Listowel Standard.

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SCIENCE APPLIED.

Mr. Edison is undoubtedlya good, steady inventor, who attends diligently to his business, and who will doubtless find out in due time that an honest and industrious inventor always brings to somebody else a large reward. But Mr. Edison is not the only inventor, and good as some hundred of h s more recent inventions unquestionably are, he has invented nothing that for ingenuity and reat practical usefulness can be ranked above Mr. Abrahamson's improved Æolian business harp.

Mr. Isaac Abrahamson is an ent rprising second-hand, merchant of Avenue B. Of course, it is not meant that he is himself a second-hand, or even a ready-made man. It is his business which is summarily described under the term "second-hand" He does not confine himself to dealing in second-hand clothing or second-hand boots or carpets, but he buys and sells every conceivable second-hand object. He is shrewd, honest, and tireless, and he ought long ago to have made a comfortable fortune.

The universal business depression has, of course, affected Mr. Abrahamson s business. The boys of the neighborhood have, during the last two or three years, failed to buy shirts, rolls of carpet, lead pipe, and the various other articles which ladies constantly drop out of their pockets, and which are found on the sidewalk by sharp b ys and brought to second-hand merchants, so that the owners may be sure to recover them. There has also been a serious falling off in the number of Mr. Abrahamson's customers. The public has not been able to spend much money and has been compelled to abstain from lavishly buying second-hand boots, books, and crockery. Mr. Abrahamson gradually perceived that he must reduce his prices if he wished to keep his customers, and that in order to do this he must procure his stock at a lower rate than he had hitherto been able to do. He thereupon devoted one entire Saturday to grappling with this subject, and the result was the invention of Abrahamson's improved Æolian business harp.

Among the most unpardonable of all musical instrume ts is the Æolian harp. Upon this instrument the wind plays its crude and formless melodies. Its tones closely resemble those of a dispairing cat, though each note may be prolonged for hours. No cat has wind enough to sustain one note for over three consecutive minutes, but the Æolian harp has the wind of a whole hemisphere to operate it, and can start out at seven o'clock P. M. with one particular note, and never take a rest until the wind dies out, no matter when that may be. Those who are familiar with both the cat and the Æolian harp will readily admit that, could the two be combined so that eith r the cat would possess the unlimited power of prolonging its notes which belongs to the harp, or the latter would have the flexibility and variety of tones which belong to the former, the result would be to the last degree maddening and insupportable.

To make precisely this combination was the task to which Mr. Abrahamson applied himself. He added to the Æolian harp a series of wheels which were designed to be turned by the wind. Each wheel was connected with one of the strings of the harp, and was so arranged that after a certain number of revolutions it would suddenly apply a sort of railroad brake to the string and temporarily silence it. These wheels, moreover, were so contrived as to modulate the sound of the harp, and the effect of their rapid revolution was to produce a fine crescendo. The device was certainly an extremely clever one, and it proved perfectly successful. When exposed to a soft gentle breeze, Mr. Abrahamson's improved Æolian business harp would imitate a series of plaintive cats with the most astounding fidelity, and when a brisk wind rapidly turned the wheels, the listener would fancy that at least two dozen distinct cats were trying to tear each other all to pieces, and were suffering intense agonies.

It so happens that Mr. Abrahamson residesin one of a row of houses in the rear of which is a vacant piece of ground lately reclaimed from the East River. The first night after he had brought his improved harp to perfection, he secretly placed it on a back fence and sat down a short distance from it on a large upturned basket. There was a moderate breeze blowing, and the harp behaved magnificently. In ten minutes time there was not a person in the whole row of buildings who did not imagine that the fence was full of the most depraved cats in the city. The shower of missiles soon began, and was kept up with great regularity for nearly an hour. Mr. Abrahamson was out of the range of pistol-bullets, and he watched with placid joy the various articles that came hurling through the air and fell in o the vacant lot. At the end of an hour he removed and muffled the harp and proceeded to pick up the missles. Among them were bo ts and shoes in various stages of wear; nearly half a cord of wood; a bushel—or say a bushel and a quarter—of lumps of coal; a coal-scuttle in moderately good condition; five hair brushes; three soap-dishes, and a quantity of miscellaneous crockery: besides several books and an immense quantity of small articles. The total value of these he appraised at $5 75, and as his improved harp had cost him only $4 37, it had certainly rendered him a fair profit. Since then there has been scarcely an evening on which he has not made a good collection of second-hand articles, and the low price at which he is able to sell these has made his store immensely popular, and placed him on the high road to wealth. It should be mentioned that the real cats of Avenue B have totally deserted the neighborhood, the business harp having evidently impressed them with a belief that the place is infested with feline ghosts of the most abandoned character.

