

ANTIPODEAN STAGE REALISM.

The Heroine Wasn't Supposed to Fall Into the Tank.

Several unrehearsed and highly exciting incidents occurred at the initial production of "The Prairie King" at the Lyceum theater, Sydney, says the Melbourne Argus. The play is one of the wild-west order, and is full of sensationalism, which the management have sought to make more intense by the introduction of a "real" water scene and a collapsible bridge effect. A mischance began just before the last beat of the drum in the overture when a canvas tank, which fills so many functions during the performance, burst and the water escaping into the magazine below the stage the management had to send an apologist to crave the indulgence of the audience while repairs were being effected.

The performance crawled along somewhat sadly, as if the escaping water had washed the heart out of the actors, until it was known that the tank had been refilled. Each member of the company then played up to the great abduction scene in the second act. The part of the heroine was filled by Miss Maud Williamson. Her final escape was to have been made across the unlucky tank, and up to this point all seemed to be going off admirably. An Indian war-whoop rang through the theater and the heroine was dragged shrieking across the stage and finally flitted breathlessly into a canoe moored to the side of the tank. Then came a mighty splash, the canoe having capsized. Miss Williamson fell head over heels into the tank. The audience was appreciative of the realism of the situation, for they did not know that Miss Williamson had been caught in the canoe and was in most imminent risk of being drowned. Some of the performers kept the play going, but Mr. King Hedley and some stage hands groped anxiously and unsuccessfully for the leading lady. Then the curtain was rapidly rung down and a fireman and a stage hand plunged in to the rescue of the distressed heroine in real earnest. Exactly how long she was submerged cannot be said, but when pulled out from beneath the canoe she was unconscious. Though the shock was considerable, Miss Williamson insisted upon reappearing and the audience, who had by this time become acquainted with her mishap, received her with rapturous cheering. Then there followed a hitch in the bridge scene through Mr. King Hedley's alleged mustang refusing to face the risk of plunging down into the tank. The star, however, seized the untried horse and forced him at the bridge, which collapsed exactly at the right moment and let him down with a huge splash into the tank. The play was thus converted by sheer courage and quick-wittedness from a threatened failure into a huge success.

ROMANCE ON THE RANGE.

Gallant Oklahoma Man Sacrifices a Claim and Wins a Bride

A friendship began under peculiar and exciting circumstances was culminated a few days ago in the marriage of Richard J. Malone and Miss Mary Hildreth at Caldwell, Kan. For several months previous to the opening of the Cherokee strip to settlement, in 1893, a handsome girl could be seen daily riding a spirited black horse at break-neck speed on the plains south of Caldwell. She was practicing for the run for a claim, and had fixed upon a beautiful valley claim about six miles south of Caldwell. On the opening of the day she was in line, and as the signal gun boomed forth her horse leaped ahead of the waiting crowd, having been trained by her to jump at pistol shot, and she was soon far in the lead of all except a young man on a bay horse, who kept almost abreast of the fair rider. Like the wind the two raced forward for four miles, when suddenly the girth of the saddle on the black horse snapped, and a moment later the fair rider fell to the ground. Stopping his horse, the young man dismounted and essayed to assist the unfortunate young lady. She was unhurt, save a sprained ankle, but she could proceed no farther owing to the broken saddle. The crowd that had been left behind was now almost upon them, and the young woman at once decided to stake the claim where she had fallen, and urged the young man to hurry on to a better place. Although a stranger, he refused to leave the fair one in distress, gave up his hope for a fine claim in the valley, and staked the claim adjoining hers. The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into friendship and later into love, and before many weeks had passed the two were engaged. Four years they waited, however, to possess the homes for which they had risked so much, and only last week they proved up their claims and at once sought the nearest minister and were made one.

Popular Name for Horses.

The Richmond Dispatch says: "Soon after the escape of Evangelina Cisneros from prison A. D. Payne of Charlottesville, Va., conceived the idea of naming one of his fillies after the darling young Cuban maiden. Accordingly, he wrote at once to the Coney Island Jockey club asking that the name be registered for one of his thoroughbred colts. The other day he received a letter from the club saying that there had been over thirty applications, but as his was the first his name had been duly registered for his racer."

Perhaps He Did.

Physician—Querer case in the paper this morning about a man's miraculous recovery from lock-jaw. Druggist—That so! How do you account for it? Physician—He is an ex-burglar and it is thought that he picked the lock during the night.

CHINESE MYSTICISM.

JADE STONE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE POWERS.

