INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR.

Love's Ways—The Message in a Bottle—How Edison Married.

A VERY GOOD FATHER-IN-LAW.

Married at Sea—He Drew a Prize—A Widow's Revenge—Isn't He Nice! They Met by Chance—A Woman's Ruse.

Love's Ways.

Two paths hate Love for entering lovers' feet,
And one is broad and fair and very sweet,
And every grace of song and flower hath;
The other is a straight and narrow path
Where stones and brambles choke the bitter way,
And songs it hath, but never one is gay.
And some who enter are with roses bound,
And some with thorns, but none may go uncrowned;
And yet both ways are thronged with eager feet,
And voices, gay and sad, chant—Love is sweet.

Papa Fired the Bomb.

The town clock struck the midnight chimes;
Two lovers at the door,
Who'd said "good night!" a dozen times,
Were saying it some more.

"Go, Mr. Jones," exclaimed the maid,
"Or papa may assist—
But ain't you awfully afraid
To meet an anarchist?"

"See if I am," the little beau,
A-kissing her replied;
"Now, you're an Anna kissed, you know,
And who's afraid?" he cried.

Adown the stairs, along the hall,
With an expression bad,
There sneaked a shadowy giant tall—
Just like the maiden's dad.

And grabbing Mr. Jones, it hissed,
"Ha, ha! young man, I come
To show your little Anna kissed
The way I fire a bum!"

A Year Ago.

Just a little year ago,
You were all to me;
Even now I scarcely know
How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time?
Were you false or true?
Is it change of place or clime
That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still?
Did your fancy stray?
Did you change against your will,
When you went away?

Do you still remember this,
Many miles apart?
Ah! you left your careless kiss
Printed on my heart.

Little did my soul divine
That the year would see
Your dear heart close knit to mine,
Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true;
Through the mists of pain,
Still I stretch my hands to you
Till we meet again.

Just a little year ago!
Ah! my eyes are wet!
Cruel fevel do you not know
I can ne'er forget!

A Good Father-in-Law.

New York Mail and Express: Congressman George West of Ballston Spa, the several times millionaire, is very original, jovial and kind hearted. When reading recently of somebody's erring daughter, who had run away with a young scamp, he said:

"I have a daughter, and she is happily married now, thank heaven." Musing a moment, he continued: "I never shall forget how she married. I heard that a young man was paying her a great deal of attention, and people were saying they were going to marry. I took my wife aside and said: 'I hear that our daughter is going to marry. Is that true?' She replied, 'Yes.' Now it struck me as queer that I had never been consulted, so I spoke right out to my wife: 'Is that the way young men court in this country, without ever saying a word to the father?' 'They first win the girl,' replied my wife. Well, somehow I felt hurt, for I loved my daughter very much, and had given her every advantage. I took her through Europe and showed her the world, and this was my reward. I told my wife that I was not against the young man, only I wished to be spoken to merely because I was the girl's father.

"In a few days the young man came to me and said in a manly way that he wished to marry my daughter; that he was in business and could take care of her. I looked him over. He had a good, honest look about him, and I liked him.

"'You can have my daughter,' I said, 'but I do not wish you to follow your business any more. I have enough money for us all, so do not give yourself any trouble in that line. Come right to my house and make it your home.'

"Well, sir, that young man now has charge of my business. I told him to just go through the paper mills and not do anything but familiarize himself with the business. For six months he never gave an order to a hand, but at the end of that time he knew the business thoroughly. Happy? I should say so. We all live in the same house, and I have five grandchildren, the delight of my heart."

Married at Sea.

San Francisco Examiner: For days and weeks past George Pinner has been paying his attentions to a stately blonde. Mr. Pinner made promises to the young lady evidently, for she accepted him as a full-fledged lover. The intense nature of his wooing is only known to the object of his affections, but it is asserted that a climax arose, and from the sequel the report evidently was not untrue. Mr. Pinner proposed to the lady, so it is alleged. She accepted.

The parents of Miss Maggie were a stumbling block. They did not believe in Mr. Pinner, and they were opposed to the advances that he was making to the daughter.

The tie of affection, it appears, was entirely too strong, and the common cast-iron limits were overleaped. The couple would brook no interference from any authority whatsoever. They were determined to wed. It was rather a difficult matter to accomplish, but at last the means of circumventing the old folks was found.

