AD DOROTHEAM

get that thou art coming makes all is bright with blossoms high a

any a little loss and little lad manife are running to and fro. he within our hearts to all agiow. at thee, child, to share in our delight his high day, the holiest and best, as two then, ers youth had taken flight, grandsamma, of women loveliest, a me of men most honored and most

mighty boy who led thee to suppose as the sweetheart has. I grieve to tell, act to pek the garden's choicest rose lodds with it to another bello, does not treat him altogether well.

and not that, or let it teach thee this-ests to tore on any youthful rover, upts are revers, I assure thes, miss it then wouthet true constancy discover, grantesia is perfect as a lover.

me, then playmate of my cleaning day, used freedre life can offer me, with the taby laughter make us gay, fresh young voice shall sing, my Dor

sky.

gethat shall hid the feet of sorrow flee

-W. E. Gladstone

APTAIN JACOBUS.

though the time was long past behind the shutters of the little alebonse hard by the Reading not far from Winchester, and ain Jacobus, riding gently up, judgprudent to enter by the back door equence. The inn was a house stere of his own, but at a time, cards." detachments of Cromwell's solwere rough riding the country it gred a gentleman of the road to nation. Insteed, in the estimation aptain Jacobus, it was no insignifi sonny." Said the captain pleasantly, of to sneak into his inn by a menial on. After stabling his borse the with a short pipe between his of him. was going to and fro busying of amid a litter of empty buttles resy plates. Stopping short in his mount, the landlord nodded to his without a word, at the same jerking his thumb over his shoulward the half door, above which are of the paneled wall of the inn r was visible. Captain Jacobus, out further hesitation, walked

stly into the parlor. In long, low, red curtained room, iniliantly lit with a wasteful proacf candles, a hoge fire of wood im the ingle, and standing side els, with their backs to the blaze, s two very tall, loosely hung men, sel in the decent black garb and by white collar affected by the Presin ministers of the day. Save that der man had white hair and wore et while the younger was clean and almost hald, so that his head glistened like a moist egg in felight, the two resembled each in every particular.

is lay upon the table his sword and in The two parsons returned the with a grave incfination, the same bowing just a fraction of time in the clder, after a momentary tainly," and the two men settled to the captain. the junior had so lively a babit of suce to the senior that he manit unconsciously, even in the givial actions. Captain Jacobus ed himself comfortably upon the against the wall and called for Opposite to him, upon the high at settle in the ingle nook, the ies' saddles were piled together their riding cloaks and great

for travel late for gentlemen of assek," remarked the captain. you no fear of highwaymen?" We put our trust in the sword of and," replied the elder clergyman

ad of Gideon, " echoed the younas thin, high voice, extremely out

sping with his bulk. " observed the cup-* sentiment rolling his liquor on his tongue. ret it seems to me you run some

ly son and I," returned the old with much tranquillity, "shoulder alder have bested the devil these years past. "

of a risk notwithstanding.

a, even when he traveleth abroad be guise of a robber!" the other Ab," said the captain, "but perhaps

sever met Captain Jacobus, the or who rules this very road from ag to Winchester. They say he avery deadly spite against Puri-The parliament dispossessed him estate, I've heard, and he vowed agmatical rebels should pay for it whem." Pausing to sip his wine, aker eyed the two parsons over go of his glass. They returned his usilence, with a watchful atten-"He has a mighty pleasant way him, so I'm told, that Captain u," pursued the captain, common stand and deliver methhim, but all manner of pretty and strange devices. Why, now, give you an example: Suppose stitting where I sit now." The paused a moment, but the two tergymen did not move so much as relid. 'It's likely he would protigame at the cards to you two gentigame at you would have to sit n, willy nilly, you see, and ind an hour I'll wager he would dles!" You the very coat off your backs, pure skill, you understand. No the at all. And, talking of cards," the captain briskly, with a sudden test tone, "what ito you say to a Come, landlord, a clean pack?"

The highwayman rose, moved an elbow chair to the table, and looking at the two parsons with a very eloquent expression of countenance sat absently ingering bia pistols.

