VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1876.

NO. 3.

An Hour Too Late.

I have loved you, oh, how madly ! I have woord you softly, sadly. As the changeful years went by : Yet you kept your haughty distance. Yet you scorned my brave parsistence. While the long, long years went by. Now that colder lovers leave you. Now that fate and time bareave you

(For the cruel years will fly), In your beauty's pale declension You would grace with condescension The love that touched you never When your bloom and hopes were high.

Ah! but what if Ediscover That too long in antique fashion I have nursed a fruitless passion, Whose race and reign (thank Heaven!) Are passed at length and over-That fate bath locked forever love's golde

Eden gate? There's a wrong beyond redressing. There's a prize not worth possessing, And a lady's condencer slon May come an hour too late!

VALLEY FORGE.

A Legend of the Revolutionary War,

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farmhouse rose darkly over a wide waste of snow. It was a cold dark win-lot had fallen upon him. He is to go up ter night, and the snow began to make the cheerful blaze of the old farmhouse the cheerful blaze of massive tembles in his half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought—how the knife combles in his hand—trembles against

his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty the door of his daughter's chamber on years, his eyes bloodshot, his hair the right, then at the door of the solther in the door of the solt changed to an untimely gray, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by

dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father-a sleuderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of his hand. a farmer's daughter in the days of the "Look Revolution.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, a happy man, before the Revo-lution. Since the war he has become

band will lie in wait, in a neighboring his horse, pass, to attack and murder Washington, "What whose starving soldiers are yonder in the

throats are there in the next chamber,

two o'clock at night. The daughter, Mary, had been reared by her mother to revere this man, Wash- Then he looks at the bloody knife ington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered-to revere him next to stands there quivering as with a death God. Nay, more : that mother on her death bed joined the hands of this daughter in solemu betrothal with the bands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold

of Valley Forge. Yesterday afternoon she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of the refu-She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; so this night, at twelve, the partisan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to "trap the trappers" of George Wash-

Yes, that pale slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her the grave. His blood curdles in his father, after a long and bitter struggle. father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his that bed through whose curtains he plots to his enemies-stipulating first

And now as father and child are sitting there, as the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamberas the hand of the old clock is on the lay his daughter, Mary! hour of eleven-hark! There is the sound of horses' hoofs without the farmhouse—there is a pause—the door opens-a tall stranger, wrapped in a listen to the mystery of this deed! thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshment and an hour's

blue and gold uniform—then mumbling something to his daughter about "getting food for the traveler," rush wildly into the next room, where his brother Tories are feasting?

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eye and kindly smile? Ali -if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold—it was the great "Rebel" of Valley Forge, who returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments, behold the soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food, spread out there by the hands of the girl, who now stands trembling at his

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm-her lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly

One moment ago, as the girl, in pre paring the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door, adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his

this night you die!" tremble half-formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her

one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber; on the other, the left, the chamber of the soldier-to him a chamber of death.

For a moment, Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there! her that word was—"Washington!" father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

nead of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the tree. the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the

chamber on the right. An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof—still the snow drifts on the ills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farmhouse, are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob

stairs and stab the sleeping man. the pistol barrel. The jeers of his com-Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over the door of his daughter's chamber on the door of the soldier's through the door of the soldier's chamber on the door of the soldier's chamber on the soldier's chamber of the soldier's chamber on the soldier's chamber of the soldier's dier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor— Then he places the light on the floor— to pay his church taxes, and was sued, he enters the chamber on the left—he is and his saddle taken for the debt. He gone a moment-silence!-there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, and stands there before the fire, with the bloody knife in

> "Look!" he shricks, as he scatters the real drops over his commides' faces, over the hearth, into the fire. "Look! it is his blood—the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gather round him with burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this tory

George Washington, asking calmly for

> "What!" shricked the Tory Man-heim, "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there

That apparition drives him mad. drinking and feasting, as they wait for starts forward—he places his hands two o'clock at night. breast of Washington! Still no wound. still clutched in his right hand, and