Juvenile Literature.

The press has taken up the subject of the quality of literature provided for young people, and it has not done so one day too soon. The larger papers are too much occupied with politics to pay great attention to morals and social questions—a very short-sighted policy, it must be evident, for the latter should certainly have precedence. The political corruption which the press of all shades of opinion professes to expose and denounce comes from a social corruption which is not even reafeared to, except casually and when politics are stagnant. This is about as sensible as to spend time and money in filtering, for sanitary reasons, the water of a stream issning from a marsh, which the same expenditure would far to drain.

However, we must be thankful for any diversion of the energies of the press from the consideration and correction of the po itical to that of the moral m ladies of the community—for the rare occasions when it looks on the community as a society and not merely a state. One of the gravest of existing social maladies is the worthless and worse than worthless litrrature provided for the young and eagerly devoured by them. The evil in juvenile literature has an enormous preponderance in popularity and influence over the good. In ability they are about on a par; it is a case of Namby-pamby, goody-goody, wishy-washy, *versus* slop, slang, lust. Neither one nor other gives a just view of life, but the latter gives an exc ting, picturesque and flattering representation of it, while the former's is soporific and common-place. We do not feel satisfied of the efficacy of any of any of the correctives so far recommended. We have no faith in legislation in regard to the evil; we have almost as little in parent al vigilance.

"Overcome evil with good" is, in a sense somewhat different form the orignal meaning of the direction, the best if not the only remedy. Give young people good books, —good not only in tone but in matter and style, suited to their tastes, and they will read them with as great avid ty as that with which they devour "penny dreadfuls," "dime novels" and similar garbage. The ablest pens would find worthy employment here. It is sad that a work so important and requiring such a rare combination of talents should have been left to the feeblest, however good their intentions might be.

An Honourable Tramp.

A seedy looking tramp called at Horton's Hotel at Jericho, L. I., last Christmas, registered his name and was warmed and fed. The host was amused when he asked for his bill, protesting that he might have money some time, and if he did he would certainly pay. Mr. Horton was surprised a few days ago by the reception of the following note, dated at Plainfield, N. J., and enclosing a twenty-five cent stamp:—

MR. HORTON—DEAR SIR—As true as living, this is the first twenty-five cent bill I have been able to get a hold of since I owed it to you last Christmas. Please excuse my neglect and accept an apology. You will find my name on your book.

F. A. PFEIFFER,
forty-five years old.

Mary has a little lamb; and it astonished her the other day by having twins. Query: Is Mary a grandmother?

People predict bad crops; barbers give them.

MY HUSBAND.

Who in my youth said, "Dearest, come,
Forsake your precious childhood's home,
And with me o'er the wide world roam?"
My husband.

Who gently led me in the way,
And caused my heart to bless the day
That took me from my home away?—
My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm
Would fold round me his loving arm,
To shield me from impending harm?
My husband.

Who at first token of distress,
Exhibited by restless sense,
Oft soothes me by his fond caress?—
My husband.

Who, if long wakeful nights there be,
When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me,
Will *keep awake* for company?—
My husband.

Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung,
Act more more round my cares among,
If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?"
My husband.

When, if in haste, to mar our bliss
Unkind thoughtless said amiss,
Who asks forgiveness with a kiss?—
My husband.

Who through all changing scenes of life
The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife,
Would call me naught but "precious wife?"
My husband.

When on the couch of suffering laid,
With throbbing pulse and aching head,
Who anxious watches round my bed?—
My husband.

Who, when of kindred dear bereft,
And my sad heart in twain is cleft,
Proves that my *dearest friend* is left?—
My husband.

When overwhelmed with grief and fears,
And through the gloom no star appears,
Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears?—
My husband.

Who, when I've done with all below,
And death's sack shall wound me flow,
Would fain with me o'er Jordan go?—
My husband.

MY WIFE.

IN RESPONSE TO HER STANZAS, "MY HUSBAND."

What maiden, in the days of yore,
Smote me with mos tremendous power,
Inflicting pangs unknown before?—
My wife.

Who pitied me in my distress,
And, by one simple little "Yes,"
Changed all my woe to blessedness?
My wife.

Who did, with look almost divine,
My soul in words of love entwine,
And gave her priceless heart for mine?
My wife.

