Bellefonte, Pa., June 30, 1905.

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race; Not to the strong, the fight; Not to the righteous, perfect grace;

But often faltering feet Come surest to the goal; And they who walk in darkness meet The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night The Syrian hosts have died; A thousand times the vanquished right Hath risen glorified.

The truth the wise men sought Was spoken by a child; The alabaster box was brought In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my heart life's crystal stream. But from the depths of love. -Henry Van Dike, in "The Atlantic

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

Children's day at the church was draw ing near, and each day Pinkey Perkins was becoming more impressed with a sense of his personal importance. He had been selected to deliver the "Welcome Address to the Fathers and Mothers" on that occasion. When he had been informed of the fact in the beginning, he had not looked on it with favor. Heretofore his orator ical efforts had been confined to the school room, and he lacked the necessary confi dence to attempt such a courageous feat. But his mother had been assured by the lady who consulted her on the subject, that the committee had carefully considered all the boys available for the honor, and had decided that of all these Pinkey was the one to make the address.

When the task had been turned over to him and he had set about practising, it was with a pardonable air of superiority that Pinkey, on occasions, when invited to join in some after-school game of "scrub" or take part in an attack on some newly discovered bumble-bees' nest, would reply, with a sort of bored air: "I wish I

ild, but I've got to go and rehearse." True, there were others who had "to go and rehearse," but not in the way that Pinkey did. While they devoted their time to singing and went to practise collectively, he went alone to Miss Lyon, his Sunday-school teacher. That lady being a teacher of elocution, had taken the task of drilling Pinkey in the most effective de

livery for his puplic oration.
"Humph! You needn't feel so smart," retorted Bunny Morris one day when Pinkey had referred rather loftily to "my address;" "you're not the only one who has to practise."

It happened that Bunny was one of eight who were to sing in chorus on Children's day, and, although he would not admit it, the fact that Pinkey had been selected to make the "Welcome Address" rankled in Bunny's bosom.

When Bunny had made this stinging re

mark, Pinkey merely replied in his con-descending way: "I don't 'practise.' I re-Pinkey had really entered on his work

with a will, and a week before the eventful Sunday he had committed the whole of his address to memory and could recite it perfectly. statement, however, must be

slightly modified. Sometimes in rehearsing he would have difficulty with cercame about in this way:

Once in two weeks Miss Vance, Pinkey's school-teacher, required one-half of her pupils to"recite a piece,"either prose or poetry. For Pinkey's part in one of these bi-weekly punishments, as they were looked upon by the pupils, she had assigned him "The Supposed Speech of John Adams." Pinkhad surprised her by acquitting himself with credit on the occasion, for he had spent hours and days of careful preparation on it—"just to make her think it was easy," as he expressed it.
For some time, Red Feather, as she was

known among her pupils, had not made Pinkey's school-life a bed of roses. Since one memorable Monday morning, when she had found four able-bodied mice se-creted in her desk, she had always felt certain that he was responsible for their presence. From that day, the examples bardest to work, the States hardest to bound, and the words hardest to parse, according to Pinkey's standard, had fallen to his lot. It was to this "partiality" that Pinkey attributed his assignment of the

Now, the author of the "Welcome Ad-Now, the author of the "Welcome Address," when in search of suitable material for that literary effort, had evidently used as a reference-work "Great speeches of Great Men," wherein was printed "The Supposed Speech of John Adams." Owing to this fact, several portions of the "Supposed Speech," either word for word or slightly modified, had found their way into the "Address." Oratorical flights were scattered all through it, such as: Let not those beneath these vaulted roofs, within these hallowed walls, upon this within these hallowed walls, upon this memorable occasion, forget the incontestable vital truth that it is the young blood, the young mind that we look to for our support," and so forth—sentiments more appropriate to John Adam's speech than to a Children's day address.

In rehearsing, Pinkey found it had not to confuse the two orations. In fact, neither was to him much more than a series of high-sounding phrases, intended more to impress the ear than to enlighten the mind. This is why it is necessary to modify the statement that Pinkey knew his address perfectly a week before the date appointed for its delivery.

