

OUTWORN FOR REST.

O April, mother of desire and June, Great angel of the sunshine and the rain, Thou, only thou, canst evermore redeem The world from bitter death, or quite remove The morning with low sound wherein all pain Bears part with incommunicable dream And hissing undersong, Above thy wood-banks of anemone.

And slowly Asshet takes on her charm, Since him the most did love thou hast withdrawn Beyond the wellspring of perpetual day, And new 'tis Laleham: from all noise and harm, Blithe and boy-hearted, whither is he gone, (Like them who fare in peace, knowing thy way Is over cars and kings,

He was too great to cease to be a child, Too wise to be content with childish things, Having heard swing to the twin-leaved doors of gloom, Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild, And carved upon with Beauty and Foredoom? Awhile within the roaring iron house He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer; But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul In sure and flawless welfare of repose.

WHEN MARY WAS CRUDE.

An Account of Miss Mary Anderson's Outset. [New York Sun.]

"Yes, I was the manager of the Fifth Avenue theatre when Mary Anderson made her debut in New York," said Mr. Stephen Fiske, leading the way to the reading-room at the Manhattan club, "and I will remember what a lovely young girl she was, and what a strange party she made with her mother and her stepfather, Dr. Griffin. Of all the greenhorns that ever landed in this city the Mary Anderson party were the most verdant at that time; but they had pluck and luck and talent, and fully deserve their subsequent success. I had never seen Mary Anderson act before I engaged her at the Fifth Avenue. The Louisville, Boston and Washington papers praised her so highly, and were so unanimous about her personal beauty, that I thought nothing could be risked by giving her a New York opening. She made a success of youth and loveliness; but the public did not rush in to see her. Every dollar that I received at the doors I expended in advertising her. I lost money, but her reputation was firmly established. Of course, my motives were not philanthropic. I thought that she would come back to the Fifth Avenue and enrich me; but this did not happen.

"At the first rehearsal I discovered how little Mary Anderson and her companions knew about the stage. The play was 'The Lady of Lyons.' Miss Neilson, Fanny Davenport, Edwin Booth and other stars had acted it at the Fifth Avenue, and we had all the scenery. But nothing pleased Mary Anderson. She wanted the doors changed from one side to the other, the stairway moved, the garden set differently, and whenever the stage manager remonstrated Miss Anderson would pout, and Dr. Griffin say: 'But she can't act if the door's on that side. We had it our own way in Boston, you know.' This was annoying at first, but I soon understood that Miss Anderson had a girlish jealousy of Miss Neilson, and that the doctor was trying to impress us poor New Yorkers with the superiority of Boston management. After that they were easily managed.

"For example, I would say: 'Do you see the centre doors in the next act?' Miss Neilson never used them." Miss Anderson always uses them," Dr. Griffin would reply severely, and so we worked in the centre doors, which it would have been very difficult to canvas over and paint out. By the same system I had the platforms, furniture, and properties accepted. Mary Anderson only knew that she wanted things different from other stars. She did not really care whether the doors were R. or L. Anything would do for her if she believed it to be original with herself. She was still a child of nature and not in the least an actress.

"It was impossible not to be interested in the party, they were so friendly, so helpless, and so ignorant of the world. She had no friends in New York to whom she could send boxes or seats on her first night. Nobody called upon her. She literally knew nobody out of the theatre, and the party were happy if they could stay in the theatre from early morning to bedtime. Everything was left for me to do, but they never appreciated this. On the contrary, their ignorance made them suspicious. They were so afraid of being thought inexperienced that they appeared presumptuous.

"When I came to talk about the costumes for 'The Lady of Lyons,' Mrs. Griffin seemed astonished that a man should know anything about what a lady should wear and told me that she had always dressed her daughter correctly, and that I had better leave the costumes to her. Dr. Griffin proudly remarked that he did not intend to spend a cent upon new costumes; that what was good enough for Boston was good enough for New York. My offer to present Mary with a new dress for Pauline if she would go to Lord & Taylor's and order it was indig-

nantly refused. Mary looked like a tall scarecrow on the street, and people turned to laugh at her. Mrs. Griffin was always ladylike. In her youth she must have been even handsomer than her daughter.

