DUST AND ASHES

She practiced on him all her wiles Till in love's silken net she caught him, And showered on him her sweetest smiles When to her fortshe captive brought him.

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But when he pleaded with the maid To be regarded as her lover, She sighed a little, blushed and said, "Please wait until the summer's over.

And then began love's golden dream; To every picnic, every dance he Took her, bought her lemon-cream And other things that maidens fancy.

At beach hotels with her he hopped, For she was quite an ardent dancer-At length the youth the question popped And waited for the maiden's auswer.

It drew the sweetness from his life, It burned and scorched him like a blister; 'Twas this: 'I cannot be your wife, But I will be to you a sister. Boston Courier.



"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she is sailing away without us. What can it mean?

The speaker, Lucy Morril, was a beautiful girl-a dark-eyed brunette: the person whom she addressed was her lover-Captain Henry Cavendish -a young man of twenty-six.

They had left the vessel in the dingy, only an hour before, to visit one of those isles of the Pacific ocean, near which the ship was then lying "off and 011.11

The name of the craft was the Swallow, and she was the joint property of Cavendish and of Lucy's brother. She contained a valuable cargo, which the two owners expected to dispose of at Sydney, Australia, at a profit of many thousands.

His share would, the captain had anticipated, afford him the means to commerce married life with, and he had already won a promise from the sweet girl, who had accompanied her brother on the voyage, to become his wife as soon as the cargo was sold.

Now, at Lucy's exclamation, her lover, who was in a small valley, gathering flowers for her, ran to the summit of the hill on which she stood.

"Aye, what can it mean?" he cried. in surprise and dismay.

The ship had made all said, and, be, fore a fair wind, was receding from his gaze at a rapid rate. He gesticulated-waved hat and

kerchief in vain. On went the vessel, and at last her hull was invisible, and only her upper sails could be seen. Gradually these dipped lower and

lower, until every vestige of the craft was lost to view in the distance. The two looked 'at each other with

blanched faces. Here they were, left by themselves on this far away isle of the Pacific,

which they knew was out of the track of passing vessels. Something is wrong." said the cap-

tain sadly. "I fear I have lost everything. I was in a fair way to be happy and prosperous. Now 1 am poorer than a beggar." Tears rose in Lucy's eyes. I advised you not to go into partnership with my brother," she said, "but I did not believe he was dishonest. I thought he was only wild and reckless. Now I do not know what to think." "It has spoiled our happiness," said Cavendish. "Probably we will never see the craft again, and as I am thus penniless, I cannot think of obliging you to fulfil your promise of being my wife.

tained, in exchange for fruit, from 'the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses, Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her per-

And now, while Cavendish never eased to regret the loss of his vessel and cargo, he and his pretty wife could not help enjoying their island life. The captain eventually had a thriving plantation, on which he cultivated not only fruit, but also vegetables.

In his boat-the Dingy-he would row miles away from the island to obtain fish, and often Lucy would accompany him.

Happy in each other's society, the two little island home, which stood, with bit of ground above the beach, where and high. One morning, after they dish left his wife to go on one of his ready done. usual fishing excursions.

It was a calm, still day, and the DELETING:

wind and the sea together roared with useful things from the shap. a din that was almost deafering, and as mountains.

Terrified and anxious on her hus- lay becalmed. and's necount, she watched in vain for his return.

"He is lost! He is lost!" she cried. wringing her hands. "His boat could not live in a sea like that. Oh. Henry! Henryl

pearance. He strove to console her, but he could give no hope, for he, too, could not help thinking the captain was lost.

The spray and the rack of the storm covered the raging water for miles, so that no object could at present be seen. through the cloud-like curtain.

Straining their eyes to the utmost, the two anxious watchers vainly endeavored to pierce with their gaze rushing masses of vapor.

All at once Lucy fancied she saw something like a black speek tossed and huried along towards the island. 'See! What is it?' she gasped.

"An overturned boat." said the missionary, when the object had drifted nearer.

"It is his boat!" Lucy cried in agony. Such was indeed the case,

Broken and battered, the dingy in which Cavendish had left the island. was at length hurled high upon the beach.

It seemed as if Lucy would lose her With wild eyes she gazed upon the

boat. Not a sound escaped her.

