

EDWIN BOOTH'S DEBUT.

His First Appearance as Richard III., as His Father's Own Substitute.

In 1851, his father being announced as Richard III., led indirectly to Edwin Booth's debut.

"What will they do without you father?" the son said in despair. "What can they substitute at the last moment?"

"Go on and act it yourself," was the curt reply.

After some further altercation his father insisted that his son should assume and act the character of Richard on that night.

"No matter," said John B. Scott, "you can do it."

"That's what my father says; he is at the hotel, and has sent me here to act in his place."

So he dressed himself in his father's clothes and, greatly excited, he went on. The costume was "a world to wide" for his slight figure.

On Edwin's return to the hotel he was questioned coldly by his father as to his success.

Gen. Sherman Abroad. (E. V. Smalley.)

In 1871 and 1872 Gen. Sherman spent a year in Old World, visiting the Mediterranean countries, Turkey, the Caucasus, Russia, Austria, Germany, and the nations of western Europe.

In time of peace he is evidently more a citizen than a soldier. He went to the battle-fields of the then recent Franco-Prussian war, however, and, remembering with what vigor his antagonist at Atlanta, Gen. Hood, had resisted the movements to coop him up, what tremendous blows he had struck in quick succession at different points on the steadily enveloping line, and how he had finally escaped with his whole army, he came to the conclusion that, with courage and good generalship, Napoleon could have cut his way out of Sedan, or Bazaine out of Metz.

A Free Pass Over All Railroads. (Exchange.)

Mrs. James P. Caldwell rode on a free pass the other day from Mexico, Mo., to Leadville, Col., to see her son.

"How do you know?" asked the cater, solemnly.

"Conclusive," said the traveler with a sigh as he "passed" on spring chicken.

Bennett Growing Old. (Chicago Herald.)

Mr. Bennett, the owner of The New York Herald, is said by persons who have seen him in Paris lately to have become "prematurely old."

Poetry and Music.

Neither can the poetical gift be explained on physiological grounds. Nothing is more common than to find persons of either sex, with the cranial and physiological conditions united, which, according to popular belief, should furnish the possessor with light and heat divine in tropical abundance.

On the other hand, it is not hard to call to mind mighty monarchs in the realms of verse, who might, with proper training, have rivaled John C. Hoenan in muscular power.

A dealer on Ridge avenue exhibited a canary at the Centennial exhibition which could sing Yankee Doodle, and which he sold for \$100.

After six months of this imprisonment the pupils, who have never seen their teacher, will have become perfect musicians.

In Natal the bride wears a dress of feathers, with metallic flowers in her hair. She kneels on a brass wire mat, with a shield in one hand and a knife in the other.

Tricks of New York girls. (Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Bewitching magicians are what a good many of the New York girls are trying, with variable success, to make of themselves.

Gossip About Senator Joe Brown. ("Carp" in Cleveland Leader.)

So Joe Brown is being denominated the chain gang senator because he has a lot of penitentiary convicts who work in his coal mines in Georgia.

Horace Greeley and the Franko Man. (New York World.)

Horace Greeley, although he "took the papers," was once sought to be victimized at the well-worn "dropped pocketbook" game.

A Professional Adonis Suggested. (New York World.)

By the way, why should not the princess of Wales discover some Adonis—some exquisitely handsome young man—and have his portrait painted by a distinguished artist and set in a diamond mounted frame?

El Madhi and His Followers. (Chicago Tribune.)

The Rev. Dr. Dichtl, an Austrian missionary priest who spent some time in the Soudan, gives the following description of the Madhi:

Prof. Joseph Lashou: To teach so as to bring children frequently into tears is not difficult to one who knows them, but it is in the highest degree mischievous.

Roger A. Pryor says that they have very peculiar newspaper reporters in London. When he told them he had nothing to say they left at once.

CANARIES FOR THE MARKET.

Where They Are Raised—Methods of Musical Training. (Philadelphia Times.)

Most of the birds brought to America are bred in the Hartz mountains, of Hanover, a range in the famous Black Forest of Germany.

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Various Ways to Wed, as Practiced by Different Nationalities.

(Chicago News.)

In Bavaria the peasant girl tells her love, and after her engagement dance, her mother relieves her of all household and sets about fattening her up for the wedding-day.

The Russian bride wears a trousseau of blue, with a short, full veil fastened on the hair with a wreath of silver leaves, which may be made of solid silver or fine wire, but where this extravagance is beyond the means of the bride, silver paper or tin-foil is substituted, unless a coronet is plaited with silver ribbon.

An Egyptian bride wears a gorgeous robe of blood-red satin, embroidered with roses, birds of gay plumage, and graceful little emuids, thrown out into broad relief by outlines of silver thread or gold lace.

