LITTLE ELFIN, THE BOY VIO-LINIST.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when please, mi ladi," in low pleading secents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen dignity of orm of little Elfin, the Italian streetsinger, with his old violin under his erm; but the face upturned in the was as delicately cut as a cameo, great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of intreaty in the soft Italian voice, held ner for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save the annoyance of

rearing a beggar's plea.

"Well," said the great singer, half mpatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please?" in sweet ragrant white lily, with a crystal lrop in its golden heart.

epa Rosa bent her stately head. You heard me sing?"
"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. Twas yesterday I heard the voice.

vords came brokenly from quivering LOSS eft had never shown Parepa Rosa UMPT he power of her grand voice as she of followers. They kept an illustra-'aroat aw it now in these soft, dark eyes ted journal of daily happenings at orniz Mame, and in the sobbing, broken the fort, in the quiet days just before the otherwords, "Mi ladi, oh! my ladi—I the awful tragedy on the Rosebud. STS. Jould die. "Child," and the voice trembled,

It was Parepa Rosa's last night.

in a box near the stage sat little El-in, like one entranced. Grandly the hords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. 'he slight frame of the boy swayed ind shook, and a look so rapt, so inense, came on his face, you knew his ery heart was stilled. Then the vondrous voice thrilled softly, like he faint sound of bugles in the early norn; again its sweetness stole over ou like the distant chimes of vesper erls. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last ime, and as simply as possible the nanager told the audience of last right's incident and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad, warbled many bitter day through the city streets y little Elfin, the Italian musician. Long and prolonged was the applanse, and at the first pause, sweepng in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was he fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained of her sublime voice, she stood a mothen sang clearly and softly

That great house at the close, then a his wife painted upon them. On one his wife with mingled feelings of af A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy mu-

sically, the generous hearts of a few ened the gates of fortune to little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes. Parepa Rosa! God called thee in

thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the Plast great day it shall be written in shinning letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

ES. One of the most cherished names in the history of Providence, R. I., is that of Nicholas Brown. From him Brown University derives her /ER liberal bene factor. Many are the bene factor. Many are the deeds of charity for which Mr. Brown is still remembered, and many are the anecdotes of his odd sayings and actions, which are yet told. clip the following from the Provice Journal:

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

"Foster! Foster! don't send me rancid butter for cooking butter. If words. you send me frowy butter, send it as able-butter; then when I spread it on my bread, I can scrape it off, I it off, I can't scrape it off.'

missed in time before there was general public.

pepperidge tree near Middletown,

GENERAL CUSTER.

While still a baby, Gen. Custer developed a strong taste for military pursuits, and, upon hearing the beat Child. 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. When LATION.

hands and shout with joy. When two and-a-half years old, his father bought, unknown to his mother, material for a military suit for the child, and had it made with long striped trowsers, a "swallowtailed" coat with brass buttons, and a vest. These, with a jaunty little cap and toy gun, gave the little fellow quite the air of a soldier, and he would strut up and down the road perfectly happy and manifesting all the those repertories of unwritten bioa grown up general. Every day his father took him upon the green lawn and put him through a regular drill, and in a short time the child had learned to handle his zas-light, though pale and pinched, gun and sword with all the ease and grace of an experienced soldier. while the eager, wistful light in the As the years went by his love of "soldiering" grew with his growth, banke was just five weeks old when until by the time that he attained the mother and wife, for reasons

His social qualities were as bril-

of his life.

liant as his military ones. He was and his beauty of person and after Lady Byron's accession to her great kindness of heart, combined property, were the foundations of proken English, and the slender with his bravery in battle and in the brown hands of the dwarf held up a hunt, made him a general favorite hunt, made him a general favorite in whatever society he was thrown. The picture, however, that rises in the mind of every one who knew him, upon the mention of his name, is answer. Taking the flower Pairs always as he looked when firmly is always as he looked when firmly seated upon his brown horse "Dixie, his yellow hair clustered around his neck, and his blue eyes looking straight ahead. Like Napoleon, he appeared to greatest advantage upon horseback, and there was that in his ips, passionately in earnest. The bearing, when on his favorite "Dixie," oud voice of the world she had just which was calculated to rouse the wildest enthusiasm among an army In this journal, the General would write some bright, cutting article Properet me here to-morrow at 5," and and illustrate it, and a certain very F., Calolding the lily caressingly to her bright lady, the wife of an officer who heek, she stepped into her carriage fell with Custer, would reply, often ind was driven away. getting the better of the General both as to wit and illustrations. She was an intrepid hunter as well as writer, and at different times had lear voice swelled its triumphant killed six buffaloes with her own These papers were read and handed around, adding much to the entertainment and amusement of the occupants of the fort. They are still in the possession of the lady, and regarded as among her choicest treas-