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is flung open, the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room, with the gallaut form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought crashes like a thunderbolt upon the brain of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the lightrushes up stairs—rushes into the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant. Then towards that room on the left, with s.eps of leaden heaviness. Look! how the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door; he struck so blindly a moment ago! Again for the life, the safety of her traitor he pauses—not asound—a stillness more father. He flings aside the curtains. There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood-there

Ah, do not look upon the face of the father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror After her father had gone down stairs, au hour ago, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right. shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Wash-Why does the Tory Manheim start the door on the left, and beheld Washaghast at the sight of that stranger's ington sitting by a table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then, though her existence was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of

> the opposite side. Mary entered the chamber which he left. Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying on the bed intended for the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although the knife might be clenched in a father's

calm politeness, to take the chamber on

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, and still clutching the red knife. There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm-her eyes

covered with a glassy film.
"Mary!" shricked the guilty father for robber and Tory as he was, he was still a father. "Mary!" he called to

he, but that word was all he could say. Suddenly, she seemed to wake from this stupor. She sat up in the bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward, and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in the familiar tones of olden times— still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true-the strong hand of death was upon her.
"Has he escaped?" she said, in that

husky voice. "Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live Mary, only live, and to-morrow I will Then that girl—that hero-woman ing as she was, not so much from wound in her arm, as from deep agony which had broken the last chord of life,

And now, the words: "Beware, or his night you die!" tremble half-formbed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her forth her arms as if to inclose that angel

with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary—that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the left. On the left, you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the caken stairs. They stand on the lending, in this wing of the farmhouse, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's bloody cough, she speaks the helf forms.

"Mother!" she whispered—while there grouped the soldiers—there, with a speechless agony on his brow stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light, cronched the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in its center—"Mother, thank God!

For with my life I have saved him"—

Look, even as starting up on that

Look, even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed words, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face!" That half-formed word, still quiver-

Deacon Marvin, of Lyme.

One of the early settlers of Lyme, Conn., was Reynold Marvin. He was a rich landholder, a militia captain, and a deacon of a church. He professed to be governed by divine communications. On one occasion he announced that the Lord had directed him to distribute his cows among the poor. A shiftless fel-low who was omitted in the distribution finally went to the deacon and said he, too, had received a communication from the Lord, who had sent him there for a

"Of course, then, you must have a cow," was the reply. "But what sort of a cow did the Lord say I must give you—a new milch or a farrow?" "A new milch cow, sir."

"Indeed! Your communication could not have been from the Lord, for I have no new milch cow."

The baffled beggar departed. Another time the deacon opposed some church measure, which was carried in spite of him. He promptly refused esteemed himself deeply wronged, and rode upon a sheepskin (wheeled vehicles had as yet hardly appeared in the colonies) forever afterward. And riding upon his sheepskin one day, he reined his horse up to the cottage door of pretty Betty Lee. It was an old Dutch door, cut in two in the middle. She came and leaved upon the lower half, her blue eyes open wide, and her dainty hands holding fast to a plate which she

was wiping.

"Betty," said he, solemnly, "the Lord sent me here to marry you."

Betty's eyes fell upon the doorstep, and so did the plate. The demure maiden, however, rallied instantly.

"The Lord's will be done," she re

plied. The deacon nudged his horse and huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farmhouse; the cutwont to pass this farmhouse the cutwont to pass the cutwont to pass this farmhouse the cutwont to pass the cutwont to pass the cutwont to pass the cutfather was not friendly to the deacon and tried to break the engagement. He did not succeed, as appears from the publishment" which, according to the ustom of the times, was posted upon the church door. It was the production of the prospective bridegroom, and ran

> "Reynold Marvin and Betty Lee Do intend to marry ; And though her dad op-po-sed be,

They can no longer tarry." They were married, and lived in peace, and in a small stone house on the west side of "The Street" brought up a large family of children, and in due course of events were gathered to their fathers. On a time-worn headstone in the Lyme cemetery may be seen the following inscription:

"This Doscon, aged sixty-sight, Is freed on Earth from sarving, May for a crown no longer wait Lyme's Captain Reynold Marvin.

