JUSTASHORT STORY.



VERYTHING happened exactly as it does in those charming novels which, of all literature, are my favorites. I was very late for the train; it was on the move; the corter bundled me in. flung my bag after me, slammed the door, and whis-

tled. And the lady

sat in the opposite corner of the carriage gathering her feet under the seat to avoid my hurtling bag. She was extremely down pretty.

"Depend upon it." said I to myself at once, "she's going to stay with the Blairs." For it had to be so-it always is so. I was going to the Blairs, you sec.

Unhappily, she did not seem inclined for conversation. She was accommodating but not discursive as to the window; it was summer, and there was no foot-warmer to bridge the gap between us. The annoying girl had a paper, and buried herself behind it. This was, of course, all wrong. Something would happen soon, however.

Something did. The lady put down the paper and gazed in a puzzled manner at her left glove. I peered cautiously around the edge of the Huntsman. Her eyes expressed doubt and difficulty. I saw what was the matter; a button of the glove was undone. I am never intrusive or precipitate. bided my time. Why, we were hardly at page ten of the novel yet!

She tried to button the glove. The glove was not too large; she could not button it. Her brow wrinkled into a perplexed little frown.

I love a dainty woman, and a woman whose life is spoilt by an obstinate glove-button is just the wife for me. She was bound to ask me to button it in another moment.

But she did not. A sudden smile-a smile of illumination - spread over her face. She had got it! Of course she couldn't button the tiresome thing with her glove on! Who could? With another smile for her own folly, she quietly unbuttoned all the buttons of her right glove and drew it off. Then she turned with quiet confidence to the ieft-hand button.

Had it not been for the look of the thing I'd have kissed her on the spot. As it was-and notwithstanding my interest in racing-1 allowed the Huntsman to drop and fastened my eye on her. Her hand was the most lovely little hand I have ever seensmall, plumy, tapering, white, pinknailed. I dote on a good hand.

glove with immediate and complete success, and smiled rapturously; indeed, she beld up her hand and surveyed the job with immense complacency. I was smiling broadly myself now, because I saw what was going to happen. Thank heaven, however, I made no sound! I wouldn't of wonder and fun in her blue eyes. have spoilt it for the world.

between her parted lips as she gently | disdainfully. drew on the right glove. She treated the glove lovingly, working and pulling and patting, stopping to look now and again, conducting the thumb with infinite adroitness into its compartment. Then she gave a final persuasive tug to the upper part, and prepared to button the glove.

She tried the first button. She stopped to think. A curious expression stole over her face. She



shook her head. She looked at the right glove. She shook her head again. Her right hand moved toward her left. Was she going to unbutton the left glove again? As I hope to be saved she undid two buttons!

Then it struck her, and in an instant her face was all a-laughing, and I burst into a loud peal.

She looked up -- in momentary indignation, in swiftly succeeding fun, in irresistible sympathy. Then she laughed a low, long, luxurious ripple.

"I ought to have told you." gasped. "But you see. I hoped you'd undo them all again."

"But what am I to do?" she asked. "What am I for?" I returned.

"Well, if you don't mind," said she. I crossed over and sat down by her. "There is," I observed, starting on the fons et origo, the top button of the left-hand glove, "no man so good that he cannot find a woman too good for him-"

She lifted her eyes with an inquir-

ing gaze. "-and no hand so small that it cannot find a glove too small for it."

"It's not true," she cried. See, can move all my fingers." "I don't believe you can," said I.

"But look!" "I am looking. I can't see them move. Perhaps I might be able, you

know, to feel thom." "Do you mind battoning the other

now?" she asked. "It's better than nothing," said I, and began to betton it.

"It was very curious," she remarked, ALL "that I shouldn't have seen that as often as I unbuttoned one glove in order to button the other I should

"It is just what I liked about you," I interrupted.

"I must have been thinking of

something else." "Of course you were," said I, proudly. "You were thinking of me. But it would have been the same anyhow. You are a perfect woman."

