THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. | lorn old woman in it. How firely peo-

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher. RED CLOUD. NEBRASKA



out when Mrs. Snively began to keep · boarding house. Though she had a house full of lodgers who paid well, she was always poor and did all of the work, cooking, sweeping and the rest of it. I have heard guesses concerning a departed Mr. Snively, who did not carry his debts with him, but that's neither here nor there.

The night before Mrs. Grant had told her that she proposed to spend the next day with her daughter in a neighboring village, and would Mrs. Snively have an early breakfast, so that she might catch the train? (The train left at nine, but Mrs. Grant was nervous). Strangely enough, old Mr. Grumpy had informed her that he also would be absent on the morrow, being invited to dine with a friend, and would she feed his parrot in his absence, precisely at noon?

Then at breakfast, early breakfast, young Mr. Lovelace had said in a very hesitating way with rising color, that he had an engagement, oh!-er-that he would not be there at dinner, would be elsewhere, that is, in fact. Furthermore, Mr. and Mrs. Gowell and their three children were observed making preparation for departure about ten o'clock, and when Mrs. Suive ly ventured to ask them their plaus she learned that they proposed to drop in on the minister's family at dinner. And wouldn't they be surprised!

That left no one in the house but old Miss Le Croix, and she was confined to her room with rheumatism, so that Mrs. Snively washed up the breakfast dishes with a strange feeling of leisure. Thus she soliloq uized:

"Let's see. What's to-day? Day before vesterday I made bread. Or was it vesterday? Yesterday, So to-day's Saturday and to-morrow's Sunday. Let's see. Last March a year ago, it's fourteen lasting months since I've been inside a church. (The hardworking little woman's memory was not good, but this was undoubtedly true.) How good it would be to hear the benediction again. 'Now unto him who is able to keep,' and to see them take up the collection, so pleas-

pie are getting to dress. I'm sure I don't see how they afford it." muttered she, as a group of young ladles passed her in beautiful gowns of shimmering summer goods. And then she thought of her Sunday silk, lying undisturbed or fourteen months in the trunk at

come spotted. She would examine it as soon as she got home. Hereheery mood was dampened by an encounter with the pastor of her church, Rev. Dr. Bookster, who seemed to answer her hearty bow rather sternly. "Ite needn't look so mad." ahe grumbled to herself. "Goodness knows go to church as often as I can. If he correspondent.

had to keep house for nine cross-grained mortals as I do, he wouldn't go to church but once in fourteen months, scarlet cards. Our arrival was preceded either."

Mrs. Snively soon grew jolly again, as a laughing, happy crowd of children | contribute a sum, nominally a wedding came jostling toward her, books and papers in their hands. "School's out early this afternoon." thought Mrs. Snively. "And dear me, what sweet little darlings. But I don't think it's right to dress children up so, just to send them to school. Now do look at that silk waist! and that little chap's velveteen. When I was a girl, calico was plenty good enough for school. But money's getting abundant nowadays, 'cepting in a certain tin box I know of.

A square or two further she began to come to the stores. "What's the post office closed for? Some government holiday, I suppose. Government seems to have twice as many holidays as ordinary folks, anyway. And Hollingway's closed, too! Now I do hope his wife isn't dead. She was real bad, last I heard. Why, of all the world!" Here Mrs. Snively's surprise became inarticulate, for she turned a corner on a long row of stores, all closed and the curtains down. Here was the market where she must go first, all shut up and the door locked, for she tried it. "What's wanted, Mrs. Snively?" said the owner, a jolly young man, who lived above his shop and who chanced to come out at this moment very neatly "Getting contributions for attired. the heathen, Mrs. Snively, in that big basket?"

"I want to know, John Boardman," egan Mrs. Snively, smartly, "why all these business houses are closed. What sort of a new fangled holiday is this? You'll have it next so that one can shop only one day in the week."

"Why, Mrs. Snively, don't you believe in keeping Sunday?"

"Sunday! John Boardman, are you telling me that this is Sunday?" "Of course, it's Sunday! Why, what did-

But Mrs. Snively, big basket, marketing and all, a seared, flattering, comical little figure, was already half a square away, scudding along with a sore heart, half shrinking, half defiant. "Well, no wonder," groaned she. "The same life, week in, week out. One day like the rest. No one to talk to except the lodgers, and then only about eating. I have no Sunday in my life, and that's a fact. What are you giggling at, you impudent little brat?" This to an urehin trotting from Sunday school who stopped to gaze in undis guised wonder at the big basket.

