A MODERN MALADY.

To be without an impulse or desire,
A heap of fuel with no spark of fire;
To be a prey to modish melancholy,
Without the force for any other folly;
To watch the movement of the universe
And to believe it moves from bad to worse,
Blind tendency the master of the whole,
And man without a purpose or a soul;
To see the good and evil, foul and fair,
And not • take a side and not to care,
But live contented in a calm despair,
Not live! exist, with power and passion fled,
A lean heart nourishing a thinking head.

I, musing on these matters, walked apart
To be at peace and commune with my heart.
Ah! if the gods were gracious to us, then
Some new Prometheus would be granted men,
And as I mused I thought one spoke with me,
"I brought a fire from heaven," he said, "but see
Your eyes are holden that ye cannot see."
—London Spectator.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE.

"'Gentleman George' is over the border, sergeant."

"You don't say so, sir!"

"It's a fact. The chance you have been waiting for is come at last. He stuck up the bank at Rosewood and put a bullet through the manager's head. You know that?"

"Yes, sir. That was his first murder, I believe."

"Yes, his hands were clean of blood up till then, but they all come to it some time if they are out long enough. How long has Cardale been out?"

Cardale was the almost forgotten surname by which "Gentleman George" had been known in days gone by.

"Three years, sir," I replied. "Three years, good measure."

"Ah, well, it is time he was stopped. I suppose he finds Victoria a trifle too hot for him after this rumpus, so he has crossed over to us for awhile?"

"Is your information reliable, sir?"

"Quite. Foster saw him at Billabong yesterday and wired."

"Foster! Why didn't he take him, then?"

The chief smiled. "As well ask the bird why it did not catch the cat. No, no; there is only one man on our side I can expect to do that." And he looked at me and laughed.

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Meaning you, Sergeant Sparks."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged, sir."

"Well, then, see that you justify my good opinion. But you have a wily customer to deal with, Sergeant. Three years out, by Jove! And those Melbourne side troopers are no fools."

"I expect I've got my work cut out, sir."

"I imagine you have. Now, then, off with you at once. Get the latest description of the fellow from Foster and follow him up. It will be £500 in your pocket if you take him. And mind," added the chief impressively after a pause, "mind, it is dead or alive. Report to me on your return."

I saluted and withdrew, and 10 minutes later was galloping in the direction of Billabong.

Five hundred pounds! It was a big reward, but I tell the honest truth when I say that just then I thought more of the honor and glory of getting the man than the money. For three years the Victorian troopers had been after him, and the best of them had never come next to near him. Sometimes they might get a glimpse of him, but that was all. And once out of sight, George, who was every inch a bushman, could laugh at the lot of them. His mare was a flyer, too—a sort of Australian edition of "Black Bess," and the distances the two of them covered now and again were almost incredible. There wasn't a township in Victoria where the bank manager didn't live in dread of a visit from George, and there wasn't a newspaper in the country that didn't abuse the police for their failure to take him and get off leather headed opinions as to the way in which it ought to be done.

However, it never had been done, and for all their smartness the troopers never had a show. I expect they were heartily sick of the very name of "Gentleman George" and heard of his crossing the border with no little satisfaction. I know I did, for I had heard so much about him that I positively ached to have a slap at him. And now I was actually out after him. No wonder I felt a trifle more excited than usual. If I could manage to nab him at the first try, what a feather that would be in the cap of the New South Wales police!

At Billabong I found Foster—in plain clothes. "Why, what's up? Where's your uniform?" I asked him.

Foster grinned uneasily. "Ask George," he said.

"I will that," I answered, "if ever I come up with him. Do you mean to say he's got it?"

"He has so," replied Foster ruefully, "and my horse and saddle into the bargain."

I roared, laughing. "Well, I'm blest if that doesn't beat cock fighting," I cried. "Got your horse too. But where is his mare?"

"How should I know? Got a bullet in her somewhere, very likely. Anyhow, he was riding a sorry beast enough."

"Tell us all about it," I said.

"Well," began Foster gloomingly—for he was very sensitive to chaff, and this was not the first mistake he had made by a long way—"I was over at Rogers' about those sheep he lost last week"—this I knew to be Foster's euphemism for taking a drink, but I did not interrupt him. "My horse was hung up outside," he went on, "and we were talking away, when all of a sudden in walks George as cool as you please. 'Keep your seats, gentleman,' says he, laying a 6-shooter on the counter, 'keep your seats or there'll be trouble.' We kept 'em."

"What! Were you not armed?"

"No. Why? All was quiet our way. I had no notion George was over the border till he dropped in on us."

