

A STAGE USURPER.

This is the story of a stage wooing. It took place six years ago when Business Manager Engel of the Chicago opera house was running a burlesque theater in New York.

Mr. Engel was just putting on a new burlesque and he wanted two dozen young women to appear in the chorus. His office was on the stage, and to him one morning appeared two young and pretty girls. One of the girls had evidently been on the stage before; the other was as evidently new to the business. Being both fresh, young, and pretty, the manager gave them a chance to see what they could do in the way of singing and dancing. The younger girl especially proved to be extremely clever, and Mr. Engel was glad to give them both an engagement.

The little girl soon became a general favorite with everybody connected with the theater. Not only was she quick to learn and a good singer, but she went out of her way to do kind things for other stage people who got into trouble.

Mr. Engel was especially attracted by the child—she was not yet 18—and he tried to find out as much as he could of her past life, with the idea of writing to her people and suggesting that they take their daughter off the stage. But in spite of his continued efforts he found out little—only that the girl came from Milwaukee.

"Nellie," he said to her one evening, "where do your parents live? In Milwaukee?"

"Father and mother are both dead long ago," said Nellie with a look in her innocent blue eyes that went straight to the heart even of a burlesque manager. "I haven't a relative living."

In the course of two months the pretty young girl had been promoted to a principal part in the burlesque of "Beauty and the Beast." She was the sleeping beauty, and it was her duty to lie apparently asleep in soft, white robes on a couch of gold, until she was awakened by the coming of the prince. Then she sprang up and with a cry of joy ran into his arms.

She made a dainty little princess and her scene with the prince was always a hit with the house. Rapid promotion did not seem to turn the little girl's head. She went on just as when she had been in chorus, doing her own work well and spending much time in helping other people. Not once did a whisper of scandal attach itself to her name. She had the real respect of everybody behind the curtain, and even the other actors and actresses forgot their professional jealousy and spoke of her only in kindness.

One morning a big, fair-haired young man called on Manager Engel. He was accompanied by an elderly woman dressed in black. He introduced himself as a wholesale sausage manufacturer of Milwaukee. The elderly woman whom he was escorting was the mother of Mr. Engel's fairy princess. According to the story told him by the pair the girl had graduated from the high school the previous June. She had been engaged to marry the big, yellow-haired maker of sausages, leaving behind her two letters, one for her mother and the other for the man she was to marry. To her mother she wrote that she was going away to make a name for herself on the stage and that she would keep her whereabouts a secret until she had shown her fitness for a dramatic career.

To her lover she wrote releasing him from their engagement. She could not bring herself to settle down as the wife of a mere sausage maker. She must have some romance, some color in her life. She was not good enough for him, anyhow. His only consolation was a girl who would make him much happier than she could ever hope to do. And so on.

Coming from a child of 17 it was alarming as well as pathetic. Her disappearance was complete. Her old mother was, of course, almost distracted. Her lover, with true dramatic pertinacity, was not at all willing to take a girl at her word. He determined to find her, if such a thing were at all possible and to make her effort to have her reconsider her decision.

ODD INDUSTRY OF ARIZONA.

Utilization of the Products of the Ice Caves.

Man's Ingenuity Conceives Wholesale Appropriation of Relief Nature Affords.

Nowhere in the world does there exist an industry so unique as that just being put in operation in Northern Arizona, where elaborate plans are being laid to utilize the products of the ice caves in existence there, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Strange, it seems, too, that in this land of great heat, where in some cases ice is a priceless luxury, made so by excessive freight rates, which prevail in the territories, man's ingenuity has not heretofore conceived the wholesale appropriation of the relief which nature has provided.

Not until very recently has any attempt been made to take away the apparently inexhaustible quantities of ice which have been found in the caves near Flagstaff. Now, however, it is intended to literally mine or quarry the ice, and the promoters of the scheme declare it will prove a great profit producer from the very outset, as they expect to secure ice enough to not only supply the scores of smaller stations, towns and lumber camps, in that vicinity, but to provide a supply for the railroads of Northern Arizona and New Mexico, even into California, as in the vast regions of what was once the northern part of the great American desert ice factories have not as yet become common. Indeed, the factories at Los Angeles, Phoenix, Albuquerque and Las Vegas have for years supplied most of that district with ice, although at prices that necessarily were prohibitive, made so by the long railway haul.

