

MISS LAURA BURT, CYMRAES GLASUROL

Went on the Stage When Four Years Old.

INDEX AND HIS BOOK BROTHERHOOD

Some Good Book Points From the Leading Newspapers of Wales--A Large Budget of Historical News, Both Ancient and Modern.



MISS LAURA BURT.

Like a brave woman, and with her three fatherless children, bade adieu to her native Gwalla, and sailed for America.

Mrs. Burt. In these years, possessed a very sympathetic contralto voice, well described and under excellent control.

They arrived at their American destination in due time, and were received by the Welsh friends with that open and broad cordiality, so characteristic of the Brython heart in America.

As we stated before, being a warm advocate of the temperance cause, Mrs. Burt adopted the stage, and espoused the cause.

At this time, the lamented Bliss, the immortal writer of the beautiful music that afterwards made the names of Moody and Sankow known to the religious world over, was just introducing his music to the world, and Mrs. Burt and her three little children were the first to sing the beautiful hymn, entitled "Pulling for the Shore," on any public platform.

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er and commands the immediate attention of his audience. Miss Burt's older brother is the Rev. Lloyd Roberts, formerly of Wilkes-Barre, Mr. Roberts is an issue of a former husband, and is only Miss Burt's half brother, but, like the Burt's, he is a gentleman of brilliant attainments.

In the current issue of "Young Wales" there appears a graphic sketch, with portrait of the Rev. Lloyd Roberts. It is now his outward man is depicted. The Creator of "Sweetheart Gwen" stands about middle height. Of his remarkably brilliant attainments, while his mother is a Welsh accent in his English discourses, still it is the language of a cultured gentleman, and perfect and pleasant.

Not the least interesting among the Christmas publications in Wales is a small collection of Christmas carols, for which Mr. Howell, J. P. Abercrombie, the Rev. Canon Williams, Carmarthen, and Alfred Lewis, the great Welsh bard, besides their novel carols have numerous good qualities to commend them.

One of the most sonorous and grand ballad-hymns (for both ballad and hymn) is in any language in Williams Parry's "Cyfaill," a composition of great grandeur of 1755, in which occurs the lines:

Dyw, os wyt an ddiben! ay! Cychwynn'n gynhau'r awr i'yd.

Two and three generations ago this grand piece of poetry was often recited by reciters of the Welsh, and many other excellent things in Welsh, it has been driven out of memory by the concert and the penny reading.

Although America supplies Wales with a large proportion of slates, the industry in that country is carried on by Welshmen. The oldest slates, Messrs. Ellis Owen, Robert G. Pierce and Joseph Richards are the backbone of the Carbon Slate company of Pennsylvania.

One of the smallest publications in Wales is the "Chronicle," a magazine founded by "S. R." far back in the forties. And yet this little journal Tom Thumb and many other famous characters and names to look after its salvation.

In an article on "Queer Christmas Customs in Old Corners of the Globe," published in the Christmas number of the "Church Bells," the "Mari Lwyd" custom in Wales is referred to as follows: "By the way, in Wales they place horse skulls on poles carried by men wrapped round with sheets, having a contrivance for making them rattle and rattle and shut with an unceasing snap, and every one who can be seized has to pay for liberation. As the chief actor has generally a crowd of about him, in grotesque costumes, the contributions to Christmas festivities are sometimes very large. The grim entertainment is called the 'Mari Lwyd.'"

Mr. C. Lloyd Morgan has written a book on "Habit and Instinct, and the Moral Reviewer," in which he touches on the highest terms. Mr. Morgan has come to the conclusion that instinct is two-fold--namely, a natural and a cultivated instinct. The latter is the result of a congenial congeniality definite faculties and innate capacity; second, acquired instinct, leading to the formation of habit.

Mr. T. C. Thomas, of Llandaf, submits a fresh translation of "Yn y dyfroedd mawr" (In the deep waters).

