

[Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller.] the others to do the same. The next mo

> the man Jackson had made a great discovery, in producing a material upon which the action of certain kinds of

> liquids was necessary to bring about a concussion, by absorbing with the variconcussion, by absorbing with the vari-ous degrees of strength contained in the

fluid the hard outer coating of his pre-paration and bringing the delicate in-

the profession, I cannot tell. I only thought, at the time, that the last link

in the chain of proceedings was now without doubt in my hand. At nine o'clock that night Ray, an-

other man and myself, were stationed in the hall of Mr. ——'s great house at Tuxedo. We had been substituted for

placed Ray at the entrance to the ball-room, myself near the vestibule of the

house, the other man hovered anywhere We had not long to wait. The

came a small sprinkling of more or less

en who at once attracted my atten-

tion; the first, by a slight peculiarity

of watchfulness which he constantly

threw about—all these signs identified him strongly with the man who had

cigarettes which floated with him-more, he lighted one as he reached the

smoking-room, into which I could see from my station, and sent ring after

ring of smoke curling upward. Once before I had seen him do it, but never

I sent Ray to watch the two closely

and returned to my post. Again I had not long to wait. I had turned to reply to some trivial question which had been

addressed to me, when the voice for which I had been waiting floated clear-ly towards me—a low, delicious laugh.

I looked eagerly about. In the smoking

of its occupants, was the hero of the

English trial—the escaped convict of Portsmouth prison—the boy who had followed Miss Cutting. But I saw no one anywhere about to resemble Madame of the White Shoulders. From

where I stood I watched this man until

As he passed Ray's tall Russian, I heard

him say lightly: "Tout va bien," and then he lost himself in the crowd. I

saw him go in and out among the throng, looking unostentatiously but

carefuly about him, and managed for

a time to keep in his wake. Then I lost him entirely. For an hour I searched

hither and thither, cursing my own stu-pidity, but without avail. I was grow-ing desperate, fearing that, after all.

I should be too late, when again that voice came to my straining ears. It

was in the supper room, where the

jingling glasses were playing a grace-ful accompaniment. I stumbled hastly forward. This time I was not disap-pointed. I could not but recognize her,

though I had never seen her face uncov-

ered before. Perfect in outline as a statue by St. Gaudens, faultless in col-

oring, and lighted by those glorious

eyes which had flashed upon me through the mask—eyes I had seen matched but

once, and then by those of the boy I had just so clumsily lost sight of. Her

superb. squarely-moulded shoulders gleamed richly in the well-arranged lights. For the merest instant her

eyes rested upon mine and their pupils widened. I feared that she had pene-

trated my disguise. Then she turned

again to her companion-none other than the illustrious guest in the inter-

est of whose safety I was working. I was very near them. Looking about I saw both the men who had been in the

House with the Green Blinds hovering near the doorway. Behind them towered

Ray's well-set head. I signaled him to

close in. His orders were to arrest them as quietly as they would permit

it to be done, and to await in the car-riage which had been provided, my ar-

She was standing, with her compan-

She was standing, with her compan-ion, near one of the tables, and I saw him pour a glass of champagne and hand it to her. He watched her, smil-ingly, as she daintily put it to her lips, and then turned to find one for himself. As he did so I saw madam's hand, so standily into the become of

hand go steadily into the bosom of her gown, and, taking out a small

silver vinaigrette, hold it carelessly for

The great man turned to her again

and lightly touched her glass with his

which has not already escaped her,'

he said, gallantly.
"To a health like that, monsieur,

'A very pretty custom," he said.

with a heavy laugh. "Let us follow

The glasses changed hands. If he

should swallow that deadly thing— Good heavens! I threw myself for-ward, falling heavily against him. Half

the wine went trickling down his coat and he turned about with a savage im-

precation. I seized the glass and poured what remained through my fin

gers until they touched the hard little

pellets it contained. Knowing that they had not been there long enough

muster, turned to madam and offered ier my arm. "Madam," I stammered, "is forgetful

and mistaken. In her country no way of treating a toast is so unlucky." The great man looked dazed, but I

saw his anger growing. A strange light had come into madam's eye, and I heard

her murmur an apology to him.
"For a few minutes—pardon me—an

old friend whom I have not seen-since

last night."
She allowed her hand to rest lightly

upon my arm.
"For a moment," she said, "come in here," and led me towards the conser-

vatory. I thought no better place could be found for the quiet performance of my duty, for I wished to avoid a scene.