in Monroe, Mich., an antique and aristocratic little city, as western cities go, and containing about 6000 inhabitants. The Custer house stands on the main street of the town. them to three times the length of the It is a large gray mansion with long porches and low windows, covered with creeping vines and shaded with poplar trees. After the death of General Custer one room was furnished as his room had been at Fort by machinery." This translation Lincoln. Nailed on the walls were the shaggy heads of bears, buffaloes, wild cats and coons, and the antlers of deer. Over the doors were the womanhood, as well as by the power crossed swords of the Custer boys, and Earl of Lovelace, in March 1835. their brother-in-law, Lieut Calhoun, The marriage was not an unhappy he ballad with its refrain of "Fare-stacked fire-arms. In another corner talents and domestic habits, lordwell, sweet land." Accompanying stood an escritoire with writing mate- lieutenant of his county and high in her came the low sweet wail of little rials and two exquisite china vases, Elfin's violin. There was silence in with the heads of the General and shout went up that shook the mighty side of the desk hung the picture of fection and admiration. Unwilling Lawrence Barrett, Gen. Custer's fa- that she should be known publicly as vorite actor, and above it one of the an authoress, he nevertheless, oftener Duke Alexis. A scarlet-covered than once, gave permission that cermany relics of the brave dead. In thinking men made inquiry, might the parlor hung a large bronze medallion head of the General, also an oil painting of himself and wife taken no more dissimilar than was consistogether on the porch; pertly watch- tent with common if not promotive ing every passer-by lay "Frisky,"

Gen. Custer's pet Spitz dog.

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 twenty years before. her three sons, her son-in-law, Lieut. Calhoun, and her grandson, Arty Reid, is dead. She was a tall, finelooking old lady, with a clear cut face, sweet, firm mouth, and steady bright eyes. After her death the home was broken up. Mrs. Calhoun went to New York with Mrs. Custer, and the father retired to the home of his remaining son. On almost any fair day he can be seen on the street rid-"Dixie." He is tall, and but little bent by age, though his hair and beard are snowy-white. It is almost impossible for him to speak of his strong." he entered the store sons. His lips quiver, his eyes fill with tears, and his head sinks low with a weight of grief too deep for

People must remember that all attempts to reduce corpulence after it can scrape it off. But if it is in the cooking or on my toast, I can't scrape more or less danger. The only safe from trust funds held for her in her remedy for males or females having own right. a tendency to the excessive accumulalittle girl in Long Island the tion of fat is the preventive oneother day, like the young woman in that is the pursuance of those habits might have recovered from all this, the poem, shut herself up in a trunk of life ordinarily observed by profes- most inopportunely her attorney be-She remained in her prison sev- rich harvest by publishing a little courts, to the world. Terribly mortieral hours, for no one down below book free of slang, where the secrets fied, she appealed to her husband, a fatal end to her frolic. She was would be worth their weight in gold,

it in a pugilistic encounter.

ADA BYRON.

Story of the Life of Lord Byron's Only

Few persons probably have ever read the commencing and concluding stanzas of the third canto of Childe Harold" without a deep inapostrophizes. The story of her should be comfortably heated. life, intimately enough known in graphies of the aristocracy—the Pall
Mall Club—has not often been told
habits of the house, and try to be punctual at all the meals. More li-

It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Millbanke was just five weeks old when manhood it had become the passion never satisfactorily explained, returned to her father's house. Here the infant grew into girlhood under exceedingly witty and entertaining, the care of her mother, and here, property, were the foundations of Augusta Ada's education laid.

Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, only diverse from her father's, most thorough training. Her personal beauty developed with her mind. She is described by a person who frequently saw her, when at the of twenty years she was living with her mother at Clifton Springs, as of the most queenly presence and graceful carriage, her complexion tresh, her features of perfect contour, her eyes large and brilliant, her head set upon her shoulders like her father's, her hair chestnut, abundant and wavy, and her person slightly embonpoint, but perfect in proporadded a voice of great sweetness, and a vivacity in conversation that held in thrall all who approached her.