The main, or best known ice cave, lies at the foot of Clark's Valley, seven miles southwest of Flagstaff. Although others may be larger, they are not so accessible. A wagon road leads nearest to the cave, and the Arizona

termination net to marry him.

In some way, the details of which Mr. Engel has forgotten, they had traced the girl to New York and to his theater. Now they wanted his help in getting her to go home with them. He gladly gave it, though the success of their plan meant to him the loss of a star.

In the first place it was decided to make absolutely certain that the fairy princess was the girl they were seeking. That evening the lover and the girl's mother were smuggled into a box where they could see the stage without remaining out of sight themselves. Mr. Engel sat with them in the box. When, presently, the princess came out on the stage her mother gave one look at her and then tumbled over in a dead faint. She had recognized her daughter and the reaction had been too much for her. As for the sausage maker, Mr. Engel had all he could do to keep him from jumping over onto the stage and attempting to carry away the girl by force or arms. Finally Mr. Engel succeeded in convincing him that that would be fatal to all their plans. It would not do to approach a nervous and high-spirited girl in just that way. The girl's mother was taken back to the hotel and put to bed, and it was decided to keep the presence of the two actors secret from the girl until a plan of operations had been finally decided upon.

That night Mr. Engel and the German sausage maker from Milwaukee were so plainly in earnest and seemed such a good, square fellow that Mr. Engel's sympathies were all aroused in his behalf. This was the plan finally agreed upon:

In her scene with the prince the fairy princess came on the stage all alone and lay down to sleep on the couch in the center. Then, while her eyes were shut, the prince came on, aroused herself and, making out the prince standing by the side of her couch, flew into his wide open arms.

The actor who played the prince was called to the conference, and among the three men a plot was carefully arranged. It was agreed that the man from Milwaukee should be smuggled down into the dressing room of the real prince, who was to play his own part right through the play until it came to the scene with the princess. At that point the man from Milwaukee was to put on the gorgeous robes of the prince and go on to the stage after the princess had gone to sleep on the couch. The actor who played the prince agreed to help out the lover in his impromptu role by standing in the wings and singing the tenor solo by the sound of which the princess was awakened. Then, when the prince awoke and sat up to greet her, the prince would see for the first time the face of his faithful lover from Milwaukee and would be in duty bound to do his best to make her happy.

That sort of thing, it was figured, would certainly realize the most romantic dreams of the runaway high school girl. The scheme was carried out, and it worked perfectly. Again the girl's mother sat in a box, where she could see the play without being seen. The Milwaukee slipper slipped down into the prince's dressing room without being seen or recognized. The house was provided. Finally it came time for the awakening of the sleeping beauty.

The pretty little princess went on and lay down on the gorgeous couch. Her eyes were closed and her regular breathing closely imitated the evidences of sleep. On then came the bogus prince—the man from Milwaukee. He looked at the girl, and he declared that he had the regular prince beaten to a finish. He was a gorgeous and a splendid prince. He was a prince in the real sense of the word, and he sang his tenor solo more sweetly than he had ever sung it before.

Presently the princess awoke. She started up and looked into the face of the lover whom she had not seen for nearly a year. But she was a thoroughgoing actress. She rubbed her hand across her eyes as if to brush away a mist. Then she threw herself into his arms with a joyful cry. "Oh, my prince," she said, "and then the curtain went down."

zona Lumber Company's railroad at one time passed near, but its route has since been changed. The people of the country think the cave was originally, what is termed a "volcano," that is, a volcanic vent made by water or gas, during some convulsion of nature. In the early history of our planet, there are many of these "volcanoes" of various sizes and extent scattered over Arizona.

