

Beatrice Randolph.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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As he sat there and listened to her, with his fat hands folded on his waistcoat, his stumpy little feet crossed one over the other, and his big head wagging and swaying in involuntary accord with the splendid diapason of sound, he was happier than he had ever been in his life. Not only was his reputation saved, his outlay secured, and his revenge on the Russian made certain, but his name would go down to posterity as that of the man who had brought before the world the brightest operatic star of the age. "I'll do the handsome thing by her—I will, by Jupiter!" thought the general to himself. "There are cases in which generosity pays 50 per cent., and here's one of 'em."

Beatrice sang for the better part of an hour, and might have gone on indefinitely, so far as either she or her auditors were concerned, for a truly noble voice rightly trained and managed is as tireless and untiring as it is beautiful. But mortal existence is full of petty lets and hindrances, and Beatrice, being for the present a hostess as well as prima donna assoluta, was obliged to go and see about the supper. When the gentlemen were alone the general pulled down his waistcoat, sat up in his chair, and after regarding Jocelyn for a few moments between half closed eyelids nodded his head several times slowly.

"I see you are fond of music, general," said Mr. Randolph discerningly.

"Well, music and I are under some obligations to each other," was the general's reply. "Now, just tell me, has that young lady ever sung in public?"

"My daughter ever sung in public?"

exclaimed the young lady's father, with the air of a prince of the blood. "We are not that sort of people, sir!"

"Come now, Randolph, this is between friends, you know," said Jocelyn, smiling as one who is superior to prejudice. "Great gifts like hers—dence take it, you've no right to hide 'em! We're not living in the feudal ages; what's the good of a girl's being talented if nobody's to know anything about it? Besides, talent means money nowadays, and your daughter's voice is a fortune if it's rightly managed. Don't you agree with me, general?"

"Well, a great deal depends on the management," returned that gentleman, squeezing his large nose between his thumb and forefinger. "But with good management—yes—she could make money, as much as she wants."

"I should say she could, as much as she wants, or as much as you want either, Randolph, if these stories I hear about your embarrassments have any truth in 'em."

"I scarcely understand; perhaps you will explain yourself more fully," said Randolph, looking from one to the other in a manner that betrayed agitation.

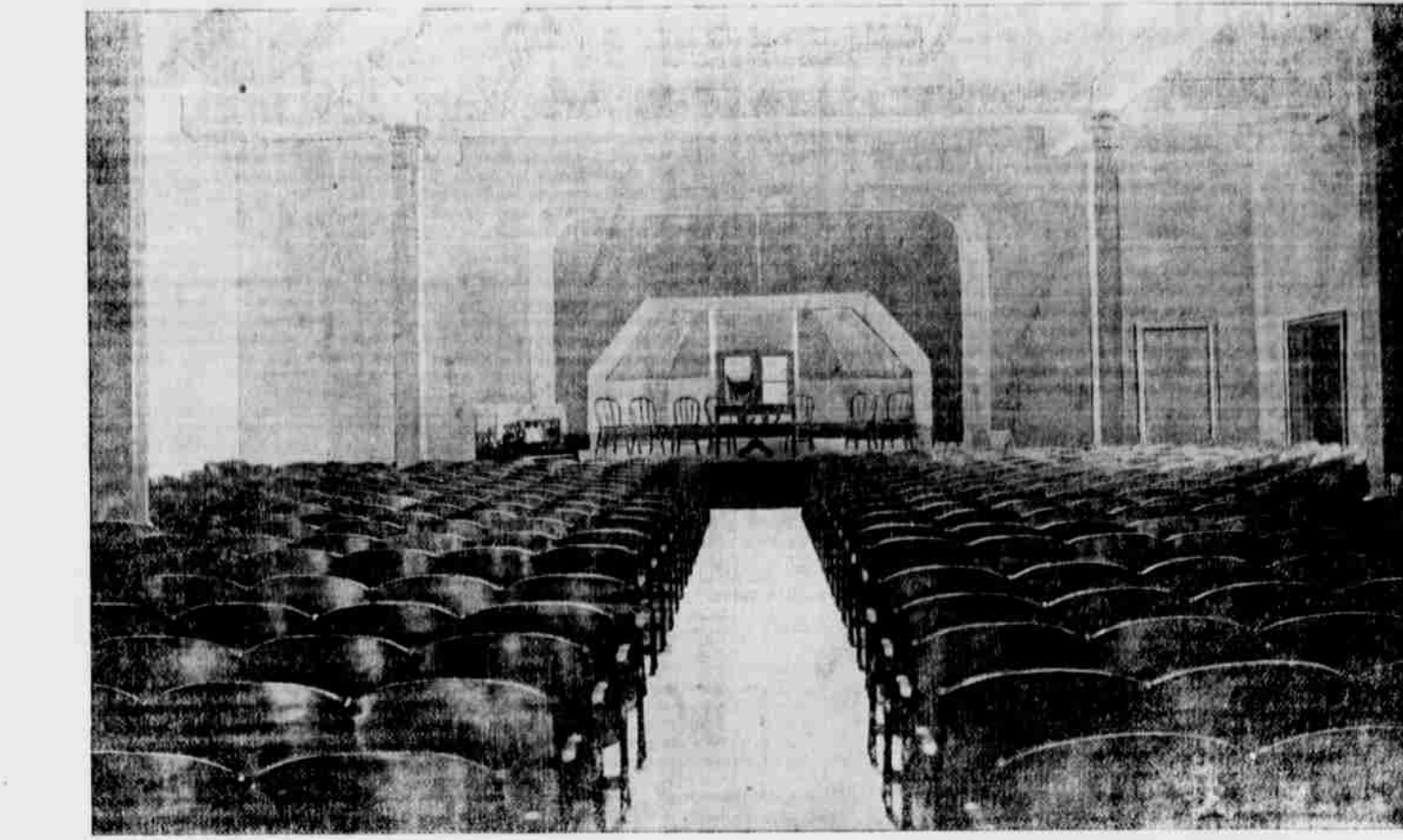
"I see you don't know who Inigo is," observed Jocelyn suavely. "You've made such a hermit of yourself up here of late years you've dropped out of the running. Why, Inigo, my dear man—simple as you see him sit there—is the foremost impresario and musical manager of the age. He has heard a report of our Beatrice's powers, and—well, go ahead, Inigo; put it in your own way."

