

Information received the counter-delight of learning that he too had a father-in-law who drew compensation from the public storehouse; and in his gratitude for the news he declared from the fullness of his heart that the informant was—mistaken. Following this there were some felicitous allusions to forgery, some dramatic flouncing out into the chilly night air, some grim but glowing roll calls and votes—and an adjournment.

We hold up this city's legislative body as a model of parliamentary grace and exquisite dignity. Look upon it, ye youth of America, and while admiring, let ambition to gain its level fire your souls! Meantime, we await with some impatience further information and a few affidavits concerning fathers-in-law and pet boarders.

#### ADELINA PATTI.

Mr. Schurmann has recently published his experiences while acting as impressario for Adelina Patti and other stars, and he is very interesting where he tells of the various peculiarities of the Italian diva. On the days when she sings, says he, she acts as if she were deaf and dumb. She carefully avoids speaking, as if a "good morning" or "how are you?" might possibly derange her vocal organs. Mr. Nicolini must do all the talking and make necessary arrangements with regard to the pieces with which she is to charm the public. She never sings oftener than every third day, resting two. In matters of etiquette she is as strict as Queen Victoria is said to be. Mr. Schurmann at first thought he might appear at dinner without the insignia of his order, but Patti soon taught him better. Was not she worthy of as much honor as a mere royal person?

Adelina is, of course, very much afraid of catching cold. One year, in the beginning of January, she was under contract to sing at Bucharest. But as the day drew near she refused on account of there being snow on the ground. Schurmann had sold in advance every ticket to several concerts, and found himself in an unpleasant dilemma. The diva positively refused to go to Bucharest. The impressario then telegraphed his agent there that an ovation of the nobility must be arranged for. He received the following reply: "The Italian and Roumanian nobility are preparing a grand demonstration for the reception of Madame Patti. The ministry will be represented. Sleighs, torches and music." This was too much for the diva's vanity to resist. She started at once, and was received by about sixty gentlemen in full gala. Torches were blazing, national airs were played and flowers rained. Deeply moved, Patti took her seat in a sleigh and was escorted by the sixty cavaliers to the hotel. The fact was carefully concealed that these noblemen were Italian brick masons and chimney sweeps, who were paid five francs each to receive the renowned singer.

An adventure at Barcelona was rather exciting. Patti was to appear in Traviata with Stagno as Alfredo. But the celebrated tenor got a whim and

refused to appear in that part. Schurmann had to pay Nicolini 3000 francs to sing instead of Stagno. When Patti appeared on the stage she was received with hissing and noise that was deafening. Stagno had bought 3000 tickets and distributed them to paid bidders. The diva was mad and threatened to leave at once. But Schurmann was master of the situation. He gathered up a lot of visiting cards with aristocratic names on and had a few words of regret for what had happened written on them. They were sent to the hotel and Patti felt better. At the next representation Stagno was on the stage. As he entered a deputation presented to Adelina a beautiful velvet-bound album. On the first page was printed in gold letters: "The aristocracy of Spain deplores the scandalous scenes of the last representation and expresses their warmest admiration and sympathy for Signora Patti, the empress of song." It is needless to say that this was another scheme of Schurmann's, but Patti was reconciled and carried her album away to her collection of trophies in her case Craig-y-Noo. What she will do with it after having read her impressario's mean book can only be imagined.

There are rumors that she has in mind, owing to the scarcity of money in America, another farewell tour of "the land of the free;" in which view of the case it is interesting to know a little about her foibles and eccentricities.

#### A PRUDENT SPOUSE.

Every visitor to Washington within the last two decades and until recently must have had an acquaintance, by sight at least, with Omar D. Conger of Michigan, first a representative and later a senator from the Wolverine state. Mr. Conger is a rock-ribbed Republican, was addicted to making parliamentary points of order, and though of handsome features and form he nearly always wore a cynical sneer and an old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat. The wife of his later years was a woman whose idiosyncrasies made her quite a figure in Washington life. Her death occurred not long since, and this, with the provisions of her singular will, recalls to the correspondents at the capital the protecting air about the wifely devotion she paid her husband. This is accounted for by the fact that she was a rich woman in her own right, while her husband had a statesmanlike inability in managing his affairs. This illuminated their early romance, for it seems that the senator and his wife were lovers in their early youth, but quarreled and the engagement was broken. In time each married another. Years after, both were widowed and meeting again fell in love once more and were married. Senator Conger is now a very old man, and Mrs. Conger introduces him to public notice again by the clause in her will which leaves him an annuity of \$150 a month, and makes provisions for the details of his funeral and for his monument. Mrs. Conger explained her reasons with plain-spoken clearness: "Omar at one time had some money. He also had some

children. The children are still here; the money is gone. I told him that if I left him a sum of money they would get it from him in three months and he would be left in poverty in his old age. His wants are not many; he has always lived a plain, simple life. As I have provided for him in my will he will always be comfortable for the very simple reason he will have no control over the money further than the spending of his monthly income."

#### ROUGH ON OGDEN.

Recently in San Francisco, a boy who doubtless rejoices in the sobriquet of "the dude kid" was entrusted with \$100 to get changed; but instead of doing this he "levanted" with the treasure and made his way east, having the big show at Chicago uppermost in his mind. This, however, did not deter him from "taking in" the country as he went along, and that he has been enjoying it goes without saying. The boy is only fourteen years old and obtained his title through the scrupulous neatness of his apparel, his personal cleanliness and the general favor bestowed upon him by a certain class of women in that city. When he reached Ogden and had a chance to look around he wrote and dispatched the following letter to a friend whom he had left behind:

OGDEN, Utah, July 1.

Friend Jimmie—I now take the pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know how I am getting along. You talk about your rubber-neck towns—well, this place beats Fresno. All the old fogies are worse than the kids.

I am going out of town today, and I will spend my Fourth of July in some town in Wyoming. I wish you were with me. I wrote Brick O'Malley two letters. Tell Duran that this town is full of fun. Well, as I have no more to say I will close, sending you my picture and the kid's. Yours,

JAMES CONNORS,

Chaw Kid.

P. S.—Write me a letter to J. Connors, Omaha, Neb., care postoffice.

Will our esteemed friend the only Standard arise in its dignity—or its wrath—and say something about this? "Rubber-neck towns," indeed!

#### THE MINE WAS NOT FIRED.

The following telegram ought to have been received here but was not:

PARIS, Aug. 10.—A correspondent at Cowes sends the following interesting story and guarantees its authenticity: On Sunday (July 30th) there were six hours when the tension between France and England was so great that war was considered almost inevitable. The queen was being hourly informed of the state of affairs at Osborne. The kaiser on hearing of the acute point that the Siamese question had arrived at rubbed his hands together with glee and said: "Now the dance is going to begin."

If this is true—and there is surely nothing in either William's official methods or private conduct that belies it—Europe had a narrower escape than it thought of. It is a subject for profound congratulation by the world at large that that young ruler is not at present to be gratified with a display of wholesale interna-