On Tuesday last a tug was chartered, and, in order to obviate all obsicles, the couple went to sea, where they were married by a properly constituted parson. On the return the party landed at Washington street wharf, and from there went to Shaw's boarding house, at No. 41 Vallejo street. There the fatted calf was sacrificed, and the flying hours were chased by gliding feet until nearly daylight.

Edison's First Marriage.

New York Tribune: An old telegraph operator, who was stationed at Menlo Park when Edison first came there, entertained a Tribune reporter the other day with some stories about the wizard. He is an oddity, doing nothing in the common way, and setting at naught all the conventionalities. The first Mrs. Edison was an operator in the Newark factory, where Edison was making the machines to fill his first order for the stock indicator which brought him into notice and formed the basis of his fortune. She was a tall, fine-looking girl—one of a dozen sitting at a bench winding magnets. One day, as Edison was walking down the line, that girl spoke up and bade him good morning without raising her eyes from her work.

"Good morning," said the inventor. "How did you know it was I?"

"Oh, I can always tell when you're near," was the reply.

"See here," said the man of inventions, "I've noticed you a good deal of late. Suppose you and I get married?"

"I'm ready."

"When shall it be?"

"Three weeks from to-night."

"All right!" and the inventor went on his rounds, while his intended bride merrily wound away upon her bobbin of wire.

On the wedding day the first consignment of stock indicators came back from the purchaser, inoperative. When Mr. Batchelor, who has always been Edison's right hand man, went down to the shop after supper he found the inventor there in his dirtiest shop clothes tinkering away at the machines. Didn't he remember that it was his wedding night? No, he'd forgotten all all about it. Batchelor dragged the lagging groom to the nearest clothing store, got him into a new suit, then to the barber shop, and finally put him on a car and shipped him off to the house of the bride. Then he went back to the shop to work, supposing that was the last of Edison for that night. In an hour or two, however, Edison rushed in again, threw his coat down on a greasy lathe, hung his waistcoat upon a gaspipe, kicked his shoes under a bench, seized a file and went at the defective stock indicator as if there was no such thing as marriage and giving in marriage, and there he stayed with his faithful lieutenant till the morning sun looked in on two weary toilers and an electrical stock indicator that worked like a charm.

When wealth came to them, Mrs. Edison No. 1 betrayed a tendency to branch out into the social world, but it had no effect on the inventor's habits. One of the largest entertainments Newark ever saw was given at her house. All the leading men of the Edison works were there, but he was nowhere to be seen. His subordinates grew a little uneasy. A committee of them went over to his laboratory about midnight and there was the inventor, tipped back in a rickety old chair, in his shirt sleeves, his shoeless feet high up on the workbench, singing away into his phonograph at the top of his voice, happy as a clam at high tide.

The patient Mrs. Edison sticks to her husband like a shadow. She is always at his elbows in working hours, with a book and pencil, taking down his ideas and experiments. She is, in fact, a helpmate in every way worthy of his abilities.

He Drew a Prize.

Globe-Democrat: A wedding with romantic colorings was celebrated in a quiet way in the parlors of the Merchant's hotel the other afternoon. S. C. Tucker, of O'Fallon, Mo., is a prosperous lumber dealer and undertaker. He is about fifty years old. It was about two months ago that he first hit upon the idea of getting married. He looked around among the matrimonially inclined maidens of O'Fallon, but he found none that suited his fancy. He forwarded to an eastern journal—a match-making medium—a six months' subscriptton. The first copy of the paper came promptly to hand. Mr. Tucker, in looking over the column of "chances offered," saw one from an Atlanta, Ga., lady that struck him favorably. He replied to the advertisement, and in the course of a few days received an answer written in a style that convinced him that his selection had not been a bad one. More letters were written, and then photographs were exchanged. Each was satisfied with the other's appearance. An immediate wedding was decided upon. It was agreed that they should meet in St. Louis yesterday morning. They did so. The lady came alone and registered as Mrs. P. P. Miller. Mr. Tucker arrived later. With him came a clerical-looking gentleman who registered as Rev. M. B. Broadus, O'Fallon. When Mr. Tucker ascended to the parlor Mrs. Miller was there waiting his arrival. They had a long talk. The interview ended in a satisfactory manner, evidently, for Mr. Tucker came downstairs smiling, and whispered to the reverend gentleman that "everything was all right." They ascended together to the parlor. Louis Jenks and wife were selected as witnesses, and in a very brief space of time the words had been said that made the couple man and wife. They remained in St. Louis until this morning, when they left for Thayer, Mo., their future home. The bride is a good-looking, but bashful widow.

