

EVERYWHERE.
An angel stood with a flaming sword,
And firmly barred my way,
While there beyond shone the Holy
Gates.
Bright with the light of day,
"O, let me pass," I trembling cried,
"But the angel said me 'nay.'
"Thou mortal weak, look thee below,
At what thou hast left today.
And as I turned my shrinking face
Toward the earth with its joy and
pain,
I saw the form of one I loved,
With arms outstretched in vain.
"Let me go back," I humbly craved,
And lo! The angel sign'd,
While there beyond, where all was
bright,
The Holy Gates swung wide.
"The face of God let me behold
Just once e'er I depart."
"The face of God," the angel said,
"Is stamped on every heart."
And as I spoke a glorious voice
Came floating in the air:
"My child, return," it softly said,
"For I am everywhere."

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

If we are to believe Don Beauregrille, Chevalier Eloi de Lohé was transported from Egypt to Touraine in a single night in a manner which was certainly marvellous, though not unique, since authors who are quite as worthy of credence as Beauregrille tell us of similar adventures and say that they had personal knowledge of them. I will first speak of the adventure of a lord of Gascony, a most excellent account of which has been given by Jean François Blaise. It is a singular story, owing to the fact that the devil acted rather curiously toward the hero of it, who, by the way, was a good Christian. The hero was "as devout as a priest, as strong as Samson and withal a man of incomparable wisdom and prudence." (These are the very words of Jean François Blaise.) Having sworn by the Blessed Virgin of Bethanum in his castle that if his good wife had been for a long time barren, would finally give him a child he would go to the Holy Land and spend seven years there in fighting the enemies of the good lord, this mighty lord set out for the Holy Land immediately after the birth of the long desired son. For a year he fought there "like a Caesar." One day, however, he fell from his horse, and "being captured by the enemies of the good God, he was locked up by them in a tower." There the devil went to see him, and on three occasions he brought him news from his home. And bad news it was.

"Three brothers," said the devil, "have taken possession of your property, and your wife and son have not found any relative or friend to defend them. By night and day these rascals feast in your castle and they sell the harvest so that they may squander the money at gambling. . . . Aye, and the time is approaching when your wife will be forced to wed one of the three brothers." Naturally, when he heard this news the good lord was seized with an urgent desire to return home. The devil offered him his services and promised to land him in three days within a hundred yards of his castle. Certain conditions were attached to this offer, but these the Gascon knew how to evade. The devil took the lord on his back. Then with one stroke of his wings he carried him above the clouds; and his speed was a hundred times greater than that of a flash of lightning. The first day the devil said: "Keep up your courage. Don't lose your seat. Look down. What do you see?" "I see cities and villages; I see rivers and great forests; I see mountains and plains." The second day the devil said: "Keep up your courage. Don't lose your seat. Look down. What do you see?" "I see the ocean. I see islands. I see ships." The third day the devil said: "Keep up your courage. Don't lose your seat. Look down. What do you see?" "I see my native country. I see my castle. I see my wife at the window. She is combing my son's hair with a beautiful comb of gold, and she is looking far away, looking to see if I am coming back." Then the devil landed the lord within a hundred yards of his castle and went away. The poor man was so badly clothed that he was provided with a new suit of clothes. He had himself, but then he was knocked without fear or trembling at the door of the castle. "Hullo! Hullo!" "Well, poor man what do you want?" "Lackey, who is in command here?" "He who was in command here died in the Holy Land. Tomorrow his widow takes a second husband. At present she is upstairs in the drawing room, taking supper with her son and her three suitors." The good lord did not intend to relate how this good lord, after the fashion of the ancient Ulysses, killed the three suitors and made himself known to his good wife. His journey through the air is the only matter which interests us at present.

A VERY NOTABLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AIR.