"I'll just tell you what it is, Mr. Randolph," said the impresario, assuming the reins of the conversation with a wave of the hand. "A few words are best, when it's about business. I came up here to find out if your daughter could sing as good as Jocelyn here says she could. Well, she's got a fine organ, and she knows what to do with it; no mistake about that! Well, I've got an opening and I'll take her in, and I'll pay her first prices; that's what I'll do. She goes right on, in opera, under me, and she makes her fortune; that's all about it! I'm a square man, by Jupiter! and I don't make no fuss about terms; when I buy a good article I pay good money for it. When I say I'll make her a boom I'll do it. When Moses Inigo says he'll do the management of the young lady's all right, if she was as homely as a cow and sung like a bull; and if she gets a fool to manage her, or manages herself (it's about the same thing), she might sing like an angel and look like Venus and not make fifty dollars a week, and don't you forget it!"

"I am not accustomed, I need hardly say," observed Randolph, with an appealing glance at Jocelyn, and endeavoring to appear calm and indifferent, "to consider or discuss such matters. I have always lived, as my forefathers have before me, upon my private resources, without reference to trade of any sort. However, gentlemen, I must admit that fortune has played me a very scurvy trick, through no fault of my own; and I suppose that what you say is true—the good old days are passing away, and each one of us has to fight for his own hand. At the same time it could only be with the greatest reluctance, and under pressure of the severest necessity, that I could permit a daughter of mine—"

"To be—of course—that's understood!" put in Jocelyn comfortably. "But you'll be surprised to find how little annoyance there is about it, especially since, in your case, it very fortunately happens that we shall be able to put Beatrice upon the stage without any one's being aware who she is. She will be incognito from first to last."

"Ah! that changes the aspect of the



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matter materially," said Randolph, looking at the impresario. "But it occurs to me that—"

The entrance of Beatrice herself at this juncture prevented the thing which had occurred to her father from becoming known. She announced that supper was ready. The gentlemen arose, and Jocelyn, approaching her, took her hand and put it under his arm, murmuring confidentially in her ear, "How would our little Beatrice like to pay all her father's debts, and set up the family on its legs again?"

Beatrice gazed round at him with searching eyes and questioning lips. The unruly part of her excitement had been composed by her singing, but the excited mood remained, so that she was ready to expect anything that was not commonplace. She could not have told what Jocelyn meant, and yet she seemed to herself to anticipate what he was going to say. Good news was in the air. However, for the moment nothing more was said. Her father was behind, with the general, and they were speaking in an undertone. Her heart beat high, and her step was light. As they came to the supper table, and Jocelyn pressed her hand, she gave him a smile which, had he been worthy of it, would have knighted him on the spot. She was young and knew nothing worse than her own pure self, and she was ready to give gratitude without waiting to know for what her gratitude was due. Experience of the world is apt to correct this impulse.