She stood like a statue, staring at the herself away from the spot. "Come, child," said the missionary; "come. It is hard, but you must try

to control yourself.

But she waited in vain.

planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet thrust us into the hold like pizs, and then, clapping on sail, headed away from the island.

"Their object as I afterward learned was to take the vessel to some Sout American port, there sell the cargo. pocket the funds, and then make off inland, leaving the craft in our posses sion. They were not good navigators, and, therefore, they were many months beating about the Pacific Ocean.

"At last they were within some hundreds of miles of the South American coast, but by this time half the number concluded that their plan was not a feasible one. They would, on reach at last became attached to their snug ing port, be boarded by the authoriquestions would be asked, and ties, its thatched roof, perched on a rising detection, it seemed, would be inevitable. They were unanimous for freeing the sea waves came rolling in white us and returning to their duty, provided we would promise not to punish had lived there almost a year, Caven- them severely for what they had al-

Two others did not like this proposition; the two parties quarreled, and young man, rowing far from the isle, the end of it was that they all finally was soon lost to the gaze of Levey-who resolved to desert the vessel in a body was watching him-in the misty dis- and make for an island they saw in the distance. They did so, first setting An hour later a terrific gale sudden- us at liberty. They took the launch y came sweeping over the ocean. The -the best boat we had-and many

With the cook and steward, there t seemed to Lucy that the great waves, now were only five of us to work the scattering sheets of spray that filled ship. A few days later, however, we the air like white clouds, were as high shipped some Portuguese sailors from the Felix Islands, off which we then body. These exceptions are so disa-

"As these men wanted to go to Sydney, and would not ship until I had promised them I would make a straight wake' for that place, I was One dare not assert with confidence. obliged to head in that direction, in- At a popular summer resort, where stead of retracing my course to the The old missionary made his ap- distant shore-a thousand miles away -on which you and Cavendish had been left.

"A fair wind favored me, and I finally arrived at Sydney, when I disposed of our cargo to a much better advantage than I had even expected. Then I shipped another crew, and headed for this isle, off which, it seems, I arrived just in time to save your husband's life, I have to add that his share of our profits is with mine, safe

under lock and key, aboard ship. A few days later, Captain Cavendish, now the fortunate possessor of many thousands, sailed away with his wife from the island. In due time the happy couple reached London, and on the outskirts of that city they erected a forts of the heart to create a paradise home.

THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

The Cultivated People of This Section and Their Happy Pastoral Life.

Letter in the New York Evening Post. That one may hear the English language spoken here in purity; that the best magazines are read; that Ameribroken dingy, as if she could not tear can authors are discussed and intelligently liked or disliked; that young ladies know good music and are as well dressed as those of New York; in short, "I will stay here. I will watch for that there is here a class of people who, his body," she groaned. "It must in all that goes to make up culturewealth, travel, manners, morals, speech, etc.-are the equals of the best sonal experience during the autumn of Americans to be found anywhere, are She tottered to the little house, and, truths unsuspected by many, and of the first three battle flags of the condoubtless incredible to many others federacy, directly after congress had with whom invincible ignorance or in- decided upon a design for them. They see him again!" she cried "Oh; I wish grained prejudice are obstacles to faith. were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed The pastoral life goes on prosperously to indicate the number of the seceding and happily year after year in the states. We set our best stitches upon bluegrass region. It is necessary that them, edged them with golden fringes, discrimination be made at the outset as to locality. Between the dwellers in this rich rolling plain and the inhabitants of the river and mountain counties is all the difference, as respects cultivation and peacefulness, that one might reasonably expect to find between different races. Undoubtedly by the stranger who should visit this country for the first time, the class of people first to be met and studied are the more prosperous and intelligent farmers. He need not go among them armed to the teeth. In the vicinity of the towns he will find that some of them are men of business in town-bank officers, professors, lawyers, etc. And so they are men of ideas. They have private libraries, they drive the most beautiful of horses over the most beautiful of level white limestone roads. The grounds and the woodlands around their homes are sometimes worthy of an English park. Of course you will expect to see the herds of Jerseys and Durhams grazing over their fertile meadows. One of them may show you the stables where famous trotters or racers are being groomed. Another may take you to the aromatic shed where his men are pressing the tobacco which has of late begun to be so largely cultivated in this part of the State. Another may open for you the bonded warehouse, where "old Bourbon" is stored away, barrel above barrel, tier after tier, and, of course, if you have a mind to, you can find out what "old Bourbon" is when you return to the shaded veranda. You walk to some knoll, and from its summit cast your eye over the succession of meadow, field and forest. The negroes are following the ploughs down the long rows of the young Indian corn. The shuttle of the reaper is heard in the wheat field on the distant hillside, and the faint scream of a locomotive as it rushes along the banks of the winding river. A cool wind, sweet with the odor of wild rose and elder bloom, with the sa- He is a young man, not 35, it is said, lubrious smell of freshly cut clover, or with olive complexion, dark-brown newly ploughed earth, blows from this hair, large hazel eyes, a good straight quarter and from that. Above you is nose and a well-brushed, close-cut the deep, serene blue, with white clouds beard overhung by a long mustache. drifting over. Under you is the deep He dresses quietly, and, while his green of the velvet turf. Around you clothes are all of the handsomest nais an atmosphere the most luminous and crystalline. To you come the top coat that is a little worn in the coo of building doves, the notes of the speckle breasted lark, the shrick of the the appearance of having just come inritated blue jay, the drowsy tattoo from the tailor. Mr. Rice is a very busy iritated blue jay, the drowsy tattoo of the woodpecker, driving walnut, against the top of a dying walnut, You think of the heat and dust and You think of the heat and dust and the North American Review, engages contributors, and when he is in New of the woodpecker, driving his bill "It was not I who deserted you, but din and weariness of the great city, the men. They rose in mutiny, which and thank your stars that you are in York takes entire charge of the editor-