But comparatively few people have visited the cave until recent years, when the tourists first began to learn of the great natural wonders of Northern Arizona. But little, too, has been known of the cave until recently, when it was discovered that it was a volcano of various sizes and extent scattered over Arizona. But comparatively few people have visited the cave until recent years, when the tourists first began to learn of the great natural wonders of Northern Arizona. But little, too, has been known of the cave until recently, when it was discovered that it was a volcano of various sizes and extent scattered over Arizona.

A Novel by Milton.

The amazing statement is made that John Murray has in his possession the manuscript of a novel by John Milton, and will soon publish it, says the Philadelphia Times. A novel by Milton is almost as unthinkable as an epic poem by Darwin or a philosophical work by Mr. Dan Leno. Where has this manuscript been kept all these years? Somebody must have known of its existence, and designedly withheld it from publication. Possibly, it was thought to be a dangerous and frivolous, and it was feared the reputation of the poet would suffer by its publication. A comic novel by John Milton would be rather a shock, but the probability is that the manuscript will prove to be a theological novel, with an incidental advocacy of free divorce. That is provided such a thing as a manuscript novel by Milton is really in existence. However, we shall very soon know if Mr. Murray has or has not any such book in his possession, for no publisher could long keep such treasure treve locked up in his safe.

Two one-legged cripples when quarrelling at Rome drew their knives, with the result that one of the disputants was stabbed to death by the other, who has no left hand.

STORIES FROM A BOX-OFFICE

Some Troubles of the Man at the Window.

Ludicrous Happenings Which Come Under the Notice of the Ticket-Seller.

The man in the box office at the Grand Opera House was having a leisure half hour, says the Chicago Tribune. It was early in the morning and the regular procession of ticket buyers had not yet begun. In from Clark street walked a roughly dressed man, with a bronze face and a clear blue eye.

"Howdy," said the stranger, and Assistant Treasurer McDaniels returned the salutation.

"Say, I'm lookin' for a little advice," "Well sir, what can I do for you?" "I come from Arizona. I've been shipping a lot of game up here to those fellows on South Water street. I come up here to see if I couldn't sell my stuff direct to the hotels. Don't you think I ought to be able to do it?"

The man in the box office allowed that he could see no reason why such an arrangement could not be made, and the subject was discussed back and forth for five or ten minutes. Presently the man from Arizona drew a silver dollar from his trousers pocket and laid it down on the window of the box office.

"There," he said, "I guess about 50 cents' worth will do me." The man in the box office pulled out a 50-cent ticket for a seat in the gallery and passed it over. The stranger put the bit of pasteboard in his pocket and continued to talk on the subject of selling game from the far west. Presently he pulled out his ticket, stretched himself and yawned.

"Well," he said, "I reckon you might as well show me my room." When it was explained to him that he was in an opera house and not in a hotel he was almost overcome with embarrassment, and he turned to go, but the whole staff of the theater.

Two young women in red and blue shirt waists bought a couple of quarter seats at the box office of the Chicago Opera House the other evening. They started to go inside, then stopped, and one of them came back to the box office.

"Say," said the young person, addressing Treasurer Schmitt, "we was goin' to meet a gentleman here to-night, but he don't seem to have got down yet. I wish you would watch out for him when he comes along and tell him that we're here to meet him."

"Well," he said, "I'll try to find him for you." On the morning when the advance sale for the Weber & Fields engagement at the Grand Opera House opened there was a line of people almost a block long waiting here for seats. The man in the box office had been working at top speed for almost an hour, when along came, in a frightened-looking manner, a man, who carried a big dress suit case.

"Say," he said, as he laid down a five-dollar bill on the window ledge, "I want two lower berths for Indianapolis."

When it was explained to him that he was in a theater and not in a railroad office he became purple with rage.

"Here," he said, as he stuck his dress suit case upon the window ledge, "hold this a minute for me while I go out and catch the fellow who told me this was a Pullman office."

Apparently there are some people who never go to the theater except on Memorial Day. At the Haymarket matinee last Memorial Day two young women came to the box office and asked for tickets for the performance.

"I'm sorry," said the man behind the screen, "but there isn't anything but standing room left." "That's just what we had last year," replied the young woman, "that's just what we had last year."