"I am exceeding sorry, sir. It is impossible that I should pleasure you in so carnal a diversion, " and the old man mildly, "and, setting aside the claims of my holy office, I know not one painted toy from t'other. I will ask you to pardon me. We have ridden far today, and with a courteous gesture he sat down upon the settle in the chimney corner, and leaning back upon the bundie of cloaks and saddles closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"And you, sir! Come, doff the priestbood for an hour. Unchain the old Adam and give him a run! Trust me, you will be a world the better for so self depying an exercise. What, 'tis not so long since you were in college that your fingers have forgot the feel of the cards, so glossy and ticklish, I'll warrant. Sit down, young man, and cut for the deal, like a saint of sense!"

The momentary silence that followed was broken by a tiny click as the captain cocked a pistol.

The bald young man started slightly at the sound, the recumbent figure on the settle opened its eyes, and the two exchanged a glance so rapid as to be

scarcely perceptible.
"Sir," unswered the young man earnestly, "you touch me nearer than you know. I am naturally eager for social divertisements, and, I own, it seems hard that a single traveler like yourself must sit and twiddle his thumbs be cause his fellow guests chance to be clergymen. Yet see how it is. Before I was a man grown I gave my word to if for the captain and the landlord my father never again to touch the

"Johnny," broke in the old gentle man, "I give you back your word. Do as your conscience bids you and call to remembrance the house of Rimmon,

set the common wealth that a king's "say no more, say no more. I would man should sometimes be com- not be an occasion of stumbling to any It would be a thousand pities to risk a sejourn in hell for the sake of a troman entered the kitchen, where the pery game of cards," and cocking the and, a little dark remnant of a other pistol he laid one on either side

The hald young man, a good deal flustered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forebead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the pleasure, although, I fear, you will find me but a dull opponent," he said, with a ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir, let us to't. I am heartily glad of the opportunity.

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the cards. "Y'are forcing yourself out of sheer good nature. I see it. I will have no man blacken his record in heaven for me!"

"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the other, with an obsequious alacrity, and I take it greatly as a favor you should play with so rusty an amateur. "Well, have it as you will, then,"

said the captain, "and what shall we call the stakes?" 'Shall we say Jacobuses?" said the

bald young man smoothly.

A doubt crossed the mind of Captain

Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at ctain Jacobus took off his bat with the speaker. But the bald young man seeing gesture and began, with was laboriously dealing the cards, his seew of deliberation, to unbuckle white face creased in a fatnous smile,

gat him, as if (thought the cap- game, the clergyman conning his play with the most arduous attention, often clutching his jaw and pausing to consider, and the captain, with scarcely a glance at his hand, nonchalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a word. At intervals a smoldering log broke and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a shower of sparks, the old clergyman spored in the chimney corner, and the night wind rustled in the trees outside. At first the game went evenly, but as the night wore on a little heap of gold began to accumulate at the elbow of the bald young man in a manner to the captain quite unaccountable. The doubt in his mind grew and pricked him. He began to watch the other narrowly and presently detected a piece of very deft manipulation. The highwayman said nothing, but twisting his mustache looked the other full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went very white and glanced swiftly round at the sleeper, who continued to snore placidly, but the captain, at the moment of choosing a card and without turning his head, saw the old man's eyes open wide and shoot an answering look of meaning at his son. The incident passed so quickly that to an onlooker the panse in the game would have been barely noticeable. Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table, unsheathed a short dirk and laid it naked on his knee.

Soon the pile of goldpieces began to dwindle and change sides upon the table, when suddenly, as the bald young man laid down a card, the captain, with an oath, drove his dagger through the back of his opponent's hand deep into

"Not again, my cully," he cried. the oak. The man screamed and fell back in a swoon, and at the sound the other parson leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a great herse pistel from his pocket, but the captain was too quick for him. Before he could bring the ponder ous engine to bear the highwayman had caught his wrist with one hand and thrust the muzzle of a pistol into his face with the other. The clergyman's weapon exploded harmlessly, the bullet

weapon exploded the striking the ceiling.
"Now," said Captain Jacobus, release "Now," said Captain Jacobus, release "Now," it's my turn. Obey orders!"
ing him, "it's my turn. Obey orders!"
ing him, "it's my turn. Obey orders!" he thundered.

The old man, with shaking fingers and a very wry face, heaved up the baggage and dumped it on the table, where the litter of cards was afloat in widening pools of blood.

