——"

"Arrah, hould yer whist, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, an' take a cup o' tay with me, for I was only standin' be the door, lookin' at the people passin' for company's sake, like, an' I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse."

Mr. Costello needed no second invitation, and he followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little stove, the teakettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire, the shadow lamp on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

"It's very cozy ye are, Mrs. Cumiskey," said Mr. Costello, casting a look of approbation around the apartment.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that, whin I do be havin' company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello, "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup o' tay."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a sate and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yerself to this fish, an' don't forget the purtaties. Look at them; they're splittin' their sides with laughing."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow, with her arm in that graceful position assumed in pouring out tea, and remarked, "I'm sinsible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cumiskey, though I've none myself. Mind, now, the difference between the tastes o' tay made and sarved that way and the tay they give you in an 'atin' house."

"Sure, said the widow, "there's nothin' like a home o' your own. I wonder you never got marrit, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in reference to yourself, ma'am," answered Mr. Costello.

"God keep us," exclaimed Mrs. Cumiskey, "arn't I a widder woman this seven year?"

"Ah," rejoined Mr. Costello, "but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get married again."

"Well, it's sure I am," said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her teacup, and raising her hand by way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone. Heaven save an' rest his sowl. He was that aisy, a child could do anything with him and he was as handsome as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello. He was about your height and complected like you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his bantering way, 'Sure, Norah, what's the worrold to a man whin his wife is a widder, manin', you know, that all the temptations and luxuries of life can follow a man beyant the grave. 'Sure Nora,' says he, 'what's the worrold to a man whin his wife is a widder? Ah, poor John?"

"It was a sensible sayin', that," remarked Mr. Costello, as he helped himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widow. "He knew everything to the last, and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly by the clock he died—he says to me, 'Nora,' says he, 'you've been a good wife,' says he, 'and I've been a good husband,' says he, 'and there's no love lost between us,' says he, 'and I can give you a good character any place,' says he, 'and I wish you could do the same for me where I'm going,' says he, 'but it's case equal,' says he, 'every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half,' says he, 'an,' says he, 'I'll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself," says he, 'but I'll say now,' says he, 'that I've always been a true son of the church,' says he, 'so I'll not bother my brains about it,' says he, 'I'll lave you n good hands, Nora, for I'll lave you in your own hands,' says he, 'and if at any time you see a man ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he, 'Ah, Nora', says he, for the first time speaking it solemn like, 'what's the worruld to a man when his wife is a widow? And' says he, 'I lave $50 for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself,' says he, 'and I needn't tell ye to be a good mother to the children,' says he, 'for well we know there are none.' Ah, poor John. Will ye have another cup of tay, Mr. Costello?"

"It must have been hard on ye," said Mr. Costello. "Thank ye, ma'am, no more."

"It was hard," said Mrs. Cumiskey, "but time will tell. I must cast about for my own livin'; and so I got intel this place and here I am to-day."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire, "and here we are both of us this evenin'."

"Here we are, sure enough," rejoined the widow.

"An' so I mind ye of—him, do I?" asked Mr. Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed contemplatively into the fire.

"That ye do," answered the widow. "Ye favor him greatly. Dark complected and the same pleasant smile."

"Now, with me sittin' here and you sittin' there fernnist me, ye might almost think ye were marrit again," said Mr. Costelle, insinuatingly.

"Ah, go away now, for a taze that ye are," exclaimed the widow, mussing her clean apron by rolling the corners of it.

"I disremember what it was he said about seein' any man you liked better nor him," said Mr. Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

"He said, said he," answered the widow, smoothing the apron over her knees with her plump white hands. 'Nora,' said he, 'if any time ye see any man better nor me, marry him,' says he."

"Did he say anything about any wan ye liked as good as him?" asked Mr. Costello.

"I don't mind that he did," answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.

"I suppose he left that to yourself?" pursued Mr. Costello.

"Faith, an' I don't know, then," answered Mrs. Cumiskey.

"Div ye think ye like me as well as ye did him?" asked Mr. Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.

