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CHASED BY WOLVES.

An Adventure which Gave Young Maynard a Start.

"Well, sis, I'm off.
"Good-bye, Sherman."
And a tall, well-developed young fellow left the little cottage and started at a brisk pace for the depot. Arriving there at the Express was pulling in, he soon secured a bag of mail, and after visiting the post office, set off across the prairie for Daleton, nearly seven miles away.
For young Sherman Maynard was the postman for the three small towns of Wano, Daleton and Revier, daily carrying the mail from Wano, which was the railroad terminus to the two last named towns, which were situated out on the prairie, Daleton seven miles, and Revier over five from Wano. Thus he had every day a walk of some twenty miles to complete his route.
One mail bag generally sufficed for the two towns, the correspondence carried on between the natives of the two small mining towns and the outside world being very light, indeed, so that his load did not much interfere with his rapidly covering the long walk. So accustomed had he become to that, with the prairie in good walking condition, and by availing himself of several short cuts only open to foot passengers, he had no difficulty in making his trip and returning to his home at Wano every day before nightfall.
He was an active, good-looking young fellow, whom everybody liked, and was glad when he secured, early in the spring of the year of which I write, the appointment of mail carrier between the points mentioned. His father had, a short time previously, been severely injured in blasting while at work on a mining claim near his home, and had ever since been a cripple, quite unable to contribute to the support of his daughter, Lizzie, and son, Sherman.
Sherman, who was not more than fifteen years of age, had at once gone bravely to work at the time, but soon found the work of a gold miner too severe for his youthful strength. Then there was a demand for some one to carry a mail bag between the two small settlements of Daleton and Revier, which had suddenly sprung into fair sized mining towns, owing to the discovery of fine veins of rich ore in their immediate vicinities.
Sherman, who was a great favorite in the three towns, and was known to be an energetic, reliable fellow, was given the position at a fair salary. No one else sought the place when it was known that he desired it, for western generosity was aroused in strong favor of the boy who was bravely trying to take his father's place as the bread winner for the family. Besides the men were all too busily and more profitably engaged in the difficult and hazardous work of mining the yellow metal.
So, during all the long summer months he faithfully and acceptably filled his duties as postman, tramping his route during all kinds of weather, always on time, and winning golden opinions from the people of the three towns for his steadiness and carefulness.
But now, as the fine summer months passed rapidly away and the warm weather gave gradually place to the cooler fall time, a new difficulty presented itself to him as he strode over the prairie towards Daleton this fine, bracing, early fall day.
How was he to get along the coming winter? With heavy snows on the ground, and the prairie roads for days together unbroken, how was he, alone and on foot, to force his way through and cover his route? He surely could not do it without a horse and wagon, but he saw no means of securing these desirable possessions. His salary was just sufficient to keep the family in comfortable condition and keep the sick man supplied with the medicine and dainties his condition required.
What was he to do? He saw nothing but to be forced to resign as carrier, and then what would become of his father and sister? For himself he thought little and cared less. All his planning was for them.
If he could only get a stout horse and wagon. Then he could force his way through the snow and severe weather of the winter, and besides carrying the mails, make a considerable extra sum monthly by carrying freight. Many of his friends in the two towns had commissioned him more than once to bring them some small articles, such as he could carry, from Wano, and with a team he would not only be in a position to better undertake such errands, but could carry packages and heavy articles as well, at a moderate charge for the transportation, and as there was no conveyance plying regularly between the three towns he well knew it would be a paying business for the first one to undertake it.
The future looked dark, however, as he walked along; in fact, looked as dark as the day was bright and cheerful. If he resigned now, probably some one else with a horse and wagon would secure the position of mail carrier and with it the remunerative position as regular messenger between the towns. He would be thrown out, and only too well he knew the difficulty of securing a paying position in Wano. Men, with the strength of men and capable of doing men's work, were in demand, but for him to attempt to do any mining work or any of the other difficult and hard work which alone offered in that rough western mining town was out of the question altogether.
When he, late that afternoon, returned to his home he was still discouraged and troubled, for the question of employment was one that not only concerned himself but also, closely, his father and sister, who depended wholly upon him for assistance.
Every day as he started on his trip the constantly increasing cold told him more and more plainly that his days of carrying the mail bags were limited. Soon a heavy fall of snow would prevent him making the attempt at all, and then he would have the almost hopeless task of looking for other employment.
Soon the first fall of snow covered the prairie with a white, unbroken mantle. Fortunately, however, it was slight, and determining to stick to the job as long as possible, the brave lad shouldered his precious mail bags and set out, despite the protests of father and sister. Well he knew that once he confessed his inability to continue his duties his resignation would be promptly called for, and what then—suffering for his sister and father; a cutting off of all the little luxuries his father craved and must have; a troubles, and ever, perhaps, suffering, for his father was far too proud