"Have you known me long enough?" "Yes, for anything," said I. "Even to take five minutes to but-

ton a glove for me?" "It is nearly done," said I, undoing the second button again, "but I can't manage this one. Now if I had a hairpin I should be the happiest-I mean I should be able to manage it." "I'm afraid my hair will come

"I am in favor of risking that,"

She gave me a hairpin. I buttoned the glove with it and put it in my pocket.

"My hairpin, please," said she, holding out her hand. But am I to get nothing out of

it?" I cried indignantly. "The reward of a good conscience,"

she suggested. "It is not enough."

"Oh! but you must give it to me." "Well," said I, "I'll give it to you when we get there." "Get where?"

"Why, to the Blairs, of course. How amused they'll be to find that we've made acquaintance." "But I'm not going to-where is it?

-the Blairs. in a moment

"Oh, well," said I, nodding my head, "you live quite near and we shall often meet. I'm going to stay a month. I'm not sure now it won't be two months."

"I'm sure I hope you'll enjoy yourself," she said, "and find plenty of gloves to button; but why-the train's stopping."

"All right, all right," said I. "We've another hundred-a whole splendid hundred-miles to go. And it's a slow train at that."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you

"I'm afraid," I returned, "that I am being a little hasty, but ---"

"Unless I am hasty," she interrupted, with a laugh and a blush, "I shall be carried past my station." And she folded up her paper and took hold of her parasol.

"You're never going to get out here." I cried, aghast "You're not going even to the same station?"

"I'm very sorry, but the next is my station."

I thought for a moment. The plot was not exactly what I had expected, but it might do as well. And I need She buttoned the button of her left | not stand on ceremony with the Blairs. I rose from my seat and took my bag down from the rack.

> "A wire will put it all right," said I, with a cheerful nod. "It's impossible to leave you stranded alone at a wayside station like this."

"But I live here!" she cried, gleams "There could be no other reason for Her white t eth gleamed radiantly getting out at such a place," said I

> "And I sha'n't be alone," she continued. "If I were-"

"Ah, if you were --- " "Oh, well, but I sha'n't be. I'm to

"That's rather a mistake," I ad-

"But my husband," said she. For a moment I said nothing. The train was nearly at a standstill. The lady looked out of the window.

"It's not treating me quite fairly," I observed. "Yes, there's George," said she. "Oh, ron've never given me the hairpin." ["I never will," said I, in sad deter-

mination. "Oh, you're very-" But George was at the window. will not attempt to describe him; should probably do him an injustice. The lady bowed to me politely. George, from outside, can have seen nothing but a slight, graceful, distant bend of the head. I saw more: much | are scores of others, including the Marmore: gleaming eyes, white teeth.

said quite in a whisper: "I wonder if those Blairs are nice." There was regret, longing, wistfulness in that whisper. George was just outside. I could but hold up my hairpin with a romantic air.

everything in the world. And a voice

And the lady was gone: "Hang it!" said I to myself as we rolled out of the station. "It's only a

short story, after ail." But it wasn't e bad one.

He Braced Right Up.

l'obby-Sister will be down in a few minutes. Mr. Softly: she's upstairs rehearsing.

Mr. Softly, who has come prepared - W-what is s-she rehearsing.

B-Pobby? Bobby-I don't know, just: but she's standing front of the mirror and blushing and saying: ". h, Mr. Softly-erthis is so sudden."-Judge.

A Reminder.

"I do not hesitate, Mr. Stavlate," she remarked gently, "to say that you are a young man of excellent habits, but I am very much afraid that you would spend too much of your time away from home.

"Why do you think so?" "Because,"—and she rawned a little-"you spend so much time away from home now."

Married ... Not Mated.

Mr. Candil Chumly-How do you and your new wife get on together? Mr. Newlywed-Well, all I've got to say is that I wish my mother-inlaw was an old maid. - Texas Siftings

NOBLES. WANT

LONDON MUSIC HALL BELLES AND MARRIAGE.

Them Who Do Not Expect to or a Duke Before They the Footlights for Retire

London Correspondence.