As a reward for his diligence, Pinkey's mother promised him what had long been his heart's desire—a pair of patent-leather shoes that laced up the front and had sharp pointed toes incased in fancy-edged

Besides, since his unfortunate experience on the way home from Red Feather's party, he felt that he had been continually losing ground with his Affinity, and he hoped that the possession of a pair of pat-ent-leather shoes might turn her in his

Eddie Lewis, bis arch-rival for her affections, had been paying her marked attention of late, and to Pinkey it seemed that she regarded these attentions as more

or less acceptable.

Pinkey felt that the important moment when his Affluity must choose once and for all between him and Eddie would be when he should appear on the rostrum and,

not a small factor in making his appear ance all that could be desired and thereby serve as an aid in fanning back to life the

waning affections of his Affinity.

Saturday evening came at last, and to Pinkey's delight, he was allowed to go down-town with his father and try on the coveted shoes, and to carry them home. He insisted on putting them on again when he got home, just to show his mother how well they fitted him and how far superior they were to anything he or any of the boys had ever had before, and how high the heels were and how bright and shiny the toes. And Pinkey was doubly proud of them on account of the squeak that accompanied each step. Before he went to bed, he carefully wrapped them up again and replaced them in their box, in order that no speck of dust might get on them and mar the luster that he de-

pended on to melt the heart of his Affinity.

As he lay in bed that night, reciting his address over and over, and making his address over and over, and making his gestures in the darkness, he pictured the envy of the others as they saw him in his new shoes mount the platform to declaim his welcome. He had said nothing to any one about the shoes his mother had promised him,—not even to Bunny,—and he looked forward to the envy they would arouse among his less fortunate commanders.

arouse among his less fortunate companions.
When Pinkey awoke next morning, it was raining; but no rain could dampen was raining; but no rain could dampen his spirits on such an occasion as this. He wore his ordinary "Sunday shoes" to Sun-day-cohool that morning, desiring not to show his patent-leathers until the time

came for his address.
On account of the rain and mud, Mrs. Perkins suggested that it might be better but Pinkey could not think of such a blow to his plans, and his mother had not the heart to wound his pride by insisting on her suggestion, and besides she feared he might not do so well with his speech if he were plunged into disappointment after all

his anticipations.

"Pinkey," said his mother, after putting the last finishing touches to his toilet, "since you must wear your new shoes in all this rain and mud, I want you to put on these high over-shoes of mine, to keep your shoes clean."

your shoes clean."

To this compromise Pinkey reluctantly assented, but found later his action to be a wise one, as he encountered the muddy crossings on the way to church, against which his own rubbers would have been

but little protection.

Pinkey's heart swelled with pride as he strutted along between his father and mother on the way to the church. But as he saw the people entering the building, several of whom spoke encouraging words to him about his forth-coming address, he began to feel a little shaky and noticed his heart beating faster than he liked. He kept trying to swallow a lump of sup-pressed excitement that would go neither up nor down.

If Pinkey gave these symptoms more than a passing thought, he attributed them to his inward exultation and not to any manifestation of stage-fright—a malady of which, up to that time, he had never

known the existence.

Pinkey left his parents at their pew and marched on up the carpeted aisle, looking neither to right nor left. He mounted the rostrum and took his seat on one of the uncomfortable, high-backed, hair-cloth chairs which, since time immemorial, had occupied space at either end of the equally uncomfortable, though not so high-backed, hair-cloth sofa on the platform. The top of the seat was rounded in form, and Pinkey found it hard to retain his position and his composure at the same time. As the time drew near for the exercises

to begin, Pinkey became more and more nervous. The church became full to overflowing, despite the bad weather, and, look where he would, Pinkey found hunthose in the chorus, because they each had seven others to assist in the singing, but he must get up and do his part all alone.

