

WAITING.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it. My innocent, blue-eyed maid...

So she wrote her sweet love letters. Or teared her eyes in flowers...

ADELAIDE.

It is now a long while since the manager of a theatrical company, then rehearsing "The New Year's Present"...

"Hasn't somebody a baby?" he cried. A good-looking actor who was standing...

"Mine is only two months old, monsieur," she said. "But I can promise you that she shall know her part, since I can prompt her when it is time for her to cry."

"That matter is settled then," the manager remarked, with a sigh of content; and the name of another actress was placed upon the list...

There was after this no want of a baby in the company with which its parents were connected, and at the age of five the little girl had a speaking part of her own.

Little Signorina Adelaide created quite a furore in this part. She went to Venice, to Milan, and to Rome; and at an age when most young actresses are seeking an opportunity to appear as well established in her profession.

It was at the Royal Theater, of Turin, that a young nobleman, the Count Capranica Della Grilla, first saw her.

The part she played was one that called forth all the powers of her genius and demanded the costliest and most elegant costumes and the most brilliant display of jewels.

The young Count leaned from his box with his eyes fixed upon her. His admiration was so evident that the whole house remarked it.

The admiration of a nobleman for a beautiful actress was not uncommon. It generally ended in one way. The nobleman won the lady's smiles, surrounded her with luxury and for awhile adored her.

When the Count's devotion became manifest, as it did shortly, all the world expected this history to be repeated. They were disappointed. The Signorina Adelaide had wise parents, and was dignified as well as beautiful girl.

After this he confided to his parents the fact that he was about to marry the best, the loveliest and the greatest genius among women—in fact, the most incomparable creature upon earth—and asked them to congratulate and bless him.

They did no such thing. Parents are seldom to be calculated on in this particular, and the young Count's was no exception to the general rule.

The son of their ancient family should not so cast himself away. He might be truth himself as much as he pleased, but he should never marry the girl.

The old Count went to see Signorina Adelaide's father, but was treated with little reverence. He commanded his son to give up his mad ideas and set before him the fact that he was about to disgrace his family.

When do you make a seat of an insect? When you sit on a cricket.

When is a balloon like good bread? When it rises.

To what city should dirty children be sent? To Bath.

When is a fur cape like a watch chain? When it is lynx (links).

What holly is not used at Christmas? Hollyhocks.

never have allowed the young Count to pass through them or to climb the walls, but when a wagon laden with provisions entered no one thought of watching the wagoner's boy in his frock and slouch hat...

The Count sat under a tree reading a book for a long while afterwards—that is, the wagoner in the Count's clothes—and when the truth was discovered the consternation was so great that the confederates escaped scot free.

By that time the young Count was married. He had met his wife at a little church, to which she came with her father and other friends, and they were made one and went off together.

Now, the beautiful Adelaide was a born actress, but at the moment love dominated her soul. Her husband was all in all to her. She yielded to his persuasions and retired from the profession she adored.

Society had ceased to charm her. All occupation was wearisome. She turned her attention to the poor and was bountiful to them.

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who owed money which he could not pay bread and water.

The Countess Adelaide had often spoken to one unfortunate man, a gentleman whose debt was very large, and one day it came into her mind that there was a way in which he might be delivered from his bonds and restored to his helpless wife and children.

Her idea was to give an entertainment to the public, the object being specified in the public prints and in private letters. The tickets sold at high prices; actors of position would be employed to offer their services, and she herself would take the principal part.

Once more Adelaide, in all the splendor of a queenly costume, walked the stage. Once more she was happy. And how she acted!

Applause rent the air. How wonderful genius impressed all who listened. The old delight in it returned to her husband, and none was more enthusiastic than his relative. I do not know what the play was, or I would give its name to my readers, but those who saw it that night never forgot it.

How often did they call the beautiful Countess before the curtain! how often did she smile and courtesy and kiss her hands to them! She was happy for the first time for long, long months.

A good deed had been done. The poor debtor was happy, too, for his debt had been paid, and he had money besides to begin the world with on his day of freedom.

Happiness was restored to a home that had been very miserable. As for Adelaide herself, hope arose in her heart. The sensation her acting had caused was so tremendous that the whole feeling of her husband's family changed.