The conversation at table wandered first over miscellaneous topics, for Mr. Randolph was somewhat at a loss how to present the all important subject to his daughter. Jocelyn was busy thinking over his own part in the little comedy, and the impresario, besides finding much to occupy his attention in the viands, was now wholly at ease in his own mind and dreamed of no difficulties. He had interpreted Mr. Randolph's scruples as merely a bid for good payment, to which he had responded in his usual whoops-and-whoops style; as to the young lady, of course she would follow her father's lead. Of the three it was Jocelyn who first spoke.

"I don't see why we should keep this dear child any longer in ignorance of the plot we have hatched against her," he said, addressing the others, but keeping his eyes caressingly on Beatrice. "My dear girl, I said I brought you fame and fortune; but, in fact, I only brought you the opportunity to win them for yourself. You have a glorious future before you. This gentleman is the owner and manager of the new opera house in the city. All your favorite operas will be produced there this season, splendidly set and cast, and you, my dear Beatrice, are to sing the leading music."

Beatrice grew pale, and turned her face toward her father. "Oh, papa, can I?" she said in a low voice.

"It is painful, of course, to contemplate such a thing," Mr. Randolph replied, looking down in his plate with an uneasy, evasive air; "but we are poor folks now, you know, and we must do the best we can. We can only hope, my dear, that the necessity will not"—

"Oh, but it is not that!" exclaimed the girl, interrupting him, and trembling with excitement; "but to sing, papa—to sing in real opera before a real audience! It's the best thing in the world! But can I do it, do you think? Am I able? Would Professor Dorimar have wished it? I would rather"—she was going to say "marry Mr. Vinal," but changed it to, "I would rather do anything than disgrace Professor Dorimar."

"You just leave all that to me, young lady," said the impresario, nodding good naturedly. "I take the risk! You'll not disgrace Dorimar nor nobody

else. You're as good as the best of 'em, though it's money out of my pocket to tell you so! You'll need some drilling about the stage business of course; that—But don't you worry, I'll fix it all right! You've got a month or six weeks' rehearsals, and you'll catch on as quick as most girls, I guess."

Thus far the glory and delight of the merely musical aspect of the adventure had so dazzled Beatrice's eyes that she had thought of nothing else, but now a new idea entered her head.

"Am I to be paid for doing this?" she asked, glancing from her father to Jocelyn. "Of course I mean by and by—if I succeed. Is that what you meant when you talked about my winning money? But I would rather not make money in that way—I would rather make it in some other way than by singing, because * * * But I couldn't make it in any other way, I suppose," she added, faltering a little. "Singing is all I can do! And, after all, it would be good if my singing would help pay our debts; that would not be unworthy even of music, would it, papa? I wouldn't take money to get rich, but I would to prevent your being troubled any more by * * * Oh, papa, can it be true? I'm sure you are very kind, Gen. Inigo; and thank you for telling him of me, Mr. Jocelyn."

This speech—a broken medley of musical tones, smiles, wet eyelashes, pauses of reflection and eager utterance—completed the general's captivation. He thumped his fat fist down on the tablecloth and exclaimed, "By Jupiter! gentlemen, I move we drink the health of the new prima donna!"

"And christen her at the same time," put in Jocelyn quickly. "You haven't heard your new stage name, Beatrice. Henceforward you are to be known to the world, not as Beatrice Randolph, but as—what is it, general?"

"Mademoiselle Marana," said Inigo. "Here's Mademoiselle Marana's health, boys! May she stand at the top of the profession, and sing pearls and diamonds, like the gal in the fairy tale! Down she goes!"

"Up she goes! you mean," said Jocelyn laughing. "Well, mademoiselle, how do you like your new name?"

"It's very pretty," answered she; "but how did I get it?"

"If you or your father had been in New York lately you wouldn't need to ask. The name of Mademoiselle Marana, the great prima donna from St. Petersburg and Moscow, is placarded all over town. All the world is agog to see and hear her. The new opera house was built expressly for her."

"But how?"

"I'm going to tell you. There's another lady somewhere, who sings under that name, and whom Inigo had invited to sing here. But she refused to keep her word at the last moment, and since the public must have some new divinity to worship, and since I know it would be painful to your father to have you appear under your own name, I advised Inigo to put you in her place. That's the whole story."

Beatrice's clear eyes grew troubled. "It doesn't seem right to pretend to be another person—it would be deceiving people," she said.