Mrs. Snively went home through bystreets, feeling woefully conspicuous,

A MANCHU WEDDING.

Christian and Barbarian Rites Curiously

Commingled. All things to all men is evidently the rule of Christian missionaries in Manchuria. They are making use in that savage country of the characteristic home, and wondered whether it had be- ways and manners of the people, and ace engrafting the rites of heathendom upon the ceremonies of the church. Such is the case in weddings, which, though solemnized by a Christian minister, are conducted according to the ancient customs of the heathen. Such a function has recently been described by a London "Daily Graphic"

money." was the only piece of informa-tion vouchsafed by their conductor."---"The invitations to the festivities." N. Y. Tribune. he says, "were brought to us on large by that of our servant bearing a gift of Rambles of a Fushion-Lover Among the money, for each guest was supposed to present, really towards the expenses of the feast. From an early hour the musicians had been hard at work, and commonplace. drumming and trumpeting. The two professional cooks had had their share popular round Waterbury clocks, are from morning till night for three days previously-all the time up to the elbows in dough, grease and garlie. For some and a man at the helm has a chronom weeks before the ceremony my old eter set in the center of the sail. newspapers had been mysteriously dis appearing. The mystery of their where abouts was now solved. My boy, or head servant, was a friend of the family; and the apartment to be occupied by than the other, like broken eggshells. the happy couple was papered with

newspaper elippings. "The bride, shrouded from head to foot in a long faded crimson robe, with a piece of thick scarlet slik over her head and face, was seated on a mat of red felt-red being the lucky color-on the 'kang,' or brick bed. The bridegroom, a youth of 15, sumptuously attized in plum-colored brocade, a black official hat with red tassel, and high military boots, seemed but little impressed by the importance of the affair. His thoughts, indeed, were centered rather on the coming feast and juvenile sports with his companions. Both bride and bridegroom being Christians, the religious ceremony was performed by a missionary. The couple were seated side by side on a bench covered with carlet felt. The bride was accompanied by two elderly matrons, who literally pushed her through the performance, careely leaving her side, and generally lutching the nearest part of her gar ment.

The ceremony over, the bridegroom speedily divested himself of the finery hired for the occasion and rejoined his playmates, while the bride was conducted to the sacred precincts of the woman's apartments. She was then divested of her crimson outer robe, and appeared in all her bridal finery of green tronsors and searlet jacket with embroidered sleeves. She did not present a very attractive spectacle. Her hair, now to be arranged for the first time in matronly style, fell in wild elf locks over her shoulders. Her eyes were red and swollen with crying, and her face entirely free from any vestige of the paint with which the Manchurian women smear their faces. A friendly argument now arose among the lady visitors as to who was to have the honor of washing the bride's face. This being settled, the newly-made mother-

services. A large imposing model held in-law brought water in a shining brass

SILVER AND GEMS. Novel and Handsome Designs at the Jew-

exhausted, they dropped breathless on

the doorstep. The camera was then

produced, and a, long wrangle ensued

as to the amount for which they would

consent to be photographed, their leader, like all Chinamen, being an

adept at bargaining. The musicians

struck up as soon as the photographer's

head disappeared under the dark cloth,

evidently thinking their melodious

strains would lend an added charm to

the picture. Finally the little pair per-

formed another pas de deux, and then

departed laden with eash. The origin

of the pigmies is wrapped in mystery.

"It is Chinese New Year and we want

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

Various Shops.

ided vogue.

nade

variety.

cake of soap is held.

andle silver.

an ivory handle.

makes the handle.

ver.

The tiny medicine cups have a de

Incised ornament has become cheap

Chamber clocks in silver, copying the

A bronze galleon with sails spread

Silver jardinlers for the table are of

sierced work or are delicately orna-

Silver bowls for flowers have freeg-

ular edges and are lighter on one side

Tiny coffee spoons have two silver

grape leaves for the handle with the

tapering banch of grapes in silver gilt.

lee pitchers have frosted surfaces

with repousse bands. The shapes are

cylindrical. Spiral flutes make another

A new soap rack is a standard with

graceful narrow chased bands in a sort

of Greek fret design in which an ova'