If the Gascon whose story we have told as brought from the heart of a pagan country by the devil and landed safely at his own home, St. Adjutor, on the other hand was providentially rescued by saints from paradise. This saint, who is vulgarly known as St. Adjutor and St. Ustre, was miraculously transported in one night from Jerusalem, where he was a captive, to his castle of Blaru, near the town of Vernon, in Normandy. A son of the Duchess Rosamond, Adjutor had become a Crusader in 1095 and had gone to the Holy Land with a thousand good good men-at-arms. After fighting for seventeen years he was taken prisoner and was locked up in Jerusalem. One night, while he was asleep, he saw in a vision St. Madeline on his right hand and St. Bernard of Tiron on his left. Straightway they took him up and they transported him that very night to the forest of Blaru. Then they left him, saying: "This is the resting place which we have chosen for you." Adjutor, recognizing the scenes of his youth, called a boy, who was herding cattle at a little distance, and ordered him to go to the castle and tell the Duchess Rosamond that her son had returned. The boy carried the message, but Rosamond answered: "My son is dead at Jerusalem, and I will never have the joy of seeing him come home again." The little herdsman went back to him who had sent him and repeated these words. "Go back to the castle of Blaru," said Adjutor to him, "and say that the three bells of the church are about to ring of their own accord, and will in that manner announce my return." And indeed, in the night, no sooner taken this message to the Duchess than the bells began to ring. Rosamond, however, shook her head and said:

"These bells are not ringing on account of my son's returning."
The little herdsman went back a second time to Adjutor and the latter gave him yet another message.
"Go once more," he said, "and tell my mother that I have returned, and, if she will not believe it, say as a proof that the cock which is at this moment on the kitchen of the castle will crow three times."
When the herdsman had given this message, the cock that was on the spit began to crow. When she heard him Rosamond was finally convinced that her son had returned. So she went to the forest in order to embrace her child who had been so marvellously restored to her. She had, however, delayed too long. God is not willing that any one should doubt his power and his mercy. Therefore he had called his servant back to him. As Rosamond opened her arms to embrace him, Adjutor drew his last breath, and thus was kept the promise which St. Madeline and St. Bernard had made to him.
The result was that Rosamond, as was quite natural, took the veil and died in a state of sanctity. The memory of St. Adjutor is still greatly venerated in the little town of Vernon.

At any rate the Emir asked his daughter every day if she was making good progress in her conversion of the Chevalier de Lohé, and the princess Bulbul prudently replied that there was still a good deal of work to do in that direction. She spoke in this manner so that she might not give offence. Already, however, she was fully determined to free him from prison and to flee with him. For they were in love with each other. When everything was ready for the execution of this plan Bulbul, while her attendants were asleep, occupied a night in her palace by a garden door, and under her cloak she carried her jewels in a casket. And so she set free Chevalier de Lohé and took him to the bank of the Nile, where he found a boatman, who rowed him over to the other side.

HOW THE CHEVALIER ELOI DE LOHE WAS AT THE BATTLE OF ASHMOON.

The story of Eloi de Lohé's adventure will perhaps seem less surprising than the stories which we have just told. Eloi was of good family and was extremely handsome and well built. He was nineteen years old when he accompanied his uncle Baudry to Egypt and Egypt. When they arrived at a place called Ashmoon they found the Sudan and he was clothed in golden armor, on which the rays of the sun flashed with wonderful brightness. The Saracens around him made a terrible noise with their drums. Nothing happened then, but at nightfall the pagans began to fire so fast and so furiously that it seemed as though a dragon was flying through the air. Whenever this fire threatened the sacred relics St. Louis said amid tears: "O, God, preserve me and my people!" "Amen!" said Eloi de Lohé. And at such moments he thought of the green Loire and his father's home. Nevertheless he killed a good many infidels, for he loved to bear himself like a man. The battle was over, and Eloi did not find any trace of his uncle Baudry, who had borne himself bravely during the conflict and had then disappeared in the thickest of the fight. Eloi de Lohé saw most of his companions die of a terrible disease. The flesh and the bones of the dead were covered with black and earth-colored spots like an old boot which has been for a long time hidden behind a trunk. Few escaped this disease, and bleeding at the nose was soon found to be a sure sign of death, so that when this symptom appeared the sufferer was bound to die in a short time. Now, as Eloi de Lohé was steering a boat that was going down the Nile with a number of patients, and was thinking that he would soon be afflicted with the same disease, he was captured by the Saracens and was led before a certain Emir, who said to him: "You are a youth of great beauty and you seem to be very strong. If you will embrace the faith of Mohammed I will give you great power over my slaves and you shall be my gardener." But Eloi de Lohé refused to embrace the faith of Mohammed.