Good.

the London music hall stage have always had a peculiar interest for American theater goers. A somewhat solled but still gaudy halo of romance surrounds them, giving them an interest which the home made and just as clever commodity has never been able

to obtain. Perhaps this is due to women of the Belle Bilton stamp, the dashing lady with a past, who married the young Lord Dunlo and is now the Countess of Clancarty. There are countless other evidences in Burke's peerage of the linking of the concert hall and the nobility via the matrimonial altar, and it is perhaps this fact which makes the London variety performer a person of unique interest to the American mind.

Every concert hall celebrity taken across the ocean is adroitly advertised as having just narrowly escaped being a countess, baroness or duchess, a method which is sure to establish her in high favor with the chapple class. London and Paris differ greatly on

stage. There are very few members of ling. the aristocratic class on the London counts, barons, marguises and even a Until recently the Princess Pignatelli, a magnificent looking brunette, and daughter of the king of Naples' minister to St. Petersburg, sang ques-

favorites in England to-day. At present she is singing and displaying her fine figure at the Theater Royal at Bir-

mingham. Miss Marie Kendall is a recent star. and has not been to America as yet. She has made a great hit in the character of the English sporting girl role, modeled somewhat after Miss Lewis'

famous tough girl. Miss Kendall is at present at the Britannia theater, where she sings and dances in a pantomime called "The Giant of the Mountains." Miss Kendall is a really pretty girl, with a good deal HE WOMEN OF of talent of the imitation order and of a higher order of refinement than the average young woman given to soubrette parts

A little lady who made a great hit when she was in New York some time



ago was Miss Vesta Tilley, who, it is claimed, can wear a dress suit more the question of nobility and the variety gracefully than any other woman liv-

At the moment Miss Tilley is not My face fell a little, but I recovered | boards, but in Paris there are dozens of | showing off her graces in the conventional garb of masculine evening princess or two singing nightly in the clothes. She is now at the Prince of cafe chantants of the Paris boulevards. Wales', Birmingham, doing character work with a vast amount of clever-

For a long time Miss Tilley has been a kind of goddess to the gilded youth of



PRINCESS PIGNATELLI.

tionable sengs in various cheap places of amusement in the French capital. After she had exhausted her popularity in Paris she went to Vienna, where the undesirable in a variety performshe became the chief attraction in a er's life beer garden. Then she married the proprietor and upon his death went to Austria with three small children, where she will live on the modest in-

come left by the beer garden owner. This is merely one example. There



BARONESS VON RAHDEN. quis Sampleri, at the Eldorado: the Baroness von Rahden, at the Folies Bergere: Count d'Obigny de Ferriere of the Gymnase. Marquis de Breuille and

Count Lesot de Penneterie. Coming back to the English music hall singers, every one of whom treasures the hope that some day she may marry into the nobility, nearly all of the most famous ones have been to America

to gather up the coin of the realm. There is Miss Harriet Vernon, the six foot, 200 pound, superbly proportioned beauty, who it was expected would capture New York at one swoop when she appeared at an up town music hall a little more than a year ago. She was paid \$500 a week for about thirty minutes' singing and displaying of gorgeous costumes. The costumes were better than the singing, but as the Vernon is one of the greatest music hall there is uneven bearing.

the English metropolis, but she has a very level little head on her pretty friendly jump, however, and the keeper shoulders and has kept entirely clear of

can girl who has made a great hit in London. She is a Miss Billie Barlow, or, as she is better known among her opens the door again and passes out friends since the advent of "Trilby," as The animals focus their eyes on that "Little Billie." She is not very little, open doorway and fling themselves tohowever, but a plump young lady, who ward it to the full length of their sings charmingly, dances nimbly and has succeeded in popularizing a number of songs within the last year.

When Miss Marie Loftus was in New a less amount to tigers and leopards. York some time ago she captured the chappie world with ease. She is a dancer of grace, and by reason of many admirers could write an interesting essay on the "Life of a Concert Hall Singer." She has jewels galore, the gifts of lordlets, and it said to have stored away a snug fortune, the result of a good business management and her stage suc-

The Preston sisters are almost as well known on one side as on the other, although it has been some time since they faced an American audience. They are the best character singers of costermongers' songs on the stage to-day, Miss Jessie being particularly bright. She has grown quite plump recently, but her voice has improved, and as Robinson Crusoe in an extravaganza of that name has made quite a hit at the Grand. Georgina is the Polly Perkins of the play, a rollicking part giving wide scope for her comicalities.