"Presently lawyers' clerks began to infest the theatre lobby, and then, in self-defence, Dr. Griffin had to tell me the truth. Old Louisville judgments against him had been transferred to creditors here and levies would be made upon Mary Anderson's share of the receipts. After I had arranged this matter satisfactorily, the party concluded that I was really friendly and thawed toward me a little. Mrs. Griffin had been Mary's instructress in elocution. Dr. Griffin had cut the plays for her. She had been under the tuition of Mr. Vandenhoff for five weeks, but that had only unsettled her. All were greedy of praise and resented anything like criticism. Mary loved to act. She told me that, after her first appearance as an amateur at Louisville, in Richard III., she longed to act the tragedy all over again—and I did holler in the last act," she added, naively.

"At last the night of her New York debut arrived. It was Monday, Nov. 12, 1877. I had engaged a very good company to support her. Eben Plympton was the Claude; John Moore, the Deschappelles; Louisa Eldridge, the Mme. Deschappelles; Mrs. Mary Hill, the Widow Melnotte; Edward Marble, the Jabot. There was about \$300 in money and a good paper house. Never was a Pauline attired in such excruciating taste. The ladies of the audience could not conceal their smiles; but, in the cottage scene, after the marriage, Miss Anderson's fine voice and splendid physique captured everybody. Eadne, Guy Mannerly and Ingomar followed. As Parthenia, in Ingomar, she made her first artistic success. She looked a picture in her simple costume, and her manner of saying, 'I go to cleanse the cup' enchanted the audience. In Eadne she declaimed magnificently, but her sole idea of acting was to realize, in the statue scene, the popular picture, 'Simply to Thy Cross I Cling.' As Bianca, in Fazio, she wore modern costumes, and, but for her youthful beauty, would have been absurd. For her farewell benefit she played the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth, and was very stilted and declamatory. Indeed, throughout the whole engagement, she played to the gallery, and was most eager for applause.

"On the first night, having counted up the house—which I had to do personally, so suspicious was Dr. Griffin of being cheated by subordinates—I started home for supper, when it occurred to me that perhaps Miss Anderson would like something to eat after her hard work. So I called at Dr. Griffin's rooms in West Twenty-eighth street, and found the future queen of tragedy eating a cold pork chop as she sat on a trunk. No table was laid; there were no preparations for supper. The whole party accepted my invitation and we went to the nearest restaurant. I dared not take my star to Delmonico's in her eccentric costume—and yet she looked splendidly handsome in spite of her common and not very tidy clothes. On our way we passed a candy store, and Mary looked so longingly at the window that I asked whether she would like some candies. 'Oh, yes,' she cried, and jumped up and down on the pavement with pleasure. She selected a pound of molasses cream drops and commenced to eat them at once. The supper began with oysters on the half shell. To see Mary Anderson eat oysters and candy alternately was terrible, but a handsome girl may do anything unrebuked.

"The papers were very kind to Miss Anderson during her first engagement. The critics were conquered by her personal charms. As much as possible was made of the facts that she was the daughter of a Confederate soldier and a rigid Catholic. She was always announced as a Kentucky girl, although she was born in California. In truth, she reminded everybody of a Kentucky two-year-old, she was so tall, so long-limbed, and so full of promise. After awhile Henry Watterson, who had known her in Louisville, came to town and took an interest in her. He brought ex-Governor Tilden to see her, and Tilden admired her so much that he was taken behind the scenes to be introduced to the new star, and he whispered to me in his confidential manner: 'What a remarkably handsome girl! No actress; but how very handsome.' This was the verdict of the experts; but the newspapers called her a marvel of grace, beauty, and genius.

"Miss Anderson told me, at this time, that she was born July 28, 1859. This would make her in her thirtieth year now. She had been upon the stage two seasons, having made her formal debut at Macaulay's theatre, Louisville, Nov. 27, 1875, in Romeo and Juliet. Modjeska was underlined to follow her at the Fifth Avenue, and she was very jealous of Modjeska's advance notices, and still more of my advice to study the finished style of a ting of the Polish countess. During the opening nights of Modjeska's engagement she would come into the theatre, look around at the empty seats, and say, cheerily: 'Your great actress doesn't draw any better than I did, eh?' But this feeling was quite impersonal. It was the delightful vanity of a spoiled child.

"Even at that early period of her career," concluded Mr. Fiske, "Dr. Griffin talked of taking Mary Anderson to England. Howard Paul suggested the scheme, being carried away, like everybody else, by her personal attractions. Upon her return from England I found her greatly improved in the technicalities of her art; but she had not forgotten the old Fifth Avenue days. The last note I received from her, congratulating me upon my birthday, was signed 'Your Star.' Until she appeared as Perdita in A Winter Tale, I never appreciated her as an actress. Indeed, she had never before identified herself with a character. In the most exciting scenes she would recognize friends in the boxes, and the story that she had to take chewing gum out of her mouth to speak the heroic lines of Parthenia is literally true.

