

SUEZ CANAL.

An Agreeable Change in a Sea Voyage—Port Said—The Creation of European Capital and Enterprise.

From the passenger's point of view the canal is a precious boon. The corner of the Mediterranean on which Port Said lies is almost always very rough, and the succeeding calm of the canal is very refreshing. The lighthouse is so tall and so powerful that it may be seen as much as twenty-four miles off, yet great difficulty is often experienced in "picking it up," and a steamer sometimes sustains a terrible tossing while perhaps heaving to or stemming slowly in a cross sea. When a few buoys are passed and a light-ship, we begin to perceive that Port Said contains several buildings beside the lighthouse; but the land lies so low that we get into the middle of the town, so to speak, before we can see that there is any town. The ship comes to a wide anchor facing the end of a wide street, up which you can see, or fancy you see, what Egyptian life is like. The first thing everyone remarks is the sky. A few hours ago a few miles on, you were under something very like gray clouds and showers of your native land. Here a light blue overhead, and a pale pink or yellow horizon without cloud or mist is the rule. For the rest there is not much to remind you that you are in Egypt. An occasional camel and swarms of monkeys, here and there a woman in a blue veil, boatmen in turbans and dressing gown, and soldiers with the Turkish tarboosh, a couple of whom take possession of the gangway, form the more typically Oriental part of the scene; but English ladies with parasols, Englishmen of every grade in life, Italian and Greek shopkeepers, a barack full of French pilots in uniform—for a Frenchman abroad is unhappy without a uniform—and a surging pile of English sailors ashore on leave, or thronging the quay, or pulling an eight-oar boat with a stroke all together, which excites the admiration and surprise of the native boatmen standing up and rowing forward—all these sights remind you every turn that Port Said is not strictly Egyptian or Arab, but is the creation of European capital and enterprise.

While the passengers go into the town and try to realize they are in Egypt, the captain and agent are busy. First there is the coaling. Opposite the town in a kind of harbor-part, are some fourteen or fifteen ships moored in a row, and all flying the British flag. These are colliers chiefly from the Tyne. They are discharging coal, which is stacked up in mountainous pyramids between the harbor and the eastern desert. A little puffing tug brings a train of barges along side your ship, and a crowd of half naked natives, on whose complexions coal dust has but little effect, carry their baskets in endless procession in at the port and out at another, singing a wild Arab air all the time, and lowering sight and sound alike in blackness and howling. These poor wretches were last year the instruments of Arabi's tyrannical folly. He ordered them to strike on the European model. Vessels coming through the canal get no coal. The coal-leavers meanwhile starved in their wretched hovels beyond the English cemetery, at Arabi and the Turks had the pleasure of seeing English tradesmen incommode, and the coal directed to Malta and Naples. The second thing that occupies the captain and agent is the selection of a pilot, which, if the agent be clever, is done every captain would like, and he must have a pilot. To have an English one, but very few, if any, English pilots remain in the service of the company. Next best, perhaps, are the Greeks, but however unwilling, most captains have of course to do up with a Frenchman, who is either to speak or understand your language but his own, who is imperfectly acquainted with the elements of seamanship, and who has such an overweening sense of his own importance that he seldom leaves his ship without a formal complaint. As matter settled, the last thing to inquire when the canal is to be entered. Every master is anxious to get his passengers, and especially his crew, away from Port Said before the night falls. Even the first station—Bas el Esh, the "cape of bread"—where there is bare desert on the left and the shallow lake teeming with white birds on the right, would be better than Port Said with its groggery, its gaming-houses, and many other low haunts of vice and dissipation, to say nothing of foul smells, flies, thieves, and mosquitoes. But how can we get into the canal there are perhaps four or five ships to come to us; there is perhaps a mail steamer, to which all others have to give place. In short, the number of different things which have to be arranged and considered often cause a man at starting which seems unacceptable to the passenger making his first voyage through. Last, and not least of all, is a telegram, now unfortunately much too frequent, that a ship is aground at station 5, or at the sixth kilometer, or elsewhere, and that traffic is stopped for an indefinite period.—[Saturday Review.]