"It is always well to be prepared for surprises," I said. "Well?"

"Well, I recognized him at once, for I lived down his way before he took to the bush. Presently he stared at me. 'Why, it's Foster,' says he. 'Hullo, Foster?' 'Hullo, George!' says I. 'What's up?' 'You're the right man in the wrong clothes,' says he; 'they don't suit you a little bit. Take them off and hand them over to me.' 'What do you mean?' says I. 'Well,' says he, mighty polite, 'I'm sorry to inconvenience you, but I'll trouble you for your uniform. That's what I mean.'"

"And you gave it to him?"

"What could I do? There was no use in swallowing lead for nothing."

"What happened then?"

"He tucked the uniform under his arm, made Rogers give him a nobbler, which he drank off, filled his flask out of the bottle and turned to the door."

"And you let him go without a word?"

"Oh, I gave him words enough, you bet, but he only laughed, and when he got outside he jumped on my horse, and says he, 'I'll borrow your nag as well, Foster, as you are so pressing.' And with that he rode off."

I laughed again. "Well, he's a cool hand," I said. "Which way did he go?"

"Northeast, in the direction of Forty Mile creek," replied Foster, and proceeded to give me a minute description of the bushranger.

"Well, goodby, old man," I said, when he had finished. "I'll bring back your uniform with George inside of it, I hope. Meantime I'd advise you not to talk too much 'sheep' to Rogers, or you may come to grief. So long!"

"A mighty smart trick that," I thought as I rode along. "A trooper riding through a bush township is no such uncommon sight. I expect I'll have some trouble to strike Master George's trail." And so it proved during the next week, for, though I dare say I was often close behind him, and though I made the most minute and searching inquiries in the various townships I passed as to the appearance of any troopers who had preceded me, yet I never once got any satisfactory information, and I was beginning to despair of ever coming up with my man, when at last, and quite unexpectedly, I did so. "Clever Capture," the newspapers called it. Bosh! It was sheer luck, and nobody ever heard me blow about it. If it had not been for a piece of superb insolence on his part and a fortunate accident on mine, I might very well have missed him altogether.

It was about 1 o'clock one afternoon that I rode up to the homestead on Toomburra, the owner of which station, Mr. Ingram, or "the squire," as he was usually styled, I knew very well. I came in by the back way and was riding toward the stables when I noticed a horse hung up to a post by one of the outhouses. I glanced carelessly toward it as I went by, and then as my eye took in the details I jumped hastily out of the saddle, and hitching my horse to a sapling ran hard across the intervening ground. My heart thumped against my ribs from excitement as I saw that my impression had been correct. The strange horse carried a regulation saddle and bridle and bore the government brand! "Gently," I said to myself. "It won't do to jump at conclusions. This may not be Foster's horse after all." Then I examined the holsters. One was empty, but from the other I drew out a revolver—not regulation. I breathed more freely.

"That's better," I muttered. "He's got the other on him for a certainty. I'll make sure of this one at any rate," and I drew the cartridges and slipped the weapon back into its case. Then I went swiftly around to the front of the house, and sheltering myself behind the creepers which grew thickly over the veranda posts peered cautiously into the dining room through the open window. They were all there—the squire, his wife and daughter and a young son home for the holidays. But there was some one else—a strapping fellow in police uniform, whose features, as he sat with his back toward the window, I could not make out. "I don't know him from this side," I said to myself, "but he seems to be on capital terms with the squire. What if I have made a mistake?" And then I remembered the pistol in the holster and was comforted.

Making my way round to the back again, I entered without ceremony and, going noiselessly along the passage, paused for a moment at the dining room door. There I halted and looked in, and in the rapid glance I shot at the handsome trooper, who was evidently the life and soul of the party, I recognized by peculiarities of feature which Foster had described to me the man I was after, the redoubtable George himself. I took in the situation in an instant. "By jingo," I grinned to myself, "isn't he a daisy? What magnificent cheek!"

Just then—of course it happened in much less time than it takes to tell—the squire saw me and jumped up with a loud outcry. "Sergeant Sparks!" he roared, upsetting his chair in the fervor of his hospitable greeting. "Bravo! Are there any more of you? We'll have the whole force here presently. Come and have some dinner. That's right." And he pushed me into a chair opposite the stranger, whose behavior ever since my entrance I had carefully watched out of the corner of my eye. I must say it was remarkable. His face never changed at all, only I noticed that as the squire called out my name his hand dropped from the level of the table to his belt. That was all. Otherwise he sat perfectly still, and then seeing that I took no manner of notice of him he resumed his dinner and nodded pleasantly as the squire—good easy man, with no notion of "treason, plots and stratagems"—introduced us to one another.

