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HOW GILLETTE GOT STARTED.

Early Days of the Famous Actor and "When Gillette had graduated from the public school and from the high school at Hartford," says Richard Duff in Ainslee's, "his family wished to send him to Yale. But Gillette looked on his future

" 'I had got the fever to go away from home and swim out, he said, in alluding to this period. 'I suppose everybody gets it some time. Of course I thought I should go on the stage, although I did not see my way clear just then. My father let me have my way. He liked oratory work mach and grocks well when he need. very much and spoke well when he needed to, though he was rather a silent man. "I remember the day he drove me down to the station. He had taken two of my brothers on the same errand before me. One went to California and
died there. The other was killed in the
war. "William," he said, "you're the
third son I've driven to the train like this.
The others have never come home. I
trust you will prove an exception."

"I went to St. Louis—just as far as
my money would take me—and I got my
first job because I told the man I didn't
want any salary, only the job." of my brothers on the same errand

want any salary, only the job."
"That's the way Mark Twain secured "That's the way Mark Twain secured his first job as a compositor. It seems to be a good way—if you don't hold the job too long. Gillette had this view, and he did his best meanwhile to work his way behind the scenes. There was no opportunity in St. Louis, he soon found, and he drifted away till he reached New Orleans. After he had persistently annoyed the manager of the stock company at the St. Charles theater he was allowed to play utility parts and supes. lowed to play utility parts and supes. The manager saw no way out of it ex-

cept by resigning.
"My greatest disadvantage in those days was my height. I was so tall be side the average actor they couldn't place me. I got frightfully discouraged after me. I got frightfully discouraged after awhile, and I wrote a vaudeville sketch for myself in the belief that I would have to quit the legitimate. The very first part I played was an Indian. It was in a play Oliver Doud Byron brought to the St. Charles. Two years later in Cincinnati, when I was in Macauley's stock company, he came there in the stock company, he came there in the same play. Some other infernally tall man had the Indian then. I chaffed Byron about his playing the same old part while I had made some progress in

wo years.

"But directly after I left New Orleans I came to New York and got "foreman of the jury" in John T. Raymond's
run of "Colonel Seilers" at the Park the
ater. The part consisted of the lines,
"We have" and "Not guilty." I said them a whole season and got \$10 a week for doing it. At the same time I was taking a scientific course at the Universi-

ty of New York.' The next season Gillette did much better. He got the district attorney in the Union Square run of 'Colonel Sellers.' The part gave him opportunities by which he profited. People began to know he was on the stage. After that he went to the Globe theater in Boston, where he played purposens small release. where he played numerous small roles and character 'bits.' He spent his spare and character bits. He spent his spart time in taking a special course at the Institute of Technology. His next jumg was to Macauley's stock company at Cin-cinnati, and here after two years of drudgery he got that chance for which every actor and astress not yet arrived hopes and prays for with every breath drawn. It is to have a full house, a fat part and to grip both. Every eye in the and gesture. Every ear is strained to catch your lines. Every line you say takes, and when the scene comes—the great scene that is yours—you hold them in your power, fascinated. Then you free them to clap, to stamp, to shout, to whistle maniacally, which is their gratitude for the anguish you have laid on their hearts. Gillette's moment came

entirely by accident.
"'Macauley himself played the part. he said, referring to that night, but he fell ill, and it was given to me. The play was from the French and I believe was called "The Mother's Secret." The piece called "The Mother's Secret. The picts was being done at the same time at the Union Square in New York. The part was a good one and just in my line. The people seemed to like the way I did it, and from the after developments it looked as though I had made my first real

much as I had expected. You see, I had been working all that season on my first play, "The Professor," and it was finished just about the same time. I did not track do anything for the next two years. try to do anything for the next two years except to get "The Professor" put on. And I had plenty to do, I assure you. Finally "The Professor" was produced at the Madison Square theater June 1, 1882. It ran for six months."

It ran for six months."

Proof positive is arrived at in various ways. One method is pleasantly described by a foreign correspondent of The Ar

Not far from the barbor of Naples we sighted a rocky islet apparently about two miles offshore. An elderly man ap-proached me on deck and said politely:

"Do you know whether this is Mount Vesuvius or not?"
I replied with equal politeriess, "I don't know what it is, but I do know that it is not Vesuvius."
"But," said he with an air of triumph, "if you don't know what it is, how do you know that it isn't Vesuvius?" "Because," I replied, pinning him with my glittering eye, "because Vesuvius is inland and this is outland; because this rock is three miles round and Vesuvius is

about 30 miles round; because this is an island and Vesuvius is not, and because Vesuvius is a volcano and this is not." The elderly man sniffed and withdrew.