A maid could be dispatched for her wraps, and for my own as well, and

could conduct her, as secretly as she would allow, to the carriage which was

to soften, and that there was no danger from them, I put them in my pock-et, and, with what sang frold I could

an instant over her glass.

rival with madame.

turned to go, and then drew nearer.

om, talking gaily to a small group

another man so prettily.

SYNOPSIS.

The junior member of a private firm of detectives in New York becomes interested in a deserted house, opposite which he happens to take a room. While watching it during a convalscence from illness, the bilinds of one of the windows are opened suddenly, disclosing the figure of a small man who waves his hand and disappears. Three days later the detective receives a mystrious letter, appointing, an hour to call. He looks across at the deserted house, shading his eyes with the letter. The figure reappears and repeats its signal. That evening the detective arms himself pushes open the iron gate of the deserted house and enters a dark passageway. He is ushered into a lighted room by the same strange figure. Two men and a handsome woman in evening dress receive him, all masked. He has been mistaken for an expected messenger. He pretends that it has not been safe to bring certain papers, and is commissioned to visit the town of P— next day. As he is about to leave a young giri arrives with a warning. The masked lady fires at the detective. He runs downstairs and escapes by the rear door into a yard. Climbing the fence, he overhears the conspirators, who mention Tuxedo and the name of a prominent man. He thinks that he recognizes the voice of the lady, and concludes that some great crime is under way. The house is shadowed by other detectives, and he decides to watch the train to P— himself, in disguise. The young girl enters the station, also the lady that the girl is the innocent instrument of a band of conspirators who have entrapped the bottle was nowhere visible.

I knew little of chemistry. Whether terior into contact with some foreign substance; or whether such methods are generally known and practiced by three detectives who were to have been sent down in the usual way. I had guests of the evening were early to arrive—the great man short-breathed, ponderous, but genial; his young wife handsome and gracious. Behind them disguised as a man. The detective cludes the latter and takes the train. He finds that the girl is the innocent instrument of a band of conspirators who have entrapped her father into their plottings. The mysterious lady is supposed to be the sister of a member of the Russian legation who has stolen important papers at Washington. These are intrusted to the girl's father, who gives them to a messenger for whom the detective has been mistaken, Meanwhile, the real messenger is bing watched by Washington detectives, and she had been sent with a warning. The detective returns to New York and reads in the newspaper of the messenger's capture with the stolen papers. He also sees the announcement of a great ball at Tuxedo, to be given by the man whose name he had overheard. He decides that the ball has some connection with the conspiracy. famous politicians, members of the foreign legation and handsome young at-taches in the full uniform of their countries. Among these last were two in his figure, his quick nervous move-ments, the glances full of suspicion and kept silence the night before at the House with Green Blinds. The other was as easily discovered; the talk well set up figure, ornamented by a showy uniform which he now wore, the firm lips curving into a smile that was almost insolent; the large, well-shaped head; the delicate aroma of Turkish

PART V.