Enemies Vet Friends.

While Pickett's division was before Newbern, Gen. Pickett received, by flag of truce, a letter from a gentleman in Bos on, accompanied by a package of money containing \$2,000, in which the writer stated that he had a brother, a Federal officer, in the Libby prison; that his brother was a former comrade of Pickett in the Mexican war, and appealed to him by the friendship of their old days to forward the money to his brother. The appeal touched the heart of the soldier, and he at once dispatched an orderly with the money to the officer. The orderly, tempted by the unusual sight of so many greenbacks, deserted to the lines and escaped with the booty.

As soon as Pickett heard of the desertion he immediately went to Richmond, and by a mortgage upon his Turkey island property succeeded in borrowing \$2,000, which he carried to the prisoner with an explanation of and apology for the delay. The officer, when he learned by what means the general had raised the money, declined to accept \$1,000 of it; but Gen. Pickett compelled him to do so. The two soldiers then talked over the days of the past, when together they fought under the same flag, and as the conversation ripened into a friendly confidence, the prisoner frankly told the general that his object was to escape, if possible, and that he intended using some of the money he had paid him in the effort. The general checked him at once, by telling him that he could not receive his confidence in such a matter. That the money was his own, and that he had a right to do with it as he pleased, but it would be improper for him to be come a party to his plans. He then left. The prisoner did escape. Gen. Pickett's estate was sold to satisfy the mortgage which he had executed.

Extravagance in Dress.

The extravagance of dress, which beomes greater from day to day, alarms persons of moderate means. They forget that there are several degrees in the fashions, and that the plain and unpretentious lady, who desires to go into society, is not obliged to have the same dress or diamonds as are worn by the wealthy. The above, although from a Paris paper and relating to that city, is equally applicable to this country, as many an unfortunate husband can tes-

The Right Sort of a Wife.

"Jennie June" writes to the Balti-more American: Thousands of Americans have spent the few thousand dol-lars which stood between them and povlars which stood between them and poverty in a European trip, because wife and daughters had not sufficient occupation to make them feel the necessity of staying at home. We frequently hear it said: "Why, it is necessary to go abroad; we can live cheaper there than we can at home." Yes, if living on the results of some other person's labor is all that we have to do, but women who have homes and husbands should do something more than this—they should work in their homes, and add the value of their labor to the raw material which the earnings of the man purchases,

the earnings of the man purchases. One New York woman, not quite spoiled, has worked this out for herself very satisfactorily, and her example may stimulate others. Some time ago she lived with her husband and two daughters-one grown, the other still at school -in a nice house, on a good side street, and kept two servants; not an extensive establishment, but enough with her small family to obviate the necessity for much exertion on her part. When the eldest daughter left school (like all other daughters who leave school), she wanted to go to Europe, and the mother, worked upon by sympathizing friends, soon be-came convinced that it was necessary for the two daughters' health and her own (though persons more capable of doing justice to excellent roast beef never lived) that they should all go to Europe, and to Europe they accordingly went; the husband giving up the house and establishing himself in bachelor quar-

But the realization of the dream was not so pleasant as anticipated; or per-haps the wife found that the husband became reconciled to their absence too became reconcined to their absence too early. At any rate, after six months of absence, she returned without being sent for, to find her husband depressed by business difficulties, his tenants gone without having paid the rent, and much of the nice furniture ruined. Fortu-nately, she belonged to good old stock, who, when they see their duty, do it. She rescued what she could of the furniture, and transferred it to a pretty, but very unostentations "flat" up town, above the fifties, and with the furniture out of the way and a reduced rental, managed to secure a good, regularly paying tenant.

When the daughters proposed going to the intelligence office after "help,"

"No, my daughters; we will help each other, and in that way help papa out of his difficulties."