"You won't know Merton, I expect, sergeant," he said. "He's from the Melbourne side on special duty."

Now, bluff is a game that two can play at, and besides I didn't want bullets flying round the room while the ladies were in it, so I answered quietly: "Indeed. Secret service?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said my soi disant comrade in an extremely pleasant voice and with an amount of manner which, if he really were "Gentleman George," plainly showed how he came by his sobriquet. "Oh, dear, no! not at all. I'm out after 'Gentleman George,' who skipped from our side after that shooting affair at Rosewood lately."

I wasn't ready for that, I confess, but I managed to keep a straight face as I replied: "Are you, really? Then we can look him up together, for I am out after him, too."

"Gad!" said the squire, "he shouldn't get very far with two such chaps as you after him."

"Ah," said my opposite neighbor, "I've heard of the prowess of Sergeant Sparks. Who hasn't? I think we ought to be sure of our man. Two hundred and fifty apiece, sergeant, eh?" And he looked at me and laughed.

"Yes," I admitted carelessly, "if we get him. But I don't seem to hear the money jingling in my pockets yet, anyway. Do you know George by sight?" I continued, not looking at him as I poured out a glass of claret.

"Rather," he returned, laughing again. "Do you?"

"Unfortunately no," I answered. "I've only a somewhat imperfect description to go upon. However, with your help"——

"And your own well known cleverness," he complimented.

"Thanks," I said, smiling in a pleased fashion. "Well, we shall see. Have you been here long?" I added.

"No; I rode up just about dinner time, and Mr. Ingram insisted on my stopping. I bunked at Waratah last night."

Fatal error! I lowered my eyes that he might not see the triumph that shone in them. Waratah was a station some five and twenty miles away, and I had spent the previous night there myself. I was certain of him now, but it was no part of my plan to let him see it.

The conversation grew general again, and I will say a better table companion than Merton I never met. He laughed and jested, told a score of excellent yarns, and certainly no one could have suspected that he sat there with a price upon his head and within a foot or two of a man who was sworn to take him dead or alive. I must admit I admired the fellow; he was so cool.

Presently there came a lull in the flow of talk, and Merton rose from the table. What a remarkably handsome man he was, and what a splendid chest and shoulders! I was not by any means a chicken myself, but I felt if we came to grips he would have the best of me. Therefore I determined not to give him the chance.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ingram," he said, "I'll just take a look at my horse and be back again directly."

"Do you think of going on at once?" I queried.

"Well," he returned, "as I didn't know what might happen, I hung up my horse outside, but now that you have turned up I'll stable him for an hour or so while we discuss the best thing to do."

"Right you are," I said, while to myself I added, "Catch me letting you reach your horse, my fine fellow." Then I went on aloud, "I'll take the saddle off my beast as well."

By this time he had reached the door, from which a long and narrow passage led to the back entrance. I let him get a little way before I rose, for I wanted him well in front of me, and then, after a hurried whisper to Mr. Ingram, "Sit still, squire, whatever happens," I bounded into the passage after my quarry. He had not suspected I saw through him, it was evident, so I was on him with the muzzle of my revolver pressed against the back of his neck before he had time to turn, even if it had occurred to him to do so. "Throw up your hands!" I cried in a low voice. "Quick or I'll drop you in your tracks."

He threw up his hands slowly. "You are mad," he said. "What do you mean?"

"I'll apologize afterward if I'm wrong," I answered. "Meantime keep up your hands." As I spoke I rapidly unclasped his belt, and threw it with the revolver in it as far behind me as I could. "Now," I said, "march straight on, and"— But the fight was not out of him by any means, though I had him at such disadvantage. With extraordinary quickness he ducked, and then turning swiftly around he struck upward so fiercely at my right hand that the pistol exploded, the ball burying itself somewhere in the ceiling as the weapon sailed through the air and dropped some yards behind me, while at the same moment I received a blow on the chest, delivered with such tremendous strength that I reeled right back into the dining room.

The moment I got to my feet I rushed after George, who had of course made good his escape by the back door and gained his horse. By the time I got outside he was off, and I saw him sailing over the slip rails like a bird.

"So long, Sparks, old man," he shouted to me. "You had a good try for it, but you won't collar the 500 this bout."

"Won't I!" I yelled after him wrathfully as I flung myself on my horse. "What's up?" roared the squire, rushing madly out. "Gentleman George," I howled back as I popped over the slip panels and raced away over the flat on the bushranger's track.