It was ten o'clock when once more I entered the office of my chief. I found him awaiting me there. Ray had just come from my rooms with news of importance from the House with Green Blinds. A short time before the people in the street and the houses near, had been startled by the noise of a heavy explosion. It had come, as well as they could make out, from the house he had been watching. The police had been summoned and an effort made to gain admission to the place. No reply had been obtained to the ringing of the bell. and they were now preparing to force an entrance. The chief had waited merely to give me the information, and we at once set out together. There was the inevitable crowd of people before



I Threw Myself Forward, Falling Heavily Against Him.

the house, through which we forced our way. The door had been broken open and a policeman guarded the entrance on either side. As we went in a noisome odor of chemicals filled the air. We made our way to the drawing-room, where I had been the night before. Here upon the table I discovered one of my revolvers, and underneath it a piece of paper, on which was scrawled the word "Beware."

From here Ray, who had preceded us,

led the way upstairs to a small sky-light room in the rear of the house. We discovered there shelves filled with bottles, retorts, pestles and mortars, and books piled anywhere about. On the floor, his head torn and burned beyond recognition, lay Jackson. I knew him by his yellow hands and peculiar dress, and saw that his own deviltry had been his undoing. We went carefully over the room. It contained all descriptions of materials for compounding explo-sives. Half finished infernal machines. and springs scattered everywhere, and various memoranda which were of value in their way. Near what remained of the man we discovered up-on the floor a dark stain, which at first sight I had thought to be blood. A loser examination, however, revealed the fact that it was either claret or some other deep red wine. In one of the yellow hands was gripped a small vial about which a scrap of paper was wrapped. Written in English upon it were the following words: "In two gills of claret, one. In champagne, two. For action in the first case, five minutes.

The vial contained three or four small white pellets. We determined to try an experiment. A man was sent for a bottle of Piper-Heidseck. Of this he poured a small quantity into an empty bottle and, dropping in one of the white pellets, placed the whole upon the window ledge. Closing the sash I stood, watch in hand, and waited. Whether poison, or some stronger and thing, I did not stop to wonder. but, as the number of minutes recommended in the note crawled slowly by. uneasy sensation came ove which made me draw back and motion

1N THE WORLD



apon my own.
"Your disguise becomes you," she said, critically.
"And yours," I replied, "becomes you

Her lips kept their seriousness of out-line and her eyes remained fixed on mine. There was a short interval of silence and then she arose to her feet. standing over me. I started to follow her example, but she motioned me to obey. I saw that she had unfastened a splendid tiara of diamonds and sap-phires from her hair and was turning it over and over in her hands, where the light from above incessantly toyed with it. The glitter of the thing fascinated me; my eyes folowed every movement. I tried to turn away, and could not. A drowsy sensation came over me, the soft tones of her voice ment the stillness was broken by a dull report and the falling of shattered glass. We started forward. The glass lay broken in small bits; a portion of the stone coping had been torn away; droned in my ears, sounding far away and sweet and sweeter still.

She sank upon a cushioned window seat and motioned me to a chair which stood facing it. A strange desire to humor her took possession of me. For a moment she let her eyes rest quietly

And then came a dull, monotenous A newspaper rustled at my elbow. A man's voice—Ray's—was speaking. My eyes were opened (I could not remember unclosing them) and I was



gazing about stupidly. The surroundings were familiar enough. An ordinary passenger coach, journeying swiftly along through the sweet air of a summer morning. A lot of strange ople about; Ray in the place beside me, reading his paper. 'If there was such a plot afoot here.

he was saying, "it seems to have slipped up without any aid of ours. It is a pretty bad business though, anyway.

I asked him what, and he looked at

"What is the matter with you? You've been queer ever since last night," he re-turned, peevishly, and pointed to a huge headline in his paper. I looked. and read these words;
"The Assassination of President Sadi-Carnot." For a moment my head recied

and the words danced unmeaningly be-fore my eyes, and then a mist seemed to unfold itself from my brain, and re-membrance of the affair I had just been hrough with came back to me. I unbutoned my coat, and saw that I was still in evening dress.

