

## Grave and Gay.

HOW THEY DO IT IN THE STATES.

In a cosy little parlour in a World's Fair hotel they sat together—he and she. "Mrs. Chickwell," he began, "may—I ask your first name?" "Amy," softly answered the charming young widow. "Amy! Lovely name!" he rejoined, taking her hand. "It seems as if I had known you an age—" "It has been at least three days and a half," she murmured, dreamily. "Haven't we had abundant opportunity to get acquainted? Haven't we walked together the whole length of the Manufactures Building? Have we not been—" "But, Mr. Spatchley, think of—" "Call me Harry," he pleaded, possessing himself of her other hand. "Well—Harry—if you only knew—" "I don't want to know, dearest! My heart tells me all I want to know. In my faraway California home I have often dreamed of a time like this, when—" "California? and my home is in New England!" "It wouldn't make any difference to me if you came from New Zealand!" "But Harry—" "I know what you are going to say—'This is so sudden!' It isn't sudden. I've waited more than three whole days, and my mind was made up the minute I saw you! Don't turn your head away, dear! I—" "I have a little surprise for you, Amy," said the enraptured young man, half an hour later, in some embarrassment. "Excuse me for a moment." He went out of the room, and returned presently accompanied by a stout old lady with a determined expression of countenance. "My dear," he said, "this is my mother. She—er—will live with us, you know." "So glad! And I have a little surprise for you, too, Harry." She left the room, and returned in a moment, with five fair-haired little girls apparently ranging in age from 3 to 13. "These are my little darlings, Harry," she whispered. "Lydia, Minerva, Penelope, Rachel and Mehitabel, kiss the gentleman. He is to be your new papa!"

### A HAPPY STROKE.

James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*, had a way of dropping into the composing and press-rooms at the most unexpected times, and as his visits often resulted in a general "shake up" and reorganisation of the paper's managerial, editorial, and working forces, they were awaited with fear and trembling by his employees. On one of these occasions, one of the pressmen—a man who had worked for the elder Bennett, and was an excellent workman, though guilty of an occasional lapse from sobriety—had a bad black eye, and was in a quandary as to what excuse he should offer if Bennett noticed it. Acting on a sudden inspiration, he seized an ink-roller and rubbed a daub of ink on the side of his face, completely concealing the discolouration of the skin. Presently Mr. Bennett came into the press-room, and, with the superintendent, John Hays, went carefully through, criticising every detail and looking sharply at each employee. When about to leave, he turned suddenly, and pointing at the besmirched pressman, said: "Mr. Hays, what is that man's name?" The culprit quaked in his shoes until Mr. Bennett said slowly: "I want you to give that man three dollars a week more wages. He is the only man in the room that looks as if he had been working."

### HE KNEW THEM ALL.

"Never has there been a great rider for the last half a century that I have not known," declared the patron of the turf, as he gave his diamond pin a twist to the right and patted his light necktie just to see that the ends were even.

"Have any personal acquaintance with Centaur?" asked the man with classical features who seemed to be gazing abstractedly out of the window.

"Centaur! Centaur? Knew him like a book. Kansas boy. First mount he ever had was a Hambletonian colt, and I owned the colt. He was bred for a trotter, but turned out a runner, and little Centaur rode him. That boy would have made one of the best riders that ever straddled a saddle, but he went foolish and joined a circus. Last I heard of him he was turning back somersaults through paper hoops."

"I suppose you knew John Gilpin?"

"Did I know Johnny Gilpin? Better than he knew himself. Johnny and I were side partners for four years. Eat at the same table and slept in the same bed. There's a lad that could ride any horse that ever looked through a bridle, and a more graceful rider never brought a candidate down the stretch. Johnny Gilpin? Well, I should say. Poor Johnny! one of Corringan's fillies kicked him in the ear at Lexington."

"Ever happen to run across Paul Revere?"

"Didn't I bring Paul out? Nobody else could ever finish a race as that boy could. I've seen him beaten at the stretch and win by a length. But what's the use of us two talking? I knew 'em all. Can't go amiss on me. You find a jockey that I didn't meet and I'll show you a pumpkin husker trying to ride a horse."

### RHODES AND BARNATO.

One of the best stories about Barney Barnato concerns a big "deal" some six years ago, when the Barnatos brought from De Beers 220,000 carats of diamonds for £247,000, Mr. Rhodes selling for De Beers. "It was like this," said Mr. Joel. "Barney made him an offer for the whole lot in one parcel. Mr. Rhodes considered it, and said at last, 'I'll let you have them on one condition.' 'What is it?' asked Barney. 'That you let me see what neither gods nor men ever saw yet.' 'Well, what is it,' again says Barney. 'Why,' says Mr. Rhodes, '220,000 carats of diamonds in one heap—a bucketful!' 'Done,' says Barney, 'I'll take 'em, and you shall see your bucketful of diamonds.' So the deal was struck, and they poured the diamonds all together into one bucket, and then emptied them out in a heap, and they both looked at it and had it photographed, and said it was what no one had ever seen before. And after they had enjoyed looking at it, and the diamonds were handed

over, it took us six weeks to sort them all out again, and they were kept off the market for all that time." "Smart man, Mr. Rhodes," added the narrator. "When you think that every stone had to be examined separately and sorted into 160 classifications, you will know what sort of a job sorting that bucketful was! And, of course, Rhodes had the market to himself all the while! Smart man, Mr. Cecil Rhodes! Barnato Brothers don't mind big deals, but they don't buy 'em by the bucketful any more."