George knew all about riding, I soon saw, for short as was the start he had got he made the most of it. We kept the same distance between us for about 10 miles, and then, though I knew the pace was too hot to last, yet George's horse was fresher than mine, and I saw that I was losing ground.

"I must stop him," I muttered. "If once he reaches the Long Scrub, he'll dismount and get clear away." So I shouted, "Halt, George, or I'll fire." I don't know whether he heard me or not, for he kept straight on, so I let drive at him. It seemed to me that he swayed a little in his saddle, but I could not be certain, and only those who have tried it know how difficult a thing it is to hit a mark when one is going at racing pace. Presently he reached for his holster and drew out the revolver I had replaced. He saw in a moment what had been done, and flinging the weapon aside with a violent gesture he rode on for dear life.

And now the edge of the Long Scrub came into sight. I drove the spurs into my horse and sent him along for all he was worth. George heard my cries of encouragement, looked round once as a second bullet from by revolver whistled over his head, or buried itself in his body, I could not tell which, and with a yell of defiance urged his horse into a yet more furious gallop.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the scrub, and the pace was tremendous. The strain was telling fearfully on both horses, and it was evident that neither of them had much more running left in him. George's was laboring fearfully, despite the savage spurring of his rider, while my own faithful roan was sobbing with distress as he struggled gamely, but in vain, to overtake his fellow, and now the goal was very near, and still George thundered on. Would he beat me? I ground my teeth together and called on my horse for one last effort. Gallantly the poor brute responded, and I felt him spring beneath me as he put all his noble heart into the struggle. Hurrah! I was gaining. But, oh, how slowly! It was a question of time, of endurance, and—ha! look at George! Was I blind with excitement, or was he reeling in his saddle? Nearer and nearer—five minutes more and he will be there. Three are gone—four—he is there! And then for one moment I seemed to see him sway from side to side—the next, I was hurled through the air like a bolt from a bow, as my horse, putting his foot in a treacherous hole, came headlong to the ground.

For some moments I lay there stunned, and then, struggling again into consciousness, I tried to rise. But it was no use; my left leg was broken, and I sank back with a groan. Fifty yards away I saw George supporting himself on one elbow and looking at me.

"Are you hit, George?" I called out.

"Yes," he answered, "somewhere in the shoulder. I lost so much blood I couldn't keep my seat. What's wrong with you?"

"Leg," I replied laconically. "Surrender, George."

He laughed. "What, to a man with a game leg? Not I. Besides, what for? You would nurse my wound well again and then hang me. No, no; I know a trick worth two of that." And he began to crawl slowly and painfully toward a point somewhere to my right, not, to my surprise, in the direction of the scrub. I watched him for a moment or two as he dragged himself laboriously along. "What are you at?" I shouted at last, puzzled at his behavior. He never answered, but with his eyes fixed apparently on some object which I could not see, held straight on his course, his breath coming and going in deep, shuddering sighs from the dreadful effort the exertion cost him.

"Whatever can this game be?" I wondered, as screwing myself round with difficulty I followed the direction of his intent gaze. I saw it all now! What a fool I had been not to think of it before! Plainly outlined against a tussock of grass by which it had fallen was my revolver, which had been jerked out of my hand as I fell. That was what George was making for.

I wasted no time in words, you may be sure. I wasn't going to lie there to be shot like a dog and, cursing my own folly, I started to crawl toward the revolver on my own account. I had somewhat the best of it even now, for though George was a little nearer the tussock than I was yet he was fearfully weak, and more than once he fell over on his side, laboring painfully for breath. But, oh! it was torture for me. Lines of redhot fire ran up and down my leg, and my very heart ached with the intensity of the pain.

The agony was horrible, and over and over again I stopped and sank groaning on my face. But the dreadful issue at stake nerved me, and I held on. I glanced at George and shuddered, for he was awful to behold. His right arm hung useless by his side, but with his left hand he clutched the grass or dug his nails into the soil as he dragged himself along or sank upon his stomach and wriggled forward like a great snake. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead and rolled down his cheeks. His teeth were set, and his face, deadly pale from loss of blood, wore a look of fierce determination as he rallied after each desperate effort.

All at once, in the midst of that ghastly crawl, I heard the sound of hoofs far away. I never looked round, but I knew what it meant, and a thrill of hope shot through me.