I had no little difficulty in persuading Ray to tell me what had occurred, and in convincing him that I had no recollection of it. Finally, however, he

told me this:

As he had been directed, he waited for his cue from me before arresting the two men who were in his charge, and he had seen what took place between the illustrious guest Madam of the White Shoulders and myself. When she accepted my arm, she had turned for an instant to nod and smile at the Russian attache, who was also watching closely. Upon Ray's quiet demand for a surrender, which had immediately followed, this man had followed him to the carriage without a word. The other came as quietly. They then had waited there some five minutes when I appeared. with Madam leaning upon my arm. She had expressed great surprise at finding the two men there and under arrest, and had demanded an explanation abject apologies, and had ordered Ray to at once release his prisoners. I had assured him that the affair, from beginning to end, was a gigantic mistake, that the track we had followed was entirely a wrong one, that we had offered untold insult to three innocent people. He had no course but to credit my word. I had then proceeded to assist Madam with great care into her carriage, and she had driven rapidly away, the men following in another coupe. We hast-ened afterwards, Ray, the man who had come down with us and myself, to the station, where I had purchased, with no further explanations to my companions. three tickets to Boston, which place we were now nearing. The third man had made himself comfortable in the smoking car, as there was no sleeper attached to the train, while Ray had sat all night beside me. During this time I had sat with wide-open eyes, staring straight before me, apparently lost in thought, and until now he had not ventured to

And so the beginning of my first case came to its end. Letters a fortnight later from my friend, the London detective, told me that attempts upon the lives of men in certain other European cities had been made at the same time, but, with the exception of that in which the French president fell, all had been discovered and met in time.

I resigned my position at the office, and have since been devoting most of my time to trying, upon my own re-

WHEN HOPE FADED

Mrs. White, a Citizen of Ithaca Was Saved.

(From the Ithaca Herald) Our representative, hearing of the ase of Mrs. H. T. White, called to see er at Seneca and Plain streets. We

"May fortune bring you everything publish their conversation in the folreplied her marvelous voice, "in my country it is a custom to change glasses, that each may drink the good fortune of the other." thing to say about a new remedy for backache and kidney disorders. Will

you give me your statement for publi-"Yes, I am quite satisfied to do so. I think the public should know when a really good remedy is to be had, it is the least I can do in gratitude for my

"Tell me about your complaint."
"About a year ago I had the Grippe,
and since then my back has pained me
constantly in the region of the kidneys; a dull pain at times, and at other intervals, sharp, durting pains piercing through me, were almost unbearable. I seemed to be giving out as the pain in my kidneys grew worse, and at last I had to stay in bed the greater part of the time. Finally, I gave up altogether. I had terrific headaches, and suffered so

I had terrific headaches, and suffered so much pain my appetite left me."
"Did the disorder affect the bladder?"
"Finally it did. The urine was highly colored, and varied in suppression and excess. I often told my friends I believed I should go insane from the pain. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and better the state of the sta gan their use. After taking them two or three days I began to feel their good

effects. I continued, and now am per-fectly well."
"Am I to understand that Doan's Kid-"Am I to understand that Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely curred you?"

"Yes, that's the truth. I have no more headaches or pains, and my appetite has returned. Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I found it very trying to go up and down stairs, or to sleep on my back; but now I can do so without a single pain, I feel completely caved, and I wish the manufacturers every possible success."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

sponsibility, to get trace of Madame of the White Shoulders. In this quest, so far unsuccessful, for the last two weeks I have enjoyed the assistance, given with sympathetic seal, of the girl who

with sympathetic zeal, of the girl who saved my life from her, and who no longer bears the name of "Cutting."
Should I succeed in finding madam. I hope to force her to solve two problems; the first, whether she and the young man who wore a false beard and spoke with her voice, were identical—the one with the other. And if so, whether she had exercised the same influence which had so swayed my mind to her will upon the jailer of the Portsmouth prison, and by so doing had effected the escape of herself and her companions, upon a previous occasion. companions, upon a previous occasion. The End.

600D SHORT STORIES.

Made Out His Case

Mnde Out His Case.

