

JENNY LIND AND GRISI.

A PRETTY STORY TOLD OF THE TWO FAMOUS SONGSTRESSES.

Somewhere in the 40's Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different theatres in London.

Those who went into ecstasies over Grisi's "Nerma" where the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them.

Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course they both came.

The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin.

Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers, she stepped forward to begin.

Chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her.

The fierce look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew back before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria.

A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grisi's face.

Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends.

Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from Heaven whispered to her. "Sing one of your old songs in your native language."

She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise and took the vacant seat.

Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire.

She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment.

The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that wondrous, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob.

Again there was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound.

Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first.

There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long black lashes.

After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

LONE STAR PHILOSOPHY. A kind word is a good deed. Hope is a great fortuneteller.

Politics is a loafing and fishing business. The truest friends have suffered together.

You cannot pay an honest debt with dishonest money. It does no good to take a stand and then run off with it.

Kentucky is still a Bourbon Democrat. We should smile. No man will ever keep his per capita unless he has a head of his own.

Some wise man may admit that he is a fool, but no fool will ever do it.

It is quite natural that the vain young bride should be proud of her surname.

The candidate is fond of the voters who will do the rest after he touches the button.

The wages of indolence must be paid even by the dead beat who never pays anything else.

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A LEARNED LIZARD.

Remarkable Intelligence of a Priest's Pet Saurian.

The Little Creature's Life Sacrificed in Its Effort to Remain with Its Well-Deserved Master.

Upon the office table of a prominent physician of this city, says a New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, lies a little green lizard with bright bend eyes, which guards the papers on the desk and is the subject of a little story the doctor is very fond of telling.

"That tiny creature," the doctor said, "which is the object of one of the silliest and most groundless prejudices the human race cherishes from generation to generation, was the devoted and solitary friend of a dying man, showing an intelligence and love which would be considered remarkable in a dog.

"It was while spending a month in the little town in Las Cruces, N. M., that I made the acquaintance of a Catholic priest, Father Minter, who was dying of consumption and no longer in service, but lingering in that warm climate hoping to so prolong his life. He had no relatives in this country. He was a man of intelligence and wide information, and I found his society most pleasant.

Visiting him one day, I was startled to see a little green head peeping at me from under the priest's pillow. Following my gaze, the father held out his hand to the lizard, which snuggled in it like a kitten.

"My only friend," he said, "and the learned and accomplished M. Vert—Mr. Green. Now you must show the gentleman what you can do, Mr. Green."

"He here produced a little ladder made of straw, which the lizard mounted at a word of command and then descended, carrying off the ladder on its back to the box in which it was kept. Then, being bidden, it brought out a miniature wine glass.

"M. Vert has bad habits," said the father. "He is a toper," at which the little creature pretended to drain the glass, and when its master continued: "He can't walk straight," began to wobble from side to side in a way that made me laugh most heartily.

"There is but one end for drunkards," produced a sudden founce over on its back, a stiffening of the queer little feet, and the poor toper was presumably dead. Only one twinkling eye kept watch on us to see what effect the scene would have.

Father Minter pretended to weep, when M. Vert jumped up, and, running to him, crept into his hand.

"Now, you must tell us the dearest country in the world," said the priest. "One rap of the tail shall mean 'No' and more than one 'Yes.'" Now, then, Germany? The tail gave a vigorous rap. "No? Then perhaps Turkey?"

Another single rap. "Well, say France? No? Then perhaps England?" At this the lizard rolled over and repeated the lying dead performance, but when its master called: "How about Ireland?" it turned again and beat a regular tattoo with its tail.

"So that's it, M. Vert. But what have you to say of the United States?" The lizard expressed its enthusiasm by turning a slow and most impressive somersault. That ended the performance. Had I not witnessed it I should not have credited it, but Father Minter assured me that it had not been the trouble to train the little creature that it was to teach tricks to a dog.

"The lizard made its home somewhere outside the priest's window, but spent most of its time running or sleeping on its ledge and would often be for hours watching its friend. When he grew too weak to play with it, it would creep into his hand and never stir until he would command it to go home, when it would start perhaps a dozen times, only to return and try to steal back to him.

The day the priest died it could not be induced to leave him for a moment, and when he had breathed his last I had to remove the poor thing from his cold fingers. I meant to adopt the lizard for my own, but it fell a victim on the day of its master's funeral to the foolish prejudice I spoke of. An attendant, seeing the little creature crawling about the couch where its dead friend lay, knocked it off and killed it with a broom, but I had it preserved."

A Glove Described. People who know about gloves use a complicated vocabulary. They call the piece of leather a glove is made out of a trunk. The side pieces to the fingers they call fourchettes, and the little pieces that join the fourchettes to the gloves they call quirkis, or sometimes gussets.

The binding up and down the opening for the buttons and button-holes is the slit welt, and the top welt is the piece which is added to the top of the glove. When they get to talking about gloves' seams they make a number of nice distinctions in stitches. They call it an in-seam when the edges are turned in and sewed through the inside. They talk about a prick seam when one edge is lapped over another.

Oftenest of all they speak of the over stitch when the edges of the leather are sewn through and round. The welt seam is like the in-seam, except that it has a third piece of leather in the middle.

A Seventy-Ton Fly-Wheel. We read in an exchange of a novel fly-wheel. The hub is of cast iron, and in the place of spokes two disks built of steel plates are bolted to the hub. The wheel so made is about twenty feet in diameter, and around the rim seventy tons of steel wire are wound, each strand being under a tension of fifty pounds. The strength of such a structure is immensely greater than that of an ordinary cast-iron wheel; in fact, it is difficult to imagine such a wheel bursting. The outer fibers of the wire rim would probably part first, and thus give warning of the coming danger. At all events, this particular wheel, twenty feet in diameter and weighing seventy tons, is run to a speed of two hundred and forty revolutions per minute, so that the rim travels a mile every twenty-one seconds.

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