As he stood beneath the porch of the Emir's palace Eloi saw approaching him a swarthy old man, whom he at first took for an Arab, but in whom he soon recognized a squire named Pierre, who was a native of Cognac-le-Tours, and whom he had not seen since the battle of Ashmoon.

"Pierre," said he to him, "I am glad to see you before the end comes for both of us, which will assuredly be soon, for there is no doubt that we will be sacrificed to the Mohammedan idol. Still, you will be able to give me news of my uncle, Aubry, who was taken prisoner by the Saracens at Ashmoon. I suppose he is at present enduring great sufferings in the service of Our Lord."

"You need not suppose anything of the kind, sir," replied Pierre. "Your uncle Aubry has taken up the business of preserving roses at Smyrna, where he lives in a fine garden, with fifty wives, whom he sells whenever they cease to please him." Eloi de Lohé was surprised and sorry to hear that his uncle Baudry was no longer a Christian. He was not, however, beguiled by his example; on the contrary, it strengthened him in his resolution to remain a Christian. The Emir, who thought that such a handsome fellow ought to become a pagan, constantly teased and threatened him, and finally ordered that he be cast into prison. The jailer, who was a garrulous old man, related many fine parables, hoping that they would induce him to change his mind. All his labor, however, was in vain. The Emir finally saw clearly that neither the dread of punishment nor the love of wealth would ever impel Eloi de Lohé to become a Saracen. He flattered himself, however, that logic would win the day, and he sent him the learned Arab doctors in Arabian, and every day they reasoned with him in his cell in the most subtle fashion. These doctors knew Aristotle and excelled in mathematics, medicine and astronomy. Eloi de Lohé knew nothing of astronomy, medicine, mathematics or of the works of Aristotle, but he knew by heart the Lord's Prayer and several other beautiful prayers. And

that is why the learned Arabian doctors were unable to convince him, and withdrew, covered with confusion.
The Emir, who was of an obstinate and vain nature, though Aristotle and the doctors had failed in their mission, and he resolved to try another plan, which would surely produce a better result. With this intent he summoned one of his fifty daughters, a girl named Bulbul, who was young, beautiful, a fine musician and a more subtle logician than any learned doctor.
The Emir ordered his daughter Bulbul to array herself in her most costly raiment, to anoint herself with oil of balsam and to visit Eloi de Lohé in prison.

"Go, my daughter," he said to her, "and teach this Christian the Mohammedan law. And understand that your work will be of little avail if you merely speak the truth. You must see to it that your arguments are rendered more cogent by the brightness of your eyes, by the radiant glory of your hair, by the perfume from your bosom and by the roundness of your arms, and that when you speak all the arts of persuasion are at work around you like a light and powerful odor."

The Emir's instructions have seemed unreasonable to some authors who have told this story. Don Beauregrille, however, observes that they are just such instructions as an infidel would be likely to give in such a case. In like manner, he says, the daughters of Midian and of Moab, by the detestable advice of the false prophet, Balaam, were sent to the children of Israel with the object of perverting them and causing them to fall into idolatry, and in like manner the daughters of Ammon turned the heart of the great King, Solomon, toward idolatry, and so, too, Queen Athalia, having inspired with passion the son of the holy King, Josiah, caused him to become a worshiper of Baal.

Everyone His Own Deserts.