Presently the minister appeared and attempted to put the children at their ease hy shaking hands with each one and uttering a few words of encouragement.

The members of the chorus were seated

The members of the chorus were seated on a long bench on one side of the rostrum, and were partly hidden by the banks of flowers, while Pinkey sat alone on the other side, out in full view of the congregation, where he could get only an occasional, uncertain view of the others. His Affinity was there, but he could not muster up the course to look at her.

muster up the courage to look at her.

He tried to look unconcerned, but he knew the utter failure he was making. Once he saw Putty Black grin and whisper something behind his hand to the girl next to him, and then they both looked at

Pinkey and tittered.

By and by the last bell stopped ringing and the exercises began. By the time the chorus had sung the "Welcome Carol," and the minister had made the opening prayer, Pinkey had partly regained his composure. But the minister's reference to the "bright young faces" around him, and the pleasure he felt and that he was sure that every member of the congregation must feel "on such an occasion," made the pitapat of Pinkey's heart seem to him loud enough

Pinkey's heart seem to him loud enough to drown all other sounds.

After a few other appropriate remarks, during which Pinkey's discomfort became more and more marked, the minister aunounced his "pleasure in presenting to the congregation the orator of the day," who would welcome the fathers and mothers with income accession. "Master Pinker. on this joyous occasion-"Master Pinker-ton Perkins."

Pinkey slid from his perch on the baircloth chair as the minister seated himself on the mate to it at the other and of the

front. When he stopped, his legs trem-bled so violently that he felt sure every one in the congregation must notice his quaking knees.

He could distinguish nothing. All be

fore him was an indistinct blur. Beyond, at the rear of the auditorium, he could make out a hazy, arched opening. That he knew, was the door. He looked for his mother, but his eyes would focus on nothing, and the intense stillness that pervaded the whole room only added to the suffer-

ing he was undergoing.

Then he began. Automatically the words came, but his voice sounded hollow and strange. His throat was parched, and it was with difficulty that he could get his breath. The roaring in his ears made his voice sound as though it came from far in the distance. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, and he felt hot and toold by turns. Still on he went, though it seemed that each word must be his last. About midway of his speech, in order to allow the full import of his words to awe his hearers, Pinkey had been taught to strike an attitude and pause for effect. Reaching that point, he paused, right hand uplifted, left foot advanced. As he put his foot forward, a nauseating wave of sud-

why they had both tittered as they looked at him. Gradually he bent his head and looked down until his gaze met his feet. The sight that greeted his eyes sickened

He had forgotten to take off his mother's

The shock of this realization, with his stage-fright rendered Pinkey ut-terly helpless. He stood as one petrified, speechless, before the assembled throng. He stared glassily at his overshoes; they seemed facinating in their hideousness. A stir in the congregation awakened him to the fact that he had been standing mute,

he knew not how long.

He tried to continue his address, but the words had taken wings. Miss Lyon attempted to prompt him, but all her efforts proved futile. He could not take up the broken thread.

mountain and in the valley, by and in the open waste land. Yo travel far and wide to find a you can offer up your tribute to the flower of fi

Yet he dare not quit the platform with his speech unfinished and go down to ignominious failure before the eyes of the

ongregation, of his father, and mother, and above all his Affinity.

Then came a brilliant thought. "The supposed Speech of John Adams"! Since the two speeches were so similar, why would not that do instead of the one he could not remember?

Without further delay, he began: "Sink or swim! live or die! survive or perish! I give up my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true that in the beginning, we aimed not at Independence; but there's a Divinity that shapes our suds—" and so on, without hesitation, clear to the end.

Delivering his school-room speech, he regained his school-room composure, and as he spoke he gathered courage. His voice became natural and his lost faculties, one by one, returned. His knees became firm again, and his heart became normal. What had been but a hazy blur became a sea of ces, and all within the church began to take definite form.

As Pinkey concluded, he made a sweeping bow, once more possessed of all his

customary assurance.