So they organized their modern house hold on a simple but very practical footing, which has proved delightful. They might very well hire all the help they choose now, but they would not do it on any account. They laughingly declare that their firm has resumed specie payments, for their expenses are so light compared with what they were formerly, that money is plentiful, and the papa nsists, as the housework is so well done, apon giving, as an allowance for the girls, double the amount he formerly paid in wages. I am sorry to say that that this patte n woman is not a fullblooded New Yorker. She was born in New England.

The Advantage of It.

The day had been set, and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business, and he collected all the pink love letters, the lock of hair, the faded violet, etc., and started for her father's mansion. He was high-minded and honorable and felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement, Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay

"George! dear George!" she 'exclaimed, as she entered the parlor and seized his band.

" Arabella, I am here to do my duty, he said, as he rosejup.
"W-what's the matter?" she asked. " H-haven't you heard of-of my fathhe inquired, his heart r's failure ?"

beating painfully. Why, yes, dear George, and what "Aren't you-won't you-that is !"-"I'm glad of it-that's all !" she

cried. " You are ?" "Of course I am! I was talking with father, and he said if your father had failed for \$60,000 he'd make at least \$50,000 out of it, and, of course, you'll get twice as much as you counted on !"

Effects of a Cold. "By dabe is Jodes. I ab the most biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eter-dally catchig code, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I tried everythig id the world to prevedt it; subber ad widter it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the bedigig to the edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drops, ad old wibbed's dostrubs have beed tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be : but its do use. Dothig u lder heaved cad keep by feet warb ; dothig keep be frob catchig code." Jones went to serenade his ladylove, and sang after this

Cub, ob, cub with be, The bood is beabig; Cub, oh cub with be. The stare are gleabing, And all aroud above, With beauty teeb

Economical Women,

The Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel has this striking statement : Since we published the statement a few days ago respecting a lady in Westminster whose annual expenses for clothing did not exceed eleven dollars per annum, one of our Fitchburg ladies, in high social position, has stated that her annual ex-pense for clothing, doctor's, and dentist's bills for the past eleven years has averaged less than seven dollars per annum. It is evident that neither of these ladies is responsible for the panic, through which we are now passing, for their extravagance, and it is re-freshing to know in these fearful times of bankruptcy and dishonesty that some high-born ladies can declare their innocence of the great transgression.

A SALT LAKE ELOPEMENT.

The Way a Mormon Girl Misted her Relatives and Fooled her Saltor.

More than three years ago, Charles R. Hopkins met and fell in love with Miss Alice S. Young, the eldest daughter of Brigham Young, Jr. The attachment became mutual, and the young gentle-man waited upon his lady love for sev-eral months, but against the will and consent of her parents. The game grew hotter; in fact, it became evident to the young lady's dad that the lovers were in earnest, and that if something were not done, and that, too, suddenly, he would have a wedding in his family. The young gentleman was therefore forbid-den the house by the irate father, who laid such an injunction upon the suitor to stay away that it was positively un-safe for him to disobey the mandate of the Lord's anointed. Every means was then employed to prevent the young lady from seeing her lover. She was taken with the dignitaries of the priesthood on missions from place to place, with the intention of diverting her mind, and, if possible, to alienate her affection for her lover; at least, to bring her in contact with other young Mormons, some of whom it was hoped she might learn to smile upon. Finally, a Mormon, nevertheless an intelligent young man, scarcely of her own age, addressed himself to her good graces, and to all human appearances became the favored lover. His love was genuing and it is said at times beautiful to the state of the sta ine, and, it is said, at times became overpowering. He waited upon her most devotedly until almost the very hour that she danced away with the other fellow, and for the past two years Briggy has looked upon him as the savior of his daughter, encouraging him in his suit. In short, it became generally to be regarded as a fact that Miss Alice and her new lover were engaged to be married, and it is not improbable that he, as and it is not improbable that he, as well as the parents, were happy in such a belief. She would go to balls and places of amusement with him, and by prearrangement would there meet Hopkins, but with such advoitness were these meetings conducted, that her most intimate friends even did not dream of the matrimonial conspiracy in progress. Other and clandestine meetings were had from time to time, and an epistolary correspondence maintained without detection between her aud her old flame.