"My first case," said a well-known attorney, "was the defence of a negro preacher in Missouri, who had been arrested for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been seen sneaking around the woodhad been seen sneaking around the wood-pile and was arrested while carrying off

"I had subpoenzed about twenty well-"I had subpoented about twenty well-known business men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution's case was closed I put one on the stand and asked; "Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?" "Yes,' was the answer.
"What is it-good or bad?" "Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on."
"A titter run through the court room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but

"A titter ran through the court room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorncy rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses, I proved that my client was a notorious thief, who had never been known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how triffing it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder as kieptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a good defence if proven, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of the facts equivalent to a liceuse to steal."—San equivalent to a liceuse to steal."—San Francisco Call.

The London Times' Influence. "What is the secret of the importance and influence of the London Times?" I asked a prominent member of parliament who is spending a few weeks in this coun-

who is spending a few weeks in this country.

"The mystery that surrounds the authorship of the articles on its editorial page," was the reply. "Nobody except the editorin-chief knows who writes for the Times. It has no staff occupying desks in editorial-rooms like the ordinary newspaper, but its articles are all written on the outside. The editor-in-chief sends the important topics of the day to different persons, who furnish the leaders. Many of them are gratuitous; the rest are paid for by the column, the rates varying according to the importance of the writer. There is a public impression that all the leaders in the Times are written by the great men in the British empire, and when a subscriber opens the damp sheet in the morning he always looks first at the editorial page instead of the news column, as he does with the other papers, and as you do in this country. He imagines that the articles he finds there have been written by the marquis of Salisbury, the chancellor of the exchequer, the minister of home affairs, the archbishop of London, the poet laureate, the lord chief justice or some other big bug. It is popularly supposed that all the great men in the British empire are continually writing for the Times, while as a matter of fact 39 per cent. Of the editorials are prepared by ordinary diterary hacks at the rate of 310 a column. The Times is a great humbug. The late Mr. Barnum would have admired it immensely. It has played this game of mystery for half a century and still continues to be considered as profound an authority on all topics as the oracle of the Pythian Apolio at Delphi."—W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record. "The mystery that surrounds the author in Chicago Record.

How He Recame a Professor. How He Recame a Professor.

Chauncey M. Depew lately visited the mechanical department of Corneil university. He found at the head of # Professor Morris. The latter claimed him as an old acquaintance. "How's that?" said Mr. Depew. "I used to work for the New York Central railroad," was the professor's answer. "Indeed! In what department?" "Oh, just in the ranks." "How did you get here?" asked Depew. "I was first a fireman on an engine. That was a tough job, but it led up to the position of engineer. When I became an engineer I made up my mind to get an education. I studied at night and fitted myself for Union college, running all the time with my locomotive. I procured books and attended as far as possible the lectures and recitations. I kept up with my class, and on the day of graduation I left my locomotive, washed up, put on the gown and cap, delivered my thesis and received my diploma, put the gown and eap in the closet, put on my working shirt, got on my engine and made my usual run that day." "Then," said Depew, "I knew how he became Professor Morris. That spirit will cause a man to rise in any calling. It is ambition, but it is ambition, wissle diwill cause a man to rise in any calling. It is ambition, but it is ambition wisely directed, seeking to make oneself fitted for higher work. When this is accomplished the opportunity for higher work is sure to come."—Catholic Columbian.

Might llave Been Cheaper.

Roscoe Conkling came into Mr. Evarts office one day, when he was a young law-yer, in quite a nervous state. yer, in quite a hervous state,
"You seem to be very much excited,
Mr. Conkling," said Mr. Evarts, as Roscoe walked up and down the room.
"Yez, I'm provoked—I am provoked,"
said Mr. Conkling, "I never had a client
dissatisfied about my fee before,"
"Well, what's the matter?" asked Mr.
Evarts.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Evarts.