"Ah, go away now for a taze," exclaimed the widow straightening herself and playfully slapping Mr. Costello on the face.

He moved his chair still nearer and moved his arm around her waist.

"Niver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," said the widow, looking boldly at him.

"Tell me," he insisted, "div ye like me as well as ye did him?"

"I—I—most—I most disremember now how much I liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.

"Well, then," asked Mr. Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "div ye like me well enough as meself?"

"Hear the man," exclaimed Mrs. Cumiskey, derisively; "do you like him well enough as himself?"

"Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart," pleaded Mr. Costello. "Answer me this question, Mrs. Cumiskey, is your heart tender towards me?"

"It is," whispered the widow; "an' there now we have it."

"Glory be to God," exclaimed the happy lover, and he drew the most unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Cumiskey looked up, and, as she smoothed her hair, said: "But James, you haven't told me yet how you would like your tay."

"Ah, Nora, me jewel," answered Mr. Costello, "the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed."

All for Garfield.

It will be remembered that, in his speech nominating Sherman at the Convention, General Garfield, after delivering an appropriate eulogy upon that candidate, said, "Who do you want?" Whereupon a voice in the gallery shouted, "Garfield."

That unknown man called upon the General on Tuesday afternoon, just as the future President was washing his hands to prepare for a general shake. He was a one-armed soldier, and rather seedy in his make-up.

"Said he, "General Garfield, I come to offer my congratulations."

"Thanks, thanks," said the General. "Let me see, weren't you in the Forty-second Ohio ——?"

"No, General, that's not it. Didn't you hear that voice in the gallery when you said, 'Who do you want?' I'm the fellow that said it. I was for you, first, last, and all the time."

"You are a prophetic soul," said the General, "and if I come to the White House depend upon it I shan't forget you."

And the one-armed man left his name on a card and went away happy.

In a few minutes Garfield was surrounded by his friends, and his right hand was going like a pump-handle, when a burly Teuton pressed forward and accosted him:

"Guten abend, General, I dinks I have some glaims on you anyhow."

"I am at your service, my good friend," said the General; "let me hear from you."

"Did you hear dot man shoud oud in the gallery, 'Garfield,' when you say 'Was haben sie?'".

"Ah, yes, I remembered it well. Do you mean to tell me——"

"Yah, General, I vas dot man, identizame."

"My friend, I shall never forget you as long as I live. Let me hear from you any time."

And the man went away happy.

Passing through the rotunda on his way to the carriage, the General left a thundering slap on his back, midway between his shoulders and hips, accompanied with a familiar, "Hillo, old Gar."

Turning round, he saw before him a very little man, with a very tall hat, and a very thick stick in his fist.

"Don't remember me, eh? I'm called the boss interviewer of Chicago. I interviewed old Conk, and you too, and——'

"Ah, yes. Well, good-day, good-day."

"Hold on, old fellow," said the little chap; "I want to have just a word with you on my own hook. Didn't you hear that fellow up in the gallery, when you made your Sherman speech, shout 'Garfield?'"

"I did; I did. Do you mean to say——"

"Guess I fixed you that time, old man. I knew it was bound to go that way. Now, I consider I am the man who saved the Republican party."

"My dear, good little fellow," said Garfield, "you deserve the thanks of the Nation. I shall give you a new club. Come down and see me in Ohio, and I'll tell you all about the next Cabinet. Perhaps you'll be in it."

And the little man went away happy.

Just as the General was boarding the train, a bottle-nosed politician from the seventh ward plucked him by the coat-tail and shrieked, "General, General, one word—only one word."

"What is it, my man?"

"Do you remember when you made your speech in the Convention nominating Sherman that a man up in the gallery shouted, 'Garfield?'"

The General is not a profane man. He was once a minister of the Gospel, but he was also at one time of his life a canal-boatman. Early habits of thought and expression are never completely eradicated, and the future occupant of the White House startled some of his friends friends in the car as he threw himself into a seat and exclaimed:

"D—— that man in the gallery."