"Give it up, George," I cried breathlessly. "The squire and his men are coming. You've no show, even if you do shoot me." Not a word said George, only he kept straight on. Nearer and nearer came the thunder of the galloping horses, and nearer and nearer we drew to that deadly revolver, as we labored along, panting, gasping, groaning, gnashing. Nearer and nearer—I could hear the squire's shout borne faintly through the clear air. Nearer still, and my heart began to throb exultantly as I realized I was the closer to the goal, when all of a sudden I felt as if all the pain in the world had concentrated itself in my leg. I could not go on, and for one moment at least I had to lie still, and that moment gave George the advantage, for as I looked up again he had reached the revolver. But the terrible strain he had undergone overcame him, and in the very act he sank swooning to the ground.

Another instant and it would have been in my grasp, when, with a dying effort, George writhed forward. Our hands met with a shock, but before I could seize his wrist, he snatched the revolver, and with a gigantic heave rolled over out of reach and lay still. Groaning with pain, I slewed myself around. The squire and his men were not far away now and coming on like demons. If I could only reach George before he revived! But it was useless. Exhausted nature gave way, and I sat still and despairing.

On came the squire, shouting like mad. In a moment we should be surrounded. In a moment the danger would be past. Hurrah! I tried to shout, but my parched throat refused its office, and the word died away in a cracked shriek. On thundered the squire—a couple of hundred yards more and— Just then George stirred, heaved a long, shuddering sigh and sat bolt upright, the blood gushing from his mouth and nose, and the revolver tightly clasped in his hand.

I saw it was all up and steadied myself, determined to meet my fate like a man. Behind me I heard the squire. In front of me sat George holding the revolver and looking deathly as he swayed unsteadily to and fro.

Suddenly he spoke, roused by the shouts that were now almost in our ears. "I'm done for," he gasped. "If it were only you, I'd have a break for freedom, but there are too many. Look here, sergeant, I was born a gentleman—I've come down a good deal—but I'll die like one! You shan't put the rope round my neck! You shan't!" He raised the revolver to his head, and then catching sight of my amazed face he lowered it again and broke into a gurgling laugh. "Why, bless you, sergeant," he said, "it was for myself—not for you. So long! So"— There was a sharp report, and even as the squire leaped from his reeking horse and rushed forward "Gentleman George" fell on his face and lay still—still forever this time.

Yes, they took me back to Toomburra and nursed my leg well again and I got the reward, but somehow whenever I remember George I am glad he got hold of the revolver first.—Chambers' Journal.

Where the Ships Come In.

This is the place where the captains of schooners, sloops and barks come in to leave their orders for six, eight or ten sailors, according to the size of their vessel. "When do you wish them delivered?" asks Mary nonchalantly, as though selling a bill of goods, as she stands behind the desk with her order book in her hand. About an hour or a half before the men are ordered Mary rings a big bell in her "boarding house," and a crowd of 40 or 50 sailors come trooping down stairs to the office, where their hostess selects the ordered number and orders them to report in 15 minutes.

At the appointed time and not a minute later, for they know the discipline of their "boss," the half dozen salts come tramping down stairs with their earthly belongings slung in handkerchiefs over their shoulders or carried in black, shiny oilskin bags. In front of the store stands the "jibbogan" or truck wagon drawn by a diminutive white horse which looks altogether too small for the load of brawny sailors who clamber in behind. Mary is on the seat, and drawing up the rusty reins and swinging her crackless whip she urges the rawboned but plucky animal with sundry "git ups" and "ge langs" toward the wharf, where her customer's vessel lies.—Lewiston Journal.

Courage of Wild Dogs.

The whole tribe of wild dogs, which in closely allied forms are to be found in the wildest jungles and woods of Asia, from the Himalayas to Ceylon and from China to the Taurus—unless the "golden wolves" of the Roman empire are now extinct in the forests of Asia Minor—show an individual and corporate courage which entitles them to a high place among the most daring of wild creatures. The "red dogs," to give them their most characteristic name, are neither large in size, nor do they assemble in large packs. Those which have been from time to time measured and described seem to average some 3 feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail.

The pack seldom numbers more than 9 or 10, yet there is sufficient evidence that they are willing and able to destroy any creature that inhabits the jungle, except the adult elephant and perhaps the rhinoceros, creatures whose great size and leathery hide make them almost invulnerable to such enemies as dogs.—London Spectator.

The Evil of Backbiting.

There is no satisfaction to be had in close intercourse with vulgar people, and the general backbiter is one of the vulgarest of the crew. He may be a smart, well set up military man, impeccable in bearing and "good form," or a grand dame, leader of fashion and noticeable for her grace. Nevertheless he and she are vulgarians at heart and to be avoided by the wise and circumspect. This vice of what the French call denigrement is one on which we frequently insist, for it is one of the very worst of our social sins.