(Helen Wilkins in "Freedom.")
"My own shall come to me." It shall come because it is related to the character of my mental development. If my mental development is of a low order then my surroundings will be of a low order. As I go on improving my mind, gaining more knowledge of the law of growth and of my own latent powers my conditions will improve. Let no one suppose that because a few men have hoarded up much money money is related to their development, but it has enslaved them; it has become their master, and does not add to their happiness. Money properly acquired under a knowledge of the law of growth and of one's relation to the law will free the individual; it will be his slave and not his master. Knowledge is the food of the immortal; and so long as they confine themselves to it, using their brains freely in digesting it, making practical application of it, and perfecting, death or old age is simply impossible to them. The habit of procrastination is simply a habit of lifelessness; a habit of de-vitalization. But how can such persons come out of their condition? They can come out of it by thinking. The habit of thinking on almost any subject whatever will arouse their brains in a way to put more vitality in their bodies; with more vitality thus added the power to think will be increased and the power to enjoy life will be increased. The power of life will take hold of them and start them in an effort to perpetuate life here in this world. The habit of postponement will become conquered and they will become practically citizens of our beautiful earth.

"Great truths are dearly bought; they do not come by choice, they are not blown in our way by the passing wind, they come from long continued thought. A fact picked up here, a truth from some other source, those combined and joined with a thought of your own, the sooner will the truth be yours, and we can go gleaming sheaves of the truth of truth that are so thickly strewn in our way."—Martha S. Richardson.

A young man and a young woman simultaneously started for the same seat on a grip car yesterday afternoon at Fifth and Main streets. The young man discovered the young woman's purpose and gallantly stopped. The young woman flounced herself quickly into the seat, which was built for one, and regarded the young man with a pityingly triumphant glance, that said but too plainly: "You're too slow."

The young man, who spends that part of his time which is not engaged in the practice of law in studying human nature and philosophizing, went back to the rear end of the trailer and told a reporter who was perched there all about it:
"In the slow days of long ago a woman would have been quick to detect the courtesy and sympathy which I showed her, with fine scorn, 'in these later days, if a man makes a bluff at politeness he is treated as if he were an imbecile or physically deformed and inactive."
"If ever I give up a seat to any woman, unless I know her, I hope I may be sent to Spain to learn Spanish. I propose to sit like a sphinx, and if women have forgotten the finer gentleness of their sex, let them recall it by ruminating while holding to a strap in a street car."

Alkali Ike—So you killed that literary chap from down east?
Cactus Pete—Yep. His education stood him in good stead until he tried to read the cards in a poker game. Then it proved his ruination.

First Tramp—Dis is what I call a mixed drink.
Second Tramp—Ain't it beer?
First Tramp—Yes, but it's been took out of sixteen different kegs. And

THE BLUE AND GOLD.

I.
Long e'er the morning star hath slipped away
Drawing ethereal robes before her face
To hide her beauty from all-seeing day—
Such is her chastity and maiden grace,
Into the vaulted blue of Saul's domain
Spirals of golden glory shimmering
Trembling with joy, they reunite again
To join their beauties till the day is done,
Making to watching man a glorious sight
After the faint fairness of the night.
The blue and gold, so beautiful to see;
One disenchantment only doth contain
A silvery chill e'er-hanging seems to be;
So fair, so chill doth harmony disdain.

II.
The blue and gold doth symbolize our land;
War's brazen trumpet blares her regal pride;
Freedom and power seem walking hand in hand,
And all is fair that's by the eye described.
But while we vaunt her glory and her fame
A crawling chill doth over steal the heart;
Fair Liberty doth hide her face for shame
That none will to a call for succor start,
But linger long with fingers in the purse
While poor neighbor groans beneath her curse,
Our land is fair, but with the gold and blue
There clings a tinge of Nero's purple hue.

III.
My lady's eyes are as the morning skies,
Grey-blue and blithesome, a celestial air;
O'er-brimming with each thought that lives and dies,
Fair eyes, bespeaking thought as truly fair,
And a gold crown doth decorate her hair,
A crown of twenty thousand golden bands,
A flowing halo that doth lend its glow,
And as a glory from her head expands,
Her presence is a balm unto my soul,
For where she is, dull sorrow cannot bide.
The strength of her perfections out-ward roll,
Expelling raw contentions from her brow.
I only sigh that being chilly pure,
She cannot feel of love's consuming fire.