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SHE WAS AMBITIOUS, BUT

THIS WAS WHAT SHE REALIZED.

for often had they changed children with seven well-to-do families, he said, but Patsy Cummings at prize-workshops, the Cardiff Mail writes the following little story of another and still surviving member of the 'mist': 'I saw the celebrated Sayers-Heenan prize-fight on April 17, 1890, at Farnborough Hints, and there met the Welsh light-weight, Dan Thomas (then Pontypridd) next to him. On the 5th instant, and we chatted together at Portcawl, where he now peacefully lives as a chapel-freighter. Some years since the spirit moved him to destroy his belts and other valuable prizes. Shortly after, seeing a big, bulky knocking about a much smaller man, he commenced, and remonstrance proving useless, the old spirit revived. He took off his coat and gave the huge bully a good thrashing, to the delight of an assembled crowd.'

Welsh complacency has received several severe shocks of late. The 'Globe,' in some concern, the worst of all, of course was the attack on the antiquity of the Gorsedd, which has caused a considerable amount of the points of the Principality, in comparison with which this week's earthquake is mere child's play. Then there has been the loss of the Welsh 'Colony in Patagonia, and now a fresh and most unlooked-for blow has been dealt poor Taffy in his tender years in the loss of his wife, the daughter of his friends, Mr. Pugh, of the Cardiff Forward Movement--this, we believe, is not a football club, but an organization for the propagation of religious principles--has recently paid a visit to South Africa, and in the course of his travels he had occasion to attend a mission service in Zululand. A special feature of the service was the singing of hymns in the Zulu tongue by converted natives, and after hearing the snoring of these dusky chorists, was fain to admit that in the matter of voice even the Welsh singers must stand down in favor of the extraordinary admission has created a profound impression in Wales. In Cardiff, however, it has been received with equal equanimity. There is no talk of lynching Mr. Pugh. On the contrary, it is almost true to say that the office boy heard him soliloquizing: 'Of all the blank fools I am the blindest,' he said. 'Here I am stranded at Atlanta with two pistols and not one grain of sense. Henry Grady's got me down and before he's done with me I suppose I will indorse all that his paper said about me. Such a man--such a man!'

It was GRADY'S WAY.

How the Famous Atlanta Editor Overcame the Wrath of an Indignant Subscriber.

When the late Henry W. Grady was managing editor of the Atlanta Constitution he was somewhat of a humorist, and he would have been a most zealous correspondent who picked up rumors and sent them in as items of news. In one instance, however, a splendid opportunity for a bit of enterprising journalism was offered him. Grady hardly knew how to act. A man in a distant part of the state complained that he had been misrepresented. He did not ask for a retraction, but wrote that he would arrive in Atlanta on the next train, and would shoot the responsible editor of the paper. A few of his acquaintances brought out the fact that he had a violent temper, sometimes got drunk, and was just the kind of a fellow who could commit a murder and then be acquitted on the grounds of insanity.

Mr. Grady and his friends felt that the situation had its serious features, but nobody spoke of appealing to the police. They do not conduct business with a fellow who threatens to make a would-be desperado arrive. This was the question of the hour in the office. The general opinion was that he would reach the city about midday, and if he visited the office at that hour he would probably find Mr. Grady alone on the editorial floor. One of the clerks, who had been ordered to get up stairs and tender his chief a pistol, at the same time begging him not to be taken unawares, took the pistol, reflected a moment, and then handed it back to the young man. "I don't need it," he said. "Good humor is worth more than gunpowder in this case. This poor fellow who is hunting me thinks that he has a grievance, and the matter should be looked into before there is any fighting."

The day wore on and the newspaper men soon became absorbed in their routine duties, and by 12 o'clock they had drifted out in various directions to get their lunches. All except Mr. Grady, while he was waiting for the editor, was busily engaged with some important correspondence. The clock ticked away monotonously, and the profound quiet prevailed on the editorial floor. Suddenly and unannounced a big fellow with a frowning brow entered the sanctum. "Mr. Grady," he blurted out, "I am here to see you."