AMERICAN GIRLS.

An Emment Divine Says They Are Not More Appendages to Saratoga Tranks. Prof. Swing in Chicago Current.

The girl of to-day, with rare exceptions, is 'ndustrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the woman of the present often picture her as good for little except for accompanying a Saratoga trunk on its wanlerings in summer and for filling fashiouable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart cannot but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it does to day. This being, when found in her best estate, can go gracefully from her silk dress and pinne to a plain garb and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission school class. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Lan guor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the day time not to be endunal The soul is thought to be action, not repose

All can contradict these words of praise; because all who think a moment can find exceptions in girls who are always just dead with a headache. or as averse as a mummy to any kind of conversation or activity; girls who who are pleased with nothing and nogreeable that they seem to mar the whole world and make the beautiful characters invisible. In matters of this kind one can only offer opinions. quite a number of these 16-year mortals were met and observed daily, it appeared in evidence and in common fame that to be full of obedience toward parents, of kindness toward all ins and things, to be industrious, to be full of inquiry and rational talk was not the exception, but the average of condition.

Why should a few girls of marked vanity and of giggling tendencies cast into reproach that multitude whose hearts are as innocent as the June flowers and June birds? Much of the ruin of character comes in the later years of woman, when the improduce of late dancing, late suppors and the mental anxiety, and, perhaps, sorrows which come from the vain efcomfortable cottage-their future of pleasure away from duty, make the check fade early and the eye lose its luster in the morning, like sun that goes behind clouds before noon. As for noble girls of 16, the Western continent is full of them. They are in the cities in the villages, in the farm-houses. We meet them on all streets, along all paths in the lone and lovely country. They are ready for all duty and happiness, and constitute to us older and fading hearts the most beautiful and divine scene on earth.

First Confederate Battle Flags.

From Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Reeollections of a Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War," the following is taken: "Another incident of note, in per-'61, was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making with dark blue, the cross bearing stars and when they were finished, dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn -the latter afterward a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for; were toasted feted, cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, attered and smokestained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Cullpeper a nuge, bashful Mississippi scout-one of the most daring in the army-with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home-something that would prove to me how much they thought of the maker of that flag!' after some hesitation, I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest; A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap of white and azure brought by Dillon himself, with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of firewood, and, while peddling poultry, had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a etter in its folds, telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the confederacy."

THE CZAR'S METHODS.

Gov. Curtin Relates Some Anecdotes of the Russian Antocrat.

In the house postoflice the other day, writes the Washington correrial of Riel, the rebellionist in the Northwest province, who has been sentenced to death for conspiracy and treason against her majesty's government. Among them was representative Curtin, of Pennsylvania, ex-governor and ex-minister to numerous foreign countries.