It destroys the good feeling of society, hurts the reputation of the innocent, fosters enmity, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. It is one of those sins of the devil which the catechism ranks as greater than those of the world and the flesh, but it is a sin that we indulge in and encourage, never reflecting on its moral vulgarity, as well as its moral enormity.—London Queen.

A Rumor About Gloves.

There is a rumor moving mysteriously about that gloves may shortly go to some extent out of fashion. One or two well known dames have practically ceased to wear them. One of these is Lady Tichborne, who may often be seen out of doors with hands bare to wind and weather. Another is Lady Grey Edgerton, who always goes to the play without them. The beautiful Lady de Grey, too, generally takes her gloves off whenever she has a chance. I have seen her come into a concert room in the afternoon, holding her gloves in her hand like a man. But as yet few ladies have the courage to be seen about the streets altogether gloveless.

Many would hardly welcome such a fashion. In the first place, gloves give a finish to the toilet; in the second, it is hardly possible to keep one's hands perfectly clean for any length of time without them. This last fact will surely keep the fashion out. Then hands get brown in the summer sun, and though brown hands may be all very well in the country they hardly do for evening wear in town. A white arm, with a brown hand at the end of it, is scarcely prettier than a pale face decorated with a red nose.—Health and Home.

A European Walking Match.

The recent walking match from Paris to Reims was sufficiently original to have notice drawn to it. Each of the walkers, Cochard and Berteaux, carried upon his shoulders a sack so well filled that it weighed 100 kilograms, more than 200 English pounds. The distance between Paris and Reims is 172 kilometers—about 108 miles.

The two men got over the ground in eight days, and one was only a little behind the other when the march was concluded. They are both workmen at Rheims, but the elder, who was beaten apparently because in the early part of the contest he did not take advantage of his ability to do with less sleep than the other, is a weaver, and therefore it could not have been his occupation that developed his muscles. Strange to say, that it was not the fatigue of the shoulders that tired them most, but the swelling and soreness of the feet.

It will be allowed that to walk 13 miles a day for eight consecutive days with a weight of 200 pounds upon the shoulders is a rather severe trial of human strength and endurance.—Toronto Empire.

THEATER LIGHTING.

HOW ELECTRIC LIGHTS FOR STAGE PURPOSES ARE USED.

Interview With an Expert Who Tells How Some Marvelous and Beautiful Effects Are Accomplished—Importance of the Primary Colors.

Samuel B. Vanranst, an electrical engineer connected with the United Electric Light and Power company of this city, sailed for Europe on the Chester to take charge of the construction of the electrical equipment of Augustin Daly's new theater in Leicester square, London. Mr. Vanranst has had charge of the lighting of Mr. Daly's theater in this city since electric lights were used in it, and has been identified also in other theaters with the application of electricity as an accessory to the scenic art.

He is the originator of some of the best systems of stage lighting now in use and has perhaps had more experience than any other man in this particular field. His views on the subject therefore are of peculiar value and interest not only to scenic artists and managers, but also to the public, to whom the results are ultimately submitted. They apply directly to amateur theatricals and tableaux and are not without suggestion in the way of artistic lighting in the home.

"Electric lighting for stage purposes," said Mr. Vanranst to the writer a few days before his departure, "has been developed within the last 10 years. The principal theaters of New York and other large cities now use electricity almost exclusively. Of course the older theaters have a gas outfit besides, and most of the new ones are supplied with both means of lighting. The scenic artists and managers as a rule opposed the introduction of electricity on the stage, and many still oppose it, saying that they can get better effects with gas.

"I do not agree with them, of course, but I am not surprised at their opposition, for the electric lights have been and still are more often misused than used properly, and misused they are an utter failure. The principal trouble has been, I believe, that scenic artists have tried to use electric lights in the same way that they were accustomed to use gas lights. This cannot be done, as the two are of different color and change differently when turned up or down.

"For a full stage equipment from 500 to 700 lights are required. It is absolutely necessary that these be arranged in small sections, each controlled separately. In this way you can get as much or little light as you please at any particular point. When gas was used, the border lights and footlights played the principal part. Colored globes were used with the footlights to give changes of color, and a frame filled with gelatin paper was lowered in front of the border lights, the color of the paper being thus thrown upon the stage. This arrangement was cumbersome, and it was not manageable enough to permit the finer tints and tones of color to be produced.