Lovely perforated silver racks are for

al cards; they have two small per-

rated receptacles at the sides for two

Ice cream servers and spoons have a

af-shaped bowl crumpled on one side

and slightly curved; the other is knife-

edged. The bowls are in silver gilt, the

A tennis racquet with bells on the

ides and an ivory handle is a baby

rattle. Another amusing rattle is a

negro boy in dark oxidized metal with

a silver bell in each hand mounted on

Library sets of the larger sort have a

vasaire between the two ponderous

cut-glass bottles. This is a square sil-

ver repousse box with a cover. A nice-

ly modeled animal, a deer or horse,

Silver baxes of all sorts are made by

one manufacturer, with the body cov-

ered with alligator markings, and the

covers strewn with the coins of different

nations; sometimes these are silver

gilt, but for the most part they are sil-

Colored glass bowls with silver

mountings are for berries. Some have

brackets for the berry spoons. The

greater number have crumpled edges.

and are often of fanciful shape. The

prettiest have translucent bowls with

delicate ornamentations in colors.

lenominations of postage stamps.

mented with garlands in relief.

Cut glass cracker jars have plain

silver covers. A flood of enameled bow-knots of every hue are in the market.

A turtle brooch has a pearl back surrounded by olivine-and a diamond head. Coiled silver snakes, oxidized with colored heads, are of every sort for scarf pins.

A new powder box has the puff mounted on a handle and resting on an ornamental support.

There is a large demand for small sugars and creamers, and they were never more attractive.

The large new postal eards are already provided with charming receptacles of pierced silver.

A new lamp is a silver pitcher with handles on both sides, and a globe covered with perforated silver shade.

The branching silver candlesticks uniting in a common stem crossed with perforated trellis work are a novelty. Coffee and ice cream spoons, with shell ties and shell mounting carried half way down the gilt bowls, are protty.

Silver shaving cups have a whole illustrated novel as it were chased on the outside. Here are lords, ladies, terraces, bands and all the paraphernalia of a high-class love story.

Harlequin sets of coffee spoons are made with different flower handles. The pansy, rose, forget-me-not, pea and the rest of the garden, with greenish-tinted foliage, come in sets.

Silver buckles are in the largest demand at the present moment, whether accompanied or not by the silver belt. Those in medallions or flexible wire are preferred to the solid elaborate raisedwork belts.

Why do the jewelers all make belt buckles convex, thus contradicting the feminine outlines? They should be concave. The Russian buckles from Paris, which are concave, are among the prettiest that can be found.

This is evidently the season of correspondence from the avalanche of pentrays in the market. One is a silver feather with an owl upright on the quill. Another has a quill engraved on the bottom, with the line, "A word with you." The most attractive of all novelties are the silver butterflies in colored enamel. Yellow and black predominate in tint. They are charming, either monnted on spirals, where they tremble as if for fright, on hat and hairpins, or as brooches.

Enameled silver pins take chiefly the form of flowers. The sweet pea is beautifully copied in all its exquisite tints. Maiden's-hair fern and white currant are two pretty examples. The double violet also reigns, and the open-petaled roses and daisies. -Jeweler's Circular.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Foreign Critics Pronounce Our Orchestras Superior to Those of Europe.

The fine arts were not sought after in the early history of our land. Men occupied with extensive problems in government had neither time nor opportunity to give to that most divine of all human endeavors, "Music, sweet heav-enly maid." Fifty years ago, Malibran and other operatic stars made a brief success here, but the general record of musical projects was one of spirited en- Times.

There is the greatest choice in berry terprises and discouraging failures.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

-Broiled Ham -- Place slices of ham on a hot gridiron and boil until the neat is slightly browned; then with a chife and fork take from the gridiron and drop into a pan of cold water; then cturn to the gridiron; repeat several limes; then place on a platter with some bits of butter, and serve at once. -Housekeeper.

-Veal Soup. -Put one onlon, half a supful of rice, and a knuckle of veal; with the bones broken, in two quarts of cold water, to simmer slowly for two or three hours. Then beat the yolks of two eggs in half a pint of sweet cream. with a teaspoonful of salt and a little siyenne pepper. Pour this into the soup; let it boil up once, then pour through a columber into a tureen and serve. -- Housekeeper.

-Cocoanut Pie,-Grate & cocoanut fter removing the outer shell and the inner skin, and strain the milk it contains through a cloth; beat the yolks of three eggs, the rind and juice of half a lemon, and four tablespoons of granulated sugar until foamy; add a speenful at a time, the grated cocoanut, its milk, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; cover with strips of crust, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a good oven.-Harper's Bazar.

-A beaton biseuit is a southern dish. It calls for two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard, and milk enough to make a stiff dough. Flour it and roll it out, then lay it on a stone slab or firm wooden board and pound it with a matlet or large rolling-pin. The dough must be pounded one hour, until 't rises in blisters and cleaves from the board. There is a machine for pounding this dough to be found in Baltimore, where this is a favorite bread. We do not know whether it can be found elsewhere at not.-N. Y. Tribune.