The mob law mania has reached women. At Huron, Dakota, a number of women pulled down and destroyed the shanty of a man who was trespassing on the claim of a

THE FAMOUS SINGER.

"She is going to be a great singer," said the father to the mother. They sat by the fire on a winter evening in their humble home in far-away Sweden. The one they were talking about was a little tot of a girl fast asleep in her trundle bed in the next room. When a girl is only three years old, she is a very little mite of a girl, but Jenny was only so old when everybody who heard the little one lisping out snatches of song and hymns, knew that she had a wonderful voice, different from all the rest of the children in the family, and from any child in the neighborhood. Jenny's father and mother were poor. The money that bought the coarse food and clothes and wooden shoes for the children, was earned by hard work, so they had no bright dreams of one day sending Jenny away to Dresden or Berlin, where she could get a musical education, and become not only the greatest singer in the world, but grow very rich—so rich that she could live in a grand house and buy white bread and silk dresses for the whole family.

No, indeed; no such wild dreams ever entered the heads of the simple-minded couple. To bring Jenny up to be an honest, industrious girl, who should do something to earn a trifle to help to support the family, was all they hoped for. So the little maiden plodded through the snow to school, learned to knit, and wash and take care of her baby. Sometimes when the summer days came she sat outside the cottage door where the thrifty father had trained a vine, and sang happy songs with the birds.

But a change came. Some musician in the city where she lived must have happened to hear her singing, and knew at once that this bird was no common one. Kind people interested themselves in her and she left her knitting and housework and began at once to take lessons of the best masters.

She could now earn something to help the father, much to her delight, for she was often invited to sing in public. She went to Paris and took lessons of the greatest musicians, and when she was 17, sang before great crowds. Everybody was delighted; such singing had never been heard.

She did not do all her singing in Stockholm, her own city, though. She was invited to the great city of Berlin to sing, and then she went to England and sang for the Queen. Such rich, sweet music nobody had ever heard before; the audiences clapped their hands and waved their hats and handkerchiefs; they were almost beside themselves with delight.

At last she came to the United States, and here in New York she sang before the largest audience she had ever met. It was enough to turn one's head to have all the great people of the land giving her compliments and fine presents and showering applause upon her whenever she appeared in public. No singer before or since ever so delighted the people.

They always went in great crowds to hear her; everybody praised her. They named gloves, hats and pianos after her. They called her the "Swedish Nightingale," and the "Divine Jenny."

Once when Jenny was riding in a coach from one town to another, something happened that was both curious and sweet. She gave a little concert, a free one; another singer helped her; the other singer was a beautiful bird with gray feathers.

The stage was slowly crawling up the steep hills, and Jenny was looking out, admiring everything she met, when this bright little bird perched on a twig poured out a wonderful burst of song. Jenny was astonished, and the driver stopped the coach for her to listen. When the bird had finished, Jenny put her head outside the coach and astonished birdie by a gay roundelay.

The singer on the bush put his head on one side and listened as if he enjoyed hearing a song almost as good as his own, but he was not to be outdone by a "Swedish Nightingale." He opened his mouth again, and another glad happy song made Jenny clap her hands with delight.

Then she thought it was time to produce the very best she had before such a wonderful rival, and she trilled and warbled her very choicest music as if she were before a royal audience. But birdie had something to match it; he could trill and warble too. He stretched himself up tall, and fairly danced as he soared up among the high notes, sweet, clear and glad as an angel's song might be. Jenny gave up then beaten, and owned that the best singer in the world lived in the woods, and never lost his voice from a cold.

But Jenny's head was not turned by all the praise and compliments; she received; she was not proud. Once a servant girl who had come over the seas from her home, to live in this country, and who was often sad and lonely, heard of Jenny, the great songstress. She knew she came from her dear fatherland. What a treat it would be to hear her speak just a few words of the dear old Swedish tongue. If she could only see her!