Mr. Simpkins often declares that he never drinks anything stronger than claret. But coming home recently at midnight, and putting his lips to his wife's ear, he whispered mysteriously: "Hush, my dear; don't be alarmed; but there are burglars around; they've already stolen our keyhole, and I had to get in by the cellar window."

A Dissertation on Proposals of Marriage.

A study of the places where gentlemen propose is a curious one. The parlor is the place where ladies and gentlemen usually meet, and were proposing as simple and easy a matter as it always seems to a man when he hasn't any idea of doing it, nearly all the proposals would be made there. It appears from a vast amount of letters and diaries examined by a *Times* expert that in a hundred proposals about ten are made in the parlor by gentlemen who have proposed before, and only two cases were discovered where a gentleman had made his third proposal in the parlor.

A reflective person with some experience will have little difficulty in divining the reason for this. The results of a proposal are momentous. Even if the answer be affirmative there is an awful immensity about the delirium of joy that soon becomes overwhelming unless relief is obtained by separation and a change of scene. The formality of leave-taking in the parlor is therefore an objection. On the other hand, if a negative answer is given, the veil cannot be too quickly dropped between the suitor and the lady who isn't suited. The length of time that must elapse between the moment when the gentleman is refused at the remote end of a large parlor, and the moment when he stands on the front steps and slams the door behind him can be measured only by centuries if the amount of misery experienced during it can be the basis of measurement.

The dance affords the requisite proximity, but a degree of repose is important in proposing that is out of the question when dancing.

The conservatory is an admirable place for this important event, but so many houses are unprovided with this improvement that the percentage of conservatory proposals is not large. In proceeding to the conservatory the young lady usually takes the arm of her escort, and thus one of the conditions is supplied. The beautiful, represented by the flowers, gently stimulates the sentimental, which is seriously increasing the rapidity of the young man's pulse.

Not less than 40 per cent. of proposals are made at the front door, either just inside or just outside. Hardly any situation is more conducive to proposing than sitting on the front door step. The smallness of the rug, or a desire to leave room enough for people to pass, obliges the gentleman to sit so near the lady that he need not speak very loud. The balmy atmosphere of a summer evening pleasantly excites the tender emotions, and if the moon shines the situation is everything that could be desired. If the lady refuses, escape is the easiest thing in the world for the gentleman.

The leave-taking in the hall also presents many advantages, and in winter it is to be greatly preferred to sitting on the front steps, even if there is no snow on them. In bidding the lady good night it is permitted to the gentleman to take the lady's hand, and by gently but firmly pressing it he is often enabled to tell whether it would be judicious or not to propose. It is not unusual for a lady to stand on the lowest staircase while the gentleman is preparing to withdraw. If they are of the ordinary proportions their lips are about on a level, and cases have occurred where souls have manifested a desire to rush together when the lips are in good condition to meet.

But this position is not always to be relied upon. If the lady's lips are a little the higher, the meeting could not be effected unless she bent a trifle forward, or he descended to her standpoint. she may be too coy to do the former, and for him to do the latter would be too artificial to be graceful.

The front hall, however, is a pleasant place to tarry in, and an easy place to escape from. The gas usually burns more dimly than in the parlor, and if any member of the family intrude at a late hour, it is convenient for the gentleman to be seen in the act of leaving.

People who are brought up amid the artificialties of city life and where houses are a dozen miles from a cemetery, have no idea of the amount of proposing that the rural tombstone is the witness of. Many farm houses have no parlors, and to propose in the sitting room in the presence of the family, would be entirely out of taste. The burial vault is a cheerful and cosy place compared with many country parlors.

When a gentleman intends to make a proposal, discretion requires that he should do it at some place whence there is a prompt and easy means of retreat. for this reason he should not propose when rowing with a lady on the lake. Rowing ashore with a lady whom the oarsman would gladly see drowned is not the height of happiness.

Proposals have been made in a church, at the theater, when skating and in other places, but the most experienced proposers declare that there is no place like home—the young lady's home—especially that part of it which is in the immediate vicinity in front of the door.