IV.
But why complain of beauties not entire?
God leaves the rest for us to make complete.
If we admire the beauties which but are—
We mend the lack; for all such fancies sweet
Are warm and rosy red; thus we dispel
The only fault, and perfect make the blue.
—ETHEL GRIFPITH.

What profits it, O America, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and
With sovereign argosies the waters blue,
And wrest thy tribute from each silver sail,
If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear
Of maidens martyred by the Spanish crew,
Whom underest mercy was the sword that slew,
And left no hand to wield the purging fall.

We deemed that thou didst hold a charge from him
Who watches grinner round with cherubim
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait! thou his sign? Enough, the sleepless cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God.

If I was rich, I'd have a bike,
I'd chase footballer an' I'd fight;
I'd to Cuba 'th Uncle Sam,
And all them Spanish I'd lam
If I was rich.

All boys wud never go a day
To Sunday school, but alters play,
An' 'sunt' I'd have fun from morn till night—
Now wudn't that be out o' sight!
If I was rich!

I wudn't have to work a lick,
I'd jes' 'chaw candy till I'm sick,
An' 'sunt' I'd have a bushel basket,
Rn' give to all the kids as asked,
If I was rich!

I'd wash my face jes' once a week,
An' then y'd never hear me squeak,
Whn' once a month I combed my hair,
An' wash-oh-oh! Never, there!
If I was rich!

Only a bird! and the tiny throat
With quaver and trill and whistle of flute
Brushed and bleeding and silent lies
There at his feet, its chords are mute,
And the boy, with loud and boisterous laugh,
Froed of his prowess and brutal skill,
Throws it aside with a careless toss,
"Only a bird! it was made to kill."

Only a bird! yet far away
Little ones clamor and cry for food—
Clamor and cry and the chill of night
Settles over the orphan brood.
Weaker and fainter the morning call
Falls a brooding breast that shall never come.
Mourning breaks o'er a lonely nest,
Sonzies and lifeless; mute and dumb.
—Mary Morrison in "Birds."

DONT BELIEVE IN GREEK.

It is not to the Greeks and Romans that I owe the formation of my heart and mind. It is not to Virgil or to Cicero; it is not to Seneca or to Livy; it is not to Sophocles and Plato that I owe it. I owe it rather to the bible, to the classic French writers, to Montaigne, to Pascal, to La Bruyere, to Rousseau, to Chateaubriand, to Lamartine, to Michlet, to Sainte-Beuve, to Taine and to Renan.

But I am becoming more and more acquainted with the fact that I know nothing. I am ignorant of the English language, which is spoken by one-half the world, and my German is simply pitiable. Now you will say that it is my own fault, and that I might have learned those languages when I was young. But was it my fault, when I had at my disposal only one faculty of intellectual work, limited and mediocre, which was absorbed completely by the study of defunct languages, imposed upon me by a blind tradition, and from which I derive very little advantage? And don't believe for a moment that I am the only man in this situation. The beauties of the English and German languages, although I can get only glimpses of their richness, are to me a little better than a closed book, and can not even travel with intellectual profit. I have forgotten the little that I did know of physical and natural science. My limbs are awkward and heavy. I have no manual training. I am a man in a deserted island, and more lonely than Robinson Crusoe. I still feel the weight of the evening studies of the institution of massin, which lasted three hours and a half, and which closed a day's work without fresh air, without recreation, and during which I racked my brain over superfluous Greek and Latin. I am good for nothing except to write, and I would not dare to lay that to my claim, because if I write my native language correctly, I am not interested, and I write it more purely than Louis Veuillot, who only went through the course de "la mutuelle," or George Sand, who did not receive what is called a liberal education.