"I should not care to have my life," said Gov. Curtin, "hang in the balance of many of the courts of foreign counries, and especially courts-martial. The tribunals of Russia are very oppressive, and the people who are called upon to defend themselves against treason, conspiracy, or even disrespect to the gov arnment, have little chance for life. It is almost sure death to be charged with anything against the caar of Russia. I remember an instance which came under my notice while I was United States minister to Russia; which shows the oppression. An American of considerable prominence and a good deal of wealth, who was trayelling over the world, came to me with a letter. He made my headquarters his own, and I showed him all the courtesies I could. He was quite independent and American, I found. however, in his observations about the zarish government, and seemed to inderstand the courtesies required toward the ruler and his subordinates. "One day, while the American was in St. Petersburg with me, continued Gov. Curtin, "we took a stroll on the leading horoughfare at a time when the popalace was out in force for drives and salks. It is a custom strictly adhered to that the head shall be bared and the people shall bow in courtesy to the zar when he drives through the streets. When we were out the czar passed our party, who were on foot. He was in his carriage, accompanied by numerous attendants. Everyone raised his hat and bowed except my American riend with me. The czar recognized me and my friends, and also the one who did not salute him. I saw that the discourtesy was observed, and turned to my friend when the cavalcade had passed and said: 'You made a great mistake in not saluting the ezar.' 'Oh.' replied he, 'I don't care anything about that,' "The next day a note came to me to

appear at the foreign office. I went. 'You were out on the street yesterday when the czar passed through on his drive?

"'Yes.' I replied. "'You had some friends with you?"

"'Yes, sir.

"'One of them did not salute the czar?'

" I believe not."

"Well, you had better ask him to come down here, and apologize or explain his action. That will be satisfactory.'

"Of course, I was greatly embarrassed, and promised to have my birds are migrating and flying off shore friend call and make the amend honorable if he would do so. But do you know that fellow wouldn't do it? 20_{\pm} his American obstinacy showed itself, even to mulishness. He said he wouldn't do it; he didn't propose to apologize for failing to salute the czar; he had done nothing wrong, and nothing to apoligize for. This was communicated to the foreign office, with my regrets. I could do nothing more. The very next day my friend came to me with a great document from the Russian government. He said he singers. They come and go in a day. wanted it translated. I had it done They are the fashion for a season, like for him. In was a notice to skip.

Stormy Nights in the Lighthouse." Rockport (Mass.) Lecter to the Philadelphia Times.

"Yes, we see and hear some curious things," said the lighthouse keeper, "and as for monotony, its enough to spondent of The Indianapolis Journal drive one mad. Married menfare betsome statesmen were discussing the ter, as, when women and children are around, it isn't quite so lonesome; but it's bad enough. My station for a number of years was a rock about two handred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and in a gale of wind the house stood right in the water, with theseas rolling all around.

"Yes, it was shaky. One night I call to mind especially. It had been blowing a gale for two days; the sea was making a clean breach over the ledge, and every time it hit the house it would jump sixty or 100 feet into the air and come down on the roof like rocks. On the ledge were four or five bowlders that must have weighed over two tons, and the first thing we knew one of them fellows came at the door, burst it in, and in a second we were all a-swimming. The stone couldn't get in; it just stuck there, so we took to the light and sat on the stairs, and nigh froze to death, all night. Me and my man took turns in going up every half hour, and d'ye know, the lighthouse swung so that you could hardly keep your feet. I thought more than once that we'd go over, but she didn't. The feeling is different from most anything else. There is a shaking and vibrating all the time, and then when

the big gusts come you can feel the whole thing tremble and quiver, so that you'd almost lose your feet. "One night," continued the speaker, "I remember some fishermen got blowed off shore and came in there, and what a night it was! About midnight some one sings out 'The lamp's out. And so it was. Up we rushed, half a dozen of us, seared to death, as ten mit utes might cost a good many lives and a vessel could come within twenty feet of our house before she struck. By the time we got up we found the place full of smoke and see something had fouled the chimney, and what I've suppose it was? You'd never guess. It was blowing fit to take the buttons

off your coat; but some one had to go outside and climb up the rod on to the very top of the light and see what was the trouble. It was a close call, and we tossed for it. My mate drew and started. We tied a rope around him and up he went and did the job.

