

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.

THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where, in summer, the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
"Tis a quiet and unquiet spot,
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid beneath a shroud of snow;
But stand here, in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The blossoms of violet grow,
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild.

And, every year, there's a rod-brest comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds here its nest in this quiet spot,
While her melody sweet, by the hour, she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled.

Perhaps—who knows?—tis an angel comes
To the grave of a little child.

Yes, somebody's hope lies buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain;

For, though years have come and gone,
She come back again.

Yet blessed are those who die in youth.

The pure and the undefiled;

Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through

That grave of a little child.

—Andrews' American Queen.

THE STAGE AND STAGE PEOPLE.

Fritz Emmet has sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Howard Paul, the actress and singer, is dead.

"The Banker's Daughter" has made a great hit at the Park theater, Boston.

Clara Morris placed flowers upon the grave of General Custer on Decoration Day.

Mr. Lester Wallack will play in San Francisco three weeks and longer if the conditions are favorable.

"Fatimina" has made a great hit in Philadelphia, where they are hailing it as the successor of "Pinafore."

It is reported that Mr. Louis Aldrich and Mr. Charles Parsons will appear next season in a new piece, written for them by Mr. Bartley Campbell.

Harrigan & Hart's company are announced to play an engagement in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street theater, before their departure for Europe.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is announced to make her first appearance in London this season at Her Majesty's as "Aida." Campanini will sing "Radames."

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, who is confined in his room at the Stewartian Hotel, New York, as the result of the slipping of a small tendon, is rapidly recovering.

Mr. John Wood is appearing at the London Haymarket theater in a piece called "Nilson or Nothing," in which she gives imitations of Patti, Nicolini and other operatic singers.

Edwin Booth writes to a friend in Chicago: "I hope that Gray will become gray indeed; yes, positively hoary-headed in close but kind confinement, and that his final exit from this present abiding place may be to that celestial region where idiots cease from shooting and actors are at rest."

Mr. J. S. Clarke, while playing "Toodles" in a new piece, in which he kicks his hat off at the wings as is his wont, missed his aim and sent it flying into the royal box, where it alighted at the august feet of the duchess of Edinburgh. Mr. Clarke was horrified, the audience roared, and the duchess instructed one of her ladies to throw the hat back on the stage. The performance then proceeded.

E. A. Sothern is 51 years of age and a native of Liverpool. In the spring of 1857, Maudie Heron, his old theater partner of Broadway and Bowery, in "Camille," and as Lester Wallack, who was first light comedian in the company, declined all serious business. Sothern was cast for "Armand," in which character he caught a portion of the reflection of Miss Heron's great success. It was not, however, until his appearance as "Lord Dundreary," in the "American Cousin," at Laura Keene's varieties, to which he removed the season, after that he made his hit. He has ridden to hounds, and recently taken to angling, chiefly for advertising purposes, and has obtained eminence as a practical joker. He married, before coming to this country, Miss Stewart, the handsome daughter of a clergyman of very good family in Wenford, Ireland, who for some time acted as walking lady at Wallack's. He has a son, Lytton, on the stage.

Alma is now in Philadelphia, where she is having crowded houses nightly. While in this country she always avoids hotels on the American plan, and seeks out French tables, where the style and make up of the dishes answer to what she is accustomed to in Paris. Her business agent says she is worth about \$350,000. She owns a fine residence in Paris, and several valuable country seats besides. She also owns a couple of theaters in Paris. There is probably no artist living who has done so much hard work as she and stood it so well. She has a remarkable constitution and a passion for work. She is never idle a moment. When not performing she is always at the piano practicing.

Her repertoire is so large that she could begin to night and perform for a month, appearing in a different piece every night. She has an outfit that enables her to change her costume for every part in all the operas in which she appears. The number of her dresses is between 80 and 100. When in Havana she created a perfect furor among the people by her elaborate toilets. There would be a crowd around the hotel every evening just to see her come out. Every day during her six weeks' stay there she appeared in a different costume at the table d'hôte. As is well known, Alma's first appearance in this country was at Jim Fisk's opera house, in New York. That was about 11 years ago. Her first appearance in any theater, if report is correct, was in Brussels, when a crowd of about 10 years ago. She is of French parentage. That is where her reputation was made. She has been with Manager Grau six or seven years. This is said to be her last appearance in this country.