A Widow's Revenge.

In the public cemetery, about a mile west of the city limits, is a monument with a history, writes an Atchison correspondent to the Chicago Inter-Ocean. To old residents here, who are acquainted with the circumstances under which it was erected, some ten years ago, it has become a familiar object, but a stranger seldom looks at it without a shudder and an exclamation of horror. It is a dull-red granite shaft, broad at the base and tapering toward the top, and stands on a slope some fifty feet back from the main road. The image of a snake about the size of a man's arm, is twined about it from the base to the apex. On the four sides of the pedestal is engraven in large, plain letters this inscription:

RICHARD HARRIS,
Died February 13, 1878, of
DELIRIUM TREMENS,
Aged 41 years.

Mrs. Richard Harris, widow of the deceased, ordered the monument made after a design of her own, and placed it at her husband's grave about two months after his death.

He was a complete wreck. His wife would not allow him to come home, and supported herself and the two children by sewing. Dr. Chalice furnished him with food and clothing, and finally, when he was taken sick, brought him to his house, where he died one bitter winter night, shrieking that the devils were carrying him away and that his wife was setting them on. Mrs. Chalice and her mother agreed that what property Dick had left should be given to his widow and children. The widow, however, said she would only accept enough to get a monument for him—she could take care of herself and children.

When she bought and set up the shaft with the snake and inscription on it, all Atchison was shocked and Dick's mother and the Chalices were wild with indignation and shame. Her friends tried to persuade her to remove it, but she refused to listen to them. There was talk of legal proceedings to have it taken away, as being a libel on the dead, but they were never instituted, and it stands there still. For a long time people were careful to bury their dead so far away that its horrible shadow could not fall upon their graves, and for many years there was a vacant space for several yards around it, but gradually this feeling wore away. Now there are graves in most of the adjacent lots, and evergreens and willows hide from sight the last resting place of poor Dick Harris and his grim memorial stone.

A Woman's Ruse.

Astoria Pioneer: Woman is always given credit for being clever; but, nevertheless, if she makes up her mind to a thing, she will have her way or make it interesting for those who oppose here. A woman up to St. Helen's is the wife of a man who loves to hand around a certain grog bazar, and in so doing he sorely neglects the helpmeet who sits patiently at home and mends his socks. Many a time and oft had she reasoned with him in her quiet, motherly way, and tried to point out to him the disgraceful way in which he was using her, but all to no purpose. She even went so far as to request the teller in the aforesaid boose emporium that he cease selling her husband liquor. But the poison-mixer bade her go hence and exchange New Year's calls with herself; but she turned on her heel and left his hateful presence.

That evening as she sat alone she heard a racket down cellar, and upon investigation found that a skunk had got its tail in the rat trap. Now, it is a well-known fact that a skunk will hold its peace as long as its bushy tail is held, whether in a trap or the hand, and remembering this she had no fear. Suddenly a bright thought entered her head. The clock in the house was striking 1 and she wanted papa to come home. With a movement she threw a bag over the animal's head, and, grasping its tail, opened the trap, and thus armed headed for the saloon. It was only a short distance away, and finding the door open she tossed the skunk into the midst of the crowd and swiftly stole away.

It had the desired effect and papa came home. The saloonkeeper, who never took a vacation before in his life, has gone into the country to visit relatives, and the saloon is closed for repairs.

Failed to Wed His Sweetheart.

Quite a stir was created at Mendota, Ills., says the Chicago Times, by the attempted elopement of Miss Grace Mitchell. Marks and Charles Achteberg, a young man from Wisconsin, working as a tailor for P. H. Cooper, in this city. Miss Grace is not only a very pretty school girl of sixteen, but possesses, it is said, some $35,000 in her own right, with expectations of very much more in time to come.