"He came back alive, but with the whitest face I ever saw on a living man. He said he wouldn't do it again for love or money.

"But what d'ye suppose he found in the chimney, stuck fast? Nothing more nor less than one of those 'ere Mother Carey's chickens, jammed in as tight as it could get, and dead of course. We get regularly pelted with birds in the light, and that is the reason the glass is made so thick, as almost every night one or two birds hit against it. Sometimes in the Spring and Fall hundreds of 'em will strike in course of a night. You see, at this time the along the coast, and on foggy nights they only see the blaze of the light.

For several moments Lucy's dark eyes were veiled by their long lashes; then she threw herself weeping on her lover's breast.

"Can you believe me to be mercenary?" she said. "Oh no, Henry; I am yours the same as ever.

"But," replied Cavendish, "we have no money to live on now, if I should make you mine."

"We hardly need money here," said Lucy, smiling.

"That is true; but we will want food."

"We would want that whether we were married or not," said Lucy softly.

"And so you are willing to be my bride-to marry me now?

"I-I did not say so," she answered shyly. "It is for you to say.

'Who is here to marry us?"

"True enough; but-but-I don't know-I have heard that missionaries are sometimes on these far away islands

"We will go and look for one," said Cavendish, offering his arm.

They had not proceeded far when they met a native-a dusky, wildly-clad man, with long, black hair. He showed surprise on seeing them, and asked them many questions in broken English.

From him the lovers learned that there was a missionary on the island. He guided them to that person's house, a small building, with a thatched roof. The missionary, an aged man, re-ceived them kindly and heard their

story. "It is seldom that vessels pass this

way," he said. "I am afraid you will have to stay here for months. You will have to live principally on fruit and fish."

"Can we get plenty of that?" inquired Cavendish.

If you have a boat, you can go out and catch all the fish you want. As to fruit, it grows wild on some parts of the isle, but to make sure of getting enough, you had better cultivate a plantation of your own."

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The young man had no difficulty in inducing the missionary to perform the marriage ceremony.

Assisted by the good 'man, the captain then set out about crecting a habitation. It was finished in a few days, and the missionary loaned the young couple a few utensils to "commence housekeeping" with. For a pocketknife and a silver tobacco-box, one of the female natives sold to the captain half-a-dozen dresses, which she had ob-

The waves refused to give her the remains of her husband.

throwing herself down on a rustic lounge there, she gave way to hergrief.

that I, too, was dead? There was a bright, heetic color on

each check, and a restless gleam in her The words of consolation offered by

the missionary fell unheeded on her ears. A delirious fever was fast taking possession of her brain. The old missionary went outside of

the house, and walked to and fro, his mournful gaze turned seaward.

The violence of the gale had now abated and the atmosphere had leared.

Far away the watcher beheld a large ship, apparently heading for the island. 'Here comes a vessel!" he called, hoping thus to turn the young wife's

mind a littlefrom the grief. She was on her feet and out of the house in a moment. With eager interest did she gaze on the approaching

Craft. "I know that ship," she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is my husband's and my brother's—the swallow. But it has come too late'-too late! My Henry has gone, and I will never leave the island. I will die here, and when I die I must be buried in the sea, where he lies, and there we shall meet again.' Wildly shone her eyes as she spoke, and the missionary feared that her mind had already begun to wander.

Meanwhile on came the ship, until she was within a mile of the beach, when a boat was lowered and pulled shoreward.

Asit drew nearer, there was a sunultaneous cry of joy from Lucy and he missionary, for they recognized aptain Cavendish, standing in the bow, waving his hat to them. "He has been picked up and saved!"

cried Lucy's companion. "Aye, aye, safe and well!" shouled

the captain, hearing the words. Soon after the boat's keel grated on he beach, and Lucy threw herself into

er husband's arms. "Have you no greeting for me?" said a voice near them.

Lucy looked up to see her brother, whom she had not recognized on account of his thick beard.

As the captain released her, he em-braced and kissed her.

