

love you ; I am—rich ; I have—a castle and—an estate—in England, a—park and—town—house.” Just here, while pausing to regain his breath, he espies Mr. Hildebrand’s cheese-like head in the depths of the peanut gallery ; he is overcome with hunger and falls gracefully upon the table behind him. At this most natural bit of acting the house cheers tremendously ; Miss Herr smiles bewitchingly from the manager’s box ; Mr. Williamson’s thoughts return from Pine Grove and he shouts “good ;” from the rear of the hall is heard a melodious cackle ; it is Dr. Holter ; and even Mr. Weidner smiles assent to this clever tragedian.

“I—can—not—love—you,” says the heroine, and the villain staggers off the stage amid the hisses of the Sowerstown elements of the house.

Again we are in the Rockies, time—ten minutes later. The omnipresent Joe Dempsey is here as usual, accompanied by O’Flynn and Senor Pickle. The play progresses and after many thrilling episodes the curtain falls for the second act, leaving us completely in the dark as to what is going to happen.

Again melody floats through the air, and the house empties. The orchestra is hard at it. Leader Neidigh has entirely dropped out of the race as no ordinary mortal could begin to keep up with the man on the bass viol, who is in it to be heard. Before the piece is half over he has the floor to himself and the other musicians have laid down their instruments exhausted. At last he ceases ; up rolls the curtain and now we are in a wooded dell in Arizona, near Banker Lester’s gold mine. The banker is there conversing with a cowboy acquaintance, when he is startled by the entrance of a lithe, graceful indian maiden, Wenona by name, who points her hand toward the window behind that oak and then delivers to the astonished gentleman this remarkable warning of the machinations of her enemies : “Wenona—see—hat—bush—horse—dog—crackers—chickens—etc.” The banker, to the surprise of the audience, comprehends, rushes out behind the scenes, mounts his horse and gallops toward the distant

mountain. “Good, good,” comes from the gallery, “encore,” from the boxes, “you’re doin’ her fine, George,” from the parquet, as the indian maid Wenona bows low and then betakes herself from the stage.

A few minutes later we are in New York, and find there the banker and Baron Harefoot. The plot thickens, the whole audience holds its breath and so still are they that we fancy we can hear the heart throbs of those around us. Suddenly the curtain falls. The orchestra does not start up this time, so the whole audience remains seated. Indeed, they are in no condition for soda water now, so intense is their excitement. The minutes pass slowly. Five, now ten are gone. Loud whispering is heard behind the scenes. “Hurry up there,” cries the gallery. At last the curtain rolls slowly up ; Senor Pickle stands upon the stage and bows low and then announces : Ladies and gentlemen, the play is over.” Down falls the curtain. Loud cries of rage and excitement comes from every corner of the house. “Where’s the point,” cries the peanut gallery as one man, Miss Herr faints, overcome by the effect of the tragedy, and is only saved from tumbling out of the box, onto the orchestra, by the strong arms of Mr. Read. See there—Mr. Crawford is compelled to fan the lady next him vigorously to keep her from being overcome also. “But,” says the man beside us, “he has been fanning her all evening.” Slowly the audience is filing out, sad and dejected. “Where’s the point,” “what became of Baron Harefoot ;” who marries Mary Lester,” are the remarks we hear on all sides. The house is emptying. I guess we had better go,—to the cottage those of us who can. No ! We will follow the Four Hundred ; we will slink quietly to our rooms and try to imagine the fourth act and the fate of Baron Harefoot and the first assistant villain.

PROVERBI TOSCANI.

Better a gentle No than an ugly Yes,
Who fears the dog is surely bitten.
Believe the boaster as you would the liar