

have all in your eye, Mr.?" "But," said the traveller, "Mr. Irving speaks of the good people who lodged here in the Albanian, and a fair maiden whom he styled Dolores, and a noble young man named Manuel; what becomes of them?" At which Dolores, the girl, with a little low laugh, and not knowing the mischief he was doing, said Dolores was a coarse and dowdy drudge, whom Mr. Irving's imagination had invented with purely historical charm. He went farther, and said one of the family whom Mr. Irving mentioned had been killed in a street brawl, and that the whole race had passed into deserved oblivion. But neither traveller nor guide can deprive us of the impressions made on the mind years ago, and still we fancy we behold the sun set behind the purple mountains of Alabama; the wilderness of roses where the nightingale sang all day long; the man, the bandit, the priest, and the soldier; and we strain our ears for the tinkles of the castanet, or the faint sign of Boholl's art being expelled from such a kingdom and such a shade.

**JENKINS PLAYS WITH THE BAND.**

I once more applied my talents to the trombone, this time in an honest effort to aid the band. I don't know how I did it, but I did it. Suddenly there resounded from that cylinder of brass the most delectable sound that ever assailed the ears of mortal.

"Gott is Himmel!" muttered the leader, without looking around, and the instruments crashed over the error and crashed it out of recollection.

"Hum, bum, boom, bum, boom-in, bla-e-r, fia!"

"Of you blasse, Cherkina, you pe so glad, you don't any more," and there was an expression of agony on the leader's face as he spoke.

"Never mind, old man," I suggested, "these people expect music, but I'm going to give 'em a show."

"Hild-e-r, boom, bum, bum, boom, bla-e-r, bum!"

"Mein Gott, mein Gott, Misser Cherkina, was is das? Tufel! you should seek out of dat pand."

"Fliz, boom, bla-r, boom, fia, bla-r, bum, bum!"

The dancers stopped and gazed on the band with amazement.

"Told you so, old man. See, they can't dance while this is going on. Got to stop and listen. Wait until I give them another show."

"Fliz, mump, boom, bla-e-r-r, bum, bum, bum, poff, zam, fia, swash, bum, fia!"

We were playing the "Beautiful Danube," and I was imitating the wash of the waves on the beach. The leader swung his violin-bow and every musician strained to drown my efforts.

"Zump, bum, swash, boom, fia, hild, poff, bum, bum, bla-e-r-r!"

The assemblage stood in amazement. They evidently never heard such music before, and they enjoyed it. My brother trombonist, who didn't make half so much noise as I, glared at me, but kept blowing.

"Misser Cherkina, of you blasse, go away mit dat dam horn--"

"Boom-in-m-m-m, fia, bla-r, bum, bum, bum, bum, zump!"

"Hat, hat, hat," struck the bow against the music stand, and the music died away with a closing effort on my part. My fellow musicians glared at me, but said nothing. The leader approached me with wrath in his eye and a tremor on his lip.

"Mein Herr," said he in a fearful voice, "py Gott, I should kill you for dat noise."

**GRACE GREENWOOD.**

A writer in the Washington Press thus describes Grace Greenwood:

At the last Saturday evening "reunion" Grace Greenwood, in her inimitable way, gave us dramatic readings in costume. Her personations exceeded anything the writer has seen on the stage or in private life. Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Scott Siddons, last but not least, our own Grace Greenwood, make all the stars of the first magnitude that we have seen in this particular heaven of genius. Attorney General Williams says "that he looks upon Grace Greenwood as the best writer and the most gifted woman in the country." This decision is legal, and may be considered final. Years ago the great and good Horace Mann said that she was not only "the most gifted, but that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen;" and his passion for her in youthful days was as pure as though she had been a disembodied spirit. It is so rare that beauty and genius are wedded to one soul. In

the opinion of the writer, Grace Greenwood is a handsome woman as fifty than in the "long ago." It is the difference between the budding green of April and the garreted glory of September. If her portrait was taken as she stands before us to-day and hung in the Congress gallery, the spectator would say "this must be a Roman matron who lived before the fall of the Middle Ages dastard the earth." How does she look?—a brunette of the purest type, with classic features, serene, inquiring eyes, that shine as though a quiescent flame burned somewhere in the solitude of her own soul. There are some pictures which are burned into the human mind. We shall never forget her personation of "Over the Hill to the Poor House," one of Carleton's poems. The poverty-stricken outfit, the worn cap and the low-bowed spectacles, the gray hair. From the highest to the humblest of that goodly company scarce a dry eye was to be seen. Then she told us what Miss Tallie, from Baitonville, saw at a "Rejective Session of the Senate." This was followed by that which proves man to have been the only "created laughing animal."

**HOW THE BULLFINCH IS TAUGHT TO SING.**

Boys and girls are not the only little folk who attend singing classes, as you shall know when you hear about the piping bullfinch.

In shape and size this bullfinch is somewhat like the sparrows in our city parks, but he has a very different breed. The sparrow, you know, has a trim, quick little pate of his own. Not so the bullfinch. His is a clumsy affair—in fact, he has a sort of "bull" head and neck; so, you see, he is well named. Besides, his body is nearly as black as coal, and his throat is as red as if the coal was on fire. He is not naturally a singer, nor is he half so clever as our American mocking-bird. In fact, he seems rather stupid, but he is willing to learn; and we do hang on that if you persevere long enough you can teach him to sing a tune.

The country people of Germany have found this out. There the peasants take great delight in training bullfinches. Their pupils, not being very bright, as I said before, are stupidly hopping about their cages, when suddenly they hear a tune piped upon a violin. They prick up their ears, or would do so if they could—and begin to listen, quite unconscious that that very same tune for about a week without their making it. But it is something to catch their attention. Day after day, for months, the patient teacher goes over and over the same tune to the listening birds until human listeners begin to wonder which will get crazy first, the bullfinch or the player. But by and by the bird begins to pick up the air, piping the simple parts at first, and taking up note after note until, at last, they know the whole thing by heart. Sometimes a rustic father spends half his time all winter teaching one little patient bird, and the children look on with the greatest interest. Or a boy will undertake the task, and when he at last succeeds, his sisters look upon him as the most wonderful fellow in the world; and they cry in real earnest when the wonderful boy carries his pupil to town to be sold; for sold these bullfinches are sure to be as soon as they are taught, or else exhibited by their owners as street singers. Sometimes bird-teachers are known far and wide for their skill and success; and at Freiburg, in Baden, and small villages on the outskirts of the Black-Forest, bullfinch-training is practiced as a regular business. In such cases a small, hardy, curly, or "bird organ" is used, as being less difficult and tiresome than the violin; and, instead of entering one bird, they teach the same tune to a class of ten or a dozen.

Generally, the birds are sent to London or Paris, where, if they have learned their lessons thoroughly, they are bought by rich folk, put into beautiful cages and treated as pets, whilst other bullfinches, having trifled away their school-days and only had learned their tune, live a ragrant life around the markets, belonging to nobody, and picking up their dinings as best they can.—St. Nicholas.

Some jacksays says, "Cheer up, cheer up; it's a long lane that has no turn." Don't we know it? Of course it's a long lane that has no turn! How perfectly absurd to expect a fellow to "cheer up" because a long lane has no turn! We decline to "cheer up" for any such reason.