In reply to questions about Miss Anderson's illness, Mr. Fiske said that no other actress had ever been so cared for during her earlier seasons. Her mother was her dresser and stood at the wings, watching her, prompting her, and waiting for her with a shawl or cloak. Her stepfather was always in the front of the house. Both accompanied her home after the play. Whoever or whatever had happened to separate them and break them up the wonderful family party was responsible for Miss Anderson's nervous condition. Her work in the theatre was much lighter than ever before; she spared herself more, and she

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was too strong to be injured by the easy railroad journeys. Her trouble, however caused, came from some influence outside the theatre, where she was as much at home as if she had been born on the stage.

An Aid to Housekeeping.

I have quite forgotten to tell you of an important and delightful discovery I made in the way of an invaluable aid to housekeeping, writes Busy Bee in Home Art Work. Now, what do you think it is? Nothing more or less than 'Edwards' Dessicated Soup.' You know what a fad I am in the culinary department—how fussy about flavoring, etc., and I really was, during the latter months in winter, driven half distracted by the overdoes of elderly turnips and carrots to which my cook treated us. A friend suggested 'Edwards,' and bestowed half a dozen packets on me. Miss and maid bless her almost daily. I assure you, for we never have any trouble now. A packet of "dessicated" is popped into the pot, and makes most delicious gravy for hash or mince. Today some infant carrots and onions, weeded out of the bed, have, with the aid of "dessicated" and a bone, produced a consommé a la Primitienne a cordon bleu would not have been ashamed of. I always have the "dessicated" by the dozen now, for we could not exist without it; it is so handy amongst other things, for a quickly made cup of broth; served with fried toast, it's really delicious, and our servants regard it quite in the light of a treat for supper. A friend of mine told me the other day that she finds it simply invaluable in her husband's parish, so we sang together the praise of Edwards, and you will join chorus, I am sure, once you are acquainted with him and his delightful discovery. If your local grocery factotum won't procure the packets—mine did so, and now keeps them in stock—send direct to Taylor & Dockrill, sole agents for the maritime provinces, St. John.

Her Opinion of the Coffee.

Of course when Mr. Thomas, the United States minister to Sweden, re-entered Portland society with a beautiful Swedish wife, and the story-tellers as well as the gossips of a less imaginative turn, found an abundance of material for their employment. The story goes that at a home breakfast, one morning, before Mrs. Thomas had acquired hardly any knowledge of the English language, an awkward servant spilled some coffee on the minister's coat. "That's a d—d pretty piece of work!" exclaimed the minister. "What did you say then, my dear?" Mrs. Thomas innocently asked in Swedish. "I said this is a very fine cup of coffee," blandly replied her husband in the same language. That very evening, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas attended a brilliant party. With a laudable wish to compliment the refreshments and at the same time honor the English language by expressing her sentiments in it, the beautiful Swede exclaimed sweetly, after a sip of fragrant Mocha, "That's a d—d pretty piece of work!"—Lewiston Journal.

The Queen's Quick Changes.

It is amusing to learn that Her Majesty's court costumes are made on the principle adopted by those actresses who go in for what is known as the "quick change" business. I am told by one who knows that the queen's gowns are most ingeniously constructed, the unfixing of a few hooks and a button or two being all that is necessary to ensure rapid removal. That explains how it is that the queen contrives to assume her favorite black bombazine gown and bonnet with such rapidity after a drawing-room.—London Tatler.

THE TEN TRAVELLERS.

Ten weary, footsore travellers, All in a woeful plight, Sought shelter at a wayside inn One dark and stormy night. "Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said, "Have I to offer you; To each of eight a single bed, But the ninth must serve for two." A din arose. The troubled host Could only scratch his head, For of those tired men no two Would occupy one bed. The puzzled host was soon at ease— He was a clever man, And so to please his guests devised This most ingenious plan: A B C D E F G H I

In room marked A two men were placed, The third was lodged in B, The fourth to C was then assigned, The fifth retired to D. In E the sixth he tucked away, In F the seventh man, The eighth and ninth in G and H, And then to A he ran. Wherein the host, as I have said, Had laid two travellers by; Then taking one, the tenth and last, He lodged him safe in I. Nine single rooms, a room for each, Were made to serve for ten; And this it is that puzzles me And many wiser men.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

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