Spontaneously the congregation burst into applause, such as the old walls had never heard on any occasion. Every one never heard on any occasion. Every one had seen his overshoes, and had been moved to sympathy when they saw his embarrassment on discovering them. That he had left our part of his address, which he had plainly forgotten, and delivered another entirely out of keeping with his subject and the occasion, only increased their admiration for his determination and grit

With his head erect, Pinkey faced about and returned to his chair. As he did so he gave a look of triumph at his Affinity, and received in return a look that told him, plainer, than words, that, overshoes or no overshoes, he had won her unquali-fied approval.

When he reached his place, he knelt down, calmly removed the overshoes, and, with his heart swelling with pride at the ringing applause, resumed his seat on the hair-cloth chair.—By Captain Harold Ham mond, U.S.A. in St. NICHOLAS.

To a recent discussion of the woman-andbusiness question a woman sent this contribution: "I am engaged in the business of being beautiful in face, form and dress. I find that men pay the highest wages to women in my trade."

That sounds clever and seems plausible. But will it bear examination? Do the "highest wages" go to the women who devote themselves exclusively to being physically attractive?

One does not need to think long of the women of his acquaintance—those who have married well and those who have not -to reach the conclusion that those women who have had only physical attractivebave been, as a rule, the reverse of succe ful. On the other hand, neither is physical attractiveness a guarantee of succe term is here used in a purely material sense. The secret of success lies, for women no less than for men, in qualities that lie below the surface; and very often the development of those qualities is prevented by devotion to the development of the surface advantages.

The pretty women and the women who think they are pretty should remember that the women who have held absolute sway over men have rarely been astonish-ingly beautiful and have often been lacking even in style. The woman who wins is the one men like better the second time they see her than they did the first time.

-Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Serious.

"So this is your country house," said the visitor, "I suppose you own a city house, too."
"Hush!" snorted the political hoss,

why, I own the city."

"I'm afraid, doctor," said Slopay, "I'm "My dear sir," replied Dr. Kutely, "I

think you worry too much."
"O! but I'm sure I don't." "But I know you do. Now, there's that last year's bill of mine; don't you think you'd better get that off your mind?'

"I don't suppose—er-Bridget," began Mrs. Newliwed, timidly, "that you would —er—object to my getting an alarm clock

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the sleepy cook, "thim things niver disturbs me at

Cassidy-My! but Mrs. O'Bese wuz m She got on the scales an' dropped in a With shaking knees, he walked to the nickel an' the thing wouldn't weigh her

at all. 'Twas busted—
Mrs. Cassidy—Mad, wuz she? Faith, I
should think 'twould be worth a nickel to a woman just like her not to see how fat

Miss Hynote—Since I had typhoid fever I haven't been able to sing at all. I seem o have lost my voice entirely.

Miss Pepprey—Yes, it's a queer disease. I've often heard if you recover from an attack of it it improves you in every way. "I'm going to travel all this Summer."

"Elsie," said the little girl's mother who was tidying up their cabin as the big ocean liner started down the bay, "where's

your papa?"
"I think," replied the little girl, "he's upstairs on the side porch. Mrs. Spenders-George, I've got lots of

by his manty bearing and glowing oratory, win everlasting approval or disapproval. Consequently, he set great store by the promised shoes, which he felt would be

Wild Roses

You can buy roses at any time, if you care to pay the price, but it is not every day or in every month that you can feast your eyes upon thousands of roses that cost you nothing, and banish every other longing in the sweet scent of the flowers.

Did you ever make a pilgrimage to the roses? If you have not, you do not know the comfort it gives nor its power to heal the vexed spirit. The shrines lie "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and sounds unblest are there unknown. You can find them by road side and brookside, by hedgerow and woodland, on the mountain and in the valley, by farm fence and in the open waste land. You need not travel far and wide to find a spot where

Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers Penitence and tears are not necessary for worship here, and the "troubled spirit" becomes calm as soon as you breathe the sweet incense from afar. The only requi-

sites are an eye open to the beauty, an ear alert for hum of bee, and a heart in tune

with nature's harmony.