to accept assistance even from his friends and neighbors, who, with proverbial western kindness would be only too glad to aid.
The next day he had reached Daleton on his route and was about proceeding to Revier when he was accosted by the storekeeper of the place:
"Say, Sherman, you want to look out for yourself coming back through the pass tonight. I hear it's the running-ground of a big pack of buffalo wolves. They might make it lively for you, if you're late."
The boy thanked him for his well-meant warning and, as he was already considerably behind hand, started for Revier at a rapid pace. The thought that he would soon be compelled to resign his position owing to the snow already on the ground and the keen, cutting wind which gave promise of a heavy further fall ere long, lessened his dismal company in his dreary, lonesome walk over the almost untrampled snow. Few people had been that way for some time, except himself, and the walk was monotonous and cold in the extreme, so that he was very glad when he reached his destination.
He had, on his previous trip, received an unusually large number of commissions from the people of both Daleton and Revier and, what with his having been almost an hour behind his usual time leaving the former place and the still further delay at Revier, it was almost dark before he found himself well started on his long, cold walk home.
After going about a mile out of the town, Sherman struck sharply off to the right and entered what was locally known as the "pass," or more correctly speaking, the Pecan Pass. This afforded the boy a short cut to Wano, which decreased the distance to less than eight miles. Daleton lay off to the left, and in making his outward trips he was compelled in order to reach Daleton to go several miles around, but on his home trip he could always avail himself of this shorter road.
In the hurry of transacting all the business he had been intrusted with, Sherman had forgotten what the general storekeeper at Daleton had told him about the dreaded black wolves, and he did not think of it until he had traversed several miles, and was nearing the other end of the pass.
Then, all at once, he heard a long drawn out cry, seemingly behind some distance and way off to his left, apparently in the heart of the mountain range through which the pass led, and from which, at various distances, ran other and smaller passes or gullies into the very midst of the range.
The boy paused and listened, meantime straining his eyes in the direction whence came the sound. It was almost dark now and he could see but a short distance in any direction. He had never heard such a sound before, and listened to see if it were repeated. But everything remained hushed and quiet, save the whistling noise made by the cutting wind.
Thinking he had been mistaken in hearing anything but the wind, the boy pushed rapidly onward.
Suddenly the cry was repeated; this time much nearer, and he now had no difficulty in locating it as in his rear and not more than a mile away. It came, long drawn out and piercing, brought along with the wind and was startling in its distinctness. But for his clear judgment and good mountain training, he would have thought it within a few feet of him. The boy had never heard such a blood curdling sound before, and as quick as thought the remembrance of the storekeeper's words came to his mind.
The wolves! The black wolves were near, doubtless tracking him now, and coming on with the speed of a hurricane. What was he to do? Alone and unarmed he could not hope to successfully cope with such ferocious beasts as these huge, starving pursuers doubtless were. There was no house within miles, save a cabin, at present vacated, which stood at the very mouth of the pass, over a mile away. Perhaps if he could gain it, it would afford some shelter, and with a prayer on his lips he bounded away at a headlong speed.
He was young, active and strong, used to a great deal of muscular exercise and with lungs and limbs developed to strength beyond his years by his mountain climbing and daily walks, he dashed along at a high speed.
But alas this speed was nothing to the rapidity with which his pursuers closed in on him. First there seemed to be but one animal, and for a brief space the brave boy thought of standing his ground and fighting it out with the animal. He was armed with a large hunting knife and with one animal had little to fear. But even as the wolf thought flitted through his brain, another and yet another cry went up on the cold night air from different points and he realized that a large pack were after him. All hopes of escaping seemed doomed.
On, on for his life, he ran, straining every nerve and muscle to reach the lone cabin, hoping against hope that there he would find shelter and safety. How a tumble down deserted shanty was to help him he had no time to think. Only on, on.
He thought of the many stories he had listened to, sitting by a warm fire, as friends of his father related bits of adventures of their experiences with the big, black buffalo wolf of the mountain. How, in numbers and when driven by hunger, they will attack anything without hesitation, following their prey long distances and in ever increasing numbers, until they overtake their object or are successfully driven off.
With his heart in his throat, and the sound of pursuit drawing every moment closer and closer the brave boy pushed steadily onward, and with a glad cry saw before him the closed door of the shanty. The wolves, however, were close at his heels, and a dreadful fear that the door was fastened too tightly to be readily opened by him entered his mind.
As he dashed up, he, without a moment's hesitation, launched himself full against it and to his joy it gave way on its hinges and he partly fell, partly leaped into the interior. As he did so a huge wolf, the leader of the pack, sprang forward to within a few feet of the threshold, and leaped with a savage snarl after the disappearing prey.
But Sherman was too quick for him. Recovering from his fall, he sprang up and hastily swung the heavy door shut, just as the brute's heavy body came against it with a powerful crash. The door shook and he feared another such assault would break it in notwithstanding all his efforts on the inside to keep it shut, he hastily glanced about for something to brace the door to, but nothing presented itself. The cabin was quite bare. Even had a prop been