Who to the altar went with me,
Our hearts aglow with ecstasy,
And my good angel vowed to be?—
My wife.

Who, since I to the altar led
My blushing bride, and vows were said,
Has naught but blessings found me wed?—
My wife.

Who in our pilgrimage below
Has cheered with smiles the passage through,
And ever faithful proved and true?—
My wife.

When pressed with sorrow, toil, and cares,
Who all my grief and trouble shares,
And half at least my burden bears?—
My wife.

When tempests rage and billows roll,
And human passions spurn control,
Who calms the tumult of my soul?—
My wife.

When storms are hushed and skies are bright,
And shadows dark are turned to light,
Who joys with me in sweet delight?
My wife.

Who was in youth the admired of men,
But now, at three score years and ten,
Is far more beautiful than then?
My wife.

As down life's rugged steep I go,
With careful, trembling steps and slow,
Who clings to me and helps me through?—
My wife.

Who, when my toilsome days are o'er,
Will meet me on blest Canaan's shore,
And sing with me for evermore?
My wife?

—*Harper's Magazine.*

COUNT WALDEMAR.

CHAPTER I.

It was in Homburg that I first met him. I had finished the noonday breakfast which I always take at the Cursaal, and was sitting on the terrace in front of that establishment, smoking the one morning cigar allowed me by my doctor, and contemplating with indolent satisfaction the sunny gardens before me and all the soft lights and shades that lay upon the distant woods, when he came clattering down the steps of the restaurant in his light blue hussar uniform, his Hessian boots, and flat forage-cap, and pulling up suddenly within a few paces of my chair, began to slap his breast and rummage in his scanty coat-tail pockets in search of something which was evidently not to be found there. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with clear blue eyes and a fair moustache, a young fellow of a type by no means common in the German army; but something—I don t know whether it was his size, or his go d looks, or a prophetic instinct—attracted my attention to him at once. A slight cloud overspread his features as he realized the futility of his search, and for a moment or two he seemed uncertain what to do next; but presently, becoming aware of the scrutiny of an elderly Englishman of benevolent aspect, he cheered up, as with a sudden inspiration, and approaching me in a couple of strides, raised his right hand to the side of his cap, bowed very low from the waist, and gratified me with one of the brightest smiles I had ever seen upon a human countenance.

"I have done a most stupid thing," said he, speaking with a strong German accent, but without hesitation or a shadow of embarrassment; "I have left my *Cigarrenetti* at the hotel. Dare I give myself the liberty to ask if you have a cigar to spare in your pocket?"

Of course I handed him my case without further a do. I suppose that no man living could be churl enough to refuse such a request; but I was amused by it nevertheless; for it was one that an Englishman would have died rather than address to a total stranger; and indeed the article required was to be purchased close at hand in the Cursaal restaurant, where my esteemed friend M. Chevet keeps some of the choicest brands.

The young officer, however, had his reasons for not choosing to avail himself of this convenient proximity, and disclosed them with engaging candor, after taking a light from me.

"Now this is a very goot cigar," he was kind enough to remark, seating himself astride upon an iron chair. "If I should buy such a one by Chevet, I would have to pay a mark for him. One mark—yes, that is what they have asked me last night—it is unheard of! For you Englishmen, who pay without bargaining, that is very well; but we Germans "(*Chairmans* he pronounced it) "are not such fool—I mean, we know better what is the fair price."

His ease of manner was simply inimitable; I have never seen anything like it before or since. It arose, I imagine, from that unsuspecting good will towards the world at large which makes children who are not afflicted with shyness such charming companions. I was delighted with him. He chatted away so pleasantly and amusingly for a quarter of an hour that I was quite sorry when a formidable posse of comrades in arms—dragoons, uhlans, hussars, and I know not what other specimens of the imperial German cavalry—came clanking along the terrace, and carried him off with them. Before this he had given me his card, which bore the name of Count Waldemar von Ravensburg, and informed me that he held a lieutenant's commission in a Wurtemburg hussar regiment, and was in Homburg for the purpose of riding in some proposed military steeplechases; and had strongly advised me to dine that evening at the Hessicher Hof, where he said I should get good German fare, greatly superior to the spurious French cooking of the more fashionable hotels.

"I shall be dining there myself, mit all my friends," he added, by way of final inducement.

