Bric-a-Brac.

BITTER-SWEET.

'Tis sweet to hear the droning hum of bees,
The songs of birds the busy trees among ;
'Tis sweet to sit beneath those blooming trees,
But not so sweet to jump because you're stung.

SONG OF THE TRAMP.

Work is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We can't endure ; we up and leave the place.

TRUST.

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day ;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow ;
Trust will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

SHE WAS HIS.

"Oh ! tell me, gentle seraph,
With those ruddy lips of thine,
Tell me fondly, tell me often,
That you're mine, forever mine."
Then she gope a gape and nodded,
Then another gape was born,
And her very silence answered—
"I am yawn, forever yawn."

MUSIC.

Who has a gift more glorious than thine,
Musician ? In thy hands are held the keys
Unlocking to men vexing mysteries ;
Surely no art than thine is more divine !
For at thy pleasure thou can'st make hope shine
Into dark places ; and as summer breeze
Comes bearing scent of flowers that no one sees,
So thou to those who hear thee bringest sign
Of some great good to come, which makes their tears
Start all unbidden, oping the blind eyes.

PARAPHRASE FROM HEINE.

At last they have vanquished me quite—
Worn out I surrendered to Fate—
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.
These gave me wine, and these
Poured poison early and late,
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.
Yet the one who has most of all
Bitter, crushing and fatal proved
Is she who ne'er has hated me,
Is she who ne'er has loved.

A Singular Duel.

A very painful affair has just happened in Scotland. It was nothing less than a gross and brutal outrage on a peaceful and innocent Scotchman. The affair was, perhaps, almost too horrible to be told in a family newspaper, but as it illustrates the stern fidelity with which justice is administered in Scotland, it may carry a useful lesson to our courts.

AN ENGLISH "COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER"

—as it is the fashion in this country to call that charming class of persons better known in England as bagmen—recently went to Edinburgh, and, as he intended to make some stay in the city, hired a lodging. He was not well acquainted with the manners and customs of the Scottish people. While he was not, so far as known, a thief or a drunkard' he was, nevertheless, openly addicted to playing on the piano and to singing worldly songs. Doubtless, he would never have been able to procure a lodging in a respectable part of Edinburgh had it been known that he was guilty of these vices. As will be seen, as soon as his true character was discovered, he was transferred to lodgings more appropriate for persons of his peculiar habits.

The next room to that occupied by this miserable Englishman was inhabited by

A STURDY AND UPRIGHT SCOTCHMAN,

and on the first Sunday afternoon after the arrival of the commercial traveller, the good Scotchman was inexpressibly shocked to hear the sound of a piano in his neighbor's room. The Scotchman was particularly earnest in his conscientious opposition to musical instruments, and had been seceded from two kinds of Presbyterian churches, because in one an organ and in the other a violin had been introduced to accompany the singing of the psalms. When he heard a piano on the Sabbath day he naturally felt outraged, and determined to drown the wicked noise by singing psalms in his loudest voice. Accordingly

HE TOOK UP HIS PSALM-BOOK

and made the furniture vibrate with his strident singing, but he could neither drown the piano nor disconcert the musician. After half an hour of this sort of effort, the Scotchman's throat grew excessively sore, and he turned off his voice. About the same time, the traveller, in his turn, began to sing. The perspiration stood on the brow of the horrified Scotchman as he recognized

THE RIOTOUS STRAINS OF "ANNIE LAURIE,"

and similar ribald melodies. He tried to read a sermon of unusual weight and length; but he could not fix his mind upon what he was reading. He tried to deaden his sensibilities by repeating the Westminster Catechism ; but he found himself defining original sin as a "saving grace whereby"—and committing other errors, which convinced him that music and the Catechism do not mix well together. Finally, he decided that there was

BUT ONE COURSE LEFT FOR HIM,

as an humble and consistent Covenanter, and, removing his coat, he walked, with a firm and rapid step, to the commercial traveller's room, postponing the ceremony of knocking until he reached the wretched culprit. There is no doubt that the singer was exceedingly astonished, for he instantly stopped singing. Almost any man who, while sitting at a piano, is suddenly knocked down by a large and silent Scotchman, would be somewhat astonished. However, the Englishman was a bold man, although of light weight, and he instantly rose from the floor and fell upon his assailant with great vigor. There was no one within hearing to interfere, and

THE COMBATANTS FOUGHT WITH ARDOR

for nearly an hour. Beginning at the piano which stood on the west side of the room about three feet from the window, they fought all around the room, and fell over immense quantities of furniture. The strength of the Scotchman was almost matched by the agility of the Englishman, and at one time when the latter had forced his enemy's head into the coal-scuttle, it really looked as if the Englishman was to be the victor. In the last round, however, the musical miscreant was knocked against the corner of the piano and temporarily stunned. When he regained his senses

THE SCOTCHMAN WAS SITTING UPON HIM

and awaiting the arrival of a policeman. When the combatants were brought before a magistrate, they did not present a very creditable appearance. There were but two available eyes among them, though by way of compensation, they each had an enormous quantity of nose. The Scotchman charged the Englishman with having broken the Sabbath by singing profane songs, and the latter charged his adversary with an unprovoked assault and battery. Each told his own story and told it truly. The Englishman said he was singing "Annie Laurie," when a sanguinary lunatic burst into his room and tried to murder him. The Scotchman said that, hearing a wretch in the act of violating the Sabbath, he felt that it was his duty to prevail upon him to stop.