New Use for Photography.

Photography is to be employed an a means of testing the bearing power of plates are to be made, or one negative can be placed over the other and the straight lines can be compared. Any undue weight will show by the sagging of the bridge or the bending of the supports. Photographs of various parts of the bridge, both under strain and unladen, will, when enlarged, clearly show any weak points and will furnish novelty soon wore off the former, it was excellent directions for supplying more determined she was not a hit. Yet Miss strength and changing the points where

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons-Drama. Vaudeville and Opera En gagements.

SCHILLER.

The engagement of Wilson Barrett at the Schiller, which begins next Sunday evening, will be a notable one, from the fact that it signalizes the production for the first time in Chicago of "The Manxman," his own dramatization of Hall Caine's great novel. Those who have seen the English actor in "Ben-my-Chree" will readily understand the popularity which "The Manxman" has attained in England and the various American cities in which it has been presented. The text of "The Manxman" follows quite closely the trend of the story, with the necessary dramatic changes at the end. The diffi cult part of Kate will be intrusted to Miss Maud Jeffries. The others of the cast include T. W. Percival, Horace Hodges, Ambrose Manning, George Howard, T. Bolton, Stafford Smith, G Derwood, Marcus St. John, W. Graunger, Miss Hoffman, Daisy Belmore and Miss Elma. The scenic effects will be beautiful and perfect in detail, as is always the case with Mr. Barrett's productions. CHICAGO OPERA.

In the latest comic opera success, "The Devil's Deputy," Francis Wilson needs no introduction to the patrons of the Chicago opera house, his annual engagement there having made his face a familiar one to the entire theater-goommences Monday, March 11. Mr. Wilson is far and away the most intelligent, the most unctuous and the most legitimate of American comic operacomedians, and he is in addition a manager and stage producer whose high artistic ideals and liberality have comblied to give the American stage some of the most notable productions of recent years. Mr. Wilson this year has an exceptionally good company. The new opera in which he comes adapted from the French by that eleverest of all American librettists. Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin, and the music is from the pen of no less intelligent a composer than Mr. Edward Jakobowski. composer of "Erminic." "The Devil" Deputy" is said to be very near the lines of legitimate comic opera, both in story, lyries and music. Mr. Wilson comes supported by an excellent company, including Mr. Rhys. Thomas, lately the principal tenor with the Carl Rosa Grand Opera company of England, Mr. J. C. Myron, basso, Miss Amarida Valo bris, soprano, Miss Lulu Glaser, Mis-Josephine Knapp and Miss Christic Me Donnell There will be no Sunday night performances during Mr. Wilson's engagement, and matthess will be given on Saturdays only

MALICKERS Hagenbeck's trained animal show will be the attraction at McVicker's theater beginning on Sunday evening, March 19. It includes the largest and most perfect specimens of wild beasts in aptivity. They are sleek, fat and fuit of life, and look like pictures of animais one sees in books. Since the show was at the World's Fair there have been no deaths of any of the larger animals. and but a few triffing accidents. Pete. the famous dude bear, has grown taller and is still growing. There have been two recent additions to the leopard family, twins, and the mother is very careful to guard them when strangers are around. When the dinner bell ringst at Hagenbeck's show the animals all give attention. There comes a sharp knock at the little wonden door set in the back part of the cage, accompanied by the clanging of chains. At this sound the excitement of the ani mais reaches its highest. The leopards hurl themselves against the sides of the cage. The tigers lie still, purring and switching their tails. Yellow Prince, the fierce Nubian Hon, bounds across the cage and back again. Presently the cage door opens, Fritz, the groom, enters, one arm hung with chains and holding in one hand a short worden club. He fasters the door behind him. and while he is doing so, one of the leopards jumps on him. It is only a easily shakes the animal off. With the chains the animals are fastened to the At the Pavillon theater is an Ameri- ly are excited and angry, and should the chain part now it might fare badly with Fritz. When all is ready Fritz chains. After the animals are all secured the keeper brings the meat Twenty pounds are given to each lion,

