

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

HUMOROUS.

A correspondent writes:—An amusing contretemps occurred in Edinburgh last Saturday, which provided not a little entertainment to the promenaders on the sunny side of Princes Street. About noon a body of about eight sandwich men were gravely parading along the side of the gutter, each bearing a single letter of the name SARASATE, and thus announcing to the public that the great Spanish violinist would perform in the city in the afternoon. They had been parading some hours, and the air was raw and cold. About mid-day one of the "letters" lost his position. It is not known whether he had retired to a neighboring bar to satisfy the cravings of his inner man, or whether his desertion from the ranks was due to mere cussedness. But certain it is that an altercation arose between the T and the E at the end of the queue. It appears that the E insisted upon getting before the T, and that the latter's sense of orthography was thereby shocked, and he resented being put last. As a consequence the foreguard of the little band stopped, and came back to remonstrate with the disputants, and the whole of the letters got so mixed that it was impossible to set themselves right again. A scramble ensued, and shortly afterwards the passers-by began to enquire of each other the meaning of the mystic symbols—SATARAES. Some one pointed out to the leader that there was something wrong, and when last the befogged band of sandwichmen were seen they were making fast for Messrs. Patterson and Sons (who had the honor of engaging the great artist), the letters reading something like this—ETSASARA!

Sarasate has a great weakness for Camembert cheese, and the last time he was in London one of his

many lady worshippers went to great trouble to get him some of his favorite dainty from Paris. When he was leaving London, however, she presented him with a more sentimental offering in the shape of a garland of flowers in the Spanish colors, which was handed up to him just before he left the platform. "J'aurais prefere le fromage," whispered Sarasate, with a mischievous glance, as he passed by the kindly donor, who was sitting in the front row of stalls.

A violinist, Greenfield by name, was one day introduced at the "At Home" of some rich banker as "Mr. Redfield." "Are you color-blind?" asked the offended virtuoso, the friend who had taken upon himself the task of introducing him.

Extract from the diary of a musical artist: "After having slept 'dolce,' I rose from my couch 'allegro,' 'ma non troppo,' dressed 'poco,' and entered 'allegretto' the breakfast room, where I arrived 'a tempo' to see my wife pour out the coffee 'andante grazioso.' I asked her, 'con sentimento,' how she had rested: she answered 'molto vivo' with her beautiful flageolet voice and gazing at me the while 'expressivo' with her bright blue eyes. Suddenly I heard at first 'pianissimo,' then 'piano,' at last 'crescendo' knocks at the house door. The house servant opened, and in entered 'maestoso,' a man who asked 'con tutta forza' if he might speak to me. I rose 'ritardando,' opened 'adagio' the door, and beheld my tailor. He requested at first 'rallentando,' then more 'stringendo' the payment of his bill. This made me 'furioso,' and I declared 'resoluto' that I was low in cash, and threw him downstairs 'con strepito.'"

At Wade's Drug Store they give with their Soda Water a dainty Japanese Napkin.