lying near, he would have been unable to secure it, for the animals on the outside were bounding against the door in savage fury, momentarily threatening to drive the old door off its rusty hinges, and had he released his hold even for a second they would have gained admission.
Seeing nothing at hand with which to barricade the door, he glanced about, almost in despair. No doubt the wolves gathering in force would eventually succeed in overcoming his feeble resistance within, and then it would be all over with him.
Happening to glance upwards, he for the first time noticed that a couple of large beams, part of the flat roof, extended out several feet from the side of the cabin. A wild hope entered his breast. If he could only reach their support, they were high above the heads and reach of the wolves, and he might be safe. At least they offered a temporary refuge, and when the wolves outside seemed to relax their efforts to force an entrance for a moment, he released his hold on the door and sprang upwards towards the projecting beams. With a strong effort he succeeded in reaching them and pulled himself up, just as the door swung slowly open and the wolves crowded in, eager to get at their prey.
But they were disappointed to find that it had mysteriously disappeared. In a second however, they had located the boy and began an interesting series of leaps in a vain endeavor to reach him.
Sherman drew himself up as close to the roof as possible. There was, fortunately, quite some space between the top of the heavy beams and the rough log roof, and in the recess formed by the two he found a safe and welcome refuge, if somewhat cramped. However, he stretched himself out on the two logs and was able to rest quite comfortably.
From this point of vantage he looked down upon his savage foes and watched their vain attempts to reach him with cool interest, which seemed to render the wolves still more frantic. They bounded into the air, time and time again, but owing doubtless to the narrow limits of the cabin and their great number they fell far short, and finally, seeming to realize themselves that he was safe from them at present, they all settled down to a long, careful watch of their intended prey.
As they lay stretched out on the floor, Sherman had a good opportunity to count them. There they lay, over two dozen, he made out, their black muzzles placed between their outstretched forelegs, and their eyes, uplifted in watchful expectancy. They were a gaunt, fierce crowd, and the boy knew it would fair hard with him should he lose his hold and drop down among them. They seemed to expect something of this sort, but Sherman took good care that their expectations should not be realized.
Suddenly the door, which had, previously, stood partly open, closed tight with a loud bang. Evidently some of the animals in moving about had pushed steadily against it with sufficient force to completely shut it. Inside all was dark, but Sherman could hear the animals rise and move restlessly about, evidently not liking the idea of the stout door being between them and freedom. They seemed to investigate and find things not together to their liking, for they all set up a most dismal, blood-freezing howl in concert. They seemed to have forgotten the boy above them, for they made no more upward springs, but each member of the wild pack set up a most dolorous howl that made him smile as he listened to the dismal concert.
They kept it up with more or less regularity until daylight was making itself apparent in dimly lighting up the interior of the hut. Glancing down Sherman saw that the wolves seemed very restless and impatient to be attending (apparently) to some business on the outside. Day was rapidly approaching and they wished themselves elsewhere, no doubt. But there was no escape for them. The heavy door on its rusty hinges would have been somewhat difficult for a human being to open, and for the animals, it was an utter impossibility.
They would rise, walk rapidly about the cabin a few times, then settle down again, only to start up suddenly again in a few moments. They were quite silent now, and hardly gave a glance to the boy, who, cramped and nearly frozen, still clung heroically to his slender perch.
Suddenly, just as day was brightly breaking in the East, a loud crunching of the snow outside told the listening boy that someone was passing close to the cabin. The wolves bent forward in a listening attitude, and Sherman, fearing that his presence would not be discovered in the shanty, shouted aloud for help.
The footsteps stopped at once, and the welcome voice of one of the boy's best friends, a hunter and miner, broke the stillness:
"Hello, there. Any one in side?"
"Yes, Willis," shouted the delighted boy; "me, Sherman Maynard. The shanty's full of wolves; don't open the door, but try to get on the roof. You could get a good shot at them there, if you can make a loop hole. They are all caged in here and can't get out."
Willis did not reply, but set to work immediately.
After several efforts he succeeded in gaining the roof. One there his hunting knife soon made a fair sized hole through the shingles and bark that covered the main part of the shanty.
Then with due deliberation the hunter who was armed with an excellent double barrel shot gun, drew a bead on the biggest wolf behind him and fired. He put a bullet directly through his head, and with a kick or two the big marauder rolled over and expired. Another shot followed immediately and another wolf rolled over dead. Then came the process of loading up, after which two more of the caged animals were all promptly dispatched. He reloaded and fired as rapidly as possible, and being a good shot and the game at close quarters, succeeded in killing a wolf at each discharge.
Before long the last one was keeled over and Sherman with a grateful cry sprang down from his close quarters and made his escape by the door. After running up and down a short time to restore circulation and warm up, he returned to the hunter who had descended from the roof and was examining the cabin full of dead animals.
It was without doubt the biggest single bag of game the man had ever succeeded in getting in a day's hunt, and Willis and Sherman mutually congratulated each other over the latter's fortunate escape from death.
Carefully closing and barricading the door