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the Superior court, and he was convicted; then on to the Supreme court, and the Supreme court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years in the penitentiary. I charged him \$3,000, and now Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it's too much. Now. Mr. Evarts, I ask you, if I really charged too much?"

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, very deliberately, "of course you did a good deal of work, and \$3,000 is not a very big fee: but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is—that—he—might have—been—convicted—for—less—money."—Chicago Times-Herald.

One on an American.

They are telling the story in London that the impossible American in Paris alighted at a hotel to find it absolutely full.

"I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the king of the Ostenders, the queen of Montegaria occupies the second, the duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the caliph of Port Said, and the crown prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber for my daughter. Of course—"

"Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American pointing to the young lady at the desk.

"Yes, sir."
"All right; I'll marry her after lunch."
And, giving his value to the speechless
Boniface, he added. "Now, you can take
my baggage up to our room."—Argonaut.

Was Never Asked Again.

An amusing story is told of Professor Blackie by Miss Anna M. Stoddart in her new biography. It seems that the genial professor was once asked to be chairman at a temperance meeting. He agreed, and opened his speech thus: "I cannot understand why I am asked to t cannot understand why I am asked to be here. I am not a tectotaler-far from it. If a man asks me to dine with him, and does not give me a good glass of wine. I say that he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, ladies tea, and fools water." It is not recorded that Professor Blackle

was ever again asked to appear in an official capacity at a teetotal meeting.— Household Words.

Clara Lane accidentally set fire to her nightdress in the disrobing scene of "Fra Diavolo," in Boston, and there was al-most a panic.

News of the Green Room and Foyer.

Some of the More Important Doings of These, Our Actors.

No one who has ever laughed at Tom

Bryton's "Forgiven" will be at

In one of Miss Kalser's London let- | dialogue is well written; in short it is a splendid play and has proved its mer-its by the tests of Boston criticism and the constant attendance for weeks of immense and delighted audiences. "The Cotton King" company is said to be an ters recently mention was made of the poor success lately experienced by many prominent London theatrical entertainers. Eiwyn A. Barron, in a let-ter to the Chicago Times-Herald upon the same subject, explains the reason. "The trouble," he says, "is the revolt of the public from problem plays. There admirable organization for Manager Brady is a great believer in the absolute necessity of completeness every-where in his organizations. has been a nauseous surfeit of the Ib-senish delving into morbid sexualities. The woman in rebellion to convention Seabrooke, in his inimitable performance of "King Pomeroy," in "The Isle of Champagne," or his "Terrence O'Grady" in "The Grand Vizer" will fall to see him in his new comedy "The Champagne," who imagines that she has a mission to reform the world before she has learned how to govern her own infirmities,moral and other, has become offensively obtrusive as the only dramatic heroine she was interesting as a novelty, but she has become a dreadful bore as a commonplace. The intelligent public— heaven forfend that I should be thought Speculator" which he appears in at the Academy of Music Monday evening. The opening performance of "Shad-ows of a Great City" will take place at to mean that curious company which the Frothingham Tuesday, January 8. The play has a remarkable record—six imagines that acceptance of Ibsen is a test of intellect—but sane creatures, with good red corpuscles in their veins seasons of uninterrupted success seasons of uninterrupted success. It retains many of the original cast. Miss Annie Ward Tiffany. William Beach, Miss Lottie Alter. Joseph W. Jefferson, W. W. Allen and E. B. Tilton. The action of the May is rapid, the situations exciting, and the dialogues excellent. In short, it is very effectively staged. and orderly activity in their gray mat-ter, have grown aweary of your Noras, and Heddas, and Paulas and all that lot of hypertrophied and lymphatic catthe. They have served notice on the preachers of social pessimism in a revolt from the grossly prurient sexual drama that has only been defamatory of woman by enthroning types of morally billous women, and are now giving their naturance to forms of entertain. their patronage to forms of entertain-ment that. If frivolous, are at least not apotheoses of nymphomania. Hence Davis' theater the first three days of next week. The New York Times says: "Forgiven' has more distinct merit than is perceptible in most plays of the same type. Its story is told with sim-plicity and directness, its scenes are carried on amid such picturesque sur-roundings as never fail to gratefully impress the eye, and bits of comedy of a kind that invariably smeals to a renthe music halls are crowded nightly by audiences of fashionable distinction. and the Haymarket, where 'Trilby' is playing, is sold out a week in advance, while the theaters that entered into a rivalry of abandonment to sex ques-tions that refinement long ago excluded a kind that invariably appeals to a pop-ular assemblage, alternate with pathos that stirs with unfailing swiftness, the