Here is a shrine—the rolling woodland shelves down to the side of the stream, and just where the underlying rook crops out toward the water's edge there stands a rose bush covered with hundreds of roses. Each cluster has one which spreads its bosom to the sunlight, others show just a suggestion of their blushes, and others still reveal nothing of their charm. A dozen wood nymphs would find it difficult to encompass the bush as they perform their nightly dance with hands entwined. It needs but a touch of Puck's mystic herb to enable us to see them as they sing Titania to

But look at the roses. Is there a daintier flower of the summer time? Indeed, Leigh Hunt was right when he sang—

Whatsoe'er of beauty. Yearns and yet reposes,

Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath, Took a shape in roses.

Do you want symmetry? Do you want delicate color? Do you want sweetness? Here are all in one, in perfect unity,

"simple in its neatness."

Tennyson's "simple maiden in her flowers" may be "worth a hundred coats of This simple flower is worth all the gorgeous garden beauties. It is as some gentle Perdita would be in the presence of haughty Kleopatra. Love your Killarneys. your Devonieneis, your Marechal Niel, if you will; but bring them not here. In this sacred spot we worship the woodland queen.-Ledger.

Hats and Heads.

If some people bought a hat according to their own estimation of the size of their head they wouldn't need an umbrella. Chicago Journal.

a Country Parson and as a Peac making Magistrate.

For twenty years Sydney Smith re mained in Yorkshire, and, though his ideas of clerical duty were not those of today, yet it will not be denied that he was a vigorous country parson, entering into the pursuits and the daily life of his humble neighbors and doing his utmost to improve their lot. His descriptions of his life and surroundings at Foston are among the most delightful of his humorous writings. Every one has heard of Annie Kay, the little country girl, "made like a milestone," who, christened Bunch, "became the best butler in the county;" of the rawboned riding horse Calamity, neighboring parish as if I had been a was not into a neighboring planet;" of the ancient green chariot named the Immortal, "at which the village boys cheered and the village dogs barked;' of his four draft oxen-Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl-of which "Tug and Lug took to fainting and required buckets of sal volatile and Haul and Crawl to lie down in the mud." As a magistrate Sydney Smith became famous for making up local quarrels and for dealing gently with poachers. The game laws, like a good Whig, he could not abide, and it stirred his honest wrath to reflect that "for every ten pheasants which fluttered in the wood one English peasant was rotting in jail." Like Charles Kingsley at Eversley in after years, he refrained from shooting. "If you shoot," he said, "the squire and the poacher will both consider you as their natural enemies, and I thought it more clerical to be at peace with both."-Rev. Canon Vaughan in Longman's Magazine.

Too Rich a Haul. When General Trepoff was chief of police in Moscow, before the establishment of the state liquor monopoly, he was told from the highest quarters to suppress the orgies at popular resorts in the town. A few days later the police raided the principal restaurants after midnight, and the next morning General Trepoff asked of his august master directions for the prosecution of one member of the imperial family, two judges of the high court, a mayor and deputy mayor, several generals and many women well known in Moscow society, who, among others, had been arrested in the raid. The matter ended there.

Has the Most Legs. The little creature which bears the distinction of owning more legs and feet than any other known organized being is the milieped, which literally means "thousand footed." There are several species of these curious worms. all possessing the characteristic of having a many segmented body, each segment provided with a pair of legs. Unlike the centipeds-"hundred footed"they are perfectly harmless.

The Wall Street Way. Johson-You bought the stock on your broker's advice, didn't you? Dobon-Yes: he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up. Johson-What has he to say now? Dobson-He has given me four equally good reasons why it went down.

Goodness Knows. Mrs. Nayberleigh-Judge, I want you to try some of my angel cake. Judge Sokem (absently)-What is it charged race.-Century. with?-Cleveland Leader.

The Visit Hans Christian Andersen Paid His Old Dean.