In some of the Barbary states the bride is confined to the care of her mother-in-law for forty-eight hours, in which time her hands are painted with ugly figures and complicated difficulties, and miseries that will certainly cross her path.

An Australian groom has to face the village maidens, who force him to run a shower of spear-shaped arrows.

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WANDERINGS IN VENICE.

First Impressions—Bridges and Canals—The Charm of the Gondolas—Venice's Picturesque Beauty. (San Francisco Chronicle.)

It takes a good many days to get accustomed to Venice and many more to appreciate it. First impressions are not always agreeable ones. It is damp and chilly, and the canals are full of none too clear water, and the hotel is too quiet and large, and you lose all identity in its vaulted salons and interminable corridors.

Beggars are as numerous as the pigeons that fly about the piazza, there is too much listlessness and too little activity. You cannot throw off all animation and life at first and you feel cramped, and the water makes you feel cold.

We have found, too, a succession of narrow alleys leading from the hotel to St. Mark's square, and when we do not wish to be rowed over there we walk. It is a quaint stroll this, and the way leads in and out between long rows of high houses and across half a dozen little bridges which span the side canals.

There is a deal of hospitality in watery Venice when once you know the town. I have found it an easy matter to gain entrance to the houses I know and to the balconies that look out upon the canals or into secluded gardens.

Some of these places are owned or occupied for the season by American artists or men of leisure, or writers, and they form a little colony of their own, and enjoy Venice every day of their stay. I should think they would, and I envy them. I am ready even now to defend the city in its claim of being attractive, picturesque and beautiful.

It has been in existence for nearly eighteen centuries, and why should it not be richly stored with attractions? It was a rich metropolis years ago, and for centuries its merchants ruled the commerce of the world.

In the days of the Doges the gondolas were brilliant with the work of decoration lavished on them; and to-day, robbed as they are of all their finery and having a uniform blackness, they are the treasured carriers of the people.

No other city has them; no great ever will. They are purely local; as much a part of the city as the churches are, or as the ducal palace is. They meet you on arrival at the station and carry you to your hotel, and they never leave you.

By their aid you see the city. Lazily settled back in their embrace you behold the sunsets from near San Giorgio Maggiore, or see the tall Campanile rising beyond the water out of St. Mark's square. They carry you to the Lido and to Della Salute, and under the Rialto. Seated in them and noiselessly darting here and there and everywhere, one needs not the presence of Gothic columns and Byzantine architecture, and the time-stained works of the old masters to tell him that he is in an ancient city and in one that has the richest art and the most novel features of any in Europe.

Venice is an unnatural reality; it is an existing curiosity that seems though it must have been forced up out of the

sea, upon which it rests, instead of having been built where it is because its founders had nothing but submerged sand-bars to use.

"Sampling" the Grocery Man. (New York Tribune.)

"There are samplers and samplers," said a down-town grocer, as he carefully covered up a barrel of cut-loaf sugar with a wire protector and took a seat on a soap box.

"I will give you an illustration of the way in which some of these samplers conduct their little game. A richly dressed lady one day entered my store and asked to look at some of my best grades of coffee.

"There's another class of people who give us trouble," remarked the grocer, as he bit off the end of a cigar and passed another to the reporter.

"I mean petty thieves. If your clerks are not supplied with eyes in the back part of their neck you will lose enough groceries in the course of a year to supply a boarding-house.

"This a sort of reminder, you know, that the way of the transgressor is hard," and the grocer laughed till the tears rolled off the end of his nose and a clerk shouted "Cash."

Cigar-Box Labels. (Chicago Herald.)

An important item in the manufacture of cigar-boxes is the label, which costs from 60 cents to \$6 a thousand. A few especially fine labels, made for special brands, cost \$9 and \$10 a thousand.

It is a noticeable fact that in a great many cases one may judge of the quality of cigar by the kind of label attached to the box.

There is one firm of lithographers in this city who do nothing else but print cigar labels, and there are eight box factories, employing 250 hands, and a capital of \$100,000, while the annual production is valued at \$400,000.

Don't Know to Whom They Belong. (Philadelphia Press.)

There is said to be a little piece of territory in Germany whose citizens actually do not know to what sovereignty they belong.

There is situated on the Prusso-Wurtemberg frontier, between the villages of Dettensee, in Prussia, and Nordstetten, in Wurtemberg. The archives could not settle the dispute, and the inhabitants of the little plat had a hard time of it when the tax-gatherers on their last rounds swooped down on them from both sides. A partial adjustment of the boundary has been reached, but even now one family cannot solve the conundrum "Under which king?"