THE MAGISTRATE,

after duly weighing the evidence, comitted the commercial traveller to jail for disturbing the peace and breaking the Sabbath, and then discharged the Scotchman, with a warm commendation of his noble conduct, assuring him that the whole community would applaud his energy in preserving the Sabbath from desecration.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM.

the English press does not agree with the Scottish magistrate, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* disingenuously hints that a rough-and-tumble fight is quite as much a violation of the Sabbath as ii the singing of "Annie Laurie." But it is useless to try to satisfy Englishmen. In this case a horrible outrage was perpetrated upon an estimable Scotchman, and yet the English press seems to think that the aggressor ought not to have been punished. What is the use of arguing with people who are stupid enough to hold such an opinion as this?

A Teetotaler But not Bigoted.

The following anecdote is told by the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle* :—"Come and have a drink, boys," remarked a well-known Bulgarian of this city to a number of friends with whom he was chatting in front of Mallon's store this morning. They all went in and ordered their drinks. There was a cirming uniformty in the orders—"a schmall cup o' that whisky, Jim," seemed to cover all requirements. As they were about to quaff, one of the party suddenly called to another, "Hello, Dougherty, you drinking whisky? Sure it was only yestherday that ye towld me you was a taytotaler." "Well," said Mr. Dougherty, evidently somewhat disconcerted, "you're right, Misther Kelly; it's quite right ye are. I am a taytotaler, it's thrue, but I—I—I'm not a bigoted one."

Pennsylvania and New York pay their governors better than any other State.

On December 1, 1877, the populaton of Berlin numbered 1,018,818. In 1860 it was only 500,000.

Appalling Shipwrecks.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes from Madrid, April 23 :—A terrible disaster occurred in the Bay of Biscay last Saturday. It was holy week, and for several days the fishing boats had not left their ports. The nets had been hung out to dry, and the men loitered about to look on the quaint processions of Good Friday. The weather had been very fine during the earlier part of the week, and on Saturday the sun rose gloriously on a quiet sea. Accordingly, before 8 o'clock the sails of the fishermen of Biscay studded the horizon. By midday the breeze shifted to the north-east, and a line of clouds appeared far away in the horizon. The sea rose very fast, and the waves increased on the sands. Gulls and other birds began to sweep along the surface of the water with their peculiar cry. The sky grew overcast rapidly, and then the fierce "noroeste," the northwester of Basque ballad, began to howl and rage in a manner which made the bravest hearts quake. People gathered on the piers and on the rocks to gaze at the approach-squall, which came on with rain, hail and sleet, hiding the sea from view and driving all to their homes.

When the squall was over, crowds of women and children flocked around the dismayed authorities and despairingly complained of the port captain having allowed the boats to leave. In vain did the officials protest that they had no reason to suppose that the beautiful morning would end in a squall. In vain did they say that they had no power to prevent the men going on their expedition. Heartrending cries were heard, and still no news came, until it was reported, that on some beach, three shipwrecked boys had been found. Then planks and baskets washed in, and larger vessels which had weathered the storm brought in the dismal tale. The evening waned, and some boats more fortunate came in, only to increase the agony of the bereaved with certain details of the destruction of their comrades. Santandar had lost seven large boats five smaller ones, with 67 men and lads. Other places in the same Province had during the night reported about 25 boats lost, with crews varying from four to eleven hands. Biscay, however, had suffered most, and the excitement in Bilbao was intense on Tuesday, as telegram after telegram came in from the alcaldes on the coast. Off Cape Michichaco, well known to all vessels entering the Bilbao river, the squall had been most violent, Elanchovi, with 300 inhabitants, lost 59 men and 8 boats ; Lequietio, Deva, Ondorroa, and Plencia, each lost 3 smacks. At the head of the casualty list stands Bermeo, the picturesque and lovely little town situated near the cape ; 106 of its fishermen perished in 15 boats. The alcalde of the place telegraphs that the misery and grief of the wretched families are terrible. More than 40 widows and 200 children in a town of 1,800 inhabitants, are mourning this great calamity. Details have not yet been received from Asturias and the Galician coast. The official telegrams report a total loss up to yesterday of 820 men and boys in about 90 boats of different sizes.

The local authorities have taken steps to relieve the widows and orphans, and for that purpose subscriptions have been raised in Bilbao, Santander, and Madrid. For the most pressing requirements the Government telegraphed to place 5,000 pesetas, about £200, at the disposal of the governors in Bilbao and Santander. The Basques residing in Madrid have formed a committee to receive subscriptions and forward the same to the provincial authorities. Little wreckage has been cast ashore by the sea, and no trace is left of the fishing fleet of Biscay.

Beau Nash's Generosity.