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 pass her puberty—or to inheritance from her mother, her understanding of the exact sciences was excelled by no woman of her time, except Mrs. original memoir. Babbage says that mediately. to all persons capable of understanding the reasoning, it furnishes "a de-monstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed with the notes may be found in vol-ume XXXI. of the "Transactions of the Royal Society.'

Ada Byron was married to the in one corner stood their one. Her husband, respectable social position, suitable in age and be acknowledged as hers. Children were born to them; their tastes were enough to remember the two, as furnishing a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned

> But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life or country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen the care of ciety, her rank among the aristocracy, nor the admiration her beauty and gifts received wherever she appeared, finally, during the railway mania, tin pail, and steam in boiling water that under the lead of Hudson, was for four hours. second only in its universality among the rich and great to the South Sea bubble of the early days of the last century, partook largely in the ventures. All this could well enough be without the knowledge, as it were, of her husband. Beside the ample "pin money" allowed her in the marriage

were unfortunate; and though highest point, but who soon wastes the remote, if not the proximate, choose; a little wine is a pleasing adition.

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. Where the time is not specified, no visit should be prolonged beyond one week, unless among relations and very intimate friends.

The guest-chamber should be in readiness on the arrival of a visitor, when we were more conscientious as and bureau drawers, wardrobes or to the quantity than the quality of closets left empty for use. materials should be in the room, and tsrest in the "Ada" he touchingly if the weather is cold, the chamber

Towels must be supplied in abun-"the toilet."

ense is given for tardiness at breakfast and luncheon than at dinner.

No invitations should be accepted by the visitor without first consulting the hostess, as the rule is that persons hold themselves at the disposal of those whose guests they are.

The visitors must not make unneces sary demands upon the services of "the domestics;" sending them out on errands, or ringing the chamberbell frequently for attendance. During the morning hours visitors

amuse themselves unless plans are made for them. Hostess and guest should not expect too much of each other's company. The truest hospitality is that which

places the guest most at his ease, and affords him the greatest opportunity for enjoyment. The surest way to for enjoyment. make a guest happy is not to impose upon him what may be to him laborious in the pursuit of amusement.

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

If anything goes wrong during the stay, the visitor should not seem to see it, and never speak of it afterwards. Even though you meet one who is disagreeable to you while un-To these charms there were der the roof, you are bound to be civil. A person of tact can always keep persons at a distance without being rude in any way.

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. After the chicken has been boiled to shreds, skim the soup well, strain it, Somerville, and, indeed, by few of and return it to the pot. Put three the other sex. In proof of her extra-ordinary attainments in this respect, to boil; the moment they begin to necks was so great, that we refrained ordinary attainments in this respect, it is mentioned by the late Charles Babbage, in his "Passages from the broth through a collaboration of the support of Gen. Custer was a peculiarly devoluted son, and settled a beautiful home ted son, and settled a beautiful home on his aged parents. This home was her amusement, "Menabrea's Menabrea's men moir of the Analytical Engine," from the "Bibliotheque Universelle." He them well together; add the chicken unappreciative he might be. But, proposed that she should add notes and oyster broth, season with cayenne of her own. This she did, extending pepper and salt; let them boil up betraying the slightest gleam of pleasonce, add the oysters and serve im-

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. Put all these ingredients into a saucepan, and set the pan where it may heat gradually until scalding hot. If allowed to boil it will be spoiled. Just before removing from the fire, stir in two wellbeaten eggs and a glass of white

wine. DRIED BEEF-Heat milk and water sliced as thin as possible, and immediately remove from the fire, as Then he spoke: "My boy," said he, the less it is cooked the better. the beef is very salty it will need I am satisfied now that you had no lounge stood on one side of the room, tain of her articles on various freshening in a little hot water before intention of being impertment. You and scattered here and there were branches of science, about which going in the gravy, but if not very are, I can see, fresh from the plow, salty it will season just right without freshening.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS .- Two quarts of milk, half a teacup of rice, a little less than a teacup of sugar, of unusual harmony; and their home the same quantity of raisins, a tea-was often spoken of by those old spoonful 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. If properly done the pudding is delicious.

Brown Bread. One and a half cups a fool I hate worse than another it's the Governor's favorable attention as her children nor the pleasures of so- of yellow meal, one cup of rye flour, one of these fool writers. Well, this one cup of graham flour, one cup of rot, that I'm talking about, made me New Orleans molasses, two full teas so damn mad that I forgot that I was spoonfuls of baking powder and a gentleman. Here, I'll show it to were sufficient. She speculated in little salt. Mix all to a consistency of you and, I'll venture to say, you'll not the funds, bet at horse-races, bought a thick batter with either milk or blame me for being in a bad humor. and sold in the stock market, and water, pour into a buttered mold or

Linen garments which have become yellow from time may be whitened by being bathed in a lather made of milk and pure white soap, a pound of the latter to a gallon of the former. After the boiling process the linen should be twice rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water.