The study of dead languages is useful as a means of self-education. But why should not the study of living languages be just as valuable? So far as I can judge, the German grammar is more beautiful and more harmonious in its complexity than the Latin grammar, and it is not inferior to Latin grammar. And as for the intellectual and moral substance of antique literature, it is not alone by the classics that it penetrates the mind of our children; it is rather—and how much enriched!—by the English, the German, the Italian and the Spanish writers.

If, therefore, the benefit derived from Latin is so small for a man like me, who, twenty-five years ago, knew it very well, what profit can it be to nineteenth-century school boys, who do not learn it, but who do not know it and who can never know it?

The faculty does not dare to erase Latin from the programs or to maintain the venerable and proved method by which alone it can be taught, and there are no more Latin themes, no more Latin verses, and I might almost say, no more Latin compositions. I have seen the themes and exercises of some of the students. They were simply lamentable. It is clear that they were never helped them to write French with propriety, unless they have that gift naturally, or to understand the Latinisms of our classic writers, which, after all, would be only a little gain, out of all proportion with the cost.

Therefore they lose their time, since they waste it by vainly attempting to learn a language which, even if acquired, would be almost useless. Now all this time would be better employed in the study of the history of the living or of natural sciences and geography, because that is evident, but in games, in gymnastics, and in the handling of carpenters' tools.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

(Freedom.)
Glad of what? Oh, everything. If you sweep crossing put your soul into your work while you sweep. Make clean your corner of the earth. The joy of any kind of work is in doing it as well as it can be done. Try it and see how the act of concentrating the attention on what you are doing will deliver you from feeling that it is wearing, or beneath you or anything you don't want it to be.

Remember it is not the kind of work you are doing that will elevate you or lower you in the eyes of the world. It is the attention that you give it that is helping organize your mental faculties and lift you into a clearer consciousness.

If you are overburdened with sorrows—trials that seem insurmountable—make capital of them. Say to yourself calmly and reasonably, "I am glad of every one of these things that have befallen me because they are helping me to cultivate patience and fortitude and I know that these two qualities are the essence of a clear, concentrated mind which is bound to get to the bottom of things. I am willing to plow my way through whatever comes. I will look sharp and do it." With such a resolution you will feel yourself borne above loss or responsibility. You will get your bearings and be able to make head and tail of your affairs and find yourself inexplicably cheered and enlightened.

Search for things to be glad about. Take ten minutes time each day for the purpose of getting acquainted with yourself. Take account of stock occasionally and above all have no standing quarrel or feud with anybody or anything. Be friends with the universe.
KATE H. RUSSELL.

ANTON SEIDL.

When Seidl conducted for the first time in New York, "Lohengrin" was the opera. We all thought we knew that opera perfectly well, and yet it sounded so differently that many of us were greatly puzzled. Not alone were the climaxes built up in a new manner, the melodies brought out in a more plastic way, and a hundred lovely details supplied that were formerly missing, but the opera, as I have already observed, sounded differently. Being asked why this was so, Mr. Seidl smiled and even winked, but refused to give any further explanation. For my own part, I think that Mr. Seidl may have had the same experience with "Lohengrin" in New York that Hans Richter had in London. When the latter rehearsed the opera for the first time in the English capital it suddenly leaked out that the parts contained no less than one hundred and eighty-six errors, and that it had been given in this way, mistakes and all, for something like a quarter of a century.

Let that be as it may, Anton Seidl was acclaimed a musician of the highest type the moment he made himself heard here. And his success grew apace. With every new interpretation the number of his adherents became larger, their admiration more fervent. Wherefore Mr. Seidl determined forthwith to settle down here with his wife—who, as Augusta Kraus, was known as one of the brightest ornaments of the German Opera company—and to become an American citizen. In those days he was afflicted with "America" in its acute form. Everything appealed to him—our democratic ways, our enthusiasm for the works of Wagner, our mixed drinks, our Welsh rabbits, our American clubs, our American scenery. He lived for a while with his wife in West Thirty-eighth street, but changed quickly for reasons that had better not be told. A French maker of farces would embrace you for telling him these reasons, but rather let the Palais Royal do without a spicy novelty than narrate the story here. Resolving never to be taken in again, Anton Seidl and his wife took up their quarters for a while in the apartments of the Metropolitan Opera House, but it was not until they took a house of their own that even their intimate friends had the slightest notion of the couple's charming domestic attributes. For never was there a man in which you met with such boundless hospitality, with such truly interesting people.