"Nobody goes on the stage under his own name," replied Jocelyn. "To go on the stage is to change your identity, and become some one else. Nobody's deceived, because nobody expects anything else."

But Beatrice at once detected the flaw in this argument. "Why should I be called Marana?" she demanded. "Why not give me some other name that nobody has?"

"It seems to me that that might be

preferable," observed Mr. Randolph. "My dear Randolph, it's merely a business question," said Jocelyn, not sorry to make the explanation to him instead of to his daughter. "We call her Marana simply because Marana is the name in people's mouths at this moment. To give her another name would be to create all sorts of doubt and confusion, in the course of which the dear child's identity would be certain to be discovered. Nobody here knows Marana by sight or sound; so, even if Beatrice were inferior as a singer, they would be defrauded of nothing. But the fact is—as Inigo, who has heard the lady, will confirm me in saying—Beatrice can sing every bit as well as Marana, and rather better; so we are giving the public even more than they bargained for. It's a pure formality, but some forms are of the first importance practically. To bring her out under any other name than Marana would be a great injustice to our friend, the general, who has, so to speak, made out all his invoices and labeled all his goods under that title, and it would be quite as great an injustice to Beatrice herself, who, instead of at once receiving the salary that her genius deserves, would have to fight an uphill battle through stupidity and prejudice, and, taking all accidents into consideration, might not win through at all."

"It may be foolish, but I can't help not liking it," said Beatrice, feeling unhappy. "But you know best, papa, and I'll do what you say."

"I believe the amount of the salary has not been mentioned," said Mr. Randolph, turning to the impresario. "The latter was about to reply when Jocelyn swiftly took up the word. "She will be paid \$3,000 a night," said he, "and there will be from three to four performances a week."

Mr. Randolph grew very red, and could not suppress a start. His most sanguine expectations had not exceeded a tenth of this sum. From \$9,000 to \$13,000 a week!—it was scarcely credible; it was magnificent; it was a fortune once a month! Meanwhile Beatrice sat almost indifferent, much to Inigo's admiration; but the truth was the girl knew nothing of the value of money, and was, moreover, personally much less concerned about the rewards of the enterprise than about the enterprise itself. She certainly never imagined that her father's discrimination between right and wrong could be influenced by such considerations.

After a pause to recover his composure Mr. Randolph cleared his throat and said: "I only asked for information; I know little about these matters, but I presume the sum you name would be considered fair remuneration. As to the morality of the matter," he added, breaking into his shrill laugh, "I agree with you, Jocelyn, that the question is more one of form than anything else, and it would be an ungracious return for Gen. Inigo's courtesy to subject him to the embarrassment you indicate. I think you may call yourself Mademoiselle Marana with a clear conscience, my dear."

Beatrice sighed and faintly smiled. The worst that can be said of her at this moment is that she did not know whether she were glad or sorry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The people living at Peak's Island, Me., are so healthy that the physician who attempted to make a living by remaining there failed, and the islanders, sick and well alike, contribute a certain amount yearly, outside that paid for services, to keep him there.

Public exposure of horse flesh for sale is authorized in Denmark, Sweden and parts of France.

German Postage Stamps.

Contrary to the custom of most monarchs, Emperor William II of Germany has never allowed his effigy to be engraved upon a postage stamp, and philatelists and the world in general have wondered at the modesty in this respect of the young kaiser, who usually is not averse to having his features displayed before the eyes of his admiring subjects. No direct and authentic reason has been given why the Prussian black eagle has not been long ago replaced by the kaiser's effigy, but perhaps an explanation may be found in the strain of superstition which more than once has influenced the action of the Hohenzollerns. The Prussian stamps issued from 1850 to 1858 bore the image of Frederick William IV. But the year before he became legally insane he had it replaced with the black eagle, for he could not bear to see his countenance soiled and mutilated by the postoffice employees. A few years ago an enterprising Berlin manufacturer had lead pencils made, upon which was stamped a bas relief head of William II. The minister of education at once ordered schoolteachers not to allow their pupils to use these particular pencils "since the children might disgrace the face of their sovereign by biting the pencils with their teeth."—New York Tribune.

South African Chivalry.

The following interesting little dialogue was heard last week at a wedding in a west end church.

Parson—Who gives this woman away?
Voice at Back of the Congregation—I could, but I won't.

The individual at the back of the congregation manifests a marvelous generosity. We do not give the story as an intended reflection on South African morality.—African Review.

The Gentleman Digger.