"Empty out the saddlebags! Give me

but the shadow of disobedience, and I'll put a bullet in you! What's here? Now, what are a couple of rascal parsons doing with a fortune of gold? Won it at the cards, I suppose! And what

kind of gear is this for a clergyman?" For among a miscellany of personal effects were two bulky leathern bags full to the throat with broad pieces, great jewsled watch and a handful of indies' rings and trinkets. The sham clergyman, biting his fingers and look ing haggardly at the spotl, stood in a sullen stience. At the other end of the board the bald young man was moaning and writhing in his chair, his hand pin ned fast. The captain, vigilant as a bird, but thoroughly at his case and enjoying himself hugely, leaned against the paneling eying the pair by turns.

"Come," he said, "speak up, parson Make a clean confession, my evangelist! You may tie up your little boy, if you care to, while you talk."

The old man cast a venomous glance of contempt upon his abject offspring. 'Serve him right!" he broke out savagely. "The clumsy fool!"

"I begin to perceive you are some thing of a precisian," remarked the cap tain. "Let me make your son's excuses To get the better of Cantain Jacobus is a highly temerious enterprise for a young man, though I say it. But I must ask you to take my dagger out of him and to clean it. I thank you. Now, add your purse to the blunt and pack it all carefully up again. It's time for me to

go, as the song says."
"Come," returned the other roughly, 'let's talk sense, captain. The crop was fairly nimmed on the road, as you might have done yourself. You can't mean to whiddle your fellows?"

"On the road? You surprise me! And yet I had some kind of an inkling that it wasn't entirely parson beneath those beautiful black clothes, too," said the captain genially.

Why, of course, gentlemen of the road, like yourself," said the old man, brightening somewhat at the friendliness of the other's tone. "But parsons we've been for the last six months, just to implant a little confidence.

"And how did it all come about?"

inquired Captain Jacobus. 'Parsons we were for six months," repeated the impostor, "in Kingsclere yonder." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Did you never try the lay, captain? You have to live mighty strict while it lasts, but it's a good lay-a good lay!" The speaker smiled sourly at the recollection. "Highly respected by rich and poor. There was nothing good enough for such a brace of saints as Johnny and me. Fat collections every Sabbath, and the poultry and butter and cheeses-why, we lived like a couple of kings, except for the liquor. Your parson must be cruel sparing of the bene bowse. That was where the shoe pinched. But at last our chance came along, for a girl of the place was going to be married to some bloated cit in Winchester. Her men folk were out o' the way, and who so fit to escort her and her mother-and her dowry-as the two tall parsons? So, one on each side, all for fear of you, captain, we jogged along till nightfall. And here we are, and I offering you a third of the swag, and what could be fairer?" Captain Jacobus stood erect and clear-

ed his throat. The highwayman loved a striking situation, like an actor, and delighted much more in the series of histrionic opportunities continually presented by the incidents of his profession than in the profits it afforded him. If need should so require, he would even sacrifice all plunder for the sake of sheer effect. Thus the difficulty was to preserve dramatic propriety with a minimum loss out of pocket, and in its solution lay the very marrow of the enterprise. For the first time that night the captain saw his way clearly to a satisfactory achievement. The taxing of two Presbyterian ministers had at first appeared to him merely as a duty, neces sary, but dull, to the discharge of which a little novelty might be imparted by the use of the cards. It was an agreeable shock to him to discover that he was dealing with scoundrels, and that the occasion would require all his quickness and resource to save him from being hoist with his own petard. Having accomplished this so far and succeeded in inducing the elder ruscal to condemn himself out of his own mouth, the psychological moment had arrived for an

appropriate closing scene.
"You dogs of Egypt!" began Captain Jacobus in a voice that made the glasses ring, "would you make terms with me? By the heavens, you blaspheme! shall strip yourself of every doit! 'Tis you and your like bring disgrace upon the names of the king's gentlemen. Are we to keep the road with curs like you snapping at our heels? What! would decoy two poor ladies upon the king's highway and drag the very rings from their fingers. You would peach on the manor of Captain Jacobus, take possession of his inn, sharp him at the cards and shoot him through the head afterward, if he hadn't been a match for the hulking pair of you rum clapper dogeons! All that you would do, and when he gets upsides with you you have the devil's own bravado to inform him of it to his face and to offer him a share A share! To me!" and the orator interpolated some highly stimulating oaths. 'A share! You shall see now! Empty your pockets on the table. Take off that ring-off with it-that, or the finger. Search the other rascal. Now, strip, the pair of you. Quick about it! Am I to dance attendance upon you while you make a toilet? Put the clothes on the