At last she got up her courage, and actually came from Roxbury to Boston to call on Jenny. Her heart thumped so when she went up the hotel steps that she had a mind to go back after all without inquiring for her. But she didn't, and very soon she found herself shown into the room of the lady she almost dreaded to meet.

She need have no fears, though. The sweet, noble young lady was so

great that she was as humble as a child, and received her graciously; more than that, she kept her several hours and told her all about her old home.

More than that, when it was time to go to the concert, she took the girl with her, gave her a good seat, and when the concert was over sent her home in a carriage, the happiest girl in all Boston.

The poor girl might have been tempted to think it all a dream, and that the strains of heavenly music that still sounded in her ears was the song of angels watching her sleep, had she not found a proof that it was all real in the shining gold piece that Jenny slipped into her hand at the last moment.

The little folks of to-day will not have the pleasure of hearing Jenny Lind sing, for she is growing to be an old lady, and does not sing in public; but your mamma know of her, and can tell you all about the night they attended the concert just 25 years ago. Ask them to do so.

BULWER AND MACREADY AND RICHELIEU.

The best possible collaboration is that which insensibly results from the unreserved interchange of ideas and knowledge between a great author and a great actor. If both actor and author are men of literary culture and lofty aim, with a common standard of excellence and a common aspiration to attain it, this is the best combination for the successful production of the literary drama, but the relations represented by it must be based on mutual confidence and intellectual respect. The author has much to learn from the actor, but he has also much to teach him; he must be able to feel that he is in the actor not merely a technical adviser who has studied the stage, but also a sympathetic and fairly competent student of the literary conditions and purpose of his work. In that case he cannot too copiously consult or unreservedly defer to the actor's suggestions on those points in regard to which the actor's experience is necessarily superior to his own. This combination is rare, at least in our own country, because few English authors have studied the stage sufficiently to appreciate the importance of conforming their work to its inexorable conditions, and not many English actors have sufficiently studied literature to appreciate the obligation of conforming their own art to the standard which the literary drama imposes on the performance of it. But such a combination did, I think, exist in the production of "Richelieu," and I have therefore selected the genesis of that play to illustrate my previous remarks upon the conditions of a literary stage. "Richelieu," it must here be observed, was not written merely for the sake of writing a play, but expressly for the purpose of aiding Mr. Macready in an enterprise which enlisted the warm and disinterested sympathy of its author. The first idea of the play grew out of a conversation, or rather several conversations, with Mr. Macready on the prospects of that enterprise, which had ended in a promise on my father's part of some further effort, more elaborate than "The Lady of Lyons," in support of Macready's admirable endeavor to enlarge the acting repertoire of our modern literary drama. In the first conception of the play the chief part appears to have been allotted to a character whose name (Marillac) does not even appear in its final list of *dramatis personae*, but whose relation to the other characters is more or less represented by that of De Mauprat. It was in the gradual evolution of this germ that the character of Richelieu himself, little by little, assumed its present proportions and dictated a complete reconstruction of the original sketch. An outline of the plot, as at first imagined, was submitted to Macready with the following remarks on it: "Now, look well at this story. You will see that incident and position are good. But then there is one great objection. Who is to do Richelieu? Marillac has the principal part, and requires you. But a bad Richelieu would spoil all. On the other hand, if you took Richelieu there would be two acts without you, which will never do; and the main interest of the plot would not fall on you. Tell me what you propose. Must we give up this idea? The incidents are all historical. Don't let me begin the thing if you don't think it will do, and decide about Marillac and Richelieu. Send me back the papers. You can consult Forster, of course." In the result of the conference thus opened between author and actor, Marillac disappeared, the despotism of Richelieu was established, and the play tentatively finished on those lines, but with considerable hesitation, as appears from the following letter: "My Dear Macready—I send you the play complete. Acts I and III may require a little shortening, but you are a master at that. The rest average the length of the acts in 'The Lady of Lyons.' I hope the story is clear. The domestic interest is not so strong as in the 'Lady,' but I think the acting of Richelieu's part may counterbalance this defect. For the rest, I say of this, as of the 'Lady,' if at all hazardous or uncertain it must not be acted, and I must try again."—[Earl Lytton, in the Fortnightly Review.]