Political Duels.—The practice of fighting political duels, thought now confined chiefly to France and Austria, was once universal. Three generations ago every public party had its Paul de Cassagnac. Within the memory of many men still living, a young member of the Irish Parliament asking a veteran how he should achieve success there, was answered, "Always have your pistol ready." This was no figure of speech. Warren Hastings, at a time when his fall would probably involved that of British India, risked life in a duel with Sir Philip Francis, whom he shot through the body, while himself escaping unhurt. The Duke of Wellington's meeting with Lord Winchelsea in Battersea Fields, when the Iron Duke disdainfully fired in the air, has found a place in history, as has also Alexander Hamilton's fatal encounter with Aaron Burr. Daniel O'Connell "killed his man," and was himself wounded more than once. A very singular case of this kind marked the later life of the famous Irish oratar, Henry Grattan, who disabled a Parliamentary opponent in a duel. A friend of the latter came to condole with him, and inveighed against his adversary in no measured terms. "Hush," said the invalid, "there's a little fellow in the chair yonder who wouldn't be pleased to hear you." The "little fellow" was no other than Grattan himself, who, having watched for three nights by his antagonist's bedside, had just fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Alexandria and General Washington.

The pilgrim who leaves the nation's capital to visit the grave of Washington arrives, midway to Mount Vernon, at the quiet town of Alexandria. There he may find, if he will but blow aside the dust of a century, the foot-prints of the Father of his Country that tell of his ways as he moved round about his home. Elsewhere the great chief is on horseback or sits in some high chair of state, lofty and removed from common men; but in Alexandria he is dismounted and afoot—a townsman and a neighbor.

The town and Washington came together in actual life; for it was just as he grew from childhood into youth, at his brother's home, Mount Vernon, that the neighboring hamlet of Belhaven grew into the town of Alexandria. Belhaven was a tobacco warehouse and some log-huts on the southern part of the patent, owned by the great-grandchildren of John Alexander, who in 1669 paid 6000 pounds of tobacco for nine miles of river shore nearly opposite what is now the District of Columbia. Just after this purchase Washington's great-grandfather led from the settled lands near the mouth of the Potomac a troop of militia to punish the Dogne Indians for the murder of Robert Hen, a herdsman near what is now Mount Vernon. He became enrapturned with these magnificent hills, and soon included them in a patent of 7000 acres. Over sixty years afterward this tract descended to Lawrence Washington, George's elder brother, who married a daughter of Col. William Fairfax, of Belvoir, the County Lieutenant, and became neighbor to his father-in-law by settling at Mount Vernon. Hither came young George Washington, fresh from school. Having failed to be a midshipmsn, he was becoming a land surveyor—a position not so opposite as might seem; for in mathematical methods the pursuits are identical, and the survey of a wild country is, in peril and adventure, not unlike a voyage at sea. Into Belhaven young George Washington rode every day. Tradition says he came ten times during one week, each time upon a different horse, every one a fine animal. In those days the fine rider of a fine horse readily won his way to the popular heart. The lad had borrowed in turn all the best horses of the country side, and he managed each with such skill and grace that thereafter his future was made in the village.

The family circle at Belvoir and Mount Vernon included, besides the visitor, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, Col. William Fairfax, his son George William Fairfax, his sons-in-law Lawrence Washington and John Carlyle, and William Ramsey, a cousin of the Washingtons. These gentlemen united with the Alexanders, who owned the Belhaven land, and some village traders, and established a town at Belhaven warehouse, designed as a practical matter to make money, and as a matter of taste to honor at the same time the royal family of England and the Fairfax family of America. The new town took shape with its streets at right angles. One center street, Cameron, flanked south by King, Prince and Duke streets, and north by Queen, Princess and Duchess streets, and these streets crossed by another center street, Fairfax, flanked by Royal street on one side and the river on the other. Anxious as the young surveyor, George Washington, was to perfect himself in his art, it is impossible to believe that this plan was made by his relatives and friends without his familiarity.