fire. Sot The two men, constrained by the brace of grinning pistol muzzles, stripped to their shirts and obeyed in sience. The face of the elder was flushed to a dusky red. His eyes shone in his head. A trickle of blood from his bitten lip strenked his white beard, and the younger tottered to and fro with a dead white face, hugging his wounded hand.
"Now," said Captain Jacobus, "you shall lead my horse for me, by thun-

Keeping his eye upon the two, he Traveller.

moved to the door, opened it and whistled. Instantly there was a clatter of hoofs, and his black mare came trotting round the corner and trampled into the room. The captain stood by the horse's head, rating the shivering wretches like dogs while they strapped on the bag-gage, and when they had done he led the animal into the road.

"Hold my stirrup, Gideon!" said the captain to the hapless Johnny and including them both in a final exhortation. "The landlord takes your nags for the reckening. But if ever I meet you out on the pad I'll shoot you down like vermin, so sure as my name is Captain Jacobus. Stand clear!"

And with a bound he was gone, leaving the two haif clad rascals a prey to the humiliation of impotent fury and the most deadly discomfiture of body amid the scene of the dismalest disorder, the last sparks of their clothes flying up the chimney in the icy draft, and the gray light of the winter's dawn pal-

ing the candles. It is upon record that Captain Jacobus took it upon himself to restore all the trinkets, and, according to his rule in such cases, one-half the money to the rightful owners thereof, and that the other half went into the bottomless, pocket of King Charles II, then living very privately in the city of Cologue. — L. Cope Cornford in Pall Mall Budget.

Millionaire Mackay tells a story of a contest he had with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the west, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump about ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay went out and caught some hoppers and backed them against the record breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined Great Britain for honorary fellowship. to win and sent several of the hands out to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpose until one day he discovered a wet spot on the table near where the foreman's hopper had sat. Investigating the matter, he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a vial of ammonia with a dropper in his sleeve, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with dropper and then went to another The same morning he managed battle. to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it and filled it with chloroform, instead of ammonia, and then kept the toreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought forth, and Mr. Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and heaved, finally rolling over and going to sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Waiter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had

loved so well. Extremes meet. I told this anecdote of Scott's funeral to a friend, who, in turn, told me a story. A little less than a century ago there lived in a certain New England village a graceless fellow who spent most of his time at the grogshop, to the neglect of all honest callings. When the summons had at last come for him

To join The innumerable caravan that moves To the pale realms of shade,

as his funeral procession, on its way to the place of burial, passed his favorite haunt the bearers inadvertently turned a little aside, at the same time slackening their pace. The wag of the neighborhood spoke hastily: "Go on, go on!" "Don't stop here, for mercy's sake! He'll be sure to go in!"-Journal of American Folklore.

The Reign of Peace.

Beasts, I am inclined to think, are still, more or less, in the state of paradise and peace. I have been lately honored by the acquaintance of a cat which lives on friendly and playful terms with a mouse, not a tame pet mouse. They frolic together, and then the mouse returns to its hole. Again, a friend of mine who had several dogs, two young dandies and an old Skye, lately went out to the edge of a wood near his house where he saw his dogs playing with a

They sported together playfully till the old Skye got wind of the fox and then "went for him" with a yowl, whereupon the poor fox fled. The young dogs seemed to cherish no unfriendly feelings till the veteran set a bad exam ple. Dogs and cats are not natural enemies. It is we who have corrupted them, and "a cat and dog life" is, even still, often of good example to married people.—Andrew Lang in Longman's agazine.

Large Lamp Shades on the Wane.