Under ordinary circumstances such a consideration as this would suffice of itself to drive me elsewhere in search of my evening sustenance; for sincerely as I appreciate the many amiable social qualities of German officers, I know what these gentlemen are when a number of them get together, and I am fond neither of being deafened nor of having to bellow like a skipper in a gale of wind, in order to make my own remarks audible. But I had taken such a fancy to Count Waldemar, he struck me as so genial and original a type of fellow-creature, that I was loth to lose any opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with him; and accordingly the dinner-hour (half-past five) found me at the door of the little Hessicher Hof.

A most cacophonous din burst upon my ears, as I entered, from an assemblage of spurred and uniformed warriors, who, as the manner of their nation is, were exchanging civilities in accents suggestive of furious indignation. My young hussar detached himself from the group, greeted me with the warmth of an old friend, and presented me to each of his comrades in turn.

"Meester Cleefford—Herr von Blechow, Herr von Rochow, Herr von Katsow, Herr von Wallwitz, Herr von, Zedlitz, Herr von Zeschwitz," etc., etc. Perhaps these were not their names: indeed, now I come to think of it, I believe they ran into considerably more syllables; but it does not much matter. They were all very polite, and indeed were as pleasant and jovial a set of youths as one could wish to meet. During dinner the conversation turned chiefly upon races and steeplechases, giving opportunity for many thrilling anecdotes, and with our dessert we had some sweet champagne, over which we grew very merry and noisy.

When it was all over, Count Waldemar hooked his arm within mine, and in this familiar fashion we strolled out into the street, where, (for it was early in August) broad daylight still reigned, and slant sunrays from the west streamed upon the long row of yellow droschkes with their patient, necked horses, upon the shiny hats of the drivers, upon the trim orange-trees in their green tubs, and upon the distinguished visitors—English almost exclusively—who, by twos and threes, were slowly wending their way towards the terrace, where the band would soon strike up. Gusts of cool, fresh air were sweeping down from the blue Taurus range, setting the little flags upon the Cursaal fluttering, and banging a shutter here and there. Imagine to yourself a stalwart young hussar, moving with that modicum of swagger from which no cavalry man that ever lived is quite free, and which very tight clothes render to some extent compulsory upon their wearer; imagine, arm-in-arm with him, an Englishman of something over middle age, clad in a grey frock-coat and trousers and tall white hat, and you will have before your mind's eye a picture which, I grieve to think, is not wholly wanting in elements of the ridiculous.

I have reason to think that the droschke-drivers saw it in this light; I fear that my compatriots did; I know that I did myself. But I am perfectly sure that the excellent Count Waldemar was not only free from the faintest suspicion that our appearance could provoke a smile, but that he never could have been brought to understand in the least why it should do so. No one could laugh louder or longer than he, upon occasion; but then he must have something to laugh at; and it would have been impossible to convince him that there could be any joke in the simple fact of two gentlemen walking together arm-in-arm. He was in all things the most completely unselfconscious mortal I have ever known.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess—or rather I *am* ashamed, but do confess—that the notion of being promenaded up and down the terrace, under the eyes of all my friends and acquaintances, by this long-legged and rather loud-voiced young officer alarmed me so much that I was fain to insist upon leading him down one of the more secluded alleys. He did not want to walk that way; he said we would neither hear the music nor see the people there; but I pointed out to him that it would be impossible for me to give my whole attention to his conversation in a crowd; and so, being a most good-natured soul, he yielded, and went on chatting about Stuttgart, and his regiment, and his brother officers, and his horses, in all of which subjects he seemed to think that I must be greatly interested. And so indeed I was—or, at least, in his treatment of them.

Just as we reached the point where the Untere Promenade crosses the Cursaal gardens we were met by a party of English people—an old lady, three young ones, and a couple of men carrying shawls—who came up the steps talking and laughing, and passed on towards the band. I should not have noticed them particularly had not a sudden convulsive jerk of my captive arm made me aware that my companion had some reason for feeling moved by their vicinity. The manner in which he paused, and, gazing after them, profoundly sighed, would have sufficiently revealed the nature of that reason, even if he had intended to conceal it—which of course he did not.

"Now I shall tell you something," said he, with an air of confidential candor all his own. "The lady you see there—the tall one walking alone—it is she whom I mean to make my wife."

"Indeed?" I answered. "I am sorry, then, that I did not look at her more closely. May I venture to ask her name?"

"Ah, diess I cannot just tell you. But it begins mit an S—that I know; for I have seen the monogram upon her fan."

"Your love affair is not very far advanced then?"

"Advanced? no; it is not yet commenced; but that is no matter. I have three whole days more to spend here, and in three days one may do much. Oh, and we do not see one another now for the first time. Last summer we have met in a bath."