Wagner's music was not as familiar then as it is nowadays, and nothing gave Anton Seidl greater joy than to sit down to his piano and unfold to his friends the beauties of Wagner's scores. He had little or no technique from a virtuoso's point of view. And yet he played the instrument in a manner that was unique. His touch was so beautiful that the piano seemed to sing, and he could play in a manner that was truly orchestral.

The music of Wagner was of course his religion, but he loved Bach passionately. If ever you took him in his study unawares you found him pondering over a prelude or a sonata of the pious old cantor. Latterly he wrapped up in Tschakowski's, too, and these three masters—Bach, Wagner and Tschakowski—he revered more, I think than any other composers. They appealed more strongly to his temperament, but it must not be thought for that reason that he neglected anything with other things he undertook for he was a firm believer in the old saw that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and nothing could have been more unjust than the charges which were frequently made that Herr Seidl had neglected his duties as a pianist. These rumors frequently prejudiced people against him especially distinguished singers and pianists. Yet when Herr Seidl unexpectedly led "Faust" one evening, Jear de Reszke, who had never sung this opera under his baton, remarked to me: "I was never so surprised in my life, for I never sang with such ease and certainty before. The man seemed to anticipate everything I did, and accompanied me as if we had studied the part together for years."

Similarly did Mr. Joseph express himself when he first played to Seidl's accompaniment one of the Tschakowski concertos in Philadelphia some years since. "Seidl can conduct anything—when he wants to," was the virtuoso's verdict.

SEIDL'S WIT.

A young singer whose voice was gorgeous, but whose talent, as is frequently the case, was infinitesimal, often pestered him by asking him his advice. She had just been making bad slips at a rehearsal, and he had to remark to her: "Now, what do you advise me to do, Herr Kapellmeister?" And gazing steadfastly at the young woman for a minute or two, he retorted by saying with the utmost deliberation "I advise you"—emphasizing the latter part of the sentence with a remark to the tradesman! "And the lady did!"

A FAVORITE RESORT.

But rehearsals or no rehearsals, and in good humor or ill humor, you could see him every afternoon at about three o'clock, sitting at the Cafe Frascati, situated at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway. Detesting walking as he did, he would take the Fourth Avenue car, and, indifferent to all climatic conditions, always stand on the front platform, smoking his cigar. The majority of his admirers, however, were the gentlemen in the high silk hats and with the long hair was known simply as "the Professor." That's a funny little democratic way we've got. A few who got curiously interested made it their business to discover his identity and, upon ascertaining the name, enthusiastically saluted him as "Mr. Seidl."

The most lovable side of the man's nature, however, was revealed when he was quite free from care. Before he went to London for the spring season last year he went to his summer home in the Catskill mountains. There in a place called Fleischman's, he bought a house by its former name, which was Griffin's Corners. Her Seidl was as full of life and proks as a schoolboy. Had the place been a bit of his own Hungarian fatherland he could not have been fonder of it. And when any of his friends were in the city to visit him he was in a veritable transport of joy. Nothing was too good for such a one, and Frau Seidl, who was one of the most loyal, devoted wives man ever had, vied with her husband to make the guest feel at home.

Even Mr. Peys, of diary fame, would have been satisfied. A dozen people could have turned up for dinner unexpectedly and yet the supper of Leberknodel-Suppe, of trout, of Backhendl and of Apfelstrudel would never have given out. The wine, of course, was of the vintage, the house naturally rang with mirth and laughter on such occasions.
A man that was as fond as Anton Seidl of the dumb brute was a good, lovable man, depend upon it.
The music of Wagner has made the hostler in heaven. His goodness to his dogs must have made them think