Young Achteberg obtained a license, in his application for which he represented Grace as eighteen years old. Armed with this authority, they concluded to have the knot tied in Mendota in a private manner by a justice. Some one in the young lady's confidence divulged the secret, and the immediate arrest of the expectant groom on a charge of perjury in swearing to Grace's age stopped the marriage.

The girl was locked up in her room, and young Achteberg was held to the circuit court in $1,000 bonds. The bonds for his appearance was furnished by his friends of the shears, and he was released. The girl, it is said, is steadfast in her resolution to fulfill her project as soon as she is of age, if not permitted to before.

She Decided to Die With Him.

New York World: Young William Kurtz, the bridge jumper who committ-suicide because his love for a young girl was not returned, had tried to kill himself before. Lena Conkle, of No. 150 Ridge street, with whom Kurtz was in love, said that the dead boy tried to cut his throat with a knife, but a woman grabbed the knife. Just before committing suicide Kurtz called on Lena. After talking with her for a time he pulled a revolver and proposed that they die together. She couldn't see it that way, and screamed for her sister. The latter ran the young man out of the house. The next she heard of him he had committed suicide. Mrs. Wagner, in whose rooms Kurtz died, said he was drunk when he shot himself. After seeing Lena he went back to Mrs. Wagner's and told her the police were looking for him because he had stabbed the girl.

Isn't He Nice?

New York Telegram: The passengers on the 6 o'clock train from city hall on the Third avenue elevated were treated to a genuine little love scene last night—a decided novelty on elevated railroads, by the way.

A bright faced, trimly built little woman stood out in the cold all the way up town with a brakeman on one of the crowded cars, neither seeming to mind the biting blast that was blowing from the East river, and the both apparently as happy as the conventional lovers on the conventional garden gate.

Upon reaching Forty-seventh street the little lady alighted and the tall guardsman stooped over the gate and kissed her, saying softly: Goodby, dear, I'll be home about 11."

After watching her out of sight, the gentlemanly guardsman, by way of explanation to the smiling prssenger, said briefly, but none the less impressively: "We were married last Sunday." And then lustly called out: "Fifth avenue!" in the regular railroad vernacular.

"I hope it will always last," said one gentleman, good-naturedly.

And a pretty young lady chirped to another at her side: "Isn't he nice?"

CONNUBIALITIES.

My darling George," it used to be
When wedded life was new,
His title now is "him" and "he,"
And sometimes "Say, there, you."

A maiden of uncertain age, whose home is in Niles, Mich., is said to have proposed to thirteen young men since leap year began.

Probably Mrs. Frank Leslie is the only American lady who is compelled to use a printed form in declining matrimonial matters.

Mr. Wilson, of Pittsburg, courted a young lady of that city for thirteen years, and now he has been sued for $30,000 for breach of promise. Thirteen is an unlucky number.

Lieutenant A. H. Howard, of gattling gun fame during the Riel rebellion, has applied for a divorce from his wife, basing the application upon allegations concerning her conduct while he was absent in Canada.

A novel marriage occurred at Chipley, Ga., on the night of the 3d. John Wright and Laura Satterwhite were united in marriage at 10:30 o'clock at night under the light of the street lamp between the hotel and the depot, H. A. Goodman officiating.

Glenwood, Col., valley needs now a car load of girls. Good, neat, industrious, but not too handsome. If a car load of reasonably good-looking ones come we will have to get another car load about the middle of April, for the reason that by that time they will probably all be married.

A French bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from thirty-seven to eighty-seven, but it made no difference, for he received 250 applications from ladies ranging from sixteen to sixty, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence.

Miss Smiley Pressley was recently married to James Spittle, of Mathews, N. C. The bride is not quite twelve years old, and her mother consented to the marriage only on condition that the bridegroom must continue to send her to school. Of course he agreed to this, and the child became a wife.

Nothing daunted by the wretched condition of the roads and the extreme severity of the weather, a young lady of Montgomery county, Virginia, rode from her home to the town of Salem on horseback one day last week, a distance of twenty-one miles, to make some purchases of store goods for her approaching wedding, and returned home the same day, making forty-two miles of travel on horseback. The plucky girl was Miss Emma Aiken, and she was married three or four days after to Robert Stewart, who lives near Roanoke, the Rev. D. C. Moorman performing the ceremony.