"In a bath?" I echoed, rather startled.

"You do not say bath—no? Well, in a watering place. It is true that I have not been able to make myself acquaint mit her; but my eyes have spoken. I think she has perhaps understood. And now I was thinking at dinner that *you* might present me."

"To the lady? My dear sir, I should like nothing better; but unfortunately I never saw her before in my life."

"*Tertsteht sich!* That is no difficulty. You are English—she is English; you have friends here who will certainly know her."

I interrupted my impetuous companion by observing that he was evidently under some misapprehension as to the social relations of the English abroad. Even upon the doubtful supposition that the unknown lady and I had some common acquaintance in Hemburg, it by no means followed that I could venture to request an introduction to her for myself—still less for a friend.

"Besides," I added, "all sorts of people travel nowadays; this lady may be a duchess, or she may be a tailor's daughter. In the first case, you see, she would probably decline to have anything to say to me; and in the second I should not particularly care about knowing her."

He appeared to be rather surprised than shaken by these objections. For a few seconds he contemplated me wonderingly, stroking his moustache and murmuring, "What a pitee!" but his self-confidence was not long in returning to him.

"Never mind!" he resumed cheerfully; "we must make the attempt—that can do no harm. You will try to make yourself presented to her to-night, and if you succeed, you will present me to-morrow morning."

I don't think it struck him for a moment that there was anything cool in this proposal. He uttered it in the most matter-of-fact tone in the world, patted me encouragingly on the shoulder, and then, remarking that Herr von Wallwitz would be waiting for him, said he would leave me to accomplish my mission. I afterwards learned that he was in the habit of issuing his behests in this calm manner, and that, somehow or other, they were generally obeyed.

Whether it was owing to the power of Count Waldemar's reliance upon human friendliness, or to the pliancy of my own nature, which has led me into many a scrape, first and last, I can't say: but certain it is that in this instance he gained his point. For, as chance would have it, the very first person whom I met on returning to the terrace, where the lamps were now lighted, and where the fashionable world of Homburg was gossiping, flirting, and promenading to the accompaniment of an excellent band, was little Tommy Tufnell, who knows, or says he knows, everybody from the Prince of Wales downwards; and as, immediately after this encounter, I happened to espy the fair unknown sitting in the midst of a circle of friends, I took the opportunity to ask my companion whether he could give me any information about her, at the same time expressing a careless wish to make her acquaintance. Tommy, of course, knew her very well—most intimately, in fact—and had known her people all his life. "She was a Miss Grey—Warwickshire Greys, you know," he observed explanatorily. He further informed me that she was a widow, and that her present name was Seymour. "Married poor Jack Seymour of the 25th Hussars," he continued. "You remember Dick, of course. No? Ah, well, he was a baddish lot, poor fellow. Broke his neck out hunting—just as well perhaps. Had D. T. twice, and was not over and above good to his wife, I'm afraid. She is here with her aunt, Mrs. Grey, and her cousins—charming people. Come along, and I'll introduce you. Upon my word, Clifford, you old fellows, when you get away from your wives, and come abroad on the loose, there's no end to the games you're up to! All safe with me, you know—Shan't say anything about it to Mrs. Clifford," adds the facetious Tommy, wagging his head and nudging me after a favorite fashion of his, which I am quite sure he would abandon if he only knew how very much I dislike it.

Presently I was making my best bow before the little group of ladies above mentioned. The two young men whom I had seen entering the gardens with them stopped talking and stared, evidently wondering what the deuce this tiresome old fogey wanted; but as I showed no disposition to interrupt their respective flirtations with the pretty Miss Greys, they soon began to whisper again, and ceased to notice me. Tufnell obligingly engaged Mrs. Grey, a stout, good-humored looking person, in an animated discussion as to the effect of the Homburg waters upon suppressed gout; and Mrs. Seymour withdrew a corner of her dress from a chair which stood conveniently at her side. I availed myself of the tacit permission thus conveyed, and dropped into it, prothing by the light of an adjacent gas-lamp to survey at my leisure the lady who had made so facile a conquest of Count Waldemar.