ALL SORTS.

General Ewing is about 50. Strawberry short-cake is getting in its annual work on weak stomachs.

"Marriage," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing 99 snakes and one eel. You may get the eel but the chances are against you."

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it doesn't rattle around the heels of a militiaman so vigorously, or trip him up so gracefully as the sword does.—Steuben-Herald.

"If you want to get at the circumference of a man," says Josh Billings, "examine him among men; but if you want to get at his axiomatic diameter, measure him at his fire-side."

The gallery of the Louvre seems to be a school of morals as well as art. A mother, in showing her little boy the Venus of Milo, was asked by him, "What did they cut her arms off?" "Because she would put her fingers into the sugar bowl," was the reply.

Little Jacky secretly resolves to be no longer liable to such a terrible affliction.

Wells College has an archery club, and if there ain't lots of one-eyed men around Aurora next summer, then the young ladies can shoot better than we think they can—Waterloo Observe Her.

A man out West, who read that dry copper put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

Twenty-five years ago a Missouri boy left his home, and started out to become president of the United States. He got as far as Cincinnati. The boy is now a man, and is also one of the best shoemakers in the Ohio State prison.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. recently received the following bona fide order from a country Sunday-school teacher: "Sir—If you have anything new in the line of Sacred songs, comic or sentimental, will you please send me some sample sheets?"

An egg merchant has failed in New York. His layabilities are not stated.—Boston Commercial Bulletin. But his creditors have "set" a day to investigate them.—New York News. And will batch up some scheme to get him straight.

"But you know, pa," said a farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son, "that man wants me to marry a man of culture." So I do, my dear, so I do; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

The 2,830 breweries in the United States are distributed as follows: New York, 405; Pennsylvania, 333; Ohio, 207; Massachusetts, 55; Illinois, 154; Missouri, 65; New Jersey, 69; Wisconsin, 248; California, 213; Michigan, 82; Michigan, 141; Iowa, 150; Indiana, 101; Kentucky, 34; New Hampshire, 4; Minnesota, 140; all other States and Territories, 399.

A countryman seating himself at a fashionable restaurant with the intention of taking a hearty dinner, summoned a waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and finally returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before the guest, who, pushing it away, scornfully observed: "Oh, come, you can't cram no literature down me; vitals is what I want—vitals—and party dined quick, too!"

A turtle was killed in a Philadelphia saloon on Tuesday that weighed 800 pounds. The monster was eight feet long and five feet wide. Its head was twice the size of a man's, and its flippers two feet larger than a man's arm. On its back was space enough for half a dozen men to seat chairs. It was caught on Monday by men who were fishing in the Delaware. It is supposed that the turtle wandered from Florida waters to the place where it was caught.

A Virginia lady writes: "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl, and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen nor heard of a girl showing her letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to the one 'dear friend' in strict confidence."

Mrs. Sarah Pojik, widow of the tenth president, James K. Polk, resides in a beautiful home in the heart of the city of Nashville, Tenn. The grave where the remains of the ex-president repose is in the lawn attached to the house, and is visited from time to time by thousands of tourists. The vault contains but one vacancy, which is intended to be the burial place of the lady in question.

Mrs. Pojik is a charmingly dignified woman, well advanced in years, and distinguished for her kindness and beauty of character. The home she occupies is beautifully located, and it was here that the ex-president died, six weeks after his retirement from the White House, 30 years ago.

Two old Texas herdsmen, who had just buried a neighbor, got to discussing religion. One asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world if he was in real earnest. "Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so he can swap steers or trade horses with out lying, at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

There are lots of people in the higher or more cultured walks of society who stumble at small things as 'swapping steers or trading horses,' and who might reasonably ask the question in their better moments whether it is not better 'to pull out for the better land afore a relapse.'

The Columbia Challenge cup, which is to be rowed for in America as an inducement for foreign amateur oarsmen to visit this country, will be made by Tiffany. The cup proper will stand 12 inches high, and will be entirely of silver. Two large ornamental handles will be attached to the bowl, two marine base-reliefs will ornament the sides and above each two sculls will be crossed. On the upper edge in large raised silver letters will appear the word "Columbia." The cup will stand upon an ebony base, on which will be placed two silver shields. Upon one will be traced a picture of the Columbia boat-house, and the other will be preserved for inscriptions commemorative of the victors in races hereafter to be rowed.