The mania for exaggerated lamp shades seems to be on the wane. The newest lamps show fine globes made to armonize with the foundation, and dealers report a revived sale of tinted porcelain shades. The silk, however, is vet made into frills and furbelows that suggest nothing short of ball gowns refurnished to serve a new end, but the tulle that is made to copy a ballet daner's skirts and the paper monstrosities are both ugly and dangerous. The only wonder in regard to them is that the insurance companies have not been aroused, and that a reform campaign has not been organized before this.—Boston



PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The colossal fortune of the late Duke of Brunswick is likely to lead to end

Henri Dancan, founder of the Inter national Red Cross society, is reported to be living in Geneva in the direst pov-

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor of Tennesses is as fond of his fiddle as ever and entertains his friends with rollicking ditties as of old.

Miss Alice Strauss, daughter of the waltz king, Johann Strauss, has become engaged to the painter, Marquis Feri Beyros. It is said that the Marquis of Queens-

berry gives away more in proportion to his means than any other man in the British peerage. Sam Wilkinson of Washington, Ind.

has only five children; a brother in England has 32; a sister has 16 at 37 years of sge. His grandmother had 22. The mother of Mrs. Jack Gardner. the famous Boston society leader, is the

second wife of Bierstadt, the artist. Her first husband left her a fortune, which he made in the candy trade. It is announced in London that William Brown, son of the famous John Brown, for many years highlands at-

tendant of Queen Victoria, has been appointed her personal attendant. The Rev. William C. Winslow of Boston, vice president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has received the decoration

of the Society of Science and Arts of Rabah, now the head of the sultanate of Bornn, Africa, was at one time a slave. He is a full blooded negro of gigantic stature and is said to be possessed of immense treasures of gold, silver and

General St. Mars, the successor of Boulanger as a French military jack-adandy, has, in order to popularize himself with the army, prescribed a two hours' daily siesta for his troops.

"Devil Ause" Hatfield of Hatfield-Mo-Cov fame, now a very old man, has purchased a farm near Huntington, W. Va., joined the Methodist church and intends to spend the remainder of his days in

The inventor of the duplex system of telegraphy, Joseph B. Stearns of Camden, Me., died recently at the age of 65. One of his hobbies was carved ivories, of which he had the largest collection in the world, it is said

Cigar, cigarette and pipe are alike popular with the Prince of Wales, who is an inveterate smoker. In private he smokes a pipe, and in public puffs cigars, while with his after dinner coffee he inhales cigarette smoke.

W. A. Larned is a slender youth of 23, with a face as black as a negro's from exposure to the fierce sun that beats upon the tennis court. He lives in Summit, N. J., and is the son of W. Z. Larued, who is noted as much for his facial resemblance to Jay Gould as for his great wealth.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Winter challies are to be revived for house gowns.

A traveling gown designed for the early autumn is of light gray corduroy. A novelty is a black mohair cord. running through a colored wool crepon. Blue in every shade except cornflow-

er still holds sway. That is entirely out of date. Plain black basques are worn with fancy skirts, which is an old time fash-

ion revived. Some dressmakers are lining mohair skirts with mohair, thus attaining a

handsome finish and lots of stiffness. Numbers of little narrow ruffles set over the tops of sleeves and over the shoulders of thin dresses are pretty and

becoming. Undoubtedly the dressmakers will display trimmed skirts next season. Whether they will be accepted or not time alone can tell.

There is another new wool that the dressmakers are using now for handsome traveling gowns. It is a very light, thin stuff, of loosely woven mo-

A dark blue crepon is woven to show checkerboard squares, and a novelty in plain colors has thin disks in it and

should be made up over a colored foundation Fashion still clings to the wide neck rachings so much worn of late. They

are made, however, so as not to fit too closely around the neck, and are conse quently cooler than would be supposed. The end of the round waist is at hand. and the days of the blouse are num

bered-at least, so say the leading de signers of women's gowns. This was sure to come with the revival of the modes of Marie Autoinette.

WORDS TO THE WISE.

Marshall Field, it is reported, "made \$7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last year." And yet it was "a dull year." Marshall Field is a wide awake advertiser in the best newspapers. - Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ten years ago the majority of people looked on all advertising as dist Now the majority of people look upon the majority of advertising as strictly honest business news. This is an advance.—Exchange.