-Stewed Squashes.-No one should say that she does not like squash until she has tried the following: Gather summer squashes when they are only about the size of an egg, wash them and boll without peeling until tender: then dress them with a cream sauce made. They are so different from the ordinary squash when gathered sc small that they taste like a different vegetable. The small squashes sold at the stores are good cooked in this way, bat they are not gathered for the market small enough to be as dainty as the tiny ones -Christian Inquirer.

-One of the things which the country farm house is not likely to have is iced water, or even sufficiently cool water. Cool mountain springs read rhythmically, but they often tasts very warm. An exchange gives as rather a new notion the old one of keeping water cool in flannel-wrapped vessels It serves, however, as a good suggestion at this time, when almost everybody has gone or is going somewhere for the summer. If the "somewhere" is not a hotel with all modern improvements, ice water included, get a common earthenware pitcher, the commoner the better, as it will be the more porous, wrap it all around, leaving no inch of it bare, with wet flannel. Keep the flannel wet and the water will shortly be as cold as is good for drinking purposes, almost ice cold .--- N. Y.

-Sweetbreads.-Take a knuckle of veal, two onions, a small piece of bacon, and three pints of water. Let it cook until it has boiled to a jelly, then strain the gravy from the meat and add to it a spoonful of browned flour. Cut the gristle from eight sweetbreads, pour the boiling water over them, then throw them into cold water, lard on one side, and salt the gravy to taste. Place the sweetbreads in a saucepan so as not to touch each other, the larded side down. Let them stew slowly, turning them when they are done on one side. They should be turned but once and should be cooked slowly for an hour, then placed in a pan in the oven, the gravy poured over them, and allowed to bake until they are well-glazed and shiny. If there is no oven, put them in a pan before the fire .- Housekeeper.

ant like. And let's see. How does Coronation start?" and the cracked voice quavered through the grand old tune, as the dish-wiper polished the chinaware.

"I'll go to church to-morrow, Providence permitting and nothing hindering. Now, for the first time in fourteen months, I have a chance to get a day's work ahead. We can have a codfish dinner to-morrow. How can I manage now? Chicken I can warm up in a minute. And pie, too." Here Mrs. Snively's meditations entered a sacred realm into which I do not dare follow her.

What busy hours succeeded, preparing for the expected church-going on the morrow! She swept and dusted and tidied up the house for Sunday, because "the folks wouldn't be back till too late to muss things up again, thanks be to goodness!" People in passing looked at her very queerly as she beat her rugs out of doors and washed the parlor windows. "I suppose I am a sight to behold." she confessed, looking down on an indescribable housekeeping uniform.

There were not quite enough potatoes for Sunday's dinner, so she went out to a large garden back of the house-a garden in which the thrifty woman did most of the work-and dug a peck of her very best. "Didn't folks ever see a woman handle a hoe before?" she indignantly soliloquized, observing how people in the street stared at her and turned around to look back at her, laughing rudely. Mrs. Snively felt lonely and ill-used as she tugged the basket back to the house and began to prepare the Sunday potatoes.

She took up her dinner on a neat tray to rhenmatic old Miss Le Croix, who spirit her experience of the day. must have felt particularly cross just then, for she snapped out: "Who's been makingall that racket about the house this morning?"

'The folks were all away, and I've taken the opportunity to get a little ahead in my work," faltered forth meek Mrs. Snively. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"Huh! You'd better make your apologies to the Lord," grunted Miss Le Croix, taking up the prayer book which lay beside her reclining chair, and in which she always read before eating.

Mrs. Snively thought that a queer remark from Miss Le Croix, but bowed herself confusedly out of the room, carrying Miss Le Croix's vase to fill it with fresh flowers. When this was done, and Mr. Grumpy's parrot fed, "Now," said Mrs. Snively, "I'll do my marketing for Sunday, and then cook what I can all ready for to-morrow."

So she put on her marketing garb, a uniform only less wonderful than her housekeeping attire, and with an immense basket on her arm, sallied forth.

It was a beautiful summer day, and strangely quiet. "How pleasant it is." chirped Mrs. Snively to herself, "and how every one smiles at me. This is a cheery world after all, if I am a for- N. Y. Observer.

basin, and a portly matron proceeded to and quite like a feminine Rip Van Winkle. When she reached her great, lonely house, she set the big basket



DAY?"

down on the kitchen table and herself on a kitchen chair, and, stout-hearted till then, indulged in a good cry. It was not merely the loss of the benediction and Coronation, great as that disappointment was; but the ideident so clearly disclosed her sad, isolated, monotonous life.