Parental Care in France.

From the time his daughter is born a French father begins to think of her dot, says a writer in the "Baras." A man who is a widow, immediately puts away his name. Every year he saves from his income, and these savings are added to the original sum. Any unexpected windfalls brought to him by a good stroke of business or fortunate investments are wholly or in part consecrated to the same purpose. Thus the original amount, insignificant in the beginning, being always left at interest, increases itself to a pretty little down by the time the girl has reached a marriageable age.

Unlike many heads of families in America, who, from the very warmth of their affection for wife and children, spend their entire days, and often evenings, toiling at counting house and office, the French husband and father lives in the midst of his children, occupying himself constantly with their wants, their wishes and the growth of their minds. His business hours are short; he is not there for weeks, excepting to give birth to his wife, and then he is ready with a weapon as his adversary. He never drinks to excess and had no intimate friends. Some years ago he visited Philadelphia. It was in the days when faro flourished here and the strict orders of the police had not substituted poker in private for faro in gambling rooms. Bill came with \$5,000 in his pocket. He was the guest of a well known Sansom street sporting man, and Bill remained to his host. "I'm only going to lose \$500 a day," said he, "but I'll come into a Ninth street room this evening and left the entire \$5,000 on the table in less than two hours. For a month or two he operated in this vicinity. Every week he would come back from his trip with \$200 or \$300, and at every visit he left it all before the box. One night he put out \$700, and when it had gone he turned in his chair and said to the owner of the house: "Lend me a hundred; I'm going to Chicago." He sent the money back the next week, with a letter which read: "Much obliged for the money. Chicago is good enough for Canada Bill."

A VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

Himself a man of daring and personal courage, he often had to face men more desperate than himself, but his presence of mind never deserted him, and when everything else failed he was as ready with a weapon as his adversary. He never drank to excess and had no intimate friends. Some years ago he visited Philadelphia. It was in the days when faro flourished here and the strict orders of the police had not substituted poker in private for faro in gambling rooms. Bill came with \$5,000 in his pocket. He was the guest of a well known Sansom street sporting man, and Bill remained to his host. "I'm only going to lose \$500 a day," said he, "but I'll come into a Ninth street room this evening and left the entire \$5,000 on the table in less than two hours. For a month or two he operated in this vicinity. Every week he would come back from his trip with \$200 or \$300, and at every visit he left it all before the box. One night he put out \$700, and when it had gone he turned in his chair and said to the owner of the house: "Lend me a hundred; I'm going to Chicago." He sent the money back the next week, with a letter which read: "Much obliged for the money. Chicago is good enough for Canada Bill."

The Warner Silver Bill.

The advocates of the Warner silver bill in the Senate will make another attempt tomorrow to pass the Coke resolution discharging the Senate committee on finance from further consideration of the bill. The senators who desire the passage of the bill at the present session of Congress have been laboring with the friends of the measure who oppose hasty action, and it is claimed that enough votes have been obtained to take the bill out of the committee. There is every reason to believe that the soft money men are reckoning without their host. By a vote of 22 to 21 the Senate last Tuesday voted to take the resolution from the vice president's table.

Wade Hampton made a fair point on Mr. Blaine when he said in reply to the complaint that there were too many Confederate brigadiers in the present Congress, that he regretted there were not more Union soldiers in the two Houses, because he had realized that the men who had fought each other in battle had very little difficulty in understanding each other when the war was over.

The Queen of Hash.

[The Queen of Hash, by the Queen of Hash.]

In the great, wide West there are many men's boarding houses. They are not like home. One of the most prominent features of them is the Queen of Hash. This is the girl who waits on the table. There

THREE-CARD MONTE.

How He Gathered Them in on the Rail.

A Few Reminiscences of the Great Three-Card Monte "Sharp," "Canada Bill," Who Reaped a Harvest of \$100,000 by Making Victims of UnSophisticated Travellers on Railroads.