Over at McVicker's during the present run of "The Suburban," a little fat man came up to the box office one afternoon and bought two seats in the orchestra circle for himself and his wife. The man then bought two half-price admission tickets for his two little boys.

"My wife and I will hold the children on our laps," he explained to Treasurer Spoor.

That night there came an awful howl from the man who was taking tickets. Mr. Spoor was appealed to. "What on earth did you sell half-price admission tickets to those giants for?" asked the ticket taker.

"What on earth did you sell half-price admission tickets to those giants for?" asked the ticket taker. "In a fit of rage stood the fat little man and his wife. Behind them were two 'little' boys, the children of the man who had been sitting in the orchestra circle. The little darlings were aged respectively 18 and 16, and each of them was at least three inches taller than their fond papa.

least, I don't know how else to explain it." It has happened that a man will sit half way through a performance at a theater under the impression that he is seeing something which is "on" at another house. Then when he discovers his mistake he will come rushing out of the box office and demand his money back. When that is refused he usually announces to the waiting crowd that he has been "bounced."

Here are some sample copies which the man in the box office hears every day: "These are not standing seats, are they?" "Is this seat on the alley?" "Haven't you anything in front of the first row in the balcony?" "Well, I suppose you are holding out all the best seats for your friends?"

"Is the 'Suburban' a town lot play?" "Don't you dare give me a seat behind a post."

MERELY A MATTER OF PASTING ON LABELS

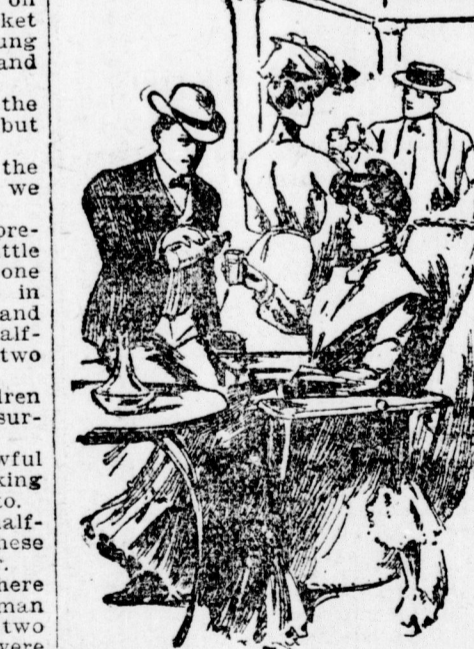
Appearance of a Tour of the World May Be Had Cheap.

In this city an enterprising individual finds a brisk trade in furnishing labels for travelers' trunks and valises, so that when a piece of baggage is finally turned out of his shop its owner has apparently indisputable documentary evidence that he has toured the world or such part of it as may have seemed fit, says the Kansas City Journal. The convenience of this method of travel, it will be seen at a glance, lies in a very well with the American idea of saving time, while as for money it, of course, saves large lumps. Thus you can go out and hide in the county somewhere at \$5 a week until the proper time and then reach town in travel-stained clothes, coincident with the arrival of some steamship, with a trunk pasted all over with labels showing where you have been. The trunk will be marked "hotel" and the smaller pieces of baggage—by this time you will be calling it "luggage"—will be marked "cabin." And as you gaze on these labels you will, of course, become reminiscent of the little Swiss hotel (see that label down in the corner) where you met the prince So-and-So, the P. and O. steamer where you encountered the British nobleman who turned out to be a distant connection; the hotel in Egypt—see any guide book—where you met the swell American girl from Oshkosh, Wis., and so forth and so forth ad libitum, according to your imagination.

While cheap enough, however, this method of travel is not without some slight expense. The labels must be well paid for, because the labels will tell you a gentleman is genuine and it is no easy thing to get such little pieces of printing from far-away hotels, railroad stations and steamboat offices, and you see at once that he is right. Indeed, if you have any of the sophistication that travel ought to give you you will suspect that many of the labels offered you are made on the spot, and you have an uncomfortable feeling in being pasted for an entire route that some of the hotels named on the labels do not exist or that their locations may have got mixed in a way to confound you some time when you may be at the very last point in your reminiscences. This suspicion is rather increased by the curious fact that a tour of Cuba costs more than a less popular tour of the same extent in Europe, and you wonder if it is not because the Cuban labels are too well known to be bogus.

