

the stage manager been cross? don't the audience appreciate? Tell me what the matter is. Has anything gone wrong behind?"

"No, no, no," was the quick, impatient answer. "I want to tell you why you have found me thus, but if I do you will despise me. Yet I *must* tell you, or my heart will burst. Out there in the parquet sits the only man I ever loved, and by his side my child—such a lovely girl. Oh, God, why did I ever leave her!"

Again the tears were falling thick and fast. After a brief space she said:

"You shall know my story. I was married when very young to a prosperous business man who gave me a lovely home. We were very happy, but I was wild and giddy, and disregarded his wishes in every way, until at last life became a burden to my husband, and he neglected me and the baby. I lost my last friend, and one day, mad with regret, I left my home and joined a theatrical company. I never saw my husband to speak to but once afterward, and then he forbade me to ever speak to him again or to make myself known to our child. Imbued with the excitement of my new life I laughed at him then, but I have bitterly, bitterly repented this foolish action since. I recognized my daughter by photographs that I have secretly secured, and to-night her father has brought her to the theatre, as I verily believe, to thrust the iron into my soul. You see the character I am playing bears some resemblance to my past life. Here are jewels and costly dresses, I am flattered and admired, perhaps, but I would give up all that for the cosy little home and the opportunity to hear those sweetest of all sweet words, 'wife' and 'mother.' The bell—oh, how can I go on again!"

The curtain was up, and I went out unto the auditorium. There was no difficulty in locating the husband and daughter. The latter was weeping over the woes of the mimic character on the stage, and the father sat unmoved with a well-marked sneer on his face. The story is nothing, and I have told it wretchedly, but it is true, says a writer in *Detroit Chief*. The theatre is not so far away, and I saw the young lady who provoked Lillian's tears enjoying the sugar sleighing on the avenue just the other day.

Queer Occupations.

Many of the "odds-and-endists," like the nutcounters, are ministers of some slight amusement for the public. One of those wonders used to stand in by-streets in London and draw sweet music from the coffee-pot. This quaint instrument was pierced with holes, the musician blew into the spout, and skilfully governed the "ventages" with his fingers.

Another, of wild aspect and gobbling speech, relied upon a much simpler music. He carried a crazy German concertina, which he did not play, and probably could not. What he did was to pull it steadily in and out, and produce a horrid "hee-haw," until he was paid to go away. This blackmail, for it was little else, he received with the stolid complacency of a deserving man. No bagpipes ever harassed a street more effectually.

An entirely different entertainment was and possibly is still supplied by a stout man of dignified presence. He would walk solemnly into a restaurant or bar, and would stop suddenly before any knot of three or four people he might happen to see. When they turned their eyes upon him, as they naturally would do, he proceeded, with great gravity, to unbutton his waistcoat. The result of this was the disclosure of an enormous beard, some two feet in length, the lower part of which was kept inside the waistcoat when not required for professional purposes. He would then, after receiving any comments in perfect silence, button up his waistcoat, and hold out his hat. His whole demeanor seemed to say: "This truly magnificent beard speaks for itself; no words of mine can add to its beauty, and if you haven't sense enough to appreciate it, and to drop a copper in the owner's hat, words would be wasted on you."

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Afterward.

Farewell! 'Twas uttered lightly,
No outward sign of pain,
The deep eyes still shone brightly,
As hand clasped hand again.
Farewell! The lips were smiling,
The tones had no regret,
The fair face still beguiling,
Unsoftened was. And yet—

When all around were sleeping
One restless heart alone
Was tearful vigil keeping,
Its coldness to atone.
When bravely, on the morrow,
The light laugh hushed the sigh,
None guessed the night of sorrow
Caused by that last good-by.

The Whole world Kin.

To a soldier far from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg, our troops were marching at night through the village, over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears, as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by an author in *Bullet and Shell*:

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass by.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the face of mother and child.

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her cheek, silently held out the child.

Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and walked on, saying:

"God bless you, ma'am, for that."

Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.—*Youth's Companion*.

The New Book Trade.

Complaints are numerous in England in regard to the book-trade, for there the old-fashioned book-seller is said to be fast passing out of existence. One hundred years ago the English book-seller was supposed to read all the works he offered; and could work off his wares on his recommendation of them. The book-seller of the early period is still supposed to exist, and may be found in France and Germany. In England the old style of book-seller laments that books in a shop to-day are quite secondary things, and that in order to dispose of them they must be worked off with sticks, umbrellas, china, tea, and stockings." In the United Kingdom books no longer have a fixed price. You pay for your books the additional penny or shilling according to the locality where you find it. If a book is marked a shilling and you buy it at the railway-stall you pay full price, but anywhere else a penny; and as much as three-pence off is quite usual. In the United States the regular book-seller departed many a long year ago. At the general fancy stores you can buy excellent books at prices which are apparently less than the publishers' wholesale rates. These monster establishments are cash buyers and get the biggest discounts. They sell either at cost or at a very trifling loss. A purchaser buys a yard of lace, a cake of soap, a pair of stockings, and the last romance. The prices put on the dry goods or the soap make a margin of profit, and the loss on the book is more than made up. That grave, dignified old gentleman in black, who looked at the purchaser over his gold spectacles and offered you with becoming gravity a volume in the days of your youth, is dead and gone. He has been replaced by the shop-girl. "This is the corset department ma'am; kin I show you anything? Nothing in our line?" inquires the young person in bangs. "You want 'Gushes from the Soul'?" See here you cash-girl, show the lady the literature counter."