Among the many amusing things Hans Christian Andersen treated us to was a little anecdote which, curiously enough, since it was so very characteristic of him, he omitted from his autobiography. He mentions in his "Life's Story" that during the autumn of 1844 he was a daily guest of the Danish royal family at Fohr. and was on terms of intimacy both with them and with the family of the Duke of Augustenborg. He told us the following incident about his stay there: It had been one of the mortifications of his younger days that the dean of the diocese, who in his day had confirmed him, had treated him badly. and put the affront on him of placing him, as a poor boy, down in the bottom of the church, among the curate's poor candidates, although he properly belonged up above, among the dean's own. He chanced to hear that this man now held a post in the island of Fohr. "So I asked the king," said Andersen, "if I might for once have one of the royal carriages, with coachman and footman in red livery, the same as the royal family themselves used, placed at my disposal, to pay a visit. The king smiled and said, 'With pleasure.' So I drove out in the royal carriage, with panached horses, and coachman and footman, to pay a visit to my old diocesan dean. The carriage waited outside while I was in the house. That was my revenge." seems to me that we have Andersen's whole self, his romantic bent, his old humiliations and his vehement, half childish greed of honor, in this little story.-George Brandes in Contemporary Review.

The Famous Painter Was the Son of a Devonshire Rector

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, four miles from Plymouth, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father, rector of the grammar school, early trained him in classical studies, intending his son to be an apothecary, but he displayed such an inclination for drawing. diligently copying the prints which fell in his way, that the father yielded and sent him to London as a student of art. After two years he returned to Devonshire and established himself as a portrait painter in Plymouth, where he was taken up by Commodore Keppel. who, being appointed to the Mediterranean station, invited the young painter to accompany him in his ship, the Centurion. Thus he was able to visit Rome, spending two years there in very close study, especially of the

works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It was while painting in the corridors of the Vatican that he contracted a cold which brought on the deafness that afterward afflicted him during the rest of his life. Leaving Rome, he visited Parma, where he fell under Correggio's influence, then Florence and Venice, in the latter city studying the works of the great colorists. On his way home he stopped in Paris, making acquaintance with the work of Rubens. Arrived in London, he settled in St. Martin's lane, and painted a portrait of his patron, Commodore (then which "flung me over his head into a Lord) Keppel, which laid the foundation shuttlecock, and I feel grateful that it himself in Leicester square, where his house, 47, may still be seen. -St. Nich-

Speak Good of the Living. Few will be found to dispute the spirit of the old Latin proverb "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Is it not a pity, however, that we are all so inclined to offer fulsome adulation of the dead, about whom, while living, nothing was too vile to say? This is not to be understood as criticising unfavor ably the natural tendency to forget the faults and foibles and to remem ber only the virtues of the people who have "gone on before," but it does seem too bad that more even justice, greater toleration and charity cannot be shown to the living.-Success.

Lovers of Coffee. The London Globe doubts whether there is anywhere in the world a place

more addicted to coffee than the little island of Groix, about nine miles distant from Lorient. The customs' records show that the annual consumption of coffee in the island is about 90,000 pounds. Now, the population is 5,300, and, as the men pass practically their whole lives afloat as seamen, this large quantity must be consumed by about 3.000 women, children and old men. It works out at thirty pounds a head

for the most cons A Healthy Puppy. "There's only one good thing about

per annum.

that young puppy that came to see you last night," said the trascible father. "and that is he's healthy." "I'm surprised to hear you admit that much," replied the dutiful daugh-

"I wouldn't except for the fact that when you met him in the hall last night I heard you say, 'Oh, George, how cold your nose is!"

Our Golden "Cold Waves."

We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling 30 degrees in almost as many minutes we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic; but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen alert mind, the incessant. unremitting energy of our American The Role of Hamlet.

Although many of the cleverest actresses the world has known have essayed the part, they have, with few exceptions, failed in it.

Even Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragic actress of all time, was a failure as Hamlet, largely owing to the nondescript nature of her garments, which were neither masculine nor feminine and which made it almost impossible to forget that her Hamlet was a woman and not a man, says London Tit-Bits.