A few weeks ago a young lad presented himself at the shop of a local butcher and when the burly proprietor appeared

gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you used to," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave restart." tort, "you give your dad warning from me that, as a rule, wegitarians come to s wiolent end. Take a bullock—'e's a wegi tarian. Wot's the result? Why, 'e's cut off sudden in 'is wery prime."—London Standard.

Many Kinds of Figs. Those who are so particular as to the size and color of the figs they eat may be interested to learn that in California alone there are some 72 varieties grown of all shapes and sizes and of all the colors of the rainbow, and California is not by any means the fig center of the world—National Fruit Grower.

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

************************* "A remarkable coincidence, truly.
There seems to be a fatality hanging
over this devoted city."
"I wonder your lordship remains."

The earl shrugged his shoulders

"It is not so easy leaving it as you think, Mr. Ormiston; but I am to turn my back to it to-morrow for a brief period. You are aware, I suppose that the court leaves before pose, that the court leaves before daybreak for Oxford?" "I believe I have heard something

of it-how long to remain?" Till Charles takes it into his head to come back again," said the earl, "which will probably be in a week

or two. Look at that sky, all black and scarlet, and look at those people

I scarcely thought there were half the number left alive in London. Even the sick have come out tonight," said Ormiston. "Half the pest-stricken in the city have left heir beds, full of new-born hope. One would think it was a carnival.

"So it is—a carnival of death! I hope, Ormiston," said the earl, looking at him with a light laugh, "the pretty little white fairy we rescued rom the river is not one of the sick parading the streets. Ormiston looked grave. 'No, my lord, I think she is not

I left her, safe and secure." "Who is she, Ormiston?" coaxed the earl, laughingly. 'Pshaw, man! don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill. Tell me her name." "Her name is Leoline."
What else?" That is just what I would like to

have someone tell me. I give you my honor, my lord, I do not know." The earl's face, half indignant, half wholly curious, made incredulous,)rmiston smile. "It is a fact, my lord. I asked her her name, and she told me Leoline—a pretty title enough, but rather unsatisfactory."

"How long have you known her?" "To the best of my belief," Ormiston, musingly, "about hours." said the earl, ener-

getically. "What are you telling me, Ormiston? You said she was an old "I beg your pardon, my lord, I said no such thing. I told you she had escaped from her friends, which friend."

was strictly true."
"Then how the demon had you the impudence to come up and carry her off in that style? I certainly had a

better right to her than you — the right of discovery; and I shall call upon you to deliver her up."

"If she belonged to me I should only be too become to oblige. too happy to oblige your lordship," laughed Ormiston; she is at present the property of Sir Norman Kingsley, and to him you

must apply."
"Ha! His inamorata, is he? must say his taste is excellent; but I should think you ought to know her name, since you and he are noted for being the modern Damon and

Probably I should, my lord, only Pythias. Sir Norman, unfortunately, does not

know himself."
The earl's countenance looked so utterly blank at this announcement that Ormiston was forced to throw

in a word of explanation.
"I mean, my lord, that he has fallen in love with her, and, judging from appearances, I should say his flame is not altogether hopeless, although they have met to-night the first time." "A rapid passion. Where have you

left her, Ormiston?" "In her own house, my lord," Ormiston replied, smiling quietly to

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"Where is that?""About a dozen yards from I stood when you called me."
"Who are her family?" continue

the earl, who seemed possessed of a devouring curiosity.

"She has none that I know of. I imagine Mistress Leoline is an orphan. I know there was not a living soul but ourselves in the house I brought

"And you left her there alone?"
exclaimed the earl, half starting up,
as if about to order the boatman to row back to the landing.

Ormiston looked at his excited face with a glance of quiet malice. 'No, my lord, not quite; Sir Norman Kingsley was with her."

"Oh!" said the earl, falling back with a look of chagrin. "Then he will probably find out her name before he comes away. I wonder you could give her up so easily to him, after all your trouble.'

"Smitten, my lord?" inquired Ormiston, maliciously.

"Hopelessly!" replied the earl with a deep sigh. She was a per-fect little beauty; and if I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingsley to take care. I have already sent Hubert out in search of her; and by the way," said the earl, with a sudden increase of animation, "what a wonderful resemtlance she bears to Hubert-I could almost swear they were one and the same."

"The likeness is marvelous; lut I should hate to take such an oath. I confess I am somewhat curious myself, but I stand a chance of having it gratified before to-morrow, I sup-

"How those fires blaze! It is much brighter than at noonday. show me the house in which Leoline lives.

Ormiston easily point d it out, and showed the earl the light still burning in her window. "It was in that room we foun

her first, dead of the plagre! "Dead of the what?" cri d the erl, aghast.

"Dead from the plague! I'll tell-your lordship how it was," said Crmiston, who forthwith commenced and related the story of their finding Leoline; of the resuscitation at the plague-pit; of the fight from Sir Norman's house, and, of the delirious plunge into the river, and miraculous cure.