Never was there a more striking instance of imprudent gererosity than was exmplified by Beau Nash. He was the best-hearted creature in the world ; his purse was ever open to the distressed. No matter what were his own exigencies or the claims upon him by creditors, he would at any time have emptied his pockets to save applicants from a state of unhappiness. As for being just before being generous, that was what he had not the most distant conception of. On one occasion, overhearing a poor beggar man on the street say to his wife, "How happy should we be had we ten pounds !—that sum would make us right for life," instantly his hand was in his pocket and pulling forth the sum in question, presented it to the man saying, "There is what you want—go, be happy, and hastened off without waiting to be thanked. On another occasion, he in the same manner, and for a similar reason, gave a gentleman who had been ruined at the gaming-table the sum of two hundred pounds. But the most remarkable instance of this species of insanity — for it can be called nothing else—took place in the following manner :—

He was waited on one day by a gentleman of his acquaintance, who told him he had just come from seeing the most pitiable sight his eyes ever beheld—a poor man and his wife, surrounded with seven helpless infants, almost all perishing for want of food, raiment, and lodging ; their apartment was as dreary as the street itself, from the weather breaking in upon them at all quarters ; that, upon inquiry, he found the parents were honest and sober, and wished to be industrious if they had employment ; and he had calculated the expense of making the whole family comfortable and happy.

"How much money," exclaimed Nash, "would relieve them and make them happy?"

"About ten guineas," replied the friend, "would be sufficient for the purpose."

Nash instantly went to his bureau, and gave him the cash, at the same time pressing him to make all possible haste, for fear of the sudden dissolution of the miserable family.

"I need not go far," said the friend, smiling, and putting the money into his pocket ; "you know you have owed me this money a long while—that I have dunned you for it for years to no manner of purpose ; excuse me therfore, that I have thus imposed on your *feelings*, not being able to move your justice, for there are no such objects as I have descrcibed, to my knowledge; the story is a fiction from beginning to end ; you are a dupe not of *justice* but of your own *humanity*."

The Countess Bozenta.

Madame Helena Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, was born in Cracow, the old capital of Poland, in 1846. Two of her brothers were actors, a third was a musician and a conductor, and she has also a sister who is actress. She went upon the stage in a small town in Galacia, in 1861. She commenced her art by playing everthing put before her, and this opportunity to exhibit her versatlity was a great delight to her. She met the Count Bozenta in 1866, while acting there, and married him two years later. Ill health induced her to seek other shores, and obtaining leave from the Russian Government, which has control of the theatre in her native place, went to California, where she stayed nearly a year, mastering the English language in that time.

It can hardly be said of Modjeska that she is a different woman on and off the stage. The Buffalo public has already judged her powers before the foot-lights, and what I have to say of the Madame are simply my own impressions received in a conversation with her, after seeing her performance of *Camille*. I had the honor of an introduction through her manager Mr. H. J. Sargent. As we ascended the elevator at the Tifft House he said to me. "You must consider this a favor. The Madame does not want to be interviewed, and you must not tell her you came for that. She'll be very glad to see you, and will be very polite, but she is tired, and you know how these sort of people are bored to death. Why, you'd be astonished to see the number of individuals who, without the least claim upon her attention in the world, seek an introduction. And the number of autograph albums sent to her with imploring messages for her signature are beyond count. Young men and maidens by the score bother her almost to death."

When we entered the cheerful little parlor I found Madame Modjeska seated on a sofa already dressed for her journey to New York, and consequently with but a short time to spare for conversation. I was rather disappointed in her appearance at first, undoubtedly her stage beauty the night before was calculated to charm, and although I saw the same face and heard the same sweet voice, yet she was looking quite pale and wearied. "You see," said she as she tried to suppress a cough, "I have a severe cold, and it has quite annoyed me."

"Oh," I answered, "then your coughing in *Camille* was not altogether fictitious? It certainly did sound very natural."

She laughed heartily at this and then added : "Yes it was very true, and I am half afraid with my cold and my English, I must have seemed very strange."

"Not at all, Madame," I ventured to say, "We like your English, your accent is delightful." "But I am so imperfect," she replied, "does it not sound very funny? I study very hard and hope to improve very much. You know I have only spoken your language for a year."

I expressed my surprise at this, and told her it was rather remarkable for one to so quickly learn English, and to play it too. She looked pleased at this, and after a moment's pause added cheerily : "And there is room for improvement, don't you think? I like your country very much. They have received me so well here. I did not expect it. I am going to Europe in a month, but I don't know when I shall return."

"What is your favorite character, Madame," I asked.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I have none. Perhaps I prefer *Adrienne*. I have only played three in this country. You shall see me in *Juliet* soon.

The conversation then returned to the matter of her reception in this country. In speaking of the newspaper criticisms, Mme. Modjeska's eyes sparkled with an apparently conscious air that I was a newspaper man and she answered me with a pretty toss of of her head, "Oh, the newspapers have been very very kind—so Mr. Sargent tells me—but do you know I seldom see them? The morning after the performance I say to Mr. Sargent 'well what do the newspapers say?' for I do not have time to read them, and he will say 'splendid, but they are all the same, just alike,' and then I know that I have pleased the good people."

In reply to my question as to what American city pleased her the most, she said, "All. But they are just the same. The audiences are all alike. Buffalo delights me. It has been very gracious."

As a conversationalist Madame Modjeska is bright and fascinating. She seems to find it easy to express her thoughts and never appears at loss for a word. To me her accent is particularly agreeable. Her personal appearance indicates cultivation. She is in every way a lady of refinement, and her perfect simplicity, her youthful enthusiasm, together with her intellectual ability, must surely win for her a legion of friends where-ever she may go. In her prefession she uses her own conception of the character she plays. Her *Camille* is the result of the most studious study, and while all her special roles are differently acted than by those we have been accustomed to see, we must accept them as a finished portrait by a true artist.