"The electric lights are put in three colors everywhere—red, white and blue, the colors of the globes. Turn down a white electric light, and it becomes yellow. You have then the three primary colors, and by combining them properly you may get any color you wish or may graduate the light through all the colors. To illustrate, take the first scene in the third act of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' The curtain rises upon a dark stage. It is night. The blue light burns low. Gradually a little yellow light is thrown on, producing the cold bluish gray of early dawn. The yellow is raised a trifle, and the red is gradually brought up as the sunbeams flaming up into the morning sky proclaim the rising sun. The blue is then taken off, and the white supplants the red as the world plunges into full daylight. In a sunset scene the operation is reversed.

"Following the white daylight come the orange tints; then deeper orange. A little blue of various shades added brings out all the glorious purple tints of sunset, and finally, as the orange is withdrawn and the blue burns low, the night has come and starlight reigns. The effect produced in this sunrise scene of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. There was no action on the stage for 10 or 12 minutes after the curtain went up, the whole interest being centered in the representation of the dawning day. The orchestration followed the changes in lighting, beginning with a nocturne and ending, I think, with 'Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark.'

"In using colored lights the prevailing colors of the scenery and costumes should be taken into consideration. In a moonlight scene, for instance, the predominating color probably is green. You may use the blues and colder colors freely, but the red light must be used sparingly or you will produce an ashy gray color which will drown all the finer tints. In a daylight scene the warmer colors, the reds and browns, are prominent. There the blues must be used sparingly. The same considerations hold with regard to costumes.

"The great advantages of electric light in producing these effects are that you can get any shade or any tone of color you wish by properly blending the primary colors, and you can use exactly the quantity of light that you require. It is, I believe, largely because scenic artists and managers, and perhaps electricians, have not understood how to use the electric lights that they have been opposed. As a rule, too much light has been used, giving a flashy, gaudy effect, repulsive to good taste. Then the art of blending the colors properly, of graduating from one effect to another almost imperceptibly, of constantly changing the tints and revealing new beauties, has not been half exploited.

"It must be kept constantly in mind that the lighting is only an accessory—not the principal part of the performance. The effects produced by the lighting should not be so striking as to draw attention from the action. The most artistic lighting is one of which the audience takes no note, being made to forget that artificial lights are being used.

"An interesting though totally different field is what is called trick lighting—that is, special effects for special scenes—and here the opportunities for ingenuity are almost boundless. In the anvil scene in 'Siegfried' wires are stretched across the anvils, which emit sparks as the hammers strike them. The fencing scene in 'Faust,' where the sparks fly from the swords, is similarly arranged. The spectral effects in the 'Seven Ravens' at Niblo's some time ago and the sparkling fingers of the devil in 'The Black Crook' are also well known instances of this trick lighting. Dances also in which electrical effects are introduced are becoming popular."—New York Tribune.

Fortunate.

Forrester—My wife isn't satisfied unless she has my last cent.

Lancaster—Well, you are fortunate. Mine isn't satisfied then.—Truth.

Prosperous Mormons In Idaho.

There are about 30,000 Mormons in Idaho, more than one fourth the entire population of the state. Most of them have settled in the southeastern counties, adjoining Utah and Wyoming. They are the most prosperous citizens of the state.

Noises Made by Animals.

The lion's roar can be heard at a greater distance than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the hyena, then the screech owl, the panther and the jackal in succession. The donkey can be heard 50 times farther off than the horse.

War Is Costly.

The expenses of the Japanese forces now in Korea amount to $150,000 a day.

SHE'S STILL UNEMANCIPATED.

Mrs. Wakefield Was Subpoenaed, but Was Glad to Escape Jury Duty.

That the woman of the future, who votes and takes a man's part in the discharge of the duties of citizenship, will be as anxious to avoid jury duty as the male voters of today was recently demonstrated in Chicago. The clerk of Judge Tuley's court was calling off the names of the petit jurors and finally shouted the name A. A. Wakefield. To his surprise, a pleasant faced woman took her place in the line among the other jurors and began to approach the bench. In response to Judge Tuley's astonished inquiries the woman said that her name was Anna A. Wakefield; that she had voted, and that she had been regularly subpoenaed as a petit juror.

She was ready to serve on the jury, too, if the court so willed, but she was not particularly fascinated by the idea of entering upon the unexpected career of emancipation that had so unexpectedly opened before here. "I've no doubt you would make a very good juror," Judge Tuley finally said, with the grace and politeness of a Chicago Chesterfield, "but I can find no warrant in law for accepting you." Thereupon A. A. Wakefield turned upon

MRS. A. A. WAKEFIELD.

her heel with a look of relief upon her face and hurried from the arena of emancipation rejoicing.