I saw a slim but well-proportioned figure, clad in a handsome silk dress, the cut of which, even to my masculine eyes, betrayed the hand of an artist—a face neither beautiful nor plain, surmounted by a profusion of little fair curls, arranged, according to the fashion of the day, so as to conceal the forehead, a picturesque hat, a pair of diamond solitaire ear-rings—upon the whole a person completely unremarkable, but at the same time (to use an adjective I abhor but cannot replace), decidedly stylish. Why any one should have fallen in love with Mrs. Seymour at first sight it was not very easy to understand, though taking her altogether, she made a favorable impression upon me. She had a frank, pleasant smile, and clear grey eyes, and talked away agreeably enough in an easy, conventional way, about Homburg, about the recent Goodwood meeting, the latest scandal, and what not. In short, she was so exactly like everybody else, that I had no hesitation in crediting her with just so much of good nature, common sense, selfishness, and solid principle as are required to make up a well-balanced character, nor any doubt but that she would be quite the last woman in the world to marry a scatter-brained German hussar after a courtship of three days' duration.

She bowed or nodded to so many of the passers-by, during the time that I was sitting beside her, that I formed a shrewd guess that she had the many obstacles which seemed to lie in the path of my audacious young friend, that most formidable one of wealth was not likely to be wanting. Later in the evening I again came across Tommy Tufnell at the Cursaal, whither I had repaired to have a look at the young people dancing before I went to bed, and I took occasion to question him upon this point.

"Oh, yes, she is very well off," answered Tommy carelessly; "that is, comfortably off, you know—three or four thousand a year or something like that, I should think, and no children. It would have been more if poor Seymour had gone over to the majority a little sooner. He always lived beyond his income, and latterly he lost rather heavily on the turf."

Mentally summing up, as I walked home, all that I had heard and seen of Mrs. Seymour, I came to the conclusion that to introduce Count Waldemar to her would be to cause disappointment to him, annoyance to her, inconvenience to myself; and I therefore determined that I would do nothing of the sort. Had I been a little better acquainted with the young Wurtemberger, I would not have made this resolution; for I subsequently discovered him to be one of those people who invariably get their own way, whereas I, for some occult reason, seldom or never get mine.

When I went down to the springs at half-past seven the next morning, in obedience to the rule laid down for me by my doctor, whom should I see approaching the Elisabethen-Brunnen but Mrs. Seymour. She looked very nice and fresh in her cotton dress, and saluted me with a friendly nod and smile. Side by side we drained our bitter draught, and then, as neither of us was provided with a companion, we could not well help turning away to go through the prescribed twenty minutes of moderate exercise together. We took our way down the shady avenue so familiar to Englishmen, while the morning sun streamed through the leaves over our heads, throwing long, blue shadows from the trees across the dewy grass of the park, while the throng of water-drinkers tramped steadily up and down, and the bandsmen in their kiosk scraped and tooted away as merrily as if they really enjoyed making melody at that unearthly hour. Half London met or passed us as we walked. Peers and tradesmen, judges and generals, members of Parliament and members of the Stock Exchange, they plodded on—they, their wives, and their daughters—a queer miscellany of Anglo-Saxon samples, without a single German, barring H. S. H. the Grand Duke of Halbacher, among them. I had just pointed out this remarkable circumstance to my fair companion when a sudden grip of my left arm above the elbow warned me that I had spoken too hastily. Here, sure enough, was a German, and one who had no notion of being ignored either.

"Goot morning!" he cried cheerily. "Now this is a very fortunate thing that I just happen to meet you."

I was not quite so sure of that; but I answered him civilly, and he hooked himself on to me without any ceremony. I resumed my conversation with Mrs. Seymour, and after we had progressed a few yards, Count Waldemar began poking me with his elbow in a way which I understood, but did not choose to notice. Finding these gentle hints of no avail, he followed them up presently by such a tremendous blow in my ribs that I positively staggered under it. I looked up at him reproachfully, shook my head, and tried to form with my lips the words, "Can't be done. Will explain afterwards." But it was no good.

"I hear not one wort von wass you say," was his response, delivered in stentorian tones; after which he continued, without lowering his voice in the least, "Will you not do me the honour to present me to madame?"

What could I do?

"Mrs. Seymour, will you allow me to introduce Count Waldemar von Ravensburg," says I, perhaps a little sulkily; and I noticed that a mischievous gleam of amusement swept across the lady's face as she returned Count Waldemar's profound bow. No doubt he had been making eyes at her with that thoroughness of purpose which distinguished his every deed.

Now that I had acted contrary to my better judgment, and done what was required of me, it obviously remained only that I should take myself off; and indeed it was time for my second glass of water. So, when we had reached the Elisabethen-Brunnen, whither we all three returned together, I judiciously caught sight of a friend, and slipped away.