"Glad to see you," interrupted the other, "I was thinking of you a moment ago," and the journalist gave his visitor a cordial handshake and beamed upon him with a magnetic smile. The big fellow was not to be captured in this way. His frown deepened and he assumed a dignified attitude. "You probably take me for some one else," he said stiffly. "I am--"

"What! Were you there?" asked Blackstock. "Was I there?" repeated Grady. "I was not only there, but I sat up all night conoling with a crowd of boys who had made the mistake of their lives in not betting on your mare. I had to let some of the boys have money enough to carry them home. What are you going to have at the fall race, colonel?"

Blackstock looked embarrassed. "I--well, in fact, I did not know you were there. This fall I propose--but Mr. Grady, I am here--"

Blackstock's face, always red, grew redder and exhibited signs of nervousness. Grady took it all in and his eyes danced merrily. He kept up a running talk, full of jokes and reminiscences, and the visitor found himself unable to turn the conversation. Before he knew it he had agreed to dine with Grady and his friend. At last he excused himself, saying he had an appointment at home, but that he would be on hand at the hour set for dinner. He almost tore himself away, and, as he rushed out through the hall, the office boy heard him soliloquizing: "Of all the blank fools I am the blindest," he said. "Here I am stranded at Atlanta with two pistols and not one grain of sense. Henry Grady's got me down and before he's done with me I suppose I will indorse all that his paper said about me. Such a man--such a man!"

The colonel was better satisfied the next day. "Mr. Grady," he said, "I am a prince," explained the objectionable article to him and won his lasting friendship.

Blackstock went home without asking for a retraction, and always afterward was one of Grady's warmest admirers.

THE MAGAZINES.

Easily the dominating feature of the January Century is General Horace Porter's paper on Grant in the Wilderness campaign. It merits reading by everybody able to read.

St. Nicholas begins the New Year with a most attractive spread for its juvenile readers. There are a dozen or more entries in its January menu, and each one is good for the mind.

In McClure's for January we have Grant explored by Hamlin Garland, who covers the time at West Point. Mr. Garland makes his biography him.

The Cosmopolitan's nearest approach to a historical serial feature is in T. C. Crawford's fairy tales. That in the current number describing "The Wish for Political Power" merits perusal by all who are afflicted with the itch for political prominence. It rips politics clear open. Connaught begins a promising serial in this number.

Goody's for January inaugurates a really interesting series of papers on the "Miles and Manners of Seventy Years," being a review of Goody's Lady's Book the first woman's magazine, and the work it did in America. It is a real revelation of facts for the plates of seven decades. It is decidedly entertaining to read how oddly our grandmothers acted and dressed.

Studies of Schubert, Liszt, Brahms, Wagner, and Strauss, with much other interesting matter for students and lovers of good music, make up the contents of the January Look-Out. At a dime a copy this is indeed a bargain.

Advertisement for RAYWAY'S READY RELIEF, a cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, and other ailments. It claims to be a 'sure cure' and is sold by druggists.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES. Del., Lack. and Western. Effect Monday, October 19, 1896. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York, Philadelphia, etc., 1.40, 2.50, 3.15, 5.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.15 p. m.

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THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Schedule in Effect November 15, 1895. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows: 7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

THE ST. DENIS. Broadway and Eleventh St., New York. Opp. Grace Church, -European Plan. Rooms \$1.00 a Day and Upwards.

WILLIAM TAYLOR and SON. Houses for Sale and for Rent. If you contemplate purchasing or leasing a house, or want to invest in a lot, send for the latest property on page 2 of The Tribune.

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DELaware AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. On Monday, Nov. 23, trains leave Scranton as follows: For Carlisle--5.45, 7.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m.; 1.15, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15, 9.15, 11.15 p. m.

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