Mrs. Wakefield was registered on the poll lists of the First ward of Chicago as A. A. Wakefield, and the fact that the names of jurors are taken from the poll list explains how she came to be subpoenaed. She says she was careful to register as Anna Aloysius Wakefield; that A. A. Wakefield was entered on the books without her knowledge or consent, and that probably some man voted on the latter name. Her husband conducts a carpenter shop in her name, and the sign reads A. A. Wakefield. Her husband's name is O. A. Wakefield. After court adjourned Judge Tuley refused to hazard the opinion as to whether there was any law to prevent Mrs. Wakefield from serving. "I never heard of a woman serving on a petit jury in Illinois or any other state," he said, "and there is at least the law of common practice to prevent her. I was glad to excuse her because it would have been very unpleasant for a woman to serve alone on a jury among a lot of men."

CONSUL JEWETT OF SIVAS.

He Was Born In Turkey and Knows the Terrible Turk at His Worst.

The ordinary United States consul receives his appointment, performs the duties of his office, draws his salary and returns home after his term expires without having attracted any particular attention unless some international complica-

MILO A. JEWETT.

tions make him for the moment a man of prominence. Such complications recently caused the public gaze to be directed toward Milo A. Jewett, United States consul at Sivas, Turkey. When the massacre of the Armenian Christians sent a shudder around the world, Turkey asked the United States to send a delegate to act with the European commissioners, who, under the provisions of the Berlin treaty, were empowered to look after the welfare of Christians in Turkey. The United States declined at first to send a delegate, but at the urgent representations of Great Britain that in the interests of justice the United States should be represented President Cleveland directed Consul Jewett to accompany the mixed commission of the powers, investigate the alleged outrages in Armenia independently and make an independent report.

Since then there has been a good deal of discussion as to the propriety of this course, and rumors have been circulated to the effect that the porte would decline to permit Consul Jewett to participate in the investigation as an independent commissioner. It is probable, however, that the consul will not encounter much opposition in carrying out the instructions he has received from Washington. Consul Jewett was born in Sivas 38 years ago. He is a son of Dr. Fayette Jewett, who for ten years was a medical missionary at Sivas under the American board. Early in life he came to the United States and was educated in Massachusetts. He is a graduate of the Harvard medical school and in 1892 was appointed consul at Sivas to succeed his brother, Henry M. Jewett, who is now doing newspaper work in Everett, Mass.

Consul Jewett had not long been in the consular harness before the American colony at Marsivan was swept away by an incendiary fire. He made an investigation that caused almost as much commotion in local Turkish police circles as the Lexow investigation in New York city. Jewett demonstrated that the outrage was winked at by the Turkish chief of police and lieutenant governor in Marsivan and so reported to his superiors in Washington. The result was that, owing to Uncle Sam's demands, the lieutenant governor received his walking papers, the chief of police was sent into exile and the Turkish government paid the United States a substantial indemnity. Another result was that Consul Jewett was socially ostracized in Sivas, and his life in Turkey since then has not been particularly enjoyable.

Progress and Poverty.

Statisticians estimate that in Great Britain there are 700 millionaire families, 9,650 families "very rich" and 14[illegible]50 families "rich," 750,500 in "moderate circumstances," 2,000,000 "struggling to keep up" and 2,[illegible]000 poor.

NAPOLEONIC STOCK.

HIS FATHER WAS A PATRICIAN AND HIS MOTHER A PEASANT.

But the Latter Was Cast In a Heroic Mold, and From Her the Son Got His Tremendous Physical Endurance—She Was Mother of a Large Family.

Of the father and mother of the emperor Professor W. M. Sloane writes as follows in Century:

Certain undisputed facts throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, as at first appears ambitious and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of 18, rashly perhaps, but gallantly, wedded a lowly and beautiful child of 15, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal if not superior to his. She was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life—hardy, unsentimental, frugal and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an imperator.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte, waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals, Marbeuf and Vaux, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on Aug. 15, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio.

The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles' mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for a livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor and was made in 1772 a member and later a deputy of the council of Corsican nobles.

The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Nabulione; in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them—three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elise, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short lived ancestors—of whom five had died within a century—reached only early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of 86 in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Mme. Mere.

Information For a Tourist.

"Is it still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked a tourist.

"It air not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never wuz. It has allers ben the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fust."—Indianapolis Journal.

A King's Deathbed.

When any question was brought before William IV of England on which he was not prepared to express an opinion, he would say, "That's another matter."

On his deathbed, watching through an open window the sun sinking below the horizon, he said reflectively to the archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near:

"Ah, my friend, I shall not see [illegible] sunset."

"We don't know th[illegible]" the prelate, "and I [illegible] majesty may see [illegible]"

"That's an[illegible]" king.—"Go[illegible]