On the board fences in the vicinity of nearly every country town may be read in half obliterated letters of paint the names of the business firms of that community, now passed away, who thought they knew a better way to advertise than in the newspapers. - Exchange.

TURF TOPICS.

Paradoxical as it may seem, Det 2:13%, is troubled with his molar Hopples should be pronounced with the stress decidedly upon the last sylla-

Famous Kittaondale, St. Paul's his toric training track, is likely to be soon out up into building lots.

"Great speed means staying power," is an old maxim. The converse is also

true-instance Joe Patchen. The most famous pet or nickname developed this year is that of Klamath,

whose driver calls him Cookey. Pierre Lorillard will, it is said, re in England next year. But where will he get another Iroquois, another Parole?

The members of Premier Salisbury's quine cabinet are fed on California hay. It cost the commissariat \$30 a ton

A movement is on foot to organiz colt show and racing association at Manassas, Va., which is 30 miles south of Washington.

Wzmakh, the Orloff trotter, went a mile at Milwaukee recently in 2:31 34. This is the fastest mile for a Russian in this country.

Would some one who could rise and explain why, where everything else is equal, one trotting meeting is a success and another a failure?

Peter C. Kellogg believes that it vould improve racing if every horse that has not won one out of three heats should be sent to the stable.

Governor Matthews of Indiana is an expert rider, and may be seen almost any afternoon in Indianapolis on his

favorite Kentucky horse, Corneracker. The trolley has to bear the burden of the dreaded curse, "grass shall grow in the streets." The grass covers the car tracks since the horses have been super-

A Buffalo writer says that it is nearly a settled fact that Ed Geers will take a stable of the Village farm horses to Europe this winter. They will be raced over the European tracks, —Horseman.

GREAT MEN'S READING.

Voltaire's favorite classical author

was Juvenal, the satirist. Cherubini was a lover of botany and made collections of works on the subject.

Baxter read only the Bible and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms. Charles II of England delighted in

Chancer and thought him the greatest poet that ever lived. Louis XIV thought that Ovid's "Art of Love" was one of the most charming

books that had ever been written. Gladstone's principal reading for leasure has been in the line of the Greek classics, particularly in Homeric literature.

Macaulay was an omnivorous reader and remembered all he had read. He once said there was no history like that of Heredotus.

Isaac Watts thought the world contained no finer reading than the Psalms of David. He paraphrased many if not most of them in English verse.

Lamb was a Shakespearean reader and fond of investigating the sources whence the plots and tales utilized by the bard of Avon were obtained. Coleridge read the works of Shake-

speare more than he did the writings of any other author. He said the world had never produced and would never again produce such a genius. Buckle, like Macaulay, was a reader

of all sorts of literary matter that had a historic, social or political value. He seemed to have no choice of authors and read with an eye to the probable worth of the matter in his subsequent work.-St. Louis Republic.

STAGE GLINTS.

Maude Granger is negotiating with Salvini for leading busine

Andrew Mack began his starring tour in Scranton in the Irish play "Myles Aroon. Edward Harrigan opened his season in "Old Lavender" in Philadelphia be-

fore a crowded house.

It is said that John B. Doris, the exmuseum man, is to have a first class theater in New York.

When "Kismet" is reproduced, Miss Linda Da Costa will take Miss Jeannette St. Henry's place in the cast. Belle Jackson, at one time a member

of William Gillette's company, is now in the asylum at Bloomingdale. Blanche De Bar Booth, after a long retirement, has been engaged to play the adventuress in "Only a Farmer's

Daughter." Walker Whiteside, who will begin a New York engagement Sept. 80 with a revival of "Hamlet," will be supported by Miss Maida Craigen.

James O'Neill will produce a new play by Vacquerie entitled, "The Dream of Mathew Wayne." The piece was presented to Mr. O'Neill by Mrs. Minnie Maddern-Fiske.

"The Chieftain," which Francis Wilon produced at Abbey's theater, New York, is in two acts and tells of the adventures of an English tourist who is captured by ladrones.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A life of ease is a difficult pursuit .-Cooper. Vanity is the poison of agreeableness

-Greville. The enemy of art is the enemy of na-

Bad advice is often most fatal to the adviser. - Flaccus. Best men are often molded out of faults. -Shakespeare.

Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance.—Laberius.