By supper time, however, she had regained her natural, brave content, and as all the lodgers returned in good humor from their various Sunday relaxations, she was led to relate with

Now it chanced that Mr. and Mrs. Gowell were, like the most of us, selfish only from laziness and carelessness. When opportunity for a kindness was pressed upon them they were warm of heart. And Mrs. Snively's comically sad experience set them to thinking to such good purpose that they got all the lodgers to agree to a cold lunch, instead of the usual elaborate Sunday dinner, and quite electrified Mrs. Snively by saying to her at supper the next Saturday:

"We want you to go to church with us to-morrow, Mrs. Snively, and we'll all be well pleased with a cold, late lunch. Our carriage will call for us at ten."

So the black silk came out from the trunk, the placid old face found itself inside a Sunday bonnet once more, the worn hands proudly dropped a ten-cent piece into the contribution box, and, strangely enough, the cracked voice got a chance to quaver through "Coronation." And the benediction. "Now unto him who is able te keep," rested, with the exception of the Gowells, upon no more blessed spirit than hers.

Thereafter Mrs. Snively's life had Sunday in it.-Prof. Amos E. Wells, in

operate upon the unfortunate bride. A small paper, containing a grayish powder, was next produced, and the powder rubbed on the bride's forchead close to the roots of her hair. The operating female then began to pluck out great tufts of hair, so as to produce the high square forchead considered beautiful in Manchuria. The bride bore the operation without wineing. The next proceeding was to dress the bride's hair. It was drawn over a wire frame, so as to produce the effect of a large Alsatian bow. Variously ornamented silver pins, quivering insects made of kingfishers' feathers, and artificial flowers were stuck into her hair, and the ceremony was complete. The poor bride was now left entirely to herself, no one taking any further notice of her unless to make more or less unkind comments on her personal appearance. No wonder she looked miserable when handed over to the tender mercies of her new motherin-law. It is not etiquette for a bride to eat on her wedding day, nor should she display a vigorous appetite until she has been married for at least a week.

"After this the guests arrived fast, and the inner apartments became thronged with a crowd of noisy chattering dames in holiday attire. Scalding hot bowls of green tea, the weakest of the weak. were handed round: long-stemmed pipes were passed from hand to hand, or, more correctly, from mouth to mouth. Children of all sizes tumbled about, eried, quarrelled, romped, and were noisy. The more important of the male guests were seated round tables in the outer room, smoking and drinking tea. waiting for dinner. The younger ones strolled about outside, or lolled on the 'kang,' trying not to look hungry, and making bad jokes at the bridegroom's expense. Mingled odors from the cookhouse then came fast and furious; tables were laid, and chopsticks, bowls, and wine cups placed. Warned by past experience of Chinese feasts, I bade farewell, wishing the bridal pair long life, health, and happiness. Music! at first distant, then gradually drawing nearer and nearer till our cars are deafened by the blowing of horns, drumming of tom-toms, and clashing of cymbels. People who profess to know say that the Chinese scale in music approximates closely to the old Caledonian scale, whatever that may be. Perhaps that is the reason why a Chinese band always has a strong flavor of bagpipes about it. In this instance the band preceded two queer little pigmies, escorting them to the veranda steps. A tiny boy and girl, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, trotted solemnly along, handin-hand, wearing enormous plaster They bowed politely, and at a heads. signal from their conductor, the band struck up and the quaint little pair began to execute a quainter dance. They the young folks agree that the way ha capered solemnly round and round, conducted hinself with regard to their with difficulty keeping their large lunch would have made a called pa'son

the shallow cut-glass bowl on a high standard. Below were four branches holding each a small berry dish for serving; such a piece is suitable for an epergne, or a presentation piece .- Jewelers' Circular.

WHAT HE HEARD.

The Midaight Adventure of an Eminent Chicago Jurist.

A few nights ago Judge wear with his day's work, laid his head upon his downy pillow and was soon lost in sleep. When he gets asleep he can generally be depended upon to keep quiet funtil breakfast is ready. Upon this night, however, shortly after the lonely midnight hour, he was disturbed by some unusual sounds. He rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake. The sounds were not loud. They could not come from a key saw. As they came to his ear they were: "Chick, chick, chick, thud, chick, chick, chick, thud." He surely had never heard the likes be fore. It was evident to him that the sounds were muffled. The judge is a brave man, and forthwith he arose and put on his pants and slippers.