TROPHONIUS, in *Every Saturday*.

Stage Banquets.

A veteran actor of inferior fame once expressed his extreme dislike to what he was pleased to term "the sham wine parties" of Macbeth and others. He was aweary of the Barmecide banquets of the stage, of affecting to quaff with gusto imaginary wine out of empty pasteboard goblets, and of making believe to have an appetite for wooden apples and "property" comestibles. He was in every sense a poor player, and had often been a very hungry one. He took especial pleasure in remembering the entertainments of the theatre in which the necessities of performance or regard for rooted traditions involved the setting of real edible food before the actors. At the same time he greatly lamented the limited number of dramas in which these precious opportunities occurred.

He had grateful memories of the rather obsolete Scottish melodrama of "Cramond Brig;" for in this work old custom demanded the introduction of a real sheep's head with accompanying "trotters." He told of a North British manager who was wont — especially when the salaries he was supposed to pay were somewhat in arrear, and he desired to keep his company in good humour, and maybe alive—to produce this play on Saturday nights. For some days before the performance the dainties that were destined to grace it underwent exhibition in the green room. A label bore the inscription, "This sheep's head will appear in the play of 'Cramond Brig' on next Saturday night. God save the king!" "It afforded us all two famous dinners," reveals our veteran. "We had a large pot of broth made with the head and feet ; these we ate on Saturday night ; the broth we had on Sunday." So in another Scottish play, "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, it was long the custom on stages north of the Tweed to present a real haggis, although niggard managers were often tempted to substitute for the genuine dish a far less savoury, if more wholesome, mess of oatmeal. But a play more famous still for the reality of its victuals, and better known to modern times, was Prince Hoare's musical farce, "No Song no Supper." A steaming-hot boiled leg of lamb and turnips may be described as quite the leading character in this entertainment. Without this appetising addition the play has never been represented. This is a story, however, which one can only hope is incorrect, of an *impressario* of Oriental origin who supplied the necessary meal, yet subsequently fined his company all round on the ground that they had "combined to destroy certain of the properties of the theatre."

There are many other plays in the course of which genuine food is consumed on the stage. But some excuse for the general fictitious nature of theatrical repasts is to be in the fact that eating during the performance is often a very difficult matter for the actors to accomplish. Michael Kelly, in his "Memoirs," relates that he was required to eat part of a fowl in the supper scene of a bygone operatic play called "A House to be Sold." Bannister at rehearsal had informed him that it was very difficult to swallow food on the stage. Kelly was incredulous, however. "But, strange as it may appear," he writes, "I found it a fact that I could not get down a morsel. My embarassment was a great source of fun to Bannister and Suett, who were both gifted with the accomodating talent of stage feeding. Whoever saw poor Suett as the lawyer in 'No Song no Supper,' tucking in his boiled leg of lamb, or in 'The Siege of Belgrade,' will be little disposed to question my testimony to the fact." From this account, however, it is manifest that the difficulty of "stage feeding," as Kelly calls it, is not invariably felt by all actors alike. And probably although the appetites of the superior players may often fail them, the supernumerary or the representative of minor characters could generally contrive to make a respectable meal if the circumstances of the case supplied the opportunity. — *Dutton Cook*.

The Deacon's Mishap.

The phonograph is certainly the most wonderful invention of this or any other age, and the purposes to which it may be devoted are manifold and surprising.

Mrs. Carmeen need no longer sit up until midnight for a late husband — that is, late coming home. She can now speak her lecture in the diaphragm of the phonograph, attach one end of the cord to the crank and the other end to the knob of her chamber door, and retire to her downy couch with the sweet and comforting assurance of having "spoken her mind" where it will do the most good. Carmeen will come sneaking in at 1 A.M., as usual, and creep stealthily upstairs, but no sooner does he open his bedroom door than that awful phonograph will up and tell him in his wife's well-known voice, what she thinks of "such conduct as this," winding up with the stern command, "Now come to bed, you old fool, and don't sit there blinking like a sick owl!" and all the time this performance is in progress, Mrs. Carmeen may be revelling in sweet dreams in which spring bonnets and the latest lovely thing in polonaise predominate.

The phonograph is also capable of playing some pretty shabby tricks, and if Deacon Peppers could have laid his hands on the inventor a few nights ago, he would probably have torn him into two thousand fragments —more or less.

The deacon is, or rather was, a good man and a class-leader in the Brownsville church. He visited New York, and wandered into a store where phonographs were on exhibition and for sale. He became much interested in the instrument, and when he spoke into the mouthpiece of one of the machines, and heard his own words ground out with startling distinctnes, he manifested his astonishment in one prolonged "W-h-e-w!"

Then a happy thought struck him. He usually made a brief address at class-meetings on Friday evenings, and he suddenly conceived the idea of speaking his piece in the phonograph, purchasing the invention, and surprising the brethren and sisters at the next meeting. The idea was carried into execution to some extent. The deacon charged the phonograph with an appropriate address, and while he was bargaining with the owner for the instrument in another part of the room, a rough, bushy-whiskered individual, attired in corduroy pantaloons and a speckled shirt, slipped in unobserved and howled a lot of stuff into the same nachine. The deacon paid for and carried off the phonograph, entirely ignorant of the frightful sentences injected into it by the rough person, who, as subsequently proved, was the intellectual driver of a mule team, and not very choice in his language.