Three-card monte is a swindling game, at which it is impossible to beat the operator, and it has been so thoroughly exposed that there ought not to be any victims. Nevertheless, the monte spider, seeking human flies of present wealth, dexterously handling his cards and talking skillfully the while, makes his living about as easily as he did in the days of the war, when money was so plenty. An old railroad conductor, now a passenger agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio road, but who ran a train on the Baltimore and Ohio road during the war, relates that he knew "Canada Bill" to gather in \$8,000 on one train from Martinsburg to Baltimore, a distance of 100 miles. "Canada Bill" is a name well-known to the gambling fraternity, although he was known by that title was some years ago laid to rest. His death, which cut off from the earth the smartest operator of three cards that ever was seen, took place when he was a trifle more than 40 years of age. "Just as well to die now," said he, when told that medicine could not save him. "Might as well cut the game, because the cream of the monte has been skinned. There won't be another war, and they ain't going to build any more Pacific railroads, and it's hard for me to play for 10 when I used to catch 100 twice as easy. When he last minute came he sat up to his bed and called out, 'Fifty dollars to \$100 you can't pick up,' and then fell back dead. The visiting agent had turned the last card for "Canada Bill."

Some of Bill's EXPERIENCES.

This is the story told of his last moments, and may be true if the old saying has no exception that the ruling passion is strong in death. Bill's great boast was that he had beaten a minister. Chicago newspaper reporters of the year 1874 remember of the excitement the city editors of the papers there, except one were thrown into by the excitement of the year by that one of the well-known Methodist minister who became a victim to "Canada Bill's" wiles on a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad. He had lost nearly a thousand dollars. "Canada Bill" did not bear the reputation of having been the most expert dealer, but he did that of having been the most skillful operator. In the slang of his profession, "he could ring in suckers better than anybody;" and here is a sample of his proceedings that came under the observation of the writer a few years ago: The Illinois State fair, held at Decatur, was just over, and the grangers were filling the trains, homeward bound. Bill, wearing cowhide boots and coarse clothes, got into the train just moving from the station and attracted much attention by saying in a loud tone, "Well, no farmer has a show with railroads. They kill his stock and laugh at him when he wants pay for it."

"What's up?" asked his clever caper, and Bill replied, "I brought three calves from Durango, Colorado, down from the mountains of Colorado and I have got premiums on all of them. I was having them put on the cars to send home"—by this time the attention of every granger in the car was attracted—"when the consigned fools let one of them break a leg on the bridge from the cattle pen to the stock car, and they had to kill it to put it out of its misery. I wouldn't have taken \$200 for the calf, but the railroad tells me I was shipping at reduced rates and ain't got any claim."

HOW HE GATHERED THEM IN.

The conversation that ensued and the statement that Bill had made put him on the best possible terms and in the confidence of all the grangers, and so when he presentedly spread his overcoat, and said first, "I'll see the road, anyhow," and then, "I found this little game that'll be funny for the Winnebago folks, anyway," he had no lack of listeners and interested watchers, and after that is accomplished the work of the three-card monte man is easy. Human nature, rich with avarice, does the rest. Bill drew out his cards and proceeded to tell how he had won \$500, after losing \$60, "just as easy," he went on, "this. Now, here's the money," and he pulled out a pigskin pocket-book, tied up with twine, which he undid, and exposed a pile of notes to the amount of several hundred dollars. "No discount on that," said he, turning a long furrow. "I have got a dozen cards for you," and Bill told him all there was in it, and lost forthwith \$20 to his accomplice. By this time half a dozen pocket-books were out, and bets came in freely. In half an hour the train reached Tolono, where passengers change for Chicago, and Bill, about \$200 ahead, got up, remarking, "Well, gentlemen, I'm going to Chicago to see a lawyer about recovering for that calf. Good night." And before the astonished grangers could realize the situation he had disappeared through the door. Half an hour afterward he was seen on the north bound train, dressed in the height of fashion and looking like anything but the coarsely clad man on the Wabash road.

It is said that Canada Bill made \$100,000 during his career as a card-thower, but when he died in Council Bluff, Iowa, he just enough money to give him a decent funeral. Like many of his predecessors, he found at the faro table his greatest pleasure, and his winnings went far beyond what they came in. He was a great player of draughts, and won much money that way. Of his early life not much is known. He was born and lived for some years at Peekskill, N. Y., on the Hudson, just below Poughkeepsie. He was often arrested, but never stayed long in prison. After the war his field of operations was mostly on the Pacific railroads, west of

Omaha.

A VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.