It rather annoys a woman, after she has had a child christened some romantic Indian name, to learn that the name translated means "old boots."

They call it a romantic marriage when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father in a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.

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PILLS.

A Terrible Duel—Weapons, Pills—New Orleans Forty Years Ago—"It Must Be to the Death."

A fatal but rather novel duel occurred in New Orleans over forty years ago. The young men were Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere, and the cause of the duel was the success of the former in wooing Mme. Celestin. Riviere sought out Delagrave and found him in a gambling saloon.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said: "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone, replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead." Riviere's face flushed, and, reaching forward, he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart: "It must be a battle to the death." Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out.

The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well-known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Roquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furiously around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about 100 yards from the carriages the party stopped and the Doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both Dr. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the difference between you but the death of one." The two nodded. "Therefore," the Doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitration as fair as possible, and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted. "Gentlemen," said the Doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the reversed head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost." Mr. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the Doctor.

Reposing in the little box, the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alchemy of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep forevermore, the corements, the burial case, the solemn cortege, and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue, and with a cup of claret, handed him by the Doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the Doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent, he swallowed it. The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the Doctor cried out "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the Doctor, "M. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head, and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travellers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement. Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said, in a tender voice, "I regret it, but it was to be." The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, and never seen Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmère on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event. Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of a warm afternoon, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.—[New Orleans Times Democrat.]

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THIS CAPTURES THE ENTIRE BAKERY.

A very, very tough story in which a chicken, a rat, a cat, a dog and a boy figured was going the rounds in the East End yesterday. The story is vouched for by good authority, and on this account is all the more remarkable. It is related that Mr. Sam McCurdy was sitting "neath the shade of a tree in the back yard of his residence on Clay, near Franklin street, talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had just emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from his hole the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she awaited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his ratship. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the wood-shed, picked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy named Andy Quaid came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy.

A little chick wandered too nigh and was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in his high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone he hurled it at the rat. This aim was not good and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes and the terrier released its grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and by the side of the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost.

The owner of the dog is so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on Clay street.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Don't insist: When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the last eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't.

You may say what you please, but there is luck in old horseshoes. A man nailed one up on the fence not long since, and a week afterward his wife, who used to wear out the furniture on him, eloped with a friend to whom he was owing \$40, so he got rid of two incumbrances at once.

Romance badly frosted: A Georgia couple waited over four years for a good opportunity to elope, and just as it came the girl's father took the young man by the hand and said: "Speak up to her, Thomas! I know she loves you, and I'd be tickled to death to have you for a son-in-law!"

"Charlie is a brave young fellow," remarked Brown. "Few men would care to go about at night as he does, unarmed. I should think that he would be afraid that somebody would take his life." "Nonsense!" said Fogg; "robbers never take anything that is utterly worthless. They might take his money, but his life, never."

The Lewiston (Me. Journal) tells how a Lewiston hackman has got the best of some of the drummers along the road. A dark evening a week or so ago, with threatening rain clouds and occasional sprinkles, had cleared off a star lit night. The Lewiston Jehu saw a good fare to the midnight train gone unless some expedient be found. When he drove up to the hotel and yelled for passengers for the "eleven twenty" he blocked the doorway with his form clad in a dripping rubber coat. Five commercial travelers grabbed their grip-sacks, pulled down their hats and then disappeared into the back from underneath the hotel veranda. They saw stars when they struck the depot platform. They profess to say that the Lewiston hackman will be sorry for it some day, but no one else thinks he will.

A storm scenter—The weather prophet. But he frequently gets on the wrong scent.

STAGE FUN.

A Super's Struggle with French—An Amateur in "Hamlet"—Dean Stanley's Resemblance to Mr. J. Scanlan.