A novel wedding took place on an eastbound accommodation train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad as the train was coming down the seventeen-mile grade at a rapid rate. As it stopped at Swanto a gentleman and lady boarded the train. At the next station a preacher stepped on and inquired of the conductor if a couple had boarded his train at Swanton. When informed they had, he rushed to where the couple were seated, and, in the presence of all the passengers, pronounced them man and wife while the train was going at her best speed. The couple were strangers to all on board. The only reason given by the preacher for the haste was that the license was made out in Maryland, and at the rate the train was going they would soon be in West Virginia and the license void. The bride and groom got off at Piedmont and took the express for the west.

A young man and his best girl were before the clerk of courts of Orange City Tuesday and obtained a license to wed, who have started out on the economical plan, which, if they are industrious and continue to follow it up, will eventually lead on to fortune. They arrived at Alton on the train and from there walked to this place and saved hack fare. They visited a jeweler here and looked at "a ring to get married in," but as a dollar was the limit of expenditure for an ornament of that kind they did not invest because they could get nothing nice enough for that price. They took in the town, dined on crackers and cheese, and returned in the evening as happy and content, yea more so, than many others would have been after they had squandered $20 on the day's pleasures

HOWE, KERR & CO'S

RED LETTER SALE OF

CHAMBER SUITS, NEXT TUESDAY

Suits worth $25, sold at $15,

Suits worth $35, sold at $25

Suits worth $55, sold at $47

Suits worth $85, sold at $72.

Suits worth $175, sold at $155

We have just received two car loads of Chamber Suits in the latest designs and finish, in addition to our immense stock, and in order to make room, will continue the sale

On Tuesday of Each Week Until Our Stock is Reduced

1510 Douglas-st., Opposite Falconer's,

HOWE, KERR & CO'S.

PEPPERMENT DROPS.

The turtle has an easy time of it, and yet he does not have a soft snap.

Missouri has a blind man charged with stealing a flock of geese. No other state in the union can make a like showing. Missouri men triumph over all the adversities of fortune.

Germans of the highest rank believe in teaching their sons useful trades. There is young Herbert Binmarck, for instance; he is an expert at mixing drinks. When the evil days come he can come over to America and wear diamonds.

A Georgia boy was recently killed by swallowing a brass mouth organ. An impression generally prevailed that nothing had ever been invented that would kill a boy who played a mouth organ.

They have a way out in Kansas of bringing to time unruly members of the legislature. Mr. Funstan, member of the committee on agriculture, war late at a committee meeting, and the chairman fined him six cans of corn.

An exquisite, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to a ticket office of a railway station and inquirbd: "Must I—aw—take a special ticket for a puppy?" "No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.

"What's the matter, Pat?" "More fun in the family this morning, sor." "What! Twins again?" "No, sir. Faith and it's triplets this time." "You're getting on." "Getting on, is it? Be hivins, sor, I belave the next'll be quadrupeds!"

Willie Tascott, the Chicago murderer, writes poetry, and there is a reward of $10,000 for him. We intend to nab the first young man who blows into the office with a spring poem and lock him in the pressroom until we can hear from Chicago.

Hotel Clerk—What was that noise in your room? Captain—Oh, I had to break the neck off a bottle I found there, as I couldn't draw the cork. "Why, the only bottle there was a hand grenade for fire extinguishing." "Is that so? I thought the liquor was very mild."

Gentleman—You are a shiftless nigger, Rastus, and no good to yourself or the community. This is the third time you have asked me to go bail for you. Rastus—I knows it, Mistah Smif, I knows it, an' ef you'll 'commodate me jis' wunce mo' I'll skip out de fust thin' in de mawnin' an' neber show up agin, 'deed I won't.

"I don't see," said the eastern man to the Kansan, "why the settler on the frontier lives in a dugout; why doesn't he cut a door and windows in a Kansas pumpkin and live in that?" "Well, you see," said the Kansan, "the Kansas pumpkin is so large that it cannot be kept warm in winter without a great deal of fuel, and fuel is very scarce."

