

diamond necklaces. One of them is among the finest in the world and is valued at a quarter of a million, and every stone in it is flawless.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is a very beautiful woman, even in Salvation dress attire. What she would be in an evening dress is a question her friends never tire of propounding, but with little hope of ever witnessing the much desired picture.

### HER DEBUT.

THEY were having their coffee after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver.

Quavers, the composer, was the fashion. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as Coaly, only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal mine proprietor, Matthew Oliver.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your dinner was a good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know"—

"Don't beat about the bush, my boy. Diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow, with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lally Broughton."

"Oh, little Lally Broughton. What has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver.

"Quavers," cried the young man excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banjos, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort at her feet. And every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"You dear boy, you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap, and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quavers' outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm

going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning. Is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man excitedly. "If"—

"Oh, I know—if the devotion of a lifetime, etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

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It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted; the final rehearsal was on.

We began at 9.30 a. m., not done—not really done—till 10 o'clock that night, and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can tell you.

And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down on everybody, and the ballet master had lost his head. The chorus master was like a raving lunatic.

And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet anchor, was in splendid voice.

Just then a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair. The girl had fainted.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said Wackles, kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to, I really didn't. Please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in his low comedy manner. "Look at me. I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours."

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French loaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder, as though it had been a battleaxe.

"Of course it's real," said Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir? I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since 8 this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsal, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

At that moment I was sent for from the manager's room. Sparklebury was there. So was Mr. Mephibosheth, who repre-

sented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried the manager.

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury.

I rushed out. I ran across the stage.

"Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no understudy."

"Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm. "Oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance sir. I'm letter perfect in the music and words, and I know all the business, and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act. She went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver. I'm to be married to her this day fortnight, added Mr. Quavers, with a smile. I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied Oliver after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."—C. J. Wills in *St. James Gazette*.

Jeanet's Gilder writes to the *New York World* that she met an American in Paris a few days ago who expressed great anxiety for the future of New York. If we don't do something to make New York more attractive," said he, we shall have no millionaires there to spend their money. They are over here in shoals. Besides Willie Astor, who has burned his ships behind him and made England his home, there is W. K. Vanderbilt, who has a country-house in England, and has just taken a three-years' lease of a hotel in Paris. And George Gould is now hand-in-glove with the Prince of Wales; you know what that means! He is willing, even anxious, to pay a high price for the friendship of a prince. He, too, is going to have a house in England, and with his royal highness as his sponsor, he will get all he wants in the way of social distinction. And the Gould girls are in Paris now, and all the impecunious titles in France are at their feet. They crushed one pretty effectually, a duke at that, and a man with no end of pedigree, but an exhausted exchequer. He was 'given the sack' as soon as his intentions became known, and that was pretty soon after he got an introduction. I never saw so many Americans in Paris before in my life. New York must do something to hold her millionaires, or they will all be living in England or France before long.

Never forget an engagement or criticise a meal.