The lots of the new town were sold on the 13th of July, 1749. Among the purchasers were Lawrence Washington, John Carlyle, Adam Stephen, afterward a subaltern under Braddock, and one of Washington's Generals in the Revolutionary army, and John Champe, father of Sergt. Maj. Champe, of Lee's legion, who feigned desertion in the hope of capturing the traitor Arnold. The bids were made in Spanish pistoles. The lots, one-quarter acre each, sold at from $15 to $250 each. Young Washington had no money to spare to buy town lots; but he owned some land. opposite Fredericksburg, and was already earning a doubloon a day by surveying the wild lands of Lord Fairfax. Almost as soon as this survey was completed, he was commissioned Major in the Colonial militia, and appointed Adjutant of the frontier district, with headquarters at Alexandria. From this center he organized the militia of the frontier counties, selected drill-masters for the officers, attended and regulated musters, and, on this limited field, first developed that mastery of detail and talent for organization which, twenty-five years later, organized on Boston heights a crude militia into a Continental army. There lingers yet in the traditions of the town the dim figure of a tall, wiry, sunburned young man, always on horseback, of "bitter" will, and yet of great popularity; not a personal magnetism that attracted individual men, but a dominating power that won men in mass by giving every one assurance of safety under his lead.—*Wm. F. Carne, in Harper's Magazine.*

English Journals.

John Russell Young in a recent interview said:

"The *Times* circulates 70,000 copies daily, and keeps all its magnificent advertising patronage. Then you drop into the penny papers, which have a much greater circulation, led by the *Telegraph* with 200,000 copies daily. The daily *News* has a circulation of 150, and the daily *Standard* 125,000 per diem. The *Telegraph* is the most flashy paper of them all, carelessly made up, and without any of that consistency or appearance of it which the English newspapers try to maintain. The *News* is almost as well written as the *Times*, and is the principal Liberal organ of the Enlishmen. They stand up to their newspapers as partizans there much better than we do."

"Is the Pall Mall *Gazette* a financial success?"

"No, it never has been. It was owned by Smith, a banker, publisher and speculator, man of money and commercial enterprise. He owns the Apollinaris water and spring. The paper has been a rather high-toned concern till the Gladstone Ministry got into power, when Smith saw a good opportunity to sell the paper, as there was but one Liberal organ in the metropolis. He did make the sale to the friends of the new Ministry, and thereupon the old gang filed out and are about to start an opposition paper."

Beecher says heaven will never forgve a man for drowning a cat. Doesn't need to; nothing to forgive.

A Bicycle Tragedy.

What has long been desired is a motive power, other than the human leg, which is capable of being applied to the bicycle. This great want has, it is claimed, been lately supplied by an ingenious Chicago inventor. He has constructed a bicycle driven by the expansive force of a strong steel spring. When the machine is to be used the spring is wound up. The rider then leaps into his place, and the moment his weight presses the saddle the spring is released and the bicycle starts off at full speed, thus obviating all danger of falling. The spring is warranted to keep the bicycle in motion for an hour, and by pressing a lever placed immediately in front of the saddle the machine can be instantly stopped. Rests for the feet, unconnected with the treadles of the driving-wheel, are provided, and the rider can thus journey without making the least exertion, until at the end of an hour he is obliged to dismount and wind up the spring.

The Rev. Mr. Macpherson had been for nearly a year the Rector of the church in Ishkatawhunky, Iowa, and together with his young and attractive wife had won the warm admiration of all but the unmarried ladies of his parish, when he became interested in bicycles. Being young and athletic, he soon became an excellent rider, and every afternoon after 4 o'clock he was accustomed to mount his bicycle in the back yard, to ride swiftly down the carriage path to the street, and thence through the village. As his house was an isolated one, and no curious neighbors were near, Mrs. Macpherson undertook to learn to ride, and in a short time was able to mount with ease and to ride the length of the yard, where her husband would meet her and hold the machine while she dismounted. She greatly enjoyed the sport, and it may possibly have been in order to remove from her the temptation to venture to ride outside of the yard that her husband avoided teaching her to dismount without his help. A fortnight ago Mr. Macpherson bought one of the new Chicago spring motor velocipedes, without informing his wife of the nature of his purchase. It was delivered at his house while while he was absent at the Diocesan Convention, and his wife was filled with admiration of its beauty. She was entirely ignorant that it was in any respect different from other machines, and late in the afternoon she determined to try it. Her husband not being at hand to help her dismount, she called the cook, and gave her full instructions as to how to catch the machine and hold it. Then taking the new bicycle to the extreme rear of the yard, Mrs. Macpherson sprang into the saddle and was off at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