Some curious stories are told of the ways of the newcomer to South Africa. It is said that recently a fresh clerk was imported for an office of the Netherlands (Transvaal) railway. The gentleman in question was born in Holland, and took thence an alarming amount of luggage. During the unpacking of one of his largest boxes—an operation which was watched with interest by several of the callow youth's colleagues—a bright, new steel spade came to view. "Hello," queried a bystander, "what's that for?" "I thought," replied, in all innocence, the youth, "I thought I might do a little gold digging in my leisure hours."—Westminster Gazette.

How Sponges Are Propagated.

There are a great many things which the scientists of today are not able to explain, and a great many others over which they have frequent discussions, owing to a difference of opinion. The method by which sponges are propagated when left to themselves is one of these mooted scientific questions. Some declare that they are reproduced from true eggs; others are equally positive that they are propagated from buds.—St. Louis Republic.

Only Once.

"Do you mean to say," said the soulful young woman, "that you have never yet met the woman whose presence and touch thrilled your whole being in an utterly indescribable manner?"

"Only once," said the weary young man. "It was when I was in the hands of a woman dentist."—London Answers.

The fineness of our gold coins is about 90 per cent.

A Sermon to Husbands.

The average man eats only two meals a day in his own home, and these meals are the opportunities for social and domestic talk, delightful to the wife, who has no such opportunity as her husband of robbing against other minds all day, and important to the children in widening their horizon, their views of life.

At the first meal of the day most women like to talk to their husbands about the plans of the day, but the woman who has once received the distrust, self-absorbed growl which emanates from a male disturbed in the reading of his newspaper does not again attempt to ask her husband this or that on a subject of domestic interest. The back of a newspaper is not a pleasant thing to contemplate across the breakfast table.

Think of this, husbands, when you look round for the casters or other suitable prop for the back of your paper, and for the sake of good manners, for the sake of your wife's feelings and the example to your children, remove your newspaper, reserving it for the train, omnibus or tram car.

Of course there are occasions when matters of absorbing interest must be looked to at once—telegrams of thrilling import. Why not glance at the paper five minutes before the breakfast bell rings if it is really essential that such news should be seen at once? Special occasions sometimes justify special behavior, but of your money let the newspaper be banished from the breakfast table on ordinary occasions.—English Exchange.

On American Hotel Clerks.

L. F. Austin, in London Sketch, supposes that "the American hotel clerk is still the dread of the inexperienced traveler. When you stand in his presence, you become at once aware that you are a hardened offender and that here is the magistrate who will appoint a fitting punishment for your crimes. He grows the number of your room as if it were the condemned cell, and you are a little surprised that he does not assume the black cap and invoke the divine clemency on your soul. I used to think he suffered from overstudy of the rights of man and regarded them as a social pyramid with himself as the apex."

"In the European hotel the traveler is accustomed to be treated with consideration. He stays in the house for his own pleasure and looks upon the administrator as designed for his service. Such a theory is hateful to the peculiar republicanism of the American hotel clerk. He is something more than a man and your brother, for he does not recognize equality, much less deferential civility. The hotel is a house not of entertainment, but correction, and if you do not care for the discipline you can go elsewhere without exciting in the clerk the slightest emotion of surprise or even of inquiry. Should America ever be disposed to try the experiment of an oligarchy a junta of hotel clerks might conduct the business of the country with an impassive severity which would have astonished the council of ten."

Combinations and Wages.

In what lines of industry are the wages lowest and the abuses greatest? Is it in those where modern methods have been most extensively employed, and where machinery, with its attendant concentration of power, has made the most progress, or is it in those where methods are survivals from an earlier stage of industrial order?

To this question there can be but one answer. The lowest wages, the most unsanitary conditions, the grossest abuses and oppressions are not to be found in factories, but in tenement house industries. It is among the cigar makers, or among the workers in certain branches of the ready-made clothing trade that these matters are at their worst. Yet it is just here that the conditions of employment are most like those which prevailed in earlier industrial periods.

The sufferers under the sweating system are not, as is so often charged, the victims of the present industrial order. They are the victims of a survival of past labor conditions into an age which has become familiar with better ones.—Professor Arthur T. Hadley in Atlantic.

Nature's Windows.

Nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all, is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of action and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost; there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, else how could it rot? Despite the rag from which man makes paper or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself.—Thomas Carlyle.

The World's Future Population.

It is now claimed by some statisticians that the world will be overpeopled at the end of 176 years. This brings us to the year 2073, when the population, at the present rate of increase, will be 5,994,000,000 people.

Bad Luck in Slippers.

Tommy—Here! Don't you hit me with that old shoe! Don't you know it's awful bad luck to hit anybody with a shoe?

Jimmy—Is it? I must tell maw that as soon as I get home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.