

FROM THE GALLERY

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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They sat in the first row of the gallery. Now that the tumult of the rush was over the girl had time to take off her hat and smooth her ruffled hair. She was still breathless, and her cheeks were glowing. The man beside her turned and looked back triumphantly. "We did pretty well to get this far front," he said. "There's a whole lot of people back there standing up. It's always a packed house for an all star show."

"Yes," assented the girl vaguely. "You see, it's all so new and so strange. I've only been to the theater once before in my life. That was when Uncle Ben took me to see 'Shore Acres.' Oh, that was so real! I could almost believe it was true. Will this be like 'Shore Acres,' do you think?"

The man spread his programme out on his knee. "Well, no, not exactly," he answered. "This is 'Romeo and Juliet.' I ain't strong on Shakespeare myself, but I thought you might like to see it, Esther."

"Thank you, Mr. Stubbins," said the girl, with a grateful glance.

She was a pretty girl, fair haired and fragile—"peaked looking" was the way the people in her aunt's dining room side boarding house described her when they spoke of her at all, for as errand girl, dish washer and general drudge Esther was not used to much consideration.

The boarders seldom noticed her. True, there had been the awkward art student who used to take delight in drawing her thin, delicate profile, and who always murmured "spirituelle" when she passed him the pickles, but until Mr. Stubbins came no one ever had given her so much as a kind word. He spoke to her when they met in the hall, and once he had taken her to walk in the park. It was after that that he had asked her to go to the theater.

When this piece of news spread among the boarders they exchanged significant glances, but when the play turned out to be "Romeo and Juliet" it

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He may have been not so bad a caricature in the days of Queen Anne, but today certainly there is much force in an English critic's remark that "the completely hides the Englishman of real life." The average Englishman of today is physically no stouter certainly, but probably not so stout as the average American, and the stout cudgel and the bulldog are no longer apt symbols of the modern Britisher's disposition. He has lost the excessive pugnacity of his forefathers and is, above all, anxious to keep the peace with his Uncle Samuel.—London Standard.

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SILVER MINES.

The Way Nature Forms These Deposits of Precious Metal.

The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These solutions take up small particles of precious metal which they find here and there.

Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation.

Now and then the streams thus formed, especially flowing either up and either below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the pocket is filled up.

Cranlies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it as if 1,000,000 hands were fetching the treasures from all sides and hiding away a mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.

SPECKLED TOBACCO.

How the Little Yellow Spots Are Formed on the Leaf.

"Little yellow specks on the wrapper are positive indications of a cigar's excellence. Choose a speckled cigar, and you can't go wrong."

The speaker was a skate salesman. The tobacco salesman laughed at him. "Are you a victim of that error, too?" he said. "Listen and I'll tell you all about those little yellow specks."

"We are in Cuba. In mile long rows grow the tobacco plants in a blinding sunlight. Suddenly the sky is overcast, a shadow falls. Then the clouds disappear and the sun shines again upon plants dotted here and there with immense raindrops—raindrops peculiar to Cuba, as large as the largest pearls.

"These drops become burning glasses in the sunlight. The same as real lenses they concentrate the sun's heat, and on the leaf beneath them the little specks that you remember are burned. These little yellow specks indicate the tobacco's quality no more than freckles on a man's face indicate his ability.

"To choose cigars by their specks is as foolish as it would be to choose salesmen by their freckles."—Chicago Chronicle.

What "Hamir" Meant.

Though the Scottish guard of France had long lost its natural character, it jealously retained until the crash of 1793 all its curious old privileges, which, though they led to constant wrangles with other regiments, had been duly allowed by Louis XIV. He was actually obliged to intervene at his own wedding to compose a dispute as to the precedence of the Scots guards and the great regiment of foot. "Front as a Scotchman" was an old proverb in France, and their successors in the bodyguard did their best to justify it. But the most curious survival, long after a word of Scotch had been heard in the corps, was the practice of answering "hamir" in corruption for "I am here" when the roll was called. Which was religiously maintained, at all events, down to the revolution.—Macmillan's Magazine.

"Carat" as Applied to Diamonds.