It need hardly be said that she was terribly frightened. Scarcely less frightened was the cook as she saw her mistress sweeping down upon her at so terrific a speed. Instead of trying to stop the machine, she screamed wildly and ran out of its path. The gate was open, and Mrs. Macpherson whirled into the street. She would have given worlds to stop the runaway bicycle, but she did not know the secret of the lever, and she did not dare to risk her life by jumping off. In a few minutes she found herself entering the long principal street of Ishkatawhunky, and saw that the inhabitants were flocking to the sidewalk to watch her. She was crimson with horror as she reflected that the machine was strictly designed for riders with trousers, and for a moment she almost made up her mind to throw herself to the ground regardless of consequences. Fortunately, she reflected that the results of a fall would be even more startling and extensive than those entailed by keeping her seat, and so trying to comfort herself with the reflection that they were real Balbriggan, and unusually tasteful in color and pattern, she rode on. She would gladly have changed places with Mazeppa, who rode through a desert instead of a crowded street, and she envied Lady Godiva, who had induced the people of Coventry to close their window-blinds. The sensation she made as she rushed through the village, and out again upon the prairie, cannot be described, but she knew perfectly well that no possible story that she could devise would be accepted in explanation of the frightful impropriety of which she had been guilty.

The runaway bicycle came to a stop ten miles out of Ishkatawhunky, and close to a railway station. Mrs. Macpherson promptly took the train to Milwaukee, where her parents resided, and then telegraphed to her husband. Of course, she never returned to Ishkatawhunky, and Mr. Macpherson was requested to resign his parish on the ground that the conduct of his wife was to the last degree scandalous. He has since given up bicycling, but he is under a cloud, and his hopes of usefulness in the church are ruined.

Some Negro Minstrels.

Ethiopian minstrelsy, as it is commonly called, is not nearly so popular as it was twelve or fifteen years ago, the public having been somewhat satiated with its extravagances and sham negroisms. The kind of minstrelsy we have to-day is very unlike that of the past, being more refined and strictly musical than of yore. This sort of amusement once raged in nearly all the cities and towns of the country, and had an extraordinary run for a quarter of a century. It is nearly forty years since the first troupe was formed here, and it is remarkable that most of the leading minstrels have, notwithstanding their pecuniary prosperity, died very poor. The burnt-cork performers have been prone to rapid courses, and have used up their financial and physical substance prematurely. Edwin P. Christy, who was the pioneer, founded the original Christy Minstrels at Buffalo in 1841, and played at Mechanics' Hall, in St. Louis, for several years to crowded audiences. He made $150,000 at the business, and finally committed suicide, after losing almost everything, by leaping from a third-story window. His putative son, George N. Christy (Harrington), was the first representative of female parts, such as Lucy Long and Lucinda at the Soiree; had a large salary, and managed several companies successfully, but he died in St. Louis in great poverty. Dan Bryant (O'Brien), of Bryant's Minstrels, the most noted of the three brothers, began in 1850, played for twenty years, made a fortune and got entirely rid of it. After his death benefits were given and subscriptions taken up for the support of his family. W. W. Newcomb (Combs), author of the burlesque lecture on Woman's Rights and other popular absurdities, member of the once very successful firm of Rumsey and Newcomb, visited England and Germany professionally, had a showy cottage at Saratoga, and cut a grand figure in his way. He ran through his money, was obliged [illegible] a salary as a subordinate performer an[illegible] his end in St. Louis in [illegible] The expenses of his [illegible] former agent, N. D. Roberts. S. H. Rumsey, his partner, a famous buffoon and banjoist, went up and went down like the rest. Having been paralyzed, he was taken care of by relatives at Newburg, on the Hudson, and was aided by his fellow-showmen until the close of his wretched days. Sam Sharpley (Sharpe), distinguished as a jester and end-man, proprietor of Sharpley's Minstrels, known as the Ironclads, a great card in his day, made ducks and drakes of his large earnings by petroleum speculations, patents, and other ventures, and died at Providence, R. I. G. Swaine Buckley, of Buckley's Serenaders, a very versatile performer and creator of burlesque opera, played in New York season after season to thronged houses. He gained and lost a fortune, went into bankruptcy, started again, and again failed. He died at Quincy, Mass., last year, almost penniless. Eph Horn, of great note in various troupes in his day, commanded big salaries, but was so improvident that members of the calling had to bury him in one of the Metropolitan cemeteries. Billy Manning, of Emerson and Manning's company, an eccentric delineator, filled his purse and emptied it, and when he went to his grave in Chicago his friends paid for his funeral. Billy Morris, of Morris Brothers, mimic and vocalist, let all his profits slip through his fingers, drifted into a lunatic asylum, was provided for by his brothers until Boston furnished him with six feet of earth. William H. Delehanty was one of the last negro comedians to be buried by his guild, and yet he had earned for years $300 a week as dancer and singer. He was the author of the popular trifle, "Shoo Fly." Nearly all the ways of the Ethiopian minstrel seem to lead to prodigality, dissipation, and the need of sepultral benevolence.