During a performance of the "Two Orphans," at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, in the season of 1875-76, the actor who personated the officer of the guard was taken seriously ill. The brightest "super" in the captain's corps was hastily selected and sent on at the right time to read a list of names. Poor fellow, he was seized by a terrible attack of stage-fright the moment he came into the glare of the footlights, and with his teeth chattering and his knees knocking under him he began to spell out the French girls' names as best he could: "Alphonse Rousseau, Madeline Cote, Marie Daudet." The next name was "Jeanne Mullaine." This was too much for the ambitious supe, and after spending several seconds in vainly trying to decipher it he called out in a voice of a stentor: "Jane McMullen!"

AN AMATEUR IN "HAMLET."

There used to be a genial soul in Philadelphia—dead now, poor fellow—whose name was Covert. Constant association with actors fired him with a desire to frolic and strut a brief hour upon the stage himself. He resolved to essay the character of "Hamlet." The important night arrived. The play went smoothly, without the slightest drawback, till the end of the fourth act, and Covert surprised even his friends by the admirable manner in which he played his part. The stage manager was supervising the setting of the graveyard scene for the opening of the fifth act when he heard a voice behind him saying: "We can't play this scene," and turning he saw Covert at his elbow.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I have not studied it and do not know a line of it."

"Blue fire and calcium!" gasped the almost paralyzed stage manager; "how did you think we would omit this scene? Why it is one of the best and most important of the piece. Then, too, the critical audience we have to-night knows every line of the play. We must do the scene at all hazards. Leave it to me. I'll see that you get through it all right." The stage manager forthwith ordered the stage to be set with as many tombs and gravestones as possible. Everything that could be improvised for a tomb or a gravestone was put to that use; all the play books of "Hamlet" that could be found were hastily collected; messengers were sent in front for some of Covert's friends, and when the curtain was rung up on the fifth act it revealed the most populous burying ground ever set on any stage, and behind every tomb lurked a prompter with an open book of "Hamlet." No matter in what part of the stage Covert happened to be his lines were given to him in such a way that he played the scene to the entire satisfaction of his auditors and without any of them being aware of the means which enabled him to do so.

PUNCHING DEAN STANLEY.

When Minnie Palmer's company was playing at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, in the season of 1879-80, Mr. J. Scanlan, the comedian of the company, was stopping at the Continental Hotel, where the famous English churchman, the late Dean Stanley, was also sojourning at the same time. Now the Dean and the actor who played the first old man with the Palmer company bore a striking resemblance to each other in point of figure. It chanced one day that Dean Stanley was going up stairs Scanlan, mistaking him for his friend and associate, the first old man, thrust fully gave the Dean a sharp thrust with his thumb. Poor Stanley, following with rage and anger, turned hastily around to discover the author of his anguish, and beheld Scanlan, who was overwhelmed with mortification and regret to find that he had taken such a liberty with one of the heads of the English Church.

"Sir," exclaimed the comedian, "I beg your pardon. I did not know who you were. Pray pardon me, I would never have taken such an unwarrantable liberty had I not mistaken you for one of our company."

The Dean reversed the precedent of Hamlet's father's ghost and regarded him more in anger than in sorrow for a moment, and then said in his most dignified and stately manner: "One of your company? Young man, what kind of company do you keep?"—[Philadelphia Times.]

Two Philadelphia lawyers got into a street fight the other day. Each swore if he had a pistol he'd kill the other. At once a dozen were offered to each by spectators. When they found how anxious the populace was to get rid of each they swore friendship, and vowed to live forever, to spite the town.

A cat has nine lives. But even that doesn't enable you to comprehend how you can hear her, or him, as the case may be, spit and squall and yell in fifteen different places on four shed roofs and two fences at the same time. Alas! how weak a thing is science, after all!

Prof. Huxley holds that an acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will produce in a year. Huxley evidently never tried catching fish himself. If he had he would know that one fish to each square mile of water is about the average nowadays.