Refreshingly Healthy.

Some folk think all they have to do in hot weather is to endure the heat and be as miserable as possible. 'Tis



not so with those who have experienced the thirst quenching, invigorating power of Powley's Liquefied Ozone. The system is rendered healthy by taking the Ozone and healthy people are not made miserable by hot weather. If you are troubled with bowel disorders, diarrhea or any intestinal trouble, Powley's Liquefied Ozone will make you well. It clears out the intestinal tract, stimulating its functions and destroying the germs of disease and their poisons.

The Ozone Co., of Toronto, Limited, Toronto and Chicago.

Fish Food. The microscopic creatures in parts of the Atlantic are massed so thickly in the water as to discolor the surface and render it unfit for the use of other animals. For the purpose of the herring and countless other vertebrate fish, shellfish and zoophytes, the upper waters of the sea are in fact a nutritive soup, teeming with food exactly to their needs. These microscopic creatures are the basis of all the larger life of the ocean, and in a great degree of the growth and increase of freshwater fishes. Some of these tiny creatures are water fleas, others are like carapaced shrimp, others occupy a like



A Woman is known by her Company

Better company than Sunlight Soap a woman cannot have on wash day and every day. The clothing is not worn and burnt out in the washing. Flannels and woollens do not shrink nor harden. Note the dainty appearance of the women who use Sunlight Soap. Their skin is not coarsened nor wrinkled by Sunlight Soap as it is by common soap. Their nails are not made brittle by alkaline poison.

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If your grocer cannot supply Sunlight Soap, Octagon Bar, write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample will be sent you free of cost. Please don't omit to give your own full name and address.

The miniature bivalves, others are forms of the one-eyed microscopic monsters of the ponds, the cyclops. All are of prodigious fecundity and produce against astonishing changes of temperature, and the eggs and the young, the microscopic offspring of the water midges, pervade every drop of the surface ocean, the rivers and the ponds. Dead vegetable and animal matter feed these automata, and they are converted without further machinery into the food fishes of the world, or at one remove, when these are eaten, as food for other fish, such as the tunny, the cod and the mackerel, which follow the herring shoals. Nothing short of assimilation in the digestive organs of fish seem to kill these automata.

Dog's Right of Self-Defense. A dog's right of action in self-defense has been upheld by Judge Sweeney, of St. Louis. Trouble began with the inevitable small boy, tin pail and rock, who, with a bit of string and a dog's tail with the dog attached. Just as the pail had been tied to the tail the attacked canine doubled on the boy and closed two rows of sharp teeth just where, at the moment, it seemed that they would do the most good. The dog was hailed into court, where the bench decided that he had acted only within his privileges, and that he was "as justly immune from punishment as the man who strikes a burglar in defense of his own life and welfare." This overturning of the prevalent theory that a dog's teeth are made to be seen in a fight, even under the greatest provocation, forms an interesting and suggestive precedent. It seems unfortunate that the principle of animal self-defense as thus laid down in law cannot be widely understood by brute creation. Conditions under which dogs could know just when they might legally bite and horses understand the psychological moment to kick would materially lighten and promote the mission of the Bergh society.

Depew's Locomotive. About ten years ago I called upon Chauncey M. Depew at his home, 27 West Fifty-fourth street, writes Tip in the New York Press. He was at dinner, and in that friendly way of his, sent word that he would be up in two minutes. I must make myself at home, he said. As it was a professional call, and I was seeking an interview, I bided my time. On the mantelpiece in the reception room was a diminutive locomotive, which I investigated. It appeared to be a model of one of the New York Central flyers, but I had no idea that the thing had motion. We got down on the floor together, and suddenly it started off at a mile a minute (more or less), tearing along the hall with me after it. The blamed little thing ran straight into the dining-room, and was caught under the table by Mr. Depew himself.

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