so that no animal could disturb the dead wolves, the two set off for Wano, Sherman eager to set at rest the fears he knew his absence from home all night had given rise to in his father and sister.
On arriving at the town, Sherman went directly home and to bed to get some needed rest, while Willis told some men of the cabin exploit and together with some half dozen volunteers set off again for the scene of the adventure. The wolves were quickly skinned, and the party returned home with a quantity of valuable wolf skins.
These were sold at a good figure, and the amount thus realized, together with the bounty paid by the county for ridding the vicinity of such dangerous and undesirable visitors, was all turned over to Sherman by Willis, who steadily refused to take a penny for his great service to the imprisoned boy.
The sum thus unexpectedly come into his possession was ample for Sherman to purchase an old, and it must be confessed, not very rapid horse, but one that combined the advantages of being strong and steady, and borrowing an old covered wagon from a friend, the brave boy was in a position to not only continue his mail route during the winter, but also to make it considerably more lucrative by adding thereto an express line, of which he was proprietor. Having no opposition and many friends in the three towns his business steadily grew, until he soon had disposed of the old horse and wagon and now in their place drives a span of fine, rapid roadsters to a large improved express wagon. His messenger business has grown rapidly and is now very lucrative, which, together with his old mail carrying business, yields him a steady income which places the little family far beyond the reach of want.