Charlotte Cushman was perhaps the most brilliant player of male parts of her or, indeed, of any other generation. She was equally brilliant and convincing as Romeo, Cardinal Wolsey or Claude Melnotte, but when she made the crucial experiment of playing the melancholy Dane even she proved unequal to the task. In fact, her Hamlet was so badly received in Dublin that she there and then made up her mind never to play it again.

And yet her Romeo was such a triumph of acting that James Sheridan Knowles, the great dramatist and critic, was completely carried away by it. Of her acting of the passage where Romeo flings himself upon the ground, "taking the measure of an unmade grave," he says: "It was a scene of topmost passion, not simulated passion; no such thing-real, palpably real. The genuine heart storm was on in its wildest fullness of fury, and I listened and gazed and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold. I am sure it must have been the case with every one in the house, but I was all absorbed in Romeo till a thunder of applause recalled me to myself."

And of her assumption of the difficult part of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" Justin McCarthy says: "I have seen Claude Melnotte played by many great actors, from Macready to Irving, but Miss Cushman eclipsed them all. She created for me the only human, the only possible and the only endurable Claude Melnotte I have ever seen."

Miss Julia Seaman, a once popular actress, was so severely criticised when she played Hamlet some years ago that she furned round on her critics and assailed them in a very vigorous manner. The late Miss Marriott, who had one of the most beautiful voices ever heard on any stage, was more fortunate, although it was one of her least successful assumptions, and in the fifties an American actress, Miss Percy Knowles, made such an unfortunate exhibition of herself as the melancholy one that a country manager actually issued a notice warning his patrons against going

to see her. Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) was the first to put on Hamlet's doublet and hose; Mrs. Glover won Edmund Kean's approval by her playing of the part, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt gave a picturesque and clever rendering of Hamlet, although it was not to be compared with many of her brilliant as-

sumptions. Charlotte Crampton was noted for her clever acting of masculine parts, which would have been even more convincing if she had not been such a tiny There is a wom ready once said, referring to her, "who would startle the world if she were but two inches taller." She was such a magnificent swordswoman that few men cared to try their skill against her on the stage, and she was undoubtedly a genius in her way, with a courage

commensurate with her skill. She was one of the finest personators of Richard III. ever seen on the stage, her Shylock was among the most brilliant pieces of acting in her day, and she was almost equally clever as Iago. Romeo and Don Caesar de Bazan, and yet when Charlotte Crampton challenged criticism with Hamlet she failed as signally as her rival, Charlotte

Cushman, had done. Probably the most successful of all lady Hamlets was Anna Dickinson, who made considerable reputation as Macbeth and Claude Meinotte. "A number of women have tried Hamlet," she said. "None. I believe, with any success. Yet, in my opinion, the character of Hamlet is eminently suited for a woman's capabilities. Hamlet was very young-a mere college boy, in Besides, a fine actress is more likely to bring out the wonderful womanlike delicacy of Hamlet's character than a very young actor." And she supported her views by giving an attractive and clever rendering of the many places they are realtrac

Crinoline. In the World of Fashion of 1830 is a reference to "the new stuff called crinoline." Crinoline was partly thread, partly horsehair, its name being compounded of the French "crin," horsehair, and "lin," flax. Hats, skirts and all sorts of things that were wanted to possess a certain stiffness were made of this material.

Preferred Tenants. Servant-These rooms will be rented to artists only. Applicant-And why not to others? Servant-Because artists are less troublesome. They never want their rooms put in order.-Chicago Journal.

The Awful Loneliness. The Friend-What made you close your season so early? The Actor-The solitude, my boy; night after night, the appalling solitude.-Brooklyn Life.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.

The Best He Had. "Is this the best claret, Murphy?" asked the Irishman of his butler. "It is not, sorr." was the answer, "but it's the best ye've got."-London Outlook.

Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which sub-mits.—Blessington.