Lucky Carelessness.

A singular piece of good fortune recently happened to a well-known lady of this country, for which she had no one to thank but her own carelessness. She had purchased a lot of Louisville and Nashville railroad stock at a figure a trifle less than $40 per share, and was naturally very anxious with regard to its safety. When the stock began to go upward she watched it with interest, and when it got to $41 she wrote a letter to her broker in the city to sell the stock. As business-like as the generality of women, she forgot all about sending the certificate of stock, and of course the broker could do nothing without it. He wrote her a note and told her he must have the certificate. She began to search for the paper, but it had been mislaid, and while she was making the search the stock climbed up into the fifties. This redoubled her anxiety to sell, and every nook and corner of her house was thoroughly ransacked, but without avail; the paper had disappeared.

She then rested on her oars, and did not make further investigation, as the stock was still advancing. The stock finally reached the seventies, however, and the unbroken advance seemed at an end; it hung fire for several weeks, up one day and down the next. The lady began to be uneasy, and as the quotations vacillated she began to grow excited. The house was again turned upside down and every part of it scrutinized with a microscope, as it were; but it was only made more evident that the desired paper was hopelessly lost. The lady was becoming more and more nervous every day, and watching the quotations with feverish excitement. While thus under this high pressure the stock sailed up into the nineties, and then, with a rush that almost drove her wild, it jumped to 110. Then she rushed into the city and begged her broker to sell at once and not delay until she could find her certificate, but he explained that it was impossible to sell the stock when she did not possess the certificate. He also explained that she could have another certificate issued by application to the Secretary.

This she did with all celerity, but, despite her haste, the stock advanced to 141 before she could get it ready for sale. At this figure, just 250 per cent. above that at which she first desired to sell, she finally disposed of the stock. Her carelessness in misplacing the certificate paid her well, and if she had lost the second certificate she would have realized at least 20 per cent. more. *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Woman's Softening Influence.—"It's astonishin'," remarked the old forty-niner this morning as he nodded over his glass, to our reporter. "It's astonishin' what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've traveled a good bit and held up my end in most of the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot an' been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't A 1, when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman has fried. D'ye think I roar out and cuss when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. When I'm rubbin' my shins an' keepin' back the tears, I'm likewise sweaten' for fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. When we was first hitched I thought I was superintendent, but, after a year or two of argyin' the pint, I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I can lick any man o' my age an' size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, knife, stand up or rough-and-tumble for coin, but when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me."—[Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

Years ago one man owned every dog in the world—his name was Noah.