While listening to the plaints of old Mr. Porteous upon the subject of his gouty toes, I kept an eye upon the count and the widow, who were sustaining an animated dialogue on the further side of the spring. I saw her finish her potion; I saw him seize the empty glass, hand it to the attendant maiden to be refilled, and drain it with a gusto for which the inherent properties of the water were hardly sufficient to account; I saw him repeat this foolhardy action twice—thrice, and then walk away at Mrs. Seymour's side as coolly as you please. I believe he would have pocketed the tumbler, like Sir Walter Scott, had not his uniform been far too tight to permit of such a proceeding.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Theatrical.

Fanny Ellsler is 84.

Parisian theatres are being scantily patronized.

George Holland was hissed and groaned in London.

Miss Gabrielle Du Sauld is going starring next season.

Modjska is going to play Peg Woffington next season.

Lawrence Barrett opened to an $1,800 house, at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

Vining Bowers is reported very ill in New York.

Rose Coghlan will take a trip to Europe this summer.

Kate Claxton and her husband will spend the summer on the coast of Maine.

Maggie Mitchell, Kate Putnam and Imogene will star in "The Grasshopper" (La Cigale) next season.

It is probable that Mr. James Steele Mackaye will be the manager of a New York theatre the comidg fall.

It is said that Col. Bob Ingersoll intends going upon the stage.

John Stetson lost $12,000 this season at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

Clara Schumann has been a concert pianist for fifty years.

"Music induces nightingales to sing, pup dogs to yelp."

It is said that Mr. D. Kingsland, of the Acad my of Music, New York, was the first cause of the late Sher Campbell leaving the minstrel business, and entering English opera.

An announcement has appeared that Signor Frapoli, the tenor, will sing in America next season with Mme. Rose as prima donna, Signoria Carmen Pisani, as contralto, and Mr. F. H. Cowen, the composer, as *chef d' orchestre.*

Strackosch intends to bring out Mademoiselle Stella-Fauna ina (Miss Mary Brown, of Boston, Massachusetts,) at Milan, prior to her appearance in London. This lady, it is said, is "the legitimate successor of Tietiens." She makes the sixth.

Speaking of mysterious disappearances, what has become of the 2,300 American sopranos who have made astounding *debuts* in Italy?—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Chizzola was suing Rose Stella, at last accounts, in Sydney, Australia, for £500, for having left the Soldene Troupe and played in a other theatre. Miss Clara Vesey writes from New Zealand, and positively denies that she has left the Soldene Troupe, but that she is still a member of her sister's company.

A solon on the pianer and instermental perfo mancers by a hole lot of gentlemany is the way he wrote it.

The steamer *Cermanie*, which sailed on June 14th for Europe, took out Maurice Grau, T. H. French, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, W. R. Deutsch, J. C. Williamson, John Mc Cullough, Max Strakosch, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and Miss Alice Oates.

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Miss May Croly, daughter of D. G. Croly, the editor of the New York *Graphic*, and who made a brilliant and successful debut in the part of *Jane* in "Miss Multon," with Clara Morris recently, will assume the stage name of Esther Herndon. Mr. Harriott and his wife (Clara Morris) have always been intimately connected with the Croly's, and with such teachers as Jennie June (Mrs. Croly) and Clara Morris, there is no reason why Miss May should not arrive at a success, to be ended only by a glorious September.

If all the peanuts that are crunched and munched at American theatres and concerts, during the affecting scenes and the softest passages, were placed in one heap, the pile would measure 1,492 miles in circumference at the base, and the apex of the pyramid would go through the sun and stick up a mile and a half on the other side.—*Hawkeye.*

Barry Sullivan is moaning over the decay of idealism and the advance of realism on the modern stage. No man has done more to encourage realism than Mr. Sullivan, for he always imitated the good points of his brother artists, and not soared up to novel and ideal impersonations. Let Mr. Sullivan give up trying to be an ideal *Jeremiah.*—*Boston Society.*

Charles Reade has adapted Sardou's *Andras* for the London stage under the name of *Jealousy.* He took the liberty of introducing a character of his own, *Kraft*, a jaunty, unscrupulous, tricky operatic advertising agent, and it is said to have saved the adaptaion from utter failure.

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Booth's Theatre rents for $40,000, the Fifth Avenue at $30,000, the Park at $22,000, Standard at $20,000, Wallack's at $16,000, and the Union Square at $6,000.

The London *Touchstone* says that while in Boston, Miss Neilson received the visit of the great poet Longfellow, who, lured by the fame of the young English artist, visited the theatre for the first time in many years. At the close of the performance the veteran writer, the delight of successive generations of readers, said:—"I thank you for this beautiful interpretation of this enchanting character. I have never in my life seen intellectual and poetical feeling more exquisitely combined."