The day was set, and the marriage was to take place immediately after the elopement, which was to be made next month. One day last week she sent word to Mr. Hopkins that her father was about to send her to St. George, affairs. The young man who was to aid in the escape, accompanied by Mr. Hop-kins, drove to the residence of the young lady, the "White House" on the hill, but found all the gates of the great stone wall securely locked, and the girl no-where to be seen. On the following day holding a secret conclave in his schoolhouse, within the same inclosure that Alice lived, and the gates had therefore been closed to exclude intruders. thermore, the young man who had been wasting his affection on the girl for the last two years had dropped in to spend the evening. Plans were again adjusted, and to be executed on Monday night. She was to smuggle her clothing out of the house and place it under a designated tree in the yard, where the young men were to go at six o'clock, P. M. and take it away, and two hours later go for the young lady herself. At the appointed hour they went with a light vehicle to the front sate of the prince, and, while one held the horses, the other proceeded to load in the girl's personal effects, in the meanwhile keeping his pistol in hand, well knowing that to be found invading the premises of the prophet would bring upon him a serious and perhaps desperate fight. This part of the work was done with no disturbance; bu shortly afterward Brigham, Jr., trusted something was wrong, and Miss Alice fled in search of her lover, pur sued by her father. Making her way down Main street, she met Charles near the ruins of the First National bank when she told him they had been dis-covered, and that her father had been pursuing her.

He directed her to remain there while he called a hack to take them to the minister, but before he returned she heard her father coming down the street, puffing and blowing like a porpoise in distress. She crossed the street in front of the Demijohn saloon, and when her father had gone by she returned; but no sooner had she got back than Brigham, Jr., turned and was coming toward her, when she dodged behind a pile of adobes in the street, where she remained concealed until he had pa sed out of sight. She was much excited, for it was a narrow escape, and she de termined not to remain there any longer. Accordingly she again hurried across the street, ran through the alley, near the billiard hall, and going across lots to South Second street, made her way to the residence of her lover in the Sixth ward.

When Charley returned to where he had left her, of course he was wild with excitement, for he naturally enough thought that she had been captured and carried back to the harem. A number of friends were called and stationed on all the corners to watch for her, while he with one companion drove to his home, where she by this time had ar-rived. The three together now proceeded to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Welch, who married the lovers and sent

them home with his blessing.

First the young lady's brother put in then appealed to his sister to go home with him, but when answered that she was already at home, he left the house weeping. The prince himself caned, accompanied by several policemen. He demanded to know of Mr. Hopkins if

effectually married as a minister of the gospel could do it. Brigham, Jr., then addressed his daughter, avowing that he acknowledged her, but turning to Mr. Hopkins he said: "You and I have no claim upon each other." The reply was: "That is mutual."—Salt Lake Tribune.

COMIC SONGS AND SINGERS.

Salaries of Singers and a Few of their Peculiarities.-Something very Personal. An exchange gives the following incidents about comic singers: Poor prices are paid for comic songs. Harrigan, or Williams, or Poole, will charge from \$20 to \$50 for a song—words and music—according to its merit, but then they are the regulars in the business. The amateurs may deem themselves lucky if they get \$5, and from that low figure the price runs down to the point at which the comic singer deems himself doing a favor to the author by singing his

bantling.

The music is generally old or slightly changed from some well known dance air or already popular melody. "The Whereabouts of Tweed," for instance, is set to the old English cong, "Perhaps she's on the railway." "The Pin and Needle Peddler" music is adapted from the "Jolly Brothers" galop, etc. Harrigan, although not versed in music, has a very nice appreciation of melody, and gets up his own airs, whistling or singing them to a musical transcriber, who notes down and arranges them. Song writers are generally expected to furnish music for their words. Frank Lewis has produced a number of original airs of no mean merit, and so has Sinelair.