A man writes from Connecticut in enlightenment of science: "I have picked up hundreds of wasps, holding my breath at the moment that the wasp was grasped, and have never been stung under such circumstances." It does not appear that he held his breath in the same hand that he held the tongs or pincers, or whatever it was that he picked the wasps up with.

The fellow that painted the end of a log black to catch rabbits is not far ahead of the genius who catches ducks by stratagem in Montcalm, Mich. He says he cuts out a chunk of sod, sprinkles hooks baited with corn upon it, wades out into some lake with the sod on his head, has strings to the hooks which he holds with one hand, and when the ducks alight and swallow the corn he jerks the strings, and they fly and carry him to land.

During the recent eclipse of the moon some colored people living near Smithville, Ga., became frightened and ran screaming from their houses to a field near by, where they prostrated themselves and began praying, thinking the day of judgment was at hand. The lamentations were making the woods ring, when a deacon in on of the colored churches came up. "Git up, dar," he said, "an' go to your house—ebery one ob you. Dey ain't nothin' de matter; dat's only a clippergrass ob de moon, caused by de subjection ob de sun. You niggers ain't got no sense, nohow!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Nilsson's farewell concerts will be given May 26 and June 20.

The highest recorded price for a Stradivarius violin is said to be $8,000.

Goldmark's new symphony has been as well received in Vienna as it was in Dresden a few weeks ago.

Miss Lillian Russell has achieved the greatest success of her career as Dorothy Bantam in the comic opera "Dorothy."

M. Zamara's new opera "La Chanteur de Palerme" had great success on its recent production at the Carl theatre in Vienna.

Roland Reed, America's great original comedian, has made a decided hit in New York as Samuel Bundy in "The Woman Hater."

Carmen Sylva, which is the literary nom de plume of the Queen of Roumania, is at present writing a ballet entitled "The Jewels."

The Bostonians are having great success throughout the country with "Fatinitza"—done in spectacular style—and the Poachers."

Miss Druid is the ancient name borne by the latest Louisville girl who aspires to follow in the histrionic footsteps of Miss Mary Anderson. She has announced an early debut.

John Thompson, one of the first and most successful of American actors starring in highly spiced sensational dramas, will, after several seasons retirement, return to the stage.

Louis Harrison of "Mystic Isle" fame, will play the part of Ty-foo in "Pearl of Pekin" (Lecoq's Fleur de The) when that operetta shall be produced at the New York Bijou theatre.

Lilly Post has been secured by Willard Spencer for the soprano part of Violet in "The Little Tycoon," which was made vacant by the abrupt departure Ada Glasca from the company.

Joseph Jefferson's spring tour of relaxation and play will last only eight weeks, during which time he will travel in his own private car throughout Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida and Alabama.

Mlle. Marie Van Zandt signed an engagement with M. Maurice Grau, for the firm at whose head is Mr. Abbey, before he left for South America. She will give in 1779-1890, a series of operatic and conbert performaneces in America.

The opening of the Campanini Italian opera season at the New York academy of music has been postponed from April 5 to April 9 owing to the fact that one of the principal artists, Mawred, cannot arrive here in time for the former date.

Fanny Davenport as La Tosca has discarded the use of the numerous garments over which ladies devote a great deal of pains, time and money, and under elaborate and really beautiful dresses is enveloped only in silk flesh ing.

Off the stage Ada Rehan, says a gossip, is not a really handsome nor even a pretty woman. Her complexion is what some unkind people would call "pasty." But her face shows a kindly disposition, strong character and abundant good sense.

Rose Stahl, a pretty girl and a native of Trenton, N. J., will make her debut in the cast of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," when Bandmann represents that play at Niblo's. Miss Stahl has the reputation of being an accomplished elocutionist.

Messrs. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett are said to be averaging upward of $4,000 for each performance at the Baldwin theatre in San Francisco, and yet they can not afford a respectable populace for the forum scene in "Julius Cæsar."

Wilson Barrett is going to revive that picturesque old play, "Belpheger, the Mountebank," at the Globe theatre, in London. He has had the play revised and altered somewhat. He will act Belphegor, and Miss Eastlake will be the montebank's," wife.

Mlle Zucchi, formerly leading ballet-dancer at the Edon theatre, Paris, was recently married to Prince Basetchitkoff, and among the wedding presents were 120 silver drinking cups, each from a former admirer, and each fashioned like a dancing slipper.