At this juncture he heard a louder thud as of something heavy dropping. and it was evident that there was more than one burglar, for there was a suppressed laugh and voices were distin guished. Should he call upon his wife for aid, or should he show himself a man and meet the sound alone? He feared his wife might complicate the case, and so after examining his revolver and placing it in his hip pocket. he took his trusty rifle and started in quest of game. He erept stealthily on until he detected a light shining under the dining-room door.

It is a very different thing to meet a party of burglars in one's own house from what it is to sit upon the bench and pass judgment upon them. His honor paused and the perspiration started. Finally he mustered courage to say, in his most authoritative way, "Who's there?"

"Only us," was the feminine response With his rifle barrel he pushed the door aside and confronted his oldest daughter's best young man, who stood with an enormous watermelon in his hand. Behind came the judge's lovely daughter with a bowl of cracked ice. Evelyn and her schoolmain, who is visiting her, had been to the theater with their gentlemen escorts. The night was warm and all had agreed that a glass of lemonade and a pice of watermelon would be refreshing. Evelyn's best young man was therefore pressed into service to chip the ice and assist in extending the hospitalities of the house.

His honor, wearing an embroidered night shirt and tronsers, without vest. coat or stockings, at the sight of the melon, hastily stocked his arms, and heads from banging together, till, quite envious -Chicago Inter Ocean.

Still, this could not but be temporary The struggle with the wilderness and George III., with experiments in popular sway and democratic constitutions, gave way to quieter scenes, and unremitting toil demanded relaxation.

To-day there are thousands of our best buildings distributed all over the states for the purpose of concerts, the opera, colleges of music, etc. These are in many instances managed by men who spare neither pains nor expense to socure the best talent the world can afford. St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and New Orleans are centers of cultivation in vocal and instrumental music while Milwankee and Cincinnati have irradiated musical culture through the northwest and the southeast respectively. Even Montana, Idaho and other western states are continually increasing their facilities for the entertainment and elevation of the people by means of harmony and song.

Vocal music is not practiced so extensively in the United States as in the older countries of Europe. The mas-Albert hall, London, and the Birmingham Triennial festival, England, have vet to be heard here. But they are coming, and coming apace.

superior to European ones. The performances of Thomas, Damrosch and ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in Seldl may certainly challenge competi- a hurry, gentlemen." "There's plenty tion from any quarter. And would it of time." "Don't crowd each other." not be a desirable feature to provide for "One at a time, gentlemen." and such an international contest of our best bands at the forthcoming world's fair? During the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, such a programme was arranged. Dan Godfrey brought his magnificent guards' band to this country, allowed to do so by special act of parliament, and their brilliant tour through the states is fresh in our memories. What a treat to hear Gilmore's, Cappa's and Godfrey's bands play in unison, or listen to the combined strains of Thomas' and Sir Charles Halle's art-

There has been for the past half cen tury a continual advance in our adapta tion for the best and noblest music The great fair of next year will visibly mark the cosmopolitan progress. Why should it not leave an indelible stamp for good upon the history of music in the United States?-N. Y. Ledger.

A Sacrifice, Indeed.

"But, my dear Harold-I cannot mar ry you. You can't support a wife on your salary."

"Yes, Maude. It will suffice for you, and 1-well, dearest, I will shift for myself."-Puck.

-"Do you like me?" asked the young man, addressing the little brother of the young lady on whom he was making a call. "I don't like you as well as I like Jack Jilliboy." "Why not?" "Because he always gives me ten cents to go out of the room when he comes to see sister."-N. Y. Press.

THE TICKET SELLERS PARROT.

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Even in Adversity It Remained True to

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Harnam's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvasmen of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer ply-As a stone in the other pocket, com- ing between Boston and Fernandino, petent "ities, and foreigners at that, in the Bahamas. Lus bie used to have have pronounced American orchestras a way of quieting the scrambling mob of the ticket-purchasers around the "One at a time, gentlemen." and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Poll clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could the parrot was sarilly sereaming: "One at a time, gentle-"Don't crowd there!" "Take ime!" "There's pienty more your time!" left."-Indianapolis SentineL

Superflaons Work.

Mrs. Billus-Mary, you needn't waste any time dusting those balasters. Domestic-I thought yes told me Mrs.

Gumpus waz a coming the day fur a

visit. Mrs. Billus-Yes, but her three little boys are coming with her.—Chicago Tribune.