MERRY MOMENTS.
"The woman of the hour" is the one who has breakfast on time.
The road agent never trusts the public. His motto is "spot cash."
Miss Sereleaf—"Love is blind, you know." Miss Sharply—"Aren't you thankful?"
When a burglar asks the conundrum, "Where's your money?" It is generally the wisest plan to give it up.
The youth—"And what shall I do to have my fellow men speak well of me?" The sage—"Die."
The professional photographer and the amateur hold entirely different views of the same things.
Watts—"Large bodies move slowly." Potts—"Did you ever see a fat man slip on a banana peel?"
To borrow money is to borrow trouble, and some men find it a good deal of trouble to borrow money, too.
Daughter—"Papa, don't you think I ought to have my voice cultivated?" Papa—"I think you ought to have something done to it."
A man can always tell where he got his cold just as easily as he can't tell where he left his umbrella two or three days before.
Mamie—"Uncle George is going to give Sister Etta away at the wedding." Tommy—"Humph! Leave her alone an' she'll do it herself."
You may wear a big chrysanthemum that's worth its weight in gold, but you're out of fashion all the same unless you've got a cold.
"Didn't Miss Harkins look blooming last night?" said Chappie. "Yes. A little too blooming for a bud—don't you think?" insinuated Ethel.
Bluster—"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?" Blister—"I hope that I could do so ungentlemanly a thing. But I see you catch my idea."
"I simply doze on Horace!" Said the Boston maid: "don't you?" And the maiden from Chicago, Wondering, queried, "Horace who?"
Trotter—"What's the matter, Cholly?" Cholly—"I don't know—I don't feel like myself to-day." Trotter—"Why, Cholly, let me congratulate you."
Old gentleman—"My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should act like men." Boy—"Boo, hoo! Then I'd get it licked for swearing!"
Uncle—"I would like to accommodate you, Jack, but money is tight and I hope you will take the will for the deed." Nephew—"Certainly. Have you signed it, sir?"
"So the young widow is going to marry Mr. Jingles? Is he a good catch?" "I sincerely hope so. They say she used to throw rolling pins at her first husband."
She—"No. I don't prefer men who are known to be rich." He—"How can that be?" She—"They don't spend their money as freely as men who want to be known as rich."
If every man were but as big As he assumes to be, The half would soon be crowded off And drop into the sea.
Arrows—"Hullo, old chap! Congratulations. I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune." Borrows—"No! I married a fortune with an independent lady."
Jackson (in a restaurant)—"This chicken of mine was kept too long after being killed." Currie—"And the one I'm eating was kept too long before it was killed."
As I lie awake at dead of night And toss upon my restless bed, I wish the tax on barking dogs Was forty thousand dollars a head.
"And you really consider it good luck to find a horseshoe, then?" "Certainly. They're worth two cents a piece at any junk dealer's, and every little helps, these hard times."
"Doan foghit yoh moral precep's durin' bus'n's hours" said Uncle Eben. "Eben dat robs a nudder by lyin' to 'im. 'Eont de qualities of a mule breaks two commandment at once."
She played the piano with vigor and vim, But the neighbors never chided at all, They were grateful indeed that their pig was no worse, For she never played "After the Ball."
AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY.
Terrible Cruelty of Burglars.
A dreadful tragedy is reported from Carcoar, Australia. It appears that Mr. Phillips, manager of the local branch of the City Bank of Sydney, lived on the premises of the bank with his wife. On the night of the tragedy Mrs. Phillips's sister Miss Stoddart, and another lady named Kavanagh, were staying there. During the night Mrs. Phillips awoke her husband and said she believed there were thieves in the house. Taking his revolver, Mr. Phillips proceeded below accompanied by his wife with a candle. The light revealed the presence of a masked man. Mr. Phillips asked what he was doing there, when suddenly the candle was knocked out of Mrs. Phillips's hand, and Phillips himself was struck down with an axe, having his skull cloven in two. Mrs. Phillips was then similarly attacked, but, though badly wounded, she managed to crawl upstairs to her baby. While she was in her bed room the man came up again, axe in hand, and made another blow at the poor woman, inflicting terrible injuries to her head and face. Just then Miss Stoddart appeared and implored the man not to kill them. He demanded the keys of the bank safe, which Mrs. Phillips said were in her husband's trousers pocket. However, the keys could not be found, and the man, still masked, making the ladies promise not to raise an alarm made off. After their terrible adventure the ladies searched the house, and found Miss Kavanagh dead with Mrs. Phillips's baby in her arms. The baby had also one of its fingers cut off. An alarm was then given, and a man, respectably connected and well known, named Edward Hubert Gasson, who rode into Sydney on a horse that was stolen from a stable near the scene of the tragedy, was arrested. He was staying with his young wife at the Hotel Metropole, Sydney. A remarkable letter was found upon him, addressed to wife, in which he said he was mad. At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder against Gasson and some person or persons unknown was returned.