Cottage Pudding.—Beat two eggs wn right.
But she was too deep. Her risks wilk, one tablespoonful of butter, she one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of the article and read it, and then our baking powder, and one pint of flour; flavor with spice or lemon; bake for closing with a spring. It was in the sional athletes. By the way, a first came a bankrupt, and her operations half an hour. Serve with a sauce and the lid closed down upon class "trainer" of boxers could reap a were exposed, in his assets before the made thus: Let the yellow peel of a Sawyer, has made her debut in a lemon boil for fifteen minutes in a half goblet of water; when cool could hear her cries. Luckily she of his trade would be revealed to the who, to save the scandal of any legal thicken this with a tablespoonful of The instructions process, cancelled her liabilities by a cornstarch or arrowroot, which you discovered insensible and almost suf-and the doctor's bills for families The shock, however, was too great sweet milk; then put it back on the would be reduced to almost nothing. very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. have first rubbed smooth in a cup of tioned. would be reduced to almost nothing. for her excitable nature, and it has stove add a lump of butter; do not No one enjoys the bounding sensa- always been believed, by those who let the sauce boil, but let it heat fox was recently discovered tion of life as much as a man whose best knew what followed, that the gradually to the boiling point; just ep in an old crow's nest in a high physique has been brought up to its shame she felt at the exposure was before serving add any flavoring you

AN EPISODE.

Sensations of a Writer who Found his Fun Unappreciated.

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE IN A RAILROAD CAR,

It was a good many years ago, Writing the matter that we furnished the newspaper with which we were connected.

Seated in a railroad car we noticed dance, and a fresh piece of soap for that the individual, a great, broadshouldered, powerful looking man, who sat directly in front of us, was reading a copy of our paper, and from the way in which it was folded we could tell that it was one of our own ing civilization on the Pacific coast, articles, a humorous sketch in which we took much pride, that was absorbing his attention.

scrutiny than he from the mement of for broken rocks, outcroppings, float this discovery: "It will make him land other indications of mineral laugh when he gets to the nub of it."

he appeared to be chuckling at a he had made, and showed a sample great rate; we could not see his face, having a wonderfully large proporbut his neck was suffused with blood. tion of silver in its composition. He Evidently he was enjoying himself hugely.

quaintance of the author of the resigned and disappeared. In a him on the arm and said:

"You appear to be amused. May I

upon us in a way that was altogether one of the wealthiest men in the

anyhow, if I did laugh?" We stammered another apology

and he resumed his reading. We felt glad of that; we were sure that the article would finally bring poorest, and finally died penniless.

him around. In about two minutes he turned upon us again, and with a face full malignity exclaimed:

'I've a good notion to wring your ck for you, you impudent puppy. It pained us extremely to be addressed in this manner, but there was so much of earnestness and meaning in his tone and manner, and our

from resenting it.

Then he went on with his paper. Again we were hopeful that all would yet be well. Surely he had not reached the funniest part; he could never unappreciative he might be. But, alas, he finished the article without ure; on the contrary his face seemed to grow harsher and harder looking and he finally folded the paper, turned in his seat so that he could obtain a full view of us, and sat there glowering at us for fully half an hour.

Here was a man without a particle of humor in his make up. We would have been interested in making a study of his face, if we had dared; we would have pitied had we not feared him.

Presently the tight set muscles relaxed, and soon a smile lit up his face.

and he extended his hand toward us.
"Ah, ha! It has fetched him at last," social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded a beaten egg and a little flour; when triumph, and we felt, in our exultaboiling add the beef, which should be tion, that we could forgive even him,

> If "I am sorry I talked to you as I did; unacquainted with the ways of the great world, and perfectly thought-less of the fact that a man dislikes nothing so much as to be punched in the back when he is reading, especially when he is being nearly choked to death with the asthma at the time. Besides, I was in a very bad humor, anyhow, or I wouldn't have done it. You see I got hold of an article in that paper that I was just reading and such another piece of idiocy I never Delicious and Genuine Boston it's a fool, and if there's one kind of

Then he went down into his pocket,

Did we own its authorship? No. Craven-like, we pretended to read it and then feebly rendered our verdict with his. Told him that under such aggravation, his conduct was perfectly excusable, and at his urgent solicitation took the seat alongside of him. for three hundred miles to a man whom we loathed.

