

MADAME.

[HELEN C. HARWOOD.]

Madame always wore, in the afternoon, a cap with a crisp, little pink bow. In the morning a lavender one, to which Clemence, by a dexterous twist, gave, daily, new life and vigor.

Tonight the lavender ribbon was still in evidence, and somehow its pert, inquisitive look had vanished.

Apparently, Madame herself had grown several inches tinier. Wrapt tightly in her black silk shawl she crouched before the fire place.

"J'ai froid, Mademoiselle. It must be very cold tonight?"

"No, its warmer than it has been for some time. How strange for you to be cold Madame!" I exclaimed, while I felt tingling through me a cyclonette of hurrahs. When, oh when, had I beheld such a fire!

"Ugh! Quel temps! Quel temps!" continued Madame. "What weather! What weather! Beastly! One would think that France had imported the English climate."

A long sigh and Madame proceeded.

"I have quarreled with my patissier. I don't know what I shall do. Absurd! What did he do, but sent my patties cold last night. Clemence was furious, pauvre fille. I've traded with him for twenty years. He's very gentil, but cold patties are unpardonable."

She fingered nervously, the leaves of a cream-colored paper book and its trim, neat substantial appearance gave convincing evidence of its blessed, but robber editor, Tauchnitz. A letter dropped on the floor.

"Mon enfant, I shall never read another of Marie Corelli's books. Stuff! Such Stuff! If I only had her address, I would write to her and tell her that I lived for years in England, and that I know such a state of affairs does not exist. Didn't I know some of the very best people in England? And France! She makes us French nothing but absinthe-absorbers. Frankly, she lies child."

I handed her the letter that had fallen.

"You had letters from England today Madame?"

"Yes, one from my niece. She is coming to visit me soon. She sent me some papers. I noticed in a sale of letters, two of Charles Lamb to my father, brought the highest price. All of his letters to my father belonged to me. I thought that my brother ought to have them, and I gave them to him. Then he married. Oh dear! his wife and I never agreed. When he died she gave them away, but, through the papers I know what has become of many of them. Some were sold for two and three hundred pounds."

"Kenny was your father's name?"

"Yes, and he was a very good playwright, my dear, but his plays are old-fashioned now. The Queen pensioned him, and now the pension comes to me."

"Can you remember Charles Lamb well?"

"Yes indeed. He and my father were great cronies, and when I was just a small gal he would take me on long tramps, and after a little while he would say, "Now my dear, you just sit down here and rest a few moments. There is a dear old lady, a widow, who lives yonder. She is very poor, and I fear that she's ill. I want to see how she is today."

"But every time we took a walk, no matter the direction, there was always a destitute widow and Mr. Lamb must always inquire after her health. I began to wonder how it was that Mr. Lamb knew so many poor women. One day I said to him:"

"You are very fond of poor old ladies, it seems to me. It's nice of you, though."

"We must always look out for the

needy child," he replied.

"But I don't understand how it is that you know such lots of poor women. They must be very, very, well-pleasant; you always seem so happy after seeing them. I told papa how good you were to them and he laughed and laughed."

"Mr. Lamb laughed too, and patted me on the back and said:"

"There's always room for charity and when you grow up you'll understand just how it is. We must go home now and have a game of whist," and he chased me down a low hill to the house where he and Mary lived. I had to have a dictionary on the chair in order to reach the table, and I knew little more than the names on the cards. But that didn't matter. Anything that had just the slightest tinge of whist pleased Charles Lamb. He played with the dummy and I with Mary."

"And you knew Carlyle and his wife too, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mon Dieu! How disagreeable they were."

Just then Clemence appeared and announced, "Madame, est servie. Dinner is ready."

We rose and Madame took my hand.

"You know the book store on the Avenue Kleber?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Well, I wish that you would get me one of Marie Corelli's books. She is really very clever, you know."

MUSICAL MENTION.

[JOHN RANDOLPH.]

The fifth and last Philharmonic orchestra concert was given at the Oliver theater on Monday evening, March 20, before an audience which filled the house. Even the boxes were thickly populated with persons well known in Lincoln society, and the body of the house displayed not merely the usual musical contingent, but many faces recognized as prominent in other circles, artistic and literary, as well as social. Mr. Hagenow has reason to be proud of the continued improvement of the forces under his baton. I do not doubt that it is at the price of many an arduous rehearsal—so much more credit to the conductor—but at any rate the gain in precision of attack and purity of intonation is obvious to the most critical ear. Ineffective material has been weeded out, the strings have been strengthened, constant playing together has aided the band, and altogether the outlook is most promising for next year if Mr. Hagenow can hold his forces together. For the element of playing together year after year is necessary in a really plastic and authoritative orchestra; no director, however capable, can get very good effects from a band which changes its personnel every season.

This fact is obvious in the concerts given this winter. At the first and second concerts given the players were not yet accustomed—so many changes having been made, so much new material having been added—to the feeling of one another and to the personality of the director. Barring a few slips which it would be ungrateful to mention in the midst of so much that was good, the concert of Monday night was agreeable and highly beneficial and educational to the public. If I may venture to suggest another help in the development of musical taste in this community and it be not a source of too much expense I advise that an occasional critical analysis of the more important works, such as the Mozart symphony, be printed upon the program of the concert or in one of the Lincoln papers shortly before the concert. If any one cares to add to his library before next winter's series of concerts H. E. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music" and W. J. Henderson's "What is Good Music," it would make certain composi-

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tions no less pleasurable to hear and more easily understood. Both of these works are easily procurable at moderate prices of any dealer in books.

The soloist of the evening was Mr. Bicknell Young, a baritone singer well known in Chicago and deservedly popular. I had almost said the soloists, for the intelligent and artistic performance of his wife, Madam Mazzucato Young, at the pianoforte, deserves especial attention, not only in the accompaniment to the singing of Mr. Young, but in ensemble with the orchestra in Jurgmann's "Spring." Mr. Young is a singer of polished and finished methods, from the standpoint of the singing master he left little to be desired. The singer was more forceful and artistic in the songs sung to the pianoforte accompaniment of his wife than in his earlier number sung with the orchestra, but at all times proved himself a most pleasing and thoroughly satisfactory artist. Less dramatic than some of the singers we have had this winter he is distinguished for a most smooth and cantabile style—a style extremely rare in these days of declamation when pure song is rarely heard. In addition to the songs upon the program the singer, in response to the evident appreciation of the audience gave the "D. Provenza" air from Verdi's "La Traviata," besides a little song of Maude Valerie White and a repetition of the rather banal ballad by Jesse L. Gaynor. Madam Young appeared upon the program as a composer as well as accompanist, the second song of the group given in the program appearing over the name.

The orchestra also was compelled to repeat certain numbers at the desire of the audience. Altogether the concert was in certain respects the most successful of the winter and Mr. Hagenow is to be congratulated upon furnishing so beneficial a climax to his labors in our behalf.