The next day was Friday, and in the evening the deacon marched into the church with his phonograph under his arm, and his face illuminated with a radiant smile.

"My friends," he continued "I have a little surprise for you. I have bought a substitute to speak for me. This little instrument I have here (holding up the phonograph) will now address you briefly on your duty to the church and to suffering humanity."

Then the deacon with a smile extending from ear to ear, gave the crank a couple of turns, and all the color faded from his face as the phonograph thundered forth :

"Get up there, you dashed old cripple! Whoa, Sal! you blind—"

It was awful.

The hair of the brothers in the front pews stood straight up ; a sister in the back part of the house fainted dead away, and the sexton yelled "fire!"

"There—is—some—terrible mistake here!" gasped the deacon, after a few minutes of painful silence. "I must have turned the crank the wrong way—or maybe the linchpin is loose, or the safety valve has lost a screw or something." And perspiring at every pore, the deacon essayed another turn, and the machine yelled :

"Gee, Bill! Where in the dashnation are you going, you son of a mule! Peddi-whoa-a-a! Blast your eyes, can't you—"

The awfulness became more awful.

Three more sisters fainted, several brothers clapped their hats on their heads and their fingers into their ears, and started for the door shouting "police!" and the sexton hallowed "murder," while the deacon wildly clutched the phonograph by the neck and choked it till it was black in the face, and its eyes bulged out an inch.

But 'twas no use. The infernal arrangements of the machine were evidently demoralized, and the cylinder continued to revolve, grinding out the most frightful language ever heard outside of a political ward convention ; and when the audience were saluted with "I'll knock your darned brains out, you long-eared—" they didn't wait for the remainder of the "address," but got as one man—and one woman—and made a dash for the door in a decidedly panic-stricken manner. The deacon, with his face the color of a small-pox flag, threw the phonograph over the pulpit, sprang after it and kicked it down the aisle into the street, where the sexton smashed it with an axe just as the deacon's address began to issue from its mouth-piece, and then placed it under the hydrant and let a stream of water run on it all night.

A committee was appointed on the spot to investigate what appeared to be the deacon's highly improper and painful conduct, and that well meaning person has concluded to move West and grow up with the country.—*Puck*.

The Young Folks.

The Butterfly Chase.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Dear little butterfly,
Lightly you flutter by,
On golden wing.
Drops of sweet honey sip,
Deep from the clover tip,
Then upward spring.

Over the meadow grass
Swift as a fairy pass,
Blithesome and gay ;
Toy with the golden-rod,
Make the blue asters nod—
Off and away !

Butterfly's dozing now,
Golden wings closing now,—
Softly he swings.
Tiny hands hold him fast,
Gently unclose at last,—
Fly, golden wings !

Quick ! for he's after you,
With joyous laughter new,—
Mischievous boy !
Swift you must flutter by ;
He wants you, butterfly,
For a new toy !

Sam's Birthday.

(CONCLUDED.)

Sam, however, was too true a philosopher to cry long over spilt milk—or soup. He reflected that the breakfast he had just taken would prevent his eating any soup, even if he had it. "I isn't injy rubber," said he to himself, with which beautiful and happy thought his frown was superseded by a smile, the smile developed into his normal grin, and he began to chant an appropriate stanza from one of his favorite lyrics :

"O-o-o-old Uncle John !
A-a-a-aunt Sally Goodin !
When yon got enough corn-bread
It's des as good as puddin'."

The excellent Aunt Phillis was much affected by this saint-like conduct on the part of her son. She sighed ; fearing that the boy was too good to live.

"Nemmind, Sam," said she ; "you nedn't tote no wood to day, or fotch no water, or do nuffin. Go down to de quarters, an' git Pumble to play wid you."

Pumble was a boy who in age and tastes corresponded closely with Sam, as he did in complexion. His real name, at full length, was Pumbleshook,—he having been so christened at the instance of Mahs'r George, in honour of the immortal corn-and-seedsman. Off went Sam in search of this boy ; and he found him at the back of the paternal manshion, splitting up pine knots for kindlings. Sam approached him with a very slow, dignified step, and a look of commiseration.

"Hey, nigger!" said Sam, "dat's all you fit for, is to work. Why don't you be a gemman like me, whut ain't a-gwine to do a lick o' work dis whole day?"

"Done runned away, is you?" answered Pumble. "Well, I'll come 'round dis ebenin', when de ole ooman gibs you a dose ob hickory-tea."

"Dat'll do, boy ;" said Sam. "Let you know dis is my buff-day, an' *I* won't work for *no*body, on *my* buff-day. Go ax yo' mammy kin you come up an' play wid me ; tell her *my* mammy sont word for you to come."

Pumble dropped the hatchet, stared ecstatically, and ran in to obtain the desired permission. It was granted. Then this dialogue occurred :

"Be a good chile!"
"Yes'm."
"Don't forgit yo' manners!"
"Nome."
"Member you's *my* son!"
"Yes'm."
"Don't you git into no mischuf!"
"Nome."
"Ef you dose, I'll w'ar you out, sah! Now, go 'long!"

