

AH SIN'S GOOD LUCK.

Escape of a Chinaman Who Was to Play the Skull in "Hamlet."

It is related that Jack Langrishe, when he was making a small fortune by giving the early day residents of Colorado dramatic art in strong doses, that he once played a memorable "return" engagement in an interior mining camp, where the inhabitants insisted on "Hamlet," says the Rocky Mountain News. Now, Langrishe, being a comedian in more respects than one, did not at all favor the Shakespearean idea, but instead tried to shake the nation's faith in the "legit" by insisting that "Toodles" or "Pink Dominoes" would enable him to shine to much better advantage. "Hamlet" was insisted upon, however—they wanted it all, including the ghost—and with Hamlet left in. Accordingly, the somewhat small company was told to study up characters were "doubled," and the leading man given a chance to distinguish himself as the melancholy Dane. One problem presented itself. No skull could be found for the graveyard scene. Mr. Langrishe represented to the committee who had made the request for a performance of "Hamlet" that the skull was all important—no skull no "Hamlet," and what were they going to do about it? The committee considered. It was a new camp, with no graveyard, and there weren't even dead Indians around. Langrishe went to bed that night feeling hopeful. If the committee couldn't find a skull, he would have a reasonable excuse for submitting "Toodles" on the momentous night.

The following afternoon Langrishe went into a small Chinese laundry to get his washing. Just as he entered he heard the voice of the chairman of the committee in loud converse with the proprietor of the establishment. "Want to go on the stage, John?" "Yes; me lactor; me bully lactor. How muchee gettee?" "One hundred dollars, and here's your stuff."

Langrishe collared the chairman just as he was leaving. "What in thunder do you want that Chinaman for?" he thundered.

The committeeman leaned over confidently. "For 'Hamlet,' of course; he's going to play the skull."

"Play the skull! Why, great-all-fired crickets, man, how can he? A skull is not a whole man. It's a head."

"I know it," responded the enthusiast. "That's all he'll be by 6 o'clock to-night. We'll have the head for you. We're goin' to lynch him—a Chinaman any way. We'll give him a funeral and all that, of course."

It took the comedian an hour, after recovering from his horror, to convince the committee that a "head wasn't a skull." He played Hamlet that night, but the Chinaman was in the audience, not on the stage. And the leading man soliloquized over the defunct Yorick by using the whitened skull of a mule.

TOLD IN TITLES.

A Curious Narrative Made From the Names of Dickens' Books.

Here is a curiosity well worthy a place in such works as Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." It is a simple story, of course, but a wonder, nevertheless, says the Philadelphia Press, especially when we consider the fact that it is entirely made up of the titles of one author's works:

Oliver Twist, who had some very Hard Times in the Battle of Life, and having been Saved from the Wreck of the Golden Mary by Our Mutual Friend, Nicholas Nickleby, had just finished reading A Tale of Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit during which time The Cricket Chirped Merrily on the Hearth, while The Chimes from an adjacent steeple were heard, when Seven Poor Travelers commenced to sing A Christ-

mas Carol, Barnaby Rudge, who had just arrived from the Old Curiosity Shop with some Pictures from Italy and Sketches by Boz to show to Little Dorrit, was busy with the Pickwick Papers when David Copperfield, who was taking some American Notes, entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations of Dombey & Son regarding Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy had not been realized. He also said that he had seen Boots at the Holly Tree Inn taking somebody's luggage to Mrs. Lirriper's lodgings in a street that is No Thoroughfare, opposite Bleak House. This latter flamed place is also thought to be the same building in which the haunted man gave one of Dr. Martigold's prescriptions to An Uncommercial Traveler, the object being to cure him of a mania brought on through brooding over the Mystery of Edwin Drood.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

Giving the Mammoth Beast His Bath—His Restlessness.

The description of "My Lord the Elephant's" toilet is delightful. For his bath before a ceremony an irrigation cut is generally preferred, where the great baby is made to lie down, to raise his head or a leg at a word, while the mahout, often assisted by his son, who assumes tremendous airs of authority if he is very young, climbs about his huge bulk and scrubs him with brickbats. A brick flesh rubber is in common use for men's feet, and seems to suit the elephant perfectly. But the creature is generally inattentive during the process; he "plays with the soap," so to speak, blows clouds of vapor from his trunk, lifts up the wrong leg, rolls over at the wrong minute, with now and then, from a hasty mahout, as with an irritable nursemaid, a blow. When the washing is finished, he slings his nure up to his neck or gives them a "leg-up" behind, in the friendly fashion peculiar to him, and shuffles back to the serai to be dressed.

Mr. Kipling is a capital observer, says the London Spectator, and much of his information, gathered at first hand, will be new to English ideas. Take for instance the excessive restlessness of the elephant, whose bulk and solidity are associated in most European minds with an impression of ponderous immobility. But "an elephant's shoulder is never still" is a native saying, and Mr. Kipling gives a curious instance of their fidgety habits. Forty elephants had been shipped in a steamer which anchored in a perfectly smooth sea off Saugor Point. "At first they said it was the ground swell that made the ship roll so much, but soon the captain came in dire alarm to the officer in charge of the freight. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro all together a rocking motion was produced that seemed to please them immensely. So the great heads and bodies rolled and swung in unison, till the ship, which had no other cargo and rode light, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The mahouts were hurried into the hold, and each seated on his beast made him "break step," so to speak, and the elephants' dangerous little amusement stopped.

Electrical Apparatus for the South.

It appears that electrical apparatus for the South American trade is built in sections, each weighing under 400 pounds. The reason is that in a great many cases all supplies for a plant have to be transported on mules, and 400 pounds is about the limit of a mule's carrying capacity.

Topeka Advocate and Tribune: The labor troubles that are just now disturbing the peace of the militiamen of New York, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, are becoming matters of grave significance. If anybody thinks there is no politics in the case he will learn better before long. This labor question is the essence of politics.

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