> Theater Builetin for Next Week. Alhambra "South Before the War" AcademyJohn Kernell Auditorium......Grand Opera Columbia...... Marie Jansen Chicago Opera House Francis Wilson Frank Hall's Casino...........Variety Globe Dime Museum..... Grand Opera House......Otis Skinner Hooley's "The Princess Bonnie" Haymarket......Lottle Collins Havlin's Continuous Performance Continuous Performance Hopkins. Kohl & Middleton..Curio and Vaudevile Lincoln Dark Lyceum..... McVicker's Hagenbach's Royal Winter Circus, Wahash Avenue Wilson Barrett Sam T. Jack's Opera House Variety

Pincky Miss Eversoft. Minerva Eversoll, a young Italian

girl, is the mall-carrier of Borrough Valley, which lies fifty miles northeast of Fresno, Cal. The valley is somewhat shut off from the outer world, bridges. A negative is to be taken, and the only means of communication when the bridge is unoccupied, then is by wagon or horseback over a narheavy trains are to be run on and an- row road, and there is no post-office other negative is to be taken from pre- near at hand. The men who undertook cisely the same point. Prints from both to carry the mail always gave it up because of the hard work and small pay, but Miss Minerva the seventen-yearold daughter of the well-to-do Eversoft family, is not daunted by these difficulties. She enjoys the venturesome undertaking, and makes the journey through the wilderness twice a week.

> Gov. Upham's Misfortuse. Gov. Upham of Wisconsin is said to have been robbed of a diamond at his first official reception.

THE MIKADO'S DAILY LIFE.

Rises Early and Works Hard, Is Fond of Sweets and Hunting.

The emperor of Japan, according to the people most closely connected with him at Tokio, has by no means an easy office to fill. Japan now contains more than 40,000,000 people and there are a baker's dozen of political factions, many of which are anxious to create trouble. The changing condition of the people makes plenty of work. You can never tell who is going to fly off on a tangent, and the newspapers have to be carefuly watched. The emperor keeps his eyes on everything. At least, I am told so. He rises early and breakfasts about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food; but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He cats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hote style and with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits down at the table with him, and also the crown His work begins as soon as his break-

fast is over. From 9 o'clock until 12 he receives his ministers and discusses matters of state. After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of public opinion, and, I venture, changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him and the passages which he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatments or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous he gives an order to his censors and the ing public of Chicago. The engagement | newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison. He also has the leading foreign papers, and the articles of these which treat on Japan are translated for him, and he keeps track of public opinion all over the world. He takes our illustrated papers and the articles relating to the pictures in them are sometimes translated. He does a great deal of work in the afternoon, but toward evening goes out for exercise. He is a good horseback rider and is fond of horses. He has about 300 in his stables, and these are of all kinds, including a number of fine hunters. The emperor is fond of hunting, and he has large game preperves where there are deer and wild pig. There are plenty of pheasants and his majesty is said to be a very gonal shed.

HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER.

Russian Tells of His Initial Experience with the English Language.

A Russian gentleman told me a funny story of his first encounter with the English language. The day after his arrival in London he made a call on a friend in Park lane, and on leaving the premises wrote down in his note book what he supposed to be the exact address. The next day, desiring to go to the same place again, he called a cabman and pointed to the address that he had written down. The cabman looked him over, laughed, cracked his whip and drove away without him. This experience being repeated with two or three other cabmen, the Russian turned indignantly to the police, with no better results. One officer would laugh, another would eye him suspiciously, and another would tap his head and make a motion imitating the revolution of a

Finally the poor foreigner gave it up discellaneous - 2...... and with a great deal of difficulty recalling the landmarks which he had observed the day before, found his way to his friend's house. Once there and in company with one who could understand him, he delivered himself of a hot condemnation of the cabmen and police of London for their impertinence and discourtesy. His friend asked for a look at the mirth-provoking address, and the mystery was solved. This was the

RING THE BELL

The Russian had with great care copled, character for character, the legend on the gate post, supposing that it was sides of the cage. The lions occasional- the number of the house and the name of the street.

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