The boys trotted merrily away together. But they had not gone fifty rods before they heard Pumble's mother calling him. They stopped to listen.

"*Take—keer—ob yo'—clo'es!*" she shouted, and then went back into her house.

Under a great pecan-tree, on the lawn before the "big house," Sam and Pumble sat down to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, "to study up whut us gwine to do."

"Shill I tell a story?" asked Pumbie.

"Does you know a good one?" inquired Sam.

"Dis story's gwine to be a new one," said Pumble, "beakase I'll make it up as I go 'long."

"Tell ahead," said Sam.

"Wunst apon a time—" began Pumble.

"What time?" interrupted Sam.

"Shut up! Wunst apon a time. Dey wuz a man. An' dis heah man lighted up he pipe, an' started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along. Right stret along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin along, an' walkin' along. An' *walkin'* along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——."

"Dat man wuz gwine all de way, wusn't he?" interjected the listener.

"He hadn't got *no*way, hardly, yit," said Pumble, "but he kep' a walkin' along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——."

"Stop dat walkin' now," said Sam, "and tell whut he done when he *got froo* walkin'."

"He come to de place he wuz a-gwine to," said Pumble.

"Did he, sho' eneugh?" exclaimed Sam. "I wuz kinder skeered he wudn't nebber git dar at all. Whut did he do nex'?"

"De nex' t'ing he done," said Pumble impressively, "wuz to turn right 'round an' go back whar he come from. An' dat's all!"

As was his invariable custom when deeply impressed, Sam began to sing, Pumble joining in :

"Jay-bird a settin'
On a swingin' limb,
He wink at Stephen,
Stephen wink at him :
Stephen pint de gun,
Pull on de trigger,
Off go de load—
An' down come de nigger."

That old lady of one hundred and five summers is still threading her needle without spectacles, all over the country. It is a burning shame, considering the vast number of her descendants, that none of them have soul enough to purchase the old thing a pair of glasses. She has been threading that needle ever since her counterpart, the hale old gentleman of one hundred and six, started to saw the cord of wood, and that must have been over fifty years ago. It must be extremely injurious to her eyesight, and if she keeps it up long enough she is sure to go blind finally, and won't be able to get the old man's dinner when he shall come in and put away his saw. Will not some of the benevolent editors who watch her career with such touching solicitude send the poor girl a pair of green spectacles? If not, they may find themselves very hard pressed for a lie.

The local politicians are warming into life by the myriad—men we never hear of except on the eve of elections, when one might almost suppose they had the running of the whole mundane machinery.

Oar, Foot, Trigger, Bridle and Cue.

THE OAR.

Courtney, the celebrated Union Springs sculler, is getting ready to go to Australia to pull with Trickett. Before he starts, however, he will pull a match with James Demosey, of Geneva, N.Y., at Geneva, June, 19, for $500 a side.

A despatch from St. John, N.B., says : The backers of Wallace Ross offer to match him to row the winner of the Hanlan and Plaisted race for $1,000 a side, the distance to be three, four, or five miles, and the race to be rowed in neutral waters.

Reagan declines to close a match with Plaisted.

The annual Harlem regatta will be held on June 22.

Frenchy Johnson has accepted Reagan's offer for a match.

The Dolphin Rowing Club is the name of a new organization formed in Boston, Mass., by members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The latest bulletin as to the Cornell-Harvard eight-oared freshman race, says that it will be rowed on Owasco Lake, July 17.

HOOF-PRINTS.

Fifteen Russian trotters are *en route* for the Paris Exposition.

Budd Dobie has become tired of California and intends to break up his stable and return East.

Controller, who recently trotted twenty miles in 58m. 27sec., has been matched to trot twenty-one miles within an hour for a big stake.

Freeport offers $5,000 at a four-days' trotting meeting, to be given from the 28th to the 31st inst.

The great western circuit, including Minneapolis, Dubuque, Kansas City, and Quincy, offers $35,000 in premiums, and begins at the first-named place Sept. 2.

The report generally circulated, to the effect that Ten Broeck has gone amiss in his training, is altogether fabulous. The horse is in good condition., is taking his hard work kindly, and never was in better health.

AT HALF-COCK.

The Thomas Post club is arranging for a glass-ball shot with rifles, *a la* Dr. Carver.

In the recent competition for the Sharp's $250 prize, L. Weber led with the suberb score of 215 at the usual long-range distances.

Creedmore has one thousand one hundred and one thousand two hundred yards ranges, secured through a recent lease of the grounds in the rear of the range.

A three-days' shoot at pigeons and glass-balls will occur under the direction of the Logan gun club, at Logansport, 28th to 30th inst. About $2,000 in prizes will be offered.

In a recent competition in the "shot-gun match" at Boston, W. H. Jackson, of the Massachusetts Rifle Club, made 218 out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, being one of the three best scores on record.

CROSS CUES.

Maurice Daly is looking around for a location to open a public house.

R. E. Wilmarsh, a New York player, was reported dead and buried, a few days ago, but he afterwards turned up and proceeded to explain that the report was without foundation in fact.

The Turf, Field and Farm is indulging in a series of things about crookedness in the late fifteen-ball tournament.