### HE WAS THANKFUL.

Down in the rural district it happened that the Mean Man invited the preacher to dinner. The Mean Man had plenty of money but he didn't spend it on his table, which, on that occasion, showed but scant fare.

"Parson," said the Mean Man, "times air hard an' groceries high; but, such as it is, you're welcome. Will you ax a blessin'?"

"I will," replied the parson. "Fold your hands." And then he said:—

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens without bacon, this bread without salt; and after we have received it, give thy servant strength to get home in time for dinner."

## THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL.

### ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CITY HALL.

A VERY large and enthusiastic audience greeted the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School at their entertainment in the City Hall last Friday evening. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the frequent and spontaneous applause which greeted the performers showed that the large audience thoroughly appreciated the excellent entertainment that was provided.

The programme opened with a very lively and taking overture by an orchestra composed of the boys of the school, under the direction of Mr. F. Stokes. The choruses "Labour" and "Life in the woods," by the singing class, formed a most enjoyable item, the boys' voices blending admirably, and the excellent time they kept affording ample proof that no pains had been spared in their training. The gymnastic exercises, under the conductorship of Instructor J. C. Smith, were gone through in a manner that reflected great credit on both teacher and pupils. The marching, drilling, wand and dumb-bell exercises were all performed with great precision, the audience showing their appreciation by hearty rounds of applause. The two part song "The organ's peal," by selected voices, was capitally rendered, and proved a most enjoyable item. The first part of the programme concluded with the representation of two scenes from "Julius Caesar," including the assassination of Caesar and the scene in the Forum. It was a decidedly ambitious effort, but the performance proved a complete success, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the splendid dramatic display given by the boys. The three principal characters, those of Caesar, Mark Anthony, and Brutus, were sustained by Masters Thomas Pound, J. B. Callan, and H. Hungerford respectively, and they played these most difficult parts in a way that did them infinite credit. One hardly knew which to most admire, the skill and efficiency of the teachers in bringing the performers to such perfection, or the native ability of the boys which made such perfection possible. The performance was a rare treat for the audience and one which was fully appreciated. A feature of the representation was the active and intelligent part taken by the boys forming the crowd of citizens. It must have been somewhat of a problem to the teacher how to keep a number of boys who had very little to say and had to remain on the stage for so long a stretch at a time from being stiff and mechanical, but the problem was happily solved, and the "crowd" acted with a naturalness and animation that greatly contributed to the general success. A well rendered selection, "Klondyke," by the boy's orchestra formed the opening item of the second part of the programme. This orchestra, though but recently formed, has already reached a very high state of efficiency, a fact which is almost entirely due to the warm personal interest and exceptional musical ability of the director, Mr. F. Stokes. Mr. Stokes' services as instructor and conductor have been given in a cheerful, willing spirit which has made it pleasant both for him that gives and for those that take, and has placed both the boys and their teachers under a deep debt of gratitude to him. Following the overture came two admirably rendered choruses, "God made all Nature free" and "O'Donnell Aboo." Master D. Wyatt sang in inimitable style the humorous song "Still his whiskers grew," and fairly brought down the house by his clever eccentricities. Master Wyatt possesses a capital voice and the imitative and comic faculty which he displayed is altogether wonderful in so young a boy. "The Burglary at Mrs. Maylie's," a humorous sketch from "Oliver Twist" was then enacted by boys of the school, and was given in a way that afforded the audience no end of merriment. All the parts were exceedingly well taken, the lion's share of the work falling to Masters D. O'Connell (as Bill Sikes), N. J. Ryan (as Toby Crackit), J. Tobin (as Barney), and D. O'Neill (as Mr. Giles). Master R. Burke made a model Oliver Twist and played his part in a most realistic fashion. Master F. Woods, who has a very pure, clear voice, sang with excellent taste and expression the solo "Sweet chiming bells," a quartette of selected voices joining in the chorus. A gymnastic exhibition with Indian clubs, parallel bars, and vaulting horse, was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The precision and agility with which the boys went through the various exercises could scarcely be surpassed, and afforded ample proof that the physical as well as the mental training of the boys is carefully attended to. A *tableau* consisting of all the performers suitably grouped brought to a close an entertainment which we have no hesitation in saying was one of the best of its kind ever given in Dunedin, and one of which both the teachers and the performers may feel pardonably proud.