Copyright on comic songs is little valued or thought of by their owners, not that it might not be defended, but because little is to be gained by legal proceedings against fellows who have proceedings against fellows who have nothing from which to pay damages. Consequently, proprietary right is practically registered as soon as a song is sung in public. There is not one of Tony Pastor's, Harrigan's, or Williams' songs, which, if good, will not be sung in a half dozen variety shows, concert halls and free and every about town be. halls, and free and easys about town before it is forty-eight hours old. Some-times this pilfering goes to the extent of publication with avowed authorship, ut there it is seldom as successful, as the publishers may be reached by law. Queer blunders occur in this way. Once, for example, two parties, one a famous negro minstrel, now dead, stole a song of Poole's, the popular "Finnegan's Wake," and published it, dividing the honors of authorship, one taking credit for the words, and the other for the music; but, as it happened, the music where she would be compelled to stay, she knew not how long, and without the shadow of a hope for an escape. Accordingly it was arranged for her on taken from what would seem to be a taken from what would seem to be a

Saturday night to flee from the harem, be wedded, and go home with her lover.

A mutual friend had been taken into the The salaries of professional singers of The salaries of professional singers of comic songs, provided they have reputation already, are very large, ranging from \$75 to \$250 a week. Tony Pastor, if singing under engagement, would get \$250. Gus Williams commands \$200 week by the season. Pat Rooney gets \$200 a week, Courtright \$150, and Kernell \$125. Then, in addition to this, it was ascertained that the prophet was they make considerable amounts from the sale of rights of publications and the sales of song books, music publishers paying a royalty of generally about ten per cent. on their sales of sheet music ried, and have 40,000 illegitimate chiland proportionately on books. times rights are sold out and out, but not frequently if the songs are good for anything, and since Harrigan foolishly threw away a little fortune by selling the "Mulligan Guards" to Pond & Co. for \$50 cash down, such transactions put in some wood, and locked the door

will no doubt be rarer in the future. The English comic singers who have achieved reputation in this country have been not many more in number than the native singers mentioned. There was Horace Lingard, famous once as "Captain Jinks," who now confines himself pany, and then he does his old "sketches" as well as ever; Harry Rickards, whose popularity as "Brown, the Tragedian," in the song of that title, has won for him a re-engagement in the Olympic Theater, to which he will soon return from England; Jolly Nash, who is doing his "Laughing" song out in California; Fred Foster, the original "Piccadilly;" J. H. Milburn, great as "The Dancing Barber;" Harry Munroe, who wrote his own songs, and will be best remembered by his "Swell with the Carrotty Hair," among the Clover;" Victor Listor and Linton, the latter of whom is traveling somewhere in this country.

Story of a Russian Princess,

A young Russian has for some years | Janauschek is my equal, and, besides she is younger, and so handsome." been prosecuting his chemical studies at the university of Leipsie with unusual zeal. The young man, of an aristocratic exterior, made friends of all who came in contact with him. Recently he passed a most brilliant examination, which was rewarded with the dignity of a master of arts. Soon thereafter a young lady called on one of the most prominent professors of the university, addressing the celebrated savant in the following words : "I desire, professor, before I depart from Leipsic, to express to you my most hearty thanks." professor, perfectly astonished, ob-served: "Thanks, but what for?" ob-'Listen, sir. I was married to the old prince * * *. My husband died seme years ago. He died insolvent, so that I was left even without the daily bread. I resolved to seek the necessary means of subsistence in science." fessor then interrupted her, saying : "Yes, most gracious lady, nevertheless I cannot see why you should address any thanks to me." The lady continued: "Observe, then, it is now more than three years that here in Leipan appearance, and desired a private interview with his brother-in-law. It was granted, but no harm came of it. He tion, is none other than myself."

he and Alice were married, and the re-ply was that they were just about as of my nose? It won't go."

The whole story of life has been con-pressed into this dainty little poem by

Jean Ingelow: Sweet is childhood-childhood's over. Kiss and part.

Sweet is youth-but youth's a rover-So's my heart.