FOOT NOTES

S. A. Smith, of Albany, is reported to have recently walked ten miles in one hour and eighteen minutes.

G. J. Rose recently won a fifteen mile walk for a silver cup and the championship of the city, at Buffalo, N.Y. He made the distance in 2h. 35m. 36sec.

On May 13 a match was made between C. A. Hariman and George Guyon, respectively first and second man in the recent New York rink tournament, to walk thirty-six hours, for the champion belt and $250 a side, Aug. 9 and 10, in Chicago.

George Guyon, of Milwaukee, is backed for a six days' walk against John Ennis.

On Saturday, April 20, at Hull, England, Wm. Gale brought to a close another of his long distance exhibition walks, the task he is alleged to have performed being that of walking a quarter mile in every 7½ minutes from 3:30 P.M., on the previous Monday.

A little 9-year-old daughter of Millie Roze, the pedestrienne, was recently advertised to walk twenty-five mile at the Globe Theatre, Columbus, O., and it is said, actually covered five miles inside of fifty-six minutes, when the officers of the law put a stop to the inhuman exhibition.

'Kettle Drum Gossip"

[Toronto Saturday Night.]

Surely kind readers this should be the warmest greeting I have yet had, for chilly days are disappearing and sunshine makes us forget that even reflections can be cold. In fact, just about noon I cease to look at the linen suits with the same lack of interest I did last week, fancying that some day they may, like Mrs. Thompson's purchases (in the laughable farce) actually prove "handy things to have round a house."

However, let me remove my wrap and then we will commence our weekly review of all the leading topics of the last Kettle Drum. Yes, we discussed every affair worth mentioning ; the Queen's Birthday and her subjects' behaviour. The former subject recalled to my mind that only four other sovereigns of England have reigned as long as she has : namefy, Queen Elizabeth and King Henry, Edward, and George, all three, strange to relate, being the third kings of their name. Also, no reigning sovereign of Europe has sat so long on the throne, if we except two German princes. But even this matter of rejoicing should not have made so many citizens of Toronto get noisy over the fact, and declare "they would not go home till morning," for the Queen being a Christian lady would rather her loyal subjects had drunk her health in a milder form.

On the art easel, surrounded by a wreath of roses, stood a photograph of Her Majesty, beautifully taken, in Philadelphia, from the only oil-painted portrait ever executed of the Queen by an American. The artist's name is Sully, and the joyous young Queen of nineteen summers was so pleased with the pretty picture that she gave him her thanks and autograph which, framed hang under the original study. Victoria's youthful bloom was then her chief charm, and the painter has done full justice to the fair round cheek, coral lips, glossy brown hair, lustrous eyes and dimpled shoulders.

The difference between carriage and promenade bonnets is more marked than formerly ; the latter must be simple and less elaborate. No pearl bandeaux or lace lappets ; these should be reserved for receptions and carriages. But the prettiest hats are the Courtnay and Lowestoff, both admirably adapted for summer journeyings and Toronto wear. The former is *very* chaming and universally becoming. A soft lise veil crossed behind and tied coquettishly under the chin, converts it into a most comfortable yet heart-breaking head gear for boating and pic-nic excursions. The Lowestoff will replace the popular Gainsboro' and is particularly suited to tall picturesque elegantes. The Modjeska's popularity is on the wane, whilst "the English walking hat" is now allowed to look dowdy and be unbecoming.

Our brunette readers will rejoice in my information that amber is very fashionable this season. Lady Rosebury has a suberb set of these ornaments, and has displayed them on several occasions. Gold circles in the hair and Greek fillets of silver are much worn, the hair being gathered on the top of the head and a few short curls escaping from the knot being the most *distingue* mode in Paris.

Standing in the hall, I admired a magnificent tree which somebody told me was a fig; it was over five feet in height and yet was frozen this winter and died down to the roots, so that its growth must have been very rapid. I hear it had sprang up from a dried fig taken by our hostess from a box in the grocer's. She had planted it in ordinary mould, and sprinkled it daily with tepid water. As soon as new figs arrive in Toronto, which will now be in a few weeks, I intend to make the experiment, and advise my readers to do the same, and procure one of the handsomest trees I have ever seen.

I must not overlook mentioning a set of d'oyleys in a work now most popular in England. They were very pretty, and had been sent out for my hostess, already stamped and arranged for execution by the Decorative Needle-work Society, Portman Square, London. They were on fine linen, and simply outlined in blue, the design being the old willow pattern to match her dinner and tea services. Another set was copied from rare old china, she also showed me some tidies from the same institution, to be worked in crewel, they were favourite nursery rhymes illustrated, some being very grotesque—Simple Simon meeting the pie-man being most laughable, and enough to disperse all moody thoughts and dismal "blues" from the one whose chair was decorated with such a mirth provoking article.

My hostess showed me several beautiful pretty azaleas for the decoration of her dinner table ; she had produced a good effect by wrapping the pots in very white cotton wool, tying it on with fine white thread ; she had laid small pressed ferns with their heads downward, and the thread passing over them was not discernable. She had touched them with gum and sprinkled on a little diamond dust ; the result was excellent.

