

(From the Evening Star.)



#### A DELICATE PROBLEM.

HOW TO PICK OFF MOWAT WITHOUT HITTING THOMPSON.

#### A MUSICAL SECRET.

It is solely the fault of my female relatives that I am a musician. They didn't keep me hammer-and-tongs at the piano, two hours a day, for eight or nine years of my life, for nothing. Where muscle tells and accurate fingering is required, I feel safe.

If you want to hear something that is affecting, set me playing "Tam O'Shanter," you'll soon feel creepy, and with no effort of imagination fancy yourself being tormented by the same witchies as haunted that drouthy rider. I interpret the composer's idea in a very realistic manner, in that particular piece of music. I can truthfully say, I have never yet found any one who would remain perfectly quiet while I executed it, it plays upon the nerves so.

I've performed at quite a number of amateur concerts, and had puffs in the local papers. It is pretty generally known that a good deal of money has been spent on my musical education, and I'm called a "fine pianist."

I don't try to repudiate the name, the world is full of performers that it exactly describes. I never wished for the accomplishment, it was forced upon me, and I simply forced it. Don't go away with the idea that I can only thump. My teachers took great care to show me the value of *piano*, *pianissimo*, etc., it was not their fault that my soul does not exist in my finger tips. I've heard some people say they "liked to hear me play." This is not as surprising as it seems. Thousands prefer noise to silence. A crow's caw, and a stone-cutter's chisel produce sounds that are not unpleasant, if distant enough; that's what my music does; many people's ears are no more than sounding-boards; I can play to them, and cover the pauses in conversation at parties. Will anyone say that is not sufficient reward for years of hard work on my part, and the shattered nerves of those whose fate it was to listen to my practising? I toiled not in vain, I passed from scales to symphonies, from a trembling "Maiden's Prayer," to Mozart and Beethoven. I play not

unharmoniously, but my soul won't go out to the wary keys, so I hide the fact as best I may. I have one weapon that puts to silence disapproval of my piano-forte efforts. I look the critic in the eye, and sadly utter a sentence that no doubt you are familiar with, it is on many lips to the confusion of numerous ears—

"You don't care for classical music; I am sorry, but it is a thing one has to be educated up to."

You don't think I'm sorry? It is quite true, I was "educated up" myself.

J. M. Loes.

#### BLARNEY AND FRAUD.

THE twenty-five thousand odd World's Fair visitors who paid 10 cents apiece for the privilege of kissing the "Blarney Stone" in the wall of the castle at the Irish Village will be interested in an official statement just made by Deputy Collector J. E. Ralph, who was in charge of the Midway Plaisance. It is to the effect that the stone in question was dug from the street at the corner of 57th and Portland Avenue, Chicago, by Mr. Riley, a local contractor, assisted by one Charles Thompson, on a certain dark night in June, '93. It was subsequently "faked" through certain custom-house formalities, and palmed off on an unsuspecting public as the "genuine article, begorra!" Those of our readers who were among the devoted 25,000 will of course feel like kicking themselves more heartily than they kissed the stone, and our good Lady Aberdeen will be dreadfully shocked; but for the consolation of all concerned we would suggest that, when you come to think of it, the osculation did the osculators just as much good as it would have done in any case.

#### "CHEAP LABOR."

TALKING about cheap labor," said the Professor, "what do you think of getting more than a hundred of the brainiest men in the world to work like niggers for about four years for twelve dollars,—I don't mean twelve dollars apiece, mind you, but a total sum of that amount?" "What do I think?" replied Grimshaw, "I think your studies on the labor question have turned your head. The idea is absurd, crazy, preposterous, and you know it!" "Keep calm, my friend," replied the Professor, showing a marked example of calmness himself. "It has literally been done. I got the work and paid the money myself, and I have only omitted to mention that the incidental labor of several hundreds of others was thrown in,—I didn't want to startle you too much." Grimshaw looked concerned. He thought he saw a peculiar glitter in the Professor's eye, and mentally ejaculated "poor fellow." However, to bring matters to a crisis, he said, "Well, Professor, perhaps you wouldn't mind mentioning the nature of the 'work' these highly paid laborers did for you." "Certainly," replied the Professor cheerfully, as he stepped into his study. In a moment he returned with a volume of the Standard Dictionary published by Funk & Wagnalls. "There's the work," said he. And Grimshaw acknowledged himself knocked out.

#### GRIP'S QUIPS.



INTELLIGENCE OF INANIMATE THINGS—Niagara knows enough to take a tumble to itself.

A PIECE OFFERING.—Five cents for the collection plate.

FOR those who are troubled with "that full-feeling" after eating we recommend day board at Mrs. Skimpey's boarding house.

A FIREMAN who undertook to fight a fire the other night was severely licked by the flames.