Although the term "carat" is applied to diamonds as well as to gold, it does not mean the same thing. Used with regard to the metal it expresses quality or fineness, 24 carat being pure gold and 22 carat equal to coined gold. But applied to the diamond carat means actual weight, and by this measure 1154 carats are equal to an ounce Troy. The value of a diamond is not merely so much per carat, irrespective of size, but increases in an increasing ratio with the weight of the stone.

Lady Moon

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Outside the stately old mansion the press of carriages was growing almost unmanageable. Within the ripple of soft laughter and wailing of many fans, the glitter and glow of diamonds bespeaking the fact that Lady Cheynemore had thrown open Little Barrington House for the celebrated tableaux of which all London had been talking for the week past.

The greatest beauties of the season were to pose, well known artists had consented to arrange and drape their latest models, and "everybody" was there.

Near the door, a little out of the crush, Nigel Anstruther stood and looked about him with the eyes of the man to whom London sights have been strange for the last six years. He was a little amused and a little bored. Society functions were not much in his line. Just back from the India, he had run up to town to see one or two old friends, and Honoria Derwentwater, having no spare moment to grant him from her other guests, had suggested his coming on to Lady Cheynemore's.

It was rather a nuisance, but he wanted to get back to the country next morning if possible. And, after all, the color, the lights, the pretty women, were not so bad. Presently he must bid Honoria and ask the question that this afternoon's crowd had rendered impossible to put. It was expected of him, he supposed. His people had always hoped for it, and then all at once, by a sudden freak of the imagination, as he glanced about for the fair English face that rose before him the laughing, mischievous eyes of the little American girl who had teased, bewildered and thoroughly enchanted him during those few brief weeks in Simla. Where was she now?

Involuntarily his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had seen her, first, dainty and sweet in fluffy white, sitting under a marquee at the viceregal reception. She seemed such a little thing that he started in surprise when she came up to him, unable to secure a really good riding horse. The hands she held out for inspection were absurdly small. Still, doubtless, he had yet managed to get for her the best woman's mount to be had in Simla. But the first minute she was up his misgivings vanished. She certainly could ride.

After that every day they went together exploring the hills, trotting gaily over the smooth, hard roads. Mrs. Wharton, only too glad that Ethel had found some one to go with her, consenting willingly. And every day Anstruther's admiration deepened. If there was one thing he approved most it was a good seat.

His father was dead, and she and her mother, a frail but indomitably spirited woman, were leisurely seeing the world. After strolling in Bombay, they had run up to Simla for the breezes and lingered on, pleased with the queer little town and the Anglo-Indian life. It was quite gay at that season. Simla was full and merry, and there were dinners, luncheons, teas and picnics.

Would Anstruther ever forget the moonlight picnic he gave? The night had been glorious. Under the soft glow of an Indian moon the hills lay mistily radiant, every leaf on the deodars of which shone with a golden light. Ethel, Wharton and Anstruther with several others had gone on horseback, the rest of the party in rickshaws with coolies to carry the provisions. The picnic had been a great success. And then came the ride home. By a mutual though unspoken impulse Anstruther and Ethel had dropped their backs on the ground. Both were conscious of a certain exaltation of mood, a vague excitement due to the influence of the moon—perhaps. Gradually their talk, at first animated and quick, slackened to monosyllables and at last died away.

For several moments they rode in silence, then, as if oppressed by the stillness, the girl began to stammer. To music of her own she had set some words by George MacDonald: "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? Over the sea, Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving? All who love me."

Anstruther, listening, was aware of a sudden pang. Was she going over the sea? Would she be going home?

"Lady Moon," he began unsteadily. "Ah, that is you—so white, so fair, so perfect! And you, too, will pass from us! What shall we do without your light?"

The girl glanced at him quickly. "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?" she hummed. Anstruther, his heart suddenly beating fast, leaped forward.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded tensely. "Do you love those who love you? For you know that I, Ethel—"

As something in the girl's face made his pulses leap. But the great crimson waves flooding up over her brow and cheek, she touched her horse smartly.

"Come," she said breathlessly, "I'll race you home."

Anstruther went back that night to his quarters, a glad exultation tingling through every vein. She cared, he was sure, for nothing.

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