During the run of Frank Mayo's dra-matization of Mark Twain's "Pudd'n-head Wilson" in New York, when Mr. Mayo was appearing in the title role, and his interpretation of the quaintly humorous old Missourian, Pudd'nhead Wilson, was the Broadway sensation, he learned something about fame says he learned something about fame, says the Chicago Record. One day, while Mayo was walking down Broadway, he met a friend. With this friend was a young actor who has some reputation on the stage.

from public discussion before mixed as-semblies are paying the penalty of their mercenary shortsightedness."

Sald Mayo's friend, "Mr. Mayo, allow said Mayo's Iriend, "Mr. Mayo, allow me to introduce you to Mr. ——"
"Excuse me," said the young actor, "but I did not quite catch the name."
"Mayo, this is Frank Mayo," said the friend.
"Ah. Mr. Mayo, are you in our pro-

He was not trying to be sareastic or funny. He simply didn't know. || || il Richard Mansfield made a character-

istic speech on the occasion of the last performance of "Rodion" at the Garrick theater in New York. Here are a few

extracts from it:
"I had imagined that the graceful bows which you have seen me make had shown my grateful sense of the deep honor you have done me to-night. But it seems my bows were not graceful enough or elegant enough to make my enough or elegant enough to make my meaning clear. Ere long I shall be leaving this delightful city—I always call the place I happen to be acting in delightful—for other equally delightful cities. It was borne in upon me gently that if I remained here very long I might be left without the means of getting food and drink, which are, it seems, not unessential to an actor. When Baderswith—New Paderswith—lays the not unescential to an actor. When Paderewski—Mr. Paderewski—plays the piano he usually rakes in about \$4,000 at sometimes do on your emotions—I make rather less. I find, to my regret, that I shall have to leave you for a time to earn a livelihood in what you are, I belleve, pleased to call the provinces. Be-fore I go I beg to thank you once again for all your kindness

Marion Manola-Mason, whose recent debut on the vaudeville stage has at-tracted much attention, has a passion for babies which, ordinarily, is not limited by color, condition or cleanliness. but a few seasons ago, while starring with her husband through the West. she had an experience that she will not

For a change bill Mr. and Mrs. Mason were playing "Caste," and, contrary to the usual custom, the property man had instructions to see that a real "live" baby was always on hand for the performance. Strange as it may seem. considering the supply, this is not such an easy thing to get in every small town and the property man was often in a sore strait to meet the exacting wishes of the stars. One night Mr. and Mrs. Mason, arriv-

ing rather late at the theater and plac-ing implicit confidence in the intelligence of their aforementioned "props," did not have the usual examination of the necessary infant. The effect may be better imagined than described when Mrs. Mason, as Esther, the young wife, held up to the view of the audience, "My George's own blessed boy, born while he was in India," a baby black as the proverbial ace of spades with a boil on the side of its neck.