We never forgave that man until the other day when we happened on sympathies were with him.

A young California lady, named and Express. concert under the stage name of Giannini Savini. If they call her "Ninny," for short, the appropriate-porch with two or three guests. His ness of the name will not be ques-

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

ment till she has ceased to inspire it. nearly drowned."

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. His fortune is estimated at from \$2,000,000 to \$5,-000,000, so that it may be fairly pre-sumed that if he should prove unsuccessful in the prosecution of his claim for \$350,000 he will not be in immediate want for the necessaries of life. He has retired from business, but amuses his leisure hours by seeing the Congressmen about his claim. Though advanced in age, he shows no sign of failing in strength or His hair is just turning gray, but his frame is as powerful and vigorous as it was in early youth, when he established and operated the famous overland-stage line, known as the pony express. He likes to tell of his experience as a pioneer of advancamong the Argonauts of '49.

His story of how the famous Comstock lode was discovered is interesting. As he tells it, one of his stage Never was man subjected to closer drivers had a prospectors's passion treasures. On a certain day he came We almost envied him. Presently to Mr. Holladay full of a discovery made a proposition to sell one-half of his mine to Mr. Holladay for \$1,000 Then the thought occured to us that he would be pleased to make the ac The offer was refused, and the driver sketch and we leaned over, touched month or so a company was formed and operations were begun. The mine yielded the richest ore ever but we did not finish the taken out of any mine up to that time. Comstock, for that was the He turned suddenly and scowled stage driver's name, became suddenly "Beg your pardon, sir, I thought you laughed," we added.
"Well I down added." we added. "Well, I didn't. Why should I twenty feet across the face of the lode. laugh? What difference is it to you Next to the Bonanza it was probably the richest mine ever discovered in the earth. Mr. Comstock followed the rule, and from being one of the

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

An English vicar, the Rev. J. R. Jackson, tells the following story of a remarkable marriage in his church few days ago:

"Forty years ago a young man named Thomas Griggs was 'engaged' to Elizabeth Goodyear, but, alas! debilitating illness overtook the bride elect, which so completely prostrated her that she took to her bed and kept it for eight-and-thirty years. During this long period of time, assisted by the guardians, and by a small fund at her disposal, she maintained herself by needle and fancy work. During tlirteen years and upwards, I myself knew her in this condition, and never saw her off her bed. In the meantime Thomas Griggs waited patiently for the recovery of Elizabeth, but in 1865, despairing of this, he led another young woman to Elizabeth's bedside, and received from her full permission to marry his fresh acquaintance. Thomas forth-with married, and after five years of married life, he became a widower until this very day, when Elizabeth Goodyear, restored to health, walked into the parish church at Moulton, and was duly married by me to her old sweetheart. I cannot explain the nature of her prostration, or her wonderful recovery, but I do know this, that a few months back she beconscious of a slight return strength, that from feeble efforts to leave her bed and struggle across the room she gained power to pass her door, that the old subject of matrimony was revived by Thomas Griggs, that Elizabeth was willing, that banns were published, and that she is now the wife of her early and only love.'

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. The Governor announced his desire, some months ago, to make "a noble citizen" of Frank James, and as Convict Johnson came across in my born days. If has displayed a willingness to com-there's anything in the world I hate, mit as horrible crimes as those of the notorious outlaw, he ought to receive one to be pardoned in order that he may become good. attempt to burn the Missouri penitentiary and set the whole multitude of convicts free is to be attributed in part to the laxness of discipline which has been encouraged by Gov. Crittenden's acts. Were not Missourians adepts in the use of firearms the revolt would have been successful, as the escape of the convicts was prevented only by the guns from the Jefferson City armory in the hands of legislators and citizens led by Adjt.-Gen. Waddle. When the members of the Legislature reflect upon and listened with respectful attention the loss of \$500,000 caused by the incendiary convicts, three-fifths of which falls upon the State, they should return to their seats and enact measures to prevent the laxness of discipline, both in prisoners and out of it, which makes Missouri notorious for disorders.-| N. Y. Mail

It was at the shore, and a gentlepretty daughter came up from the beach, just out of the surf. "O pspa!" she exclamed, "only think; I was nearly drowned." Papa, pathetically to his friends, "Gentlemen! do you hear that? I have spent more than five thousand dollars on that A woman should not paint senti- girl's education, and to day she was