"A marvelous story," commented the earl, much interested. "And Leoline seems to have as many lives as a cat! Who can she le-a princess in disguise

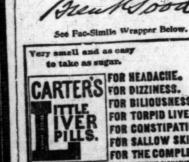
"She looks fit to be a princess, anything else: but your lordship knows as much about her now as

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"You say she was dressed as Simply enough. She was to be married to-night, had she not taken the plague instead."
"Married? wny, I thought you

told me a few minutes ago she was in love with Kingsley. It seems to me, Mr. Ormiston, your remar s are a trifle inconsistent," said the earl, in a tone of astonished displeasure.

"Ne creheless they are perfectly true. Mistress Leoline was to be married, as I told you, but she was to marry to please her friends, and not herself. She had been in the habit of watching Kingsley go past her window, and the way she blushed and went through the other ed and went through the other

course of true love will fun as smooth as this glassy river runs at present."
"Kingsley is a lucy fellow. the discarded suitor have no voice in the matter; or is he such a simpleton as to give her up at a

little motions, convinces me that his

"Ah! to be sure; what will the count say? And judging from some things I've heard, I should say he is violently in love with her."
"Count who?" asked Rochester.

Or has he, like his lady-love, "Oh, no! The name of the gentleman who was so nearly blessed for life and missed it is Count L'Es-

trange. The earl had been lying listlessly back, only half intent upon his answer, as he watched the fires; but now he sprang sharply up, and star-ed Ormiston full in the face.

"Count what did you say?" was his eager question, while his eyes, more eager than his voice, strove to read the reply before it was re-"Count L'Estrange. You know, m, my ford?" said Ormiston, peated. him,

quietly. "Ah!" said the earl. a strange smile went wandering about his face. "I have not said that! So his name is Count L'Es-trange? Well, I do not wonder now

at the girl's beauty.' The earl sank back into his former nonchalant position, and fell for a moment or two into deep musing and then, as if the whole thing had struck him in a new and ludicrous light, he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Ormiston looked at him curiously.

"It is my turn to ask questions, Who is Count L'Esmy lord.

"I know of no such person, Ormiston. I was thinking of something else. Was it Leoline who told you that was her lover's name?" "No; I heard it by mere accident from another person. I am sure if

Leoline is not a personage in disguise, he is.'
"And why do you think so?" "An inward conviction, my lord. So you will not tell me who he is?" Have I not told you I know of

no such person as Count L'Estrange? You ought to believe me. Oh, here This last was addressed to a great drop of rain, which splashed heavily on his upturned face, followed by an-

other and another in quick successitting up and wrapping his earl. cloak closer around him, "and I am for Whitehall. Shall we land you, Ormiston, or take you there, too?" "I must land," said Ormiston. "I have a pressing engagement for the next half-hour. Here it is, a perfect deluge; the fires will be out in five

The barge touched the stairs and Ormiston sprang out, with a "Good-night" to the earl. The rain was falling now in torrents, and he ran upstairs and darted into the archway of the bridge, to seek the shelter. Someone else had come there before him, in search of the same thing, for he saw two figures within it as he entered.
"A sudden storm," was Ormiston's

salutation, 'and a furious one. There go the fires—hiss and splutter. I knew how it would be."
"Then the Saul and Mr. Ormiston are among the prophets."
Ormiston had heard that voice before; it was associated in his mind with a slouched hat and a shadowy cloak; and by the fast-fading flicker

of the firelight, he saw both were here. The speaker was Count L'Estrange; the figure beside him, slender and boyish, was unknown.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he said, affecting ignorance. "May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly. A gentleman by cour-tesy and the grace of God." 'And your name?" "Count L'Estrange, at your ser-Ormiston lifted his cap and bowed,

with a feeling, somehow, that he was a man in authority. "Mr. Ormiston assisted in doing a good deed to night for a friend of mine," said the count. "Will be add to that obligation by telling me if he has not discovered her again and brought her back?"

"Do you refer to the fair lady in yonder house?" 'So she is there? I thought George," said the count, addressing himself to his companion. "Yes, I refer to her, the lady you saved from the river. You brought her there? "I brought her there," replied Or-

miston. "She is there still?" "She is there still?"
"I presume so. I have heard nothing to the contrary."
"And alone?"
"She may be now. Sir Norman Kingsley was with her when I left her," said Ormiston, administering the fact with infinite relish.

the fact with infinite relish.

There was a moment's silence. Ormiston could not see the count's face; but, judging from his own feelings, he fancied its expression must be sweet. The wild rush of the storm alone broke the silence, until the spirit again moved the count to speek

"By what right does Sir Norman Kingsley visit her?" inquired he, in a voice petokening not the least par-ticle of emotion. ticle of emotion.

"By the best of rights — that of her preserver, hoping soon to be her

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