TWO SUPERSTITIONS.

Friday and Thirteen Have a Remarkable Hold on Several Nationalities.

Neither the Friday nor the thirteen superstition is traceable to any satisfactory source. In the case of the first we find the superstition obtaining alike with the English, the Swedish, and the Indian races, and with each going back to some belief concerning a worshiped being or a religious rite. But there the whole matter ends. In the case of the English speaking Christians the fact that Friday the crucifixion took place is assigned as the reason for selecting that day from the other six days as of especial significance. But according to this very argument that day should be one of good omen rather than one of ill, since the event with which the day is connected argued the salvation, not the condemnation, of the disciples of Christianity. Friday in no way can be explained as a day for fear, though it may be as one of great sorrow and thankfulness.
Neither does the mythological explanation of Friday's significance offered in the case of the eastern and Scandinavian people account any more satisfactorily for the superstition, and with the No. 13 the results of investigation are the same. The plain fact is that Friday and thirteen are indelibly marked by superstition, have been so marked as far back as history relates, and probably always will be so marked. The present aversion to the day and the number is not deductive but instinctive—blindly, but none the less positively, instinctive—and, in a large measure, irradicable, despite education and religious teaching.
There have been many blows administered to the superstitions, particularly of recent years. New York is the birthplace of a Thirteen club, which has thirteen members, meets always the 13th of the month, and in a house numbered thirteen. But the negative influence which the organization has exerted so far is not perceptible. Neither is the campaign conducted by ministers, scholars, and teachers any more effective. All that these attacks have accomplished has not been sufficient to be felt. Superstition is as illogical as it is tenacious, and human endeavor to break it down is not likely to succeed.

CHANCE TO GROW RICH.

Queer Will of a Russian Princess. A Million Dollars Offered to the Man Who Will Watch Her Tomb for the Space of One Year.

Five years ago a Russian princess, who died in Paris, left by will \$1,000,000 to the person who would consent to remain for the space of one year in the chapel which is erected over her tomb, in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. The princess lies in a crystal coffin. Thus, the whole body is distinctly visible, and this is what causes so much fright to all who have as yet attempted to gain the prize. But the will forbids all visitors. The candidate must be alone with the dead for a whole year before the \$1,000,000 is won. No work is allowed. Books and newspapers, however are permitted and a servant brings meals regularly to the watcher; one hour's walk a day is allowed, but this must be undertaken before 5 o'clock in the morning in summer and 8 o'clock during the winter months. Several Frenchmen have essayed to win the prize, but all have given up after a short trial. One lasted out nearly three weeks, by which time he had completely lost his reason and still remains a jabbering idiot. The will makes no mention of foreigners being ineligible; there is every chance therefore for a strong-minded American who fears neither ghosts, ghouls nor grave-stones to become rich in the short period of 365 days. Application to be made to the municipality of Paris.

The Queen's Descendants.

The Queen has now 57 descendants, of whom four are or have been sovereigns: The Empress Frederick, the Emperor William, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Nine others are heirs apparent or consorts of heirs apparent: The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the German Crown Prince, Prince Albert of Edinburgh, Prince George of Greece, the new-born Prince of Roumania, the Princess Ferdinand, the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and the Duchess of Sparta. With these the late Grand Duchess of Hesse may be remembered.

"Ethel, dear," said Mabel insinuatingly, "is there any real reason why one should talk all through a private musicale when one wouldn't at a concert?" Ethel (an offender in this particular)—"Good heavens! Yes! Why, one pays for a concert."