"This is, indeed a happy day for me," he said. "Out in the storm, just as it commenced, I tell in with your husband, struggling in his little boat, and I was fortunate enoush to pick him up. The boat however, drifted away from us before we could secure it. Now I find my siser, well and happy, still, I hope, having faith in her wild scamp of a broth-

"Why did you desert us?" inquired "Why leave us on this island?" Lucy. they had probably been for some time | the blue grass region of Kentucky. Allen Thorndyke Rice, the proprie-

tor of the North American Review, is said to be the fortunate possessor of \$5,000,000-a very comfortable sum to have at one's command. Mr. Rice knows how to use it to his own enjoyment and to the enjoyment of others. terial, he seems to have a fancy for a seams, so that his clothes will not have man, for besides taking care of his ial department upon his shoulders.

"'Oh! but I shall not do it,' henaively replied. 'I am guilty of no crime, and I shall remain here as long as I wish.

"A few evenings afterward, I learned, some officers called at the hotel know whether he was sent to Siberia, to prison, or executed.

Gov. Curtin related an incident which illustrates the perfection of the Russian spy system. While minister to Russia he went to Paris. It was during the Franco-Prussian difficulty.

The president of France sent for him, and he went to the palace. "You have recently had a talk with

the czar of Russia about our foreign trouble?" he asked.

"I have," replied the governor. "Would you care to tell me what he thinks of it."

"Well, as a diplomat representing the United States, I must decline," the governor answered.

Returning to Russia the czar requested his presence.

"You have just been over to France?"

'Yes, sir."

"Talked with the president?" "Yes.

"Would you care to tell me what was said about the foreign difficulty?' Gov. Curtin declined to do so, in the same respectful language he had employed in Paris.

"Well, I will tell you what was said to you, exactly," said the czar, and tion the governor had had. The information had reached the czar through the Russian spy system, which is world-renowned.

A temperance speaker told a Boston audience of a saloon-keeper who sprinkled liquor on the sidewalk in ront Many accepted the statement as a a city missionary who was present corroborated it. Another active temperance worker related how carefully t is necessary to guard tanks in which ice water is kept in places for reformed men, lest whisky be poured in surreptitiously

E. B. Cox of Drifton, Pa., is the largest hard coal mine proprietor in the country.

They made a break for it, and down they go, and in the morning the rail. iron and glass will be all blood and feathers.'

The Jaws of Comic Opera. New York Mail and Express.

No other class of people on the stage are so ephemeral as the comic opera a hat or a necktie. There was Lilian Russell, says a letter writer in this city, who perhaps was the handsomest and the most successful for a time of all who have been stars in the Gilbert Sullivan operas and those of the recent and took my friend away. He was livan operas and those of the recent never heard from after that. I do not French school like "Olivette." She rode on the top of every high wave at one time in New York. Everybody went to see her. All the managers wanted her. Her picture was in every shop, and her salary was whatever she might demaud. She came back here from London the other day and appeared at the Bijou Opera House one Sunday night in a concert. There was a fair house, not a crush by any means. She appeared again the Sunday night following. The house was nearly empty. She gave up the series, and has not appeared in public since.

Catherine Lewis can't get an engagement. Fay Templeton, a wonderfully pretty and talented young girl, is no longer in demand. Louise Searle is here doing nothing. Emma Carson, who was a great favorite here two years ago, is compelled to take a subordinate part in a burlesque, and so it

There is something in the life of the comic opera singer that is very wearing and that makes rapid and disastrous chapges. She soon gets too stout, loses her voice, or becomes embroiled in a novel scandal. Anyhow, she goes, and goes quickly.

McCaull said incidentally that he never engaged a girl to go into one of he proceeded to repeat the conversa- his companies unless she had been it some other company. The manage knows better than any one else that there is hardly a door in life that opens quicker and wider to moral and physical ruin than the comic opera Its fascinations and allurements en trap hundreds of poor girls every year and nowhere can one see the dire re sults as plainly as they are to be seer of his dram shop for the purpose of here. It is like going into the fire at tempting the appetite, through the Moloch. It don't take long to accomplish the sacrifice, but there is always waiting a long line of fresh victims embellishment of a ficticious tale, but The dramatic agencies here are con stantly beseiged by troops of young girls who want to get into comic opera companies, while garrets and cellars and shows are full of those who have already been there. No life is more full of exterior glittez and show and inward bitterness and disappointment, and whenever you see a chorus of pretty girls you may always know that there is a side to their lives not revealed in their smill

ing faces and pretty costumes.