Frederick Warde tells of an experi-Frederick Warde tells of an experi-ence which he had with Louis James in Butte: "We had played 'Virginus' to a packed house," he said, "and there had been much enthusiasm on the part of the gallery boys. After the final cur-tain and recalls I went to my dressing-room and began disrobing. But the crowd refused to disperse and kept in-isting on a speech. To satisfy them I. crowd refused to disperse and kept in-sisting on a speech. To satisfy them I finally snatched up a sheet, 'threw it around me, toga fashion, and thus cos-tumed I strode before the curtain. Said I: 'My friends, how can you reason-ably insist on a speech? Virginius is dead, Applus Claudius is dead, Icilius is dead and I am dead.' Then came a shell voice from the gods, saving: shrill voice from the gods, saying "What have you done with the other idiot?' That was too much for me. I

Regarding the production of "The Fencing Master" at the Academy of Music this evening an engagement of especial interest is expected. It will introduce Miss Katherine Germaine as Francesca, the strong prima donna role, which affords such rare opportunities for an artiste to show her talents, and made Marie Tempest famous. The company is well balanced throughout, many of the cast being the same as many of the cast being the same as those that supported Miss Tempest in the opera, which is the strongest work of De Koven and Smith's numerous successes and far mor durable in the public' ear than either "Robin Hood" or "Rob Roy." The musical conductor's chair is occupied by Signor A. Tomasi, who directed for eight years with Mus Emma Abbott and led "The with Mmc. Emma Abbott, and led "The Fencing Master" when Marie Tempest was the star. The leading comedian in the present organization is H. W. Tre Dennick, who also was with Miss Tempest. Marion Langdon, Harry De Lorme. H. Arthur Leiblee and Louise Bryant make up the remainder of the list of principals,

Manager William A. Brady's great production of Sutton Vane's phenome-nally successful melodrama "The Cotton King" comes to the Academy Tues day evening. It has had a most suc-cessful run in Boston where night after night scores of people were turned away. The play is strong in all the elements which appeal most forcibly to the great average of mankind. The emotions of the throng. As Jack O'Diamonds Mr. Forsberg appealed to the sympathies of all. He was recalled at the end of each act, and recalled with a heartiness and spontaneity which were unmistakable."

Augustin Daly's company of forty people and their own orchestra will play "A Mid Summer Night's Dream" at the Academy of Music pext Saturday evening. This is the first time Mr. Daly has ever sent his company in its entirety to a one night stand and it should be looked upon as a treat.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES:

Odette Tyler is to star. Yvette Guilbert's repertoire embraces Yvette Guilbert's repertoire embraces 600 songs.

Julia Arthur may star in a Charlotte Corday blay.

Nat Geodwin will shortly produce "His Absent Boy."

Edwin Stevens has been added to Augustin Daly's forces, a performance of "Oberon," conducted by Weber himself, in 1828.

Pauline Hall gave 50,00 loaves of bread to the poor of St. Louis last week.

John Drew last week saved Maud Adams from being crushed under falling scenery.

The theater established by Bishop Fallows at Chicago to elevate the stage has falled.

It is add that Willie Collier next year

The theater established by Bishop Fallows at Chicago to clevate the stage has falled.

It is aid that Willie Collier next year is to star under the management of Rich & Harris.

Denman Thompson and Neil Burgess may join forces in a play with two suitable characters.

There is excellent authority to the effect that Virginia Harned and E. H. Sothers are to be married.

Della Fox's unskirted picture had to be covered on the Boston billboards by order of the authorities.

Aubrey Boucicault will appear at Boston to produce his father's principal successes, such as 'The Shraughaun,' 'Arrah Na Pogue' and 'Colleen Bawn.'

A Kansas City theatrical manager is upto-date. The men ushers have been reviaced by some of 'the handsomest young ladies in the city' who wear bloomers.

Manager Augustin Daly intends to take his company to London in the fall hereafter, instead of in the early summer. He will oven his next London season about Sept. 5 1896.

Isadore Rush not so very long ago invelged her mother into a theater for the first time in her life, telling aforesald mother that there was to be a lecture. It did not take long for the deceived party to fathom the game. Looking around she said, "I know very well where I am, but I am not the least bit sorry."—Boston letter in Dramatic News



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