On a side table I observed some works in French, and as it is pretty difficult to obtain pretty and nice books in this language, I will mention their names, "La Petite Duchesse," by Lenaide Fleuriot, "Scence d' Histoire et de Famille," by Madame Guizot, and "L'Oncle Placide," by Ginardin, all suitable for young ladies to peruse. Indeed, kind readers, I never felt more reluctant to leave our Kettle Drum than I did this afternoon, still I knew you would blame me at least I hoped you would, if my column remained like Viola's life, "a blank," and I saw every chance of its being so. Consequently I left much unseen, and bidding all hastily adieu, thus hurriedly commit my words to paper, and my manuscript to press. Good night.

J. S.

Cookery's Vernacular.

A Vocabulary of the Most Commonly Used Cooking Phrases.

(*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the Christian Union.*)

Many of the French terms, now so extensively employed in some of our most valuable household manuals, are often a hindrance and a source of discouragement to young and inexperienced housekeepers, and, indeed, to older ladies not familiar with foreign words.

The following glossary will be of little service if not preserved for future use : and with it also should be collected whatever receipes or directions may have been found serviceable. If these are cut out and pasted into a home-made receipe book, they will be found of lasting service :

A VOCABULARY OF COOKING PHRASES.

ALLEMANDE—The white sauce known as veloute, thickened with cream and whites of eggs, and seasoned with nutmeg and lemon juice.

ANGELICA—A plant preserved in syrup, used to ornament pastry, tarts, &c.

ASPIC JELLY — Transparent jelly made from meat, and used to garnish fancy dishes

AU-BLEU—Fish dressed so as to give a bluish tint.

BLAIN-MARIE—A loose bottomed vessel or cistern to be put on a hot hearth, or stove, and partly filled with hot water, to keep sauces, soups, etc., up to scalding heat without burning or reducing the quantity.

BARD—Thin slice of fat bacon to cover any meat or game where "larding" is not preferred.

BECHAMEL—A French white sauce made from ham, veal, onions and a variety of seasoning ; similar to veloute, save that the latter is made of poultry, etc., instead of meats.

BEIGNET—A fritter of any kind, fruit, vegetables, meats, etc., that is dripped in butter or egg and fried.

BLANC—A white broth in which to boil poultry, lamb, etc., to make them look white.

BLANQUETTES—Thin slices of white meat warmed up in white sauce, and thickened with yolks of eggs.

BOUDIN—An *entree* or side dish prepared with any kind of *quenelle* or force meat.

BOUILI—Beef long stewed and served with sauce.

BOUILLON— The common soup or broth of France.

BRAISE—A mode of stewing in a close-covered vessel, so that none of the flavor can evaporate.

BISQUE—A shell-fish soup.

BROICHE—A spongy cake somewhat like Bath buns.

COMPOTE—Fruit stewed and served with syrup, or stewed pigeons and small birds.

CARAMEL—Sugar boiled until the water all evaporates, and then used for ornamental purposes.

CASSEROLE—A stew-pan also a rice crust molded in form of a pie, baked, and filled with *puree* or mince of game, or a *blanquette* of white meat.

COULIS or CULLIS—Rich, brown gravy, made from stewing ham and veal a long time. Used to color, thicken, and flavor soups and sauces.

CROQUANTES—A bright colored mixture of fruit and boiled sugar.

CROQUETTES—Finely flavored minces of meat, fish, fowl, etc., made into into plain or fanciful shapes and fried.

ENTREE—Side dish for first course.

ENTREMET—A corner dish for second course.

ESCALOPES—Collops or round slices of meat.

ESPAGNOL—A brown sauce used as the foundation of many other sauces.

FAGGOT—A tiny bunch of parsley, thyme, and a bay leaf tied together.

FONCER—Ham, veal, or bacon laid at the bottom of a bake or saucepan, under meat.

GALETTE—A peculiar kind of French cake.

GODIVEAUX—Various kinds of forcemeats.

JARDINIERE—A mode of stewing vegetables in their sauce.

MAIGRE—Dishes for fast days, made without meat.

MARINADE— A liquor to boil or stew fish or meat in.

MATELOTE—A rich stew made of fish and wine.

POELE—A kind of broth in which to boil fowls. Much used in nice French cooking.

POT-AU-FEU—The stock pot.

PROFETEROLLES—A kind of pastry creamed inside.

PUREE—A thick soup.

QUENELLES and GODIVEAUX — Different kinds of force meat balls.

RAGOUT—A very rich sauce, or made dish.

ROUX—A thickening made of butter and flour.

SALMIS—Game, hashed when half roasted. Hash differs from *salmes* by being made of well done meat.

SAUCE PIQUANTE—An acid sauce.

SAUTE—Fried ; sometimes the frying pan is called *saute*.

SEASONING—Three bay leaves, six cloves, a blade of mace, pepper and salt.

SOUFFLE—The very lightest of puddings. A "puffed up" pudding is the true meaning of the word.

TOURTE—A kind of tart baked in shallow tins.

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TIME OF ABSENCE ONLY 33 DAYS.

The ticket will provide facilities for those who wish to go to Switzerland or Italy at $100 and $200 additional. The steamship portion of the ticket is good to return any time this year. The steamer has good berths for 200 passengers, and only that number will be taken, The best berths will be given to the earliest depositors. Fifty Dollar deposits required when name is registered.

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