One of the features of Mr. Baudmann's version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," will be a revolving scene showing the murder of a clergyman by Mr. Hyde. The first view is the interior of a church, showing the procession of choristers, and the scene revolves Hyde is discovered stopping with his hands the attempted cry of his victim.

A niece of John Stuart Mill has made a most successful debut in Italy on the operatic stage. This young lady (Miss Coleman) has chosen the name of Verra Verrenski by which to be professionally known. She chose for her debut the part of Lucia di Lammermoor, and seems to have captivated her Italian audience at once.

One of A. M. Palmer's "Jim the Penman" companies had a curious experience in Texas a few days ago. Five members of the company were arrested for playing cards on the train, taken off at a small station near Dallas by the sheriff, and fined $24 each. Professionals about to visit Texas may learn a lesson from this.

The total amount left by Jenny Lind was $230,000. About one-third of this amount is to be devoted to charitable and educational purposes. Her valuable paintings, especially rich in original portraits of famous musicians, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Schumann, Joachim and others are to go, after her husband's death, to the Royal Gallery at Stockholm.

The armory festival to be held in Troy, N. Y., the coming May promises to be a grand success. Fraulein Lili Lehmann, Herr Paul Kalisch, Miss Emily Winant and Theo Toedt, are among the noted soloists already engaged. This is Lili Lehmann's first engagement for the festival season of the metropolis, and she will have the honor of singing Dvork's in America.

Theodore Thomas has made preliminary arrangements for an European trip of his band. It will play four weeks in Paris, during the exhibition months of 1889, and will visit London, Berlin, Vienna and other large cities during its stay abroad. Mr. Rafael Joseffy will accompany the orchestra as the principal, if not as the only soloist engaged for the tour.

Offenbach's youngest daughter, Mme Offenbach-Mousset, has just found among her father's manuscripts the score of a two act operetta, entitled "Cocoletto," which was brought out with unsatisfactory results at Ems and Berlin in 1865, but has not been placed upon the stage elsewhere. A Parisian manager is about to test the attractiveness of "Cocoletto" once more.

Mme. Minnie Hauk is at present singing in "The Taming of the Shrew," "L'Africaine," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and, of courre, "Carmen," in the principal cities of Germany, where she has been given a most enthusiastic reception. In April she will sing at the Philharmonic concerts in Copenhagen and Stockholm, and later in the season at the Italian opera in London.

And now the Lily is going to forswear Chicago, wicked Chicago, the city of great understandings and "Natural Gas," all because it failed to appreciate a beautiful woman's acting. Mrs. Langtry, it is said, will never go to the Lake City again, notwithstanding Manager McVicker will exact with Shylock acquisitiveness $1,500 for each performance that America's naturalized citizen was indisposed to give.

Ludwig Barnay, the eminent Irish tragedian, was in his younger days apprenticed to a bricklayer. Like our own gifted John McCullough, who in his boyhood labored in a Philadelphia gashouse, he studied and read dramatic works at every opportunity, even taking advantage of the moments between his tasks. One day his employer came upon him unawares and discovered young Barnay addressing a crowd of his fellow-workmen. He had constructed with loose bricks a miniature stage, had used various makeshifts for scenery, and was explaining some theories of his own to his companions. The master shook his head, saying to Barnay: "Ah, you will never make a bricklayer, for you cannot build houses with poetry."

"Two jolly sons of Erin, with big voices, big feet and big hearts are William Ludwig and Barton McGuckin, baritone and tenor of the late American Opera company," says the New York World. "There was never any mistaking McGuckin's nationality, but Ludwig has long been supposed a romantic Teuton by people who didn't know he had been William Ledridge in the Ould Dart, every foot of whose green sod he loves with all his 200 pounds of avoirdupois. These two light-hearted troubadours are a noticeable addition of late to the usual run of Broadway promenaders. They go together as naturally now as they did in the most checkered days of their operatic adventure, and as profitably. McGuckin has a good-natured pug nose, which he builds up into a graceful Roman on the stage. He is getting bald and grieves over it. Ludwig is muscular to a degree, and has a greenish tint in his eyes. They say all great singers have it."