Sweet is rest; but all by showing Toil is nigh. We must go. Alas! the going, Say, "good-bye."

Items of Interest.

A London court is deep in the mazes of a divorce suit in which the respondent

is ninety years old. "Talking to her husband in a loud tone of voice" is enough to send a Per-sian wife to jail for thirty days.

A cat is popularly supposed to be fond of her offspring. A popular delu-sion! She is constantly licking them.

"Alkali Jim," a convict in San Quen-tin prison, California, hid himself in a shoe case and was shipped to San shoe case Francisco. The high price of meat in England has brought to light the fact that there is at

present less live stock in that country than in any other in Europe. The old State-House in Boston is

doomed. The leases expire on the first of July and immediately afterwards the building will be demolished. A man has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment at hard labor, in Enniskillen, Ireland, for stealing sticks valued at one penny from Lord Belmore's estate.

A Western editor says: "We black our boots with 15,000,000 boxes of domestic blacking in a year." He saves 5,000,000 boxes a year by not blacking his heels, adds a brother editor. Warren Parker, of Adrian, Mich., has

bid for distinction in meanness by forg-ing the name of one sweetheart to a note, and using the money so obtained in eloping with another. A sure cure for pain in a hollow tooth is a mixture of powdered alum and com-mon sait, applied with a lock of cotton.

A sensation of coldness follows the application, after which the pain gradually subsides. A Nevada sheep man, who had tried and succeeded with sheep, said: "Sheep are better than a government bond; you can tear off a coupon every six months half as big as the bond, and

the bond is left as big as it was." Three men were shot in a row at a ball was an old Scotch air, and—to quote a comic song—"that's what gave them away." Strange to say, few airs are have the bullet extracted from his back

but, upon trying to dance again, he fel and died. If there is anything calculated to make constitution nervous, it is to have two or three children standing around eating bread and jam when he has called in his evening things, radiant in black au I creve-cœur, just before making a late.

call on—her. There are 45,000 men and women and 72,000 children who live in the canal-boats on the English rivers and canals. ried, and have 40,000 illegitimate children. Ninety-five per cent. can neither

read nor write. He entered a car door. When the brakeman came inside and took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the stove again, he asked him what he locked the stove door for. The brakeman shut his left eye, and said he locked the door so the fire couldn't go out.

A little six-year-old city boy went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it and then to comedy acting, except when he enters a village too small for a dramatic comhe replied, smacking his lips : "Yes, ma'am. I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A bill has been introduced into the California Senate which provides that 'all original articles or correspondence hereafter appearing in any newspaper or serial" published in that State be printed in said newspaper or serial with the full real name of the author of each article or correspondence.'

Somebody said to Charlotte Cushman, not many years ago: "You are now alone in your great art—your fame has no competitor. Where shall we find an equal to succeed you?" Miss Cushman replied simply: "No, my good friend, nobody is indispensable. Mme.

Flowers at the Centennial.

The horticultural grounds and exposition of the Centennial comprise forty acres, covering the whole of a sugar-loaf hill located near the center of the exposition inclosure. All the United States trees will be represented, and the plants recently introduced from China, Japan and the east. The space reserved for the display of ornamental gardening will contain about 70,000 flowering, and perhaps as many foliage plants, arranged in the carpet bed, ribbon and geometrical styles of gardening. The building, exclusive of the main hall and the four The building, greenhouses, is divided into several compartments for the individual exhibits of florists and gardeners. On the north and south sides are the two greenhouses, each thirty by one hundred feet in size. These and the main hall are heated by hot water for the exhibition of choice plants of commerce, tropical and other exotic productions. The main hall, eighty by two hundred and thirty in won't Go.—One morning a little four-year-old boy lay awake in his crib. His head seemed to be stopped up with a cold. After vainly struggling for a while to clear it, he exclaimed: "Mam-ma, what is the matter with one side of as follows : Four large return flue-boilers pelled by heat, the water moves through-out the building, disseminating a genial and uniform heat everywhere.