

A WHITE LILY.

Reminiscence of the Great Singer, Parepa Rosa.

LITTLE ELFIN, THE BOY VIOLINIST.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders...

"Do you mean this lovely flower or me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower Parepa Rosa bent her stately head.

"Mi ladi, I hid under the star. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!"

"Child," and the voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 5," and holding the lily caressingly to her cheek...

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song.

A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune to little Elfin.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name.

One of the most cherished names in the history of Providence, R. I., is that of Nicholas Brown.

Having ordered of one of his grocers, Mr. Abel Foster, some "good cooking-butter," that proved to be a little "strong," he entered the store and said:

A little girl in Long Island the other day, like the young woman in the poem, shut herself up in a trunk closing with a spring.

A fox was recently discovered asleep in an old crow's nest in a high pepperidge tree near Middletown, Conn.

GENERAL CUSTER.

While still a baby, Gen. Custer developed a strong taste for military pursuits, and, upon hearing the beat of drums and the blare of trumpets, he would, instead of exhibiting fear as most children do, clap his little hands and shout with joy.

His social qualities were as brilliant as his military ones. He was exceedingly witty and entertaining, and his beauty of person and great kindness of heart, combined with his bravery in battle and in the hunt, made him a general favorite in whatever society he was thrown.

Gen. Custer was a peculiarly devoted son, and settled a beautiful home on his aged parents. This home was in Monroe, Mich., an antique and aristocratic little city, as western cities go, and containing about 6000 inhabitants.

The arms have all been donated to a society in New York by Gen. Custer's widow. The mother, who never recovered from the shock of losing her three sons, her son-in-law, Lieut. Calhoun, and her grandson, Arty Reid, is dead.

People must remember that all attempts to reduce corpulence after it is once acquired are attended with more or less danger. The only safe remedy for males or females having a tendency to the excessive accumulation of fat is the preventive one—that is the pursuance of those habits of life ordinarily observed by professional athletes.

ADA BYRON.

Story of the Life of Lord Byron's Only Child.

HER GREAT FONDNESS FOR SPECULATION.

Few persons probably have ever read the commencing and concluding stanzas of the third canto of "Childe Harold" without a deep interest in the "Ada" he touchingly apostrophizes.

It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Millbank was just five weeks old when the mother and wife, for reasons never satisfactorily explained, returned to her father's house.

Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, only diverse from her father's, she was brought up with the most tender care, and educated by the most thorough training.

Her tastes, however, were for pure mathematics. Whether owing to her education—for she read no poetry, and never saw a work of Lord Byron till she was thirteen—

Ada Byron was married to the Earl of Lovelace, in March 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. Her husband, respectable in talents and domestic habits, lord-lieutenant of his county and high in social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration.

But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life or country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus.

But she was too deep. Her risks were unfortunate; and though she might have recovered from all this, most inopportunistly her attorney became a bankrupt, and her operations were exposed, in his assets before the courts, to the world.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.—When a lady invites visitors to stay in the house she should appoint the time of their stay at the time she invites them.

The guest-chamber should be in readiness on the arrival of a visitor, and bureau drawers, wardrobes or closets left empty for use.

The most hospitable is that which places the guest most at ease, and affords him the greatest opportunity for enjoyment.

Well-bred persons are not given to criticizing those whose hospitalities they have accepted; either their households, their manner of living, or anything that concern them.

CHICKEN AND OYSTER SOUP.—Cut up a chicken and put it on to boil with three quarts of water; cut up a small onion, fry it in a little butter and add to it the soup with a little parsley.

STEWED SHRIMPS.—One quart of peeled shrimps, one cupful of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, black pepper, little salt, and very little nutmeg.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Two quarts of milk, half a teaspoon of rice, a little less than a teaspoon of sugar, the same quantity of raisins, a teaspoonful of cinnamon or allspice; wash the rice and put it with the other ingredients into the milk; bake rather slowly from two to three hours; stir two or three times the first hour of baking.

DELICIOUS AND GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One and a half cups of yellow meal, one cup of rye flour, one cup of graham flour, one cup of New Orleans molasses, two full teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt.

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COTTAGE PUDDING.—Beat two eggs very light, add half a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one pint of flour; flavor with spice or lemon; bake for half an hour.

AN EPISODE.

Sensations of a Writer who Found his Fun Unappreciated.

It was a good many years ago, when we were more conscientious as to the quantity than the quality of the matter that we furnished the newspaper with which we were connected.

Never was man subjected to closer scrutiny than he from the moment of this discovery; "It will make him laugh when he gets to the nub of it."

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Presently the tight set muscles relaxed, and soon a smile lit up his face, and he extended his hand toward us.

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THE REVOLT OF MISSOURI CONVICTS. Gov. Crittenden ought now to pardon Safe Blower Johnson, the convict who led a revolt in the Missouri penitentiary and endeavored to cut the throat of a prisoner who refused to join in the mutiny.

It was at the shore, and a gentleman was chatting on his cottage porch with two or three guests.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

A woman should not paint sentiment till she has ceased to inspire it.

DISCOVERY OF THE "COMSTOCK."

Ben Holladay is a feature and fixture of Washington. He lives in a beautiful residence on K street, where he entertains a coterie of friends in right royal fashion.

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