Dufferin, Farewell.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Deep in our hearts will thy memory dwell,
Fond in our breasts will our thoughts be of thee;
Unfeigned our grief at bidding farewell.
And thinking between us will soon roll the sea.
Fame had you gained ere you reached our shore,
Richer that garland of fame have you made.
Fortune had blessed you. From plenteous store
Ever most liberal tribute you paid,
Encouraging art, improving good taste,
While fostering learning you ever were seen,
Royal you showed those virtues which grac'd
England's most noble and well-beloved Queen.
In whatever clime, or in whatever sphere,
Long and serene may thy lot be on earth;
Nor ever a sorrow, nor ever a care
Lurk 'neath the smile that betokens thy mirth.

J. A. PHILLIPS.

Ottawa, 6th June, 1878.

The tramp is not an objectionable object, when you only reflect that in all probability his losses by robbery far exceed his gains—unless he has been in a bank.

Nasby.

And then! My sole expands ez I think uv it. Our soljers will be penshuned! The gray will stand beside the blue, and we shell be on a common level henceforth. We shell make our penshuns da e back to the close uv the war, which will give a middle-aged Southern man enuff to live on comfortably all the test uv his days, with a competency for his child en. And when you consider that we, which git all this money, don't pay none uv the taxes, the gorgeousnis uv the prospect kin be appreshiated.

Will the nigger vote then? will he be permitted to live on the land wich he restid from us and wich he has since fenced, and built cabins on, ready for occupancy? My friends never again doubt the control you hev. So long as there is frish in Noo York and distilleries runnin' twelve hours a day, there will be a Democratic party, and so long es there is a Democratic party, you kin bet your botom dollar that the South will control it, and control it just es she yoose to. Our misforchoons hev bin turned into advantiges, and hallilooj y, our sun is now shinin'.

In the evenin' we held the yosual meetin', and passed the yoosual res looshuns. We demanded our full share of appropriashens for internel improvements, and also the penshuned uv confederit soljiers. We expressed our desire to be just but not demandin' that the federal soljer be left out in the cold, for we conceded that he might hev thought he wuz rite in makin' war upon us.

A tetchin insident okkurred. A fedral soljer who lives near Libertyville asked to be allowed to say a word. He had gone into the war from Illinoy, and had fought as well as he cood for what he supposed wuz the preservashen of the yoonyun. He had bin at Washington, and hed heerd speeches and seen things. He coodent quite make it out, but it seemed to him that the time had come for a northern soljer to make some kind uv an apology for what he did dooriu' the war, and he wuz here for that purpus. He hoped the gallant southerners wood be generous to him, and not make impossible fur him to live in the South, fur he preferred the climit. But uv course, whatever he wantid he shood do. Anyhow, he tendered his apology for havin' served under Sherman, and would swear he never wood do it agin, no matter how loudly his couetry called.

We acceptid his apology, fur he made it meekly enuff. He sed ef the leedin' Republikins wus willin' to act ez ef they wuz ashamed uv bein' wat yoosed to be called to be called loyal, he didn't see no reason why he, a lowly individijle, shood stand up fur it. He cood stand it ef they could.

I am goin' to Washington to help out Potter. I hev a man here wich will swear to anything of yoo will only let him know wat yoo want, and ef he breaks down I shall come to the stand moself. We want, and will hev, Tilden and Reform President. I kin never forgit the $44 he paid me for my vote in the St. Louis convenshun, and though it wasn't ez much ez it shood hev bin, I shel not go back onto him. He bought the offis and paid for it, and shel hev it.

A Sacred Prince a Common Felon.

A Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* writes, May 5th, as follows:

"A special High Court Bench, Chief-Justice and two Puisne Judges, will sit to-morrow to hear an appeal in the case of the Rajah of Poorce. The Advocate-General, on behalf of the Government will support the conviction. No case since the famous Baroda trial has excited so much interest. The Rajah is the hereditary guardian of the temple of Juggernaut, his special duty in that capacity being to sweep the space in front of the throne when the god leaves the temple for the Juggernaut car. He is also the secular head of the Hindoo religion in Orissa, and is worshipped by the Oryah people as the visible incarnation of Vishun, being regarded as the lensal descendant of the old Hindoo kings of Orissa, whose dominions are said to have extended from the Ganges to Godavery. The Colonigh, Max Strakosch, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and Miss Alice Oates.

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