The Azorian lady is another creature. She is seldom seen, the jealous husband never allowing her to leave the house unless she be accompanied by himself or a servant. In company she appears ill at ease and embarrassed, as though she felt the jealous eye of her lord were upon her.

I have already occupied more of your time than I intended to, without, however, touching upon many points that are peculiar to the Azorian, and will content myself with adding, that if you want to have a real good, jolly time during a vacation or a honey-moon, board an Azorian-bound ship, and there are many such, visit these islands yourself, and be convinced that what I have told you to-night is but an imperfect and partial description of one of nature's queerest handiworks.

The Last Director.

Hochstadt is a quiet little town, situated among the hills. It is, as perhaps you know, the capital of the Grand Duchy in which it is situated. Hochstadt has many things of which she is proud, but the thing of which she is most proud is the memory of her opera, at one time famous throughout Europe. To be the director of the Grand Ducal Opera House of Hochstadt, was an honor which any one in the musical world might covet. The last man to hold this position in the palmy days of the opera, was a young man of very unusual talents, who afterward became quite famous as a musician. He labored with unceasing energy to keep the opera of Hochstadt in a prominent position. Not content with the reigning artists, he was forever bringing some new star into notice, so that Hochstadt acquired quite a name as a school for prima donnas.

The production of a new opera was contemplated, and for the part there was only one person who seemed fitting; but she had quarreled with the Director, and refused to sing in the part. The Director was in despair, and had even got to the point of giving up the representation, when a letter arrived from the composer of the opera, saying that while in Hochstadt a short time before he had seen and heard a girl in her garden, just outside the town, who seemed to him to be the very materialization of his ideal in the opera. As long as there had been a question of the before-mentioned prima donna he had said nothing, but now he thought that it might be worth trying. The Herr Director did not think so, but still he was ready to catch at any hope; so, although it was already dusk, he took up his hat and started in the direction of the quarter indicated by the letter. As he went along he kept thinking upon what a fool’s errand he was going; and as he neared his destination it seemed still more so, for there might be a dozen young girls who could sing prettily in that neighborhood, but he doubted whether any of them could sing exceptionally well. These reveries were interrupted by the soft melody of an old Volkslied, which seemed to float through the air. He drew near to the wall and looked over into the trimly-kept garden, where a young girl was watering the flowers, singing as she went. Suddenly she stopped and looked up, becoming conscious of somebody’s presence. The Director raised his hat, advancing through the gate, came up to her, and told her what pleasure her simple song had given him, and promised her every success if she would consent to sing in the opera. Such a brilliant offer was not to be neglected, though she said that she thought that the Herr Director over-estimated the worth of her voice. It did not prove so, however, for at all the rehearsals the Director seemed more than satisfied; indeed, from admiring the voice he came to have an intense admiration for its possessor, which he made no effort to conceal; while she, on her part, unconsciously identified herself with his every wish.

At last the night of the production arrived. The opera house was crowded from the floor to the ceiling, for it was not often that two such