Italy are all artists enough to feel pride in genius like hers, and when she unburdened her heart to them and told of her longing to return to the stage they gave their consent, and so that greatest of all modern actresses, Adelaide Ristori, began the triumphant career that has made her name known in every country in the world as the greatest of all modern tragic actresses.

Surely no one can say that truth may not be as romantic as fiction.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in Fireside Companion.

CONUNDRUMS.

Remember the Sabbath Day. Husband—Wife, hand me out my Sunday coat.

Wife—But, my dear, this is not Sunday; it is only Saturday.

"I know it's only Saturday, but I'm going to attend a fashionable dinner, and it will be Sunday before I get back."—Texas Siftings.

She Prefers Tallow Dips. "What kind of fireworks are those?" asked Aunt Meddergrass of her city nephew on the night of the Fourth.

"Those are Roman candles, aunty." "Are they? Well, I'm glad I don't live in Rome. I'd hate the worst kind to have to see by the light of them things."—Puck.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

She Was Determined to Maintain Her Rights.

The wind blew and the rain fell. When the stout lady first became noticeable by reason of her manifest trials she was only a few steps from the center of the street, struggling bravely in the direction of the nearer curb.

"Can't I assist you, madam?" gently inquired the small man in a rubber coat, who had madly rushed to the rescue.

"Nopa." A gust of wind struck the umbrella amidsthips. It careened forcibly against the woman's hat and the latter was knocked forward on her nose.

"Won't you let me hold your umbrella?" persisted the little man very solicitously.

"Nopa." She was almost half way to the curb now and the oyster-pail seemed inclined to be rebellious and follow the example of the candy-box.

"But you're losing your packages, madam." The little man made a grand attempt to save the day and was grandly repulsed.

"You are mistaken, sir. I am not losing my packages." The wind blew and the rain fell. The stout lady tossed her head and jerked the discolored hat into place.

"No, sir; I am not losing my packages." The little man bowed and murmured helplessly.

"I might remind you, sir," she said as she reached the curb and entered upon a general re-adjustment, "that the movement for the emancipation of woman has been in progress for several centuries, and I am not one, I assure you, to abrogate thus lightly the independence gained at the expense of years of labor the most arduous. I confess I was tempted to yield, but, thank Heaven, I did not."

Half an hour later the little man was still there, staring at a rift in the clouds, as if wondering if it were going to rain all night.

Truthful Fritz.

There were a number of old coons sitting in front of a stable door on Austin avenue and telling stories about hunting, says the Detroit Free Press.

"As a general thing hunters will tell lies," said a venerable old man, filling up his corn-cob pipe, "but I knowed one old hunter that couldn't tell a lie no more than Eli Perkins could with his little long bow."

"What sort of a fellow was he?" asked another member of the Senate.

"He was an old German named Fritz Sugebentel, but we used to call him Fritz for short. He used to live out west of San Antonio in the mountains. He never talked much, but what he said you could always rely on as being Gospel. He was the only German I ever see what read the Bible regular and prayed. Fritz was a good old man. He is dead now, poor old man."

"And he never told unlikely yarns about killin' dear and bars?"

"He did tell a tough story about killin' a bar, but I had such confidence in Fritz that I believed every word of it."

"Give us the yarn."

"Well, Fritz told me that one day when he was in the Rocky Mountains he killed a bar under very singular circumstances. It was the coldest day he ever felt in his life. The bar was some distance off. Fritz fired at him, but only wounded him, and then the bar went for Fritz. It was a question of life and death gettin' his gun loaded quick. Fritz put in the powder and reached for the bullet, when he found he had left them at home. The bar was within twenty feet of him. Now, what do you suppose old Fritz said he did?"

"Ran like a turkey?"

"Nary time."

"Lit into t' bar with a knife."

"He didn't have none."

"Well, what did he do?"

"He just spit in the gun. It was so cold that the spit froze solid like a bullet in less than a second, and just as the bar was reachin' out to gather in Fritz he fired and sent that little lump of ice crushing through the bar's heart."

When we left there was a deadlock in the Senate regarding the nomination of old Fritz as the champion truth teller.

A Soothing Cigar.

Gus De Smith—Whew! Hostetter McGinnis—What's the matter? "That cigar you are smoking. It smells dreadful."

"Yes, I know it." "You can't have any pleasure smoking it."

"Yes, I can; you see the longer I smoke it the happier I will be when I'm done."—Texas Siftings.

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