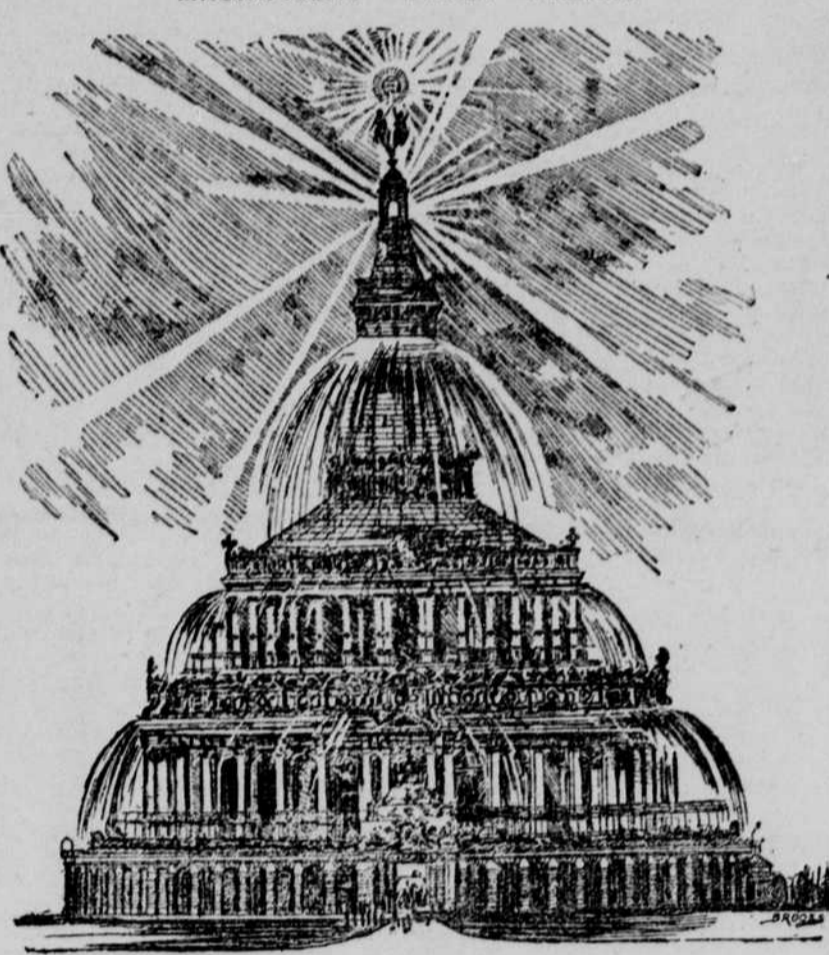
One of the Few Minerals Endowed with Sex, and Showing Remarkable Affinity—A Strange Tale from the Flowery Kingdom.

(Special Letter.)

A LONG time ago" in China—and in China "a long time ago" means lost in antiquity—some one took a piece of nephrite, commonly called jade stone, and fashioned therefrom an arm ring. What laborious means he employed or the exact shape and size of the article the chronicles of the Chinese fail to state. The arm ring or bracelet of today is of one invariably shape, resembling nothing so much as a large martingale. In color this rare stone ranges from green or blue to white. It is never transparent, but is translucent or subopaque. From beryl it differs, in having no cleavage, and from quartz by its finely uneven surface of fracture instead of smooth and glassy. A sky-blue variety may be found at Smithfield, R. I., and a rare green and red gray is found at Easton, Pa., and Stoughton, Mass. Nephrite is made into images or amulets wherever it is known, and was formerly extensively worn as a charm. It was supposed to be a cure for diseases of the kidney, hence the name, from the Greek word nephros, kidney. In New Zealand, China and Western America it has long been carved or polished down by the natives into various fanciful shapes. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hand stops growing. A tight fit is

whom were numerous merchants, made brave to go out and barter. Of great fame was that one who was master of the junk. Much rich spoil brought he to be bought or traded for. Fowls, eggs, fresh meat and supplies of all kinds and descriptions were carried back in exchange that which the master of the junk had collected in his vast roving and many bloody massacres. Among those brave ones from the land who tarried on the junk even until the ill-gotten cargo was well nigh disposed of, was one wise one, of long years and much learning in the land. As yet no purchase had he made, nor effort to barter. Seeing he remained to the last, the master of the junk addressed him, saying, "Thou hast not bought of all my store. And now there remains nothing. Wherefore tarriest thou? And the wise one replied, 'I would buy if I but knew the price.' 'The price of what?' asked the master. 'Thy magic bracelets,' answered the other. 'How knowest thou I have magic bracelets, seeing they are hid beneath the sleeve?' roared the master. 'I know all things.' 'Then say what they are worth.' 'I will give one million taels.' 'Wherefore such great price?' 'They be male and female.' 'Male and female?' 'I, the wise one, have said it. In proof of which the wise one requested that he be allowed to hold either of the bracelets in his own hand. Wrought with curiosity and after much difficulty in doing so, the master took from his arm the first of the pair of magic bracelets which had so far been hidden. Eagerly seizing it, the wise one gazed for a long time into its mysterious brilliancy, then of a sudden he flung it over the edge of the junk into the water below. With a tiger's shriek the master of the junk drew forth his glittering sword and cried, 'What hast thou done?' 'Naught that cannot be remedied, even to that which was before. Have I not said they be male and female? Dip thy hand deep into the sea and that which is astray will seek

MAGNIFICENT WATER PALACE.



To Paris and its visitors from all the world, the name of the Chateau d'Eau—water place—has long been familiar. But the superb project of Prof. Jan Zawiejski, architect of the grand theater at Cracow, by which it is proposed to enhance the splendors of the intended Parisian universal exhibition of 1900 surpasses most other designs of decorative architecture contrived for the mere spectacle of a magnificent festivity. It is to be constructed of iron, and to be clothed with rushing water; indeed, the water is to form its inner walls, descending in vast sheets of unbroken liquid surface, which are completely to enclose the halls and chambers of the interior, and to form a majestic dome crowning the whole edifice. The total height will be over 300 feet, rivaling the loftiest buildings. This is divided horizontally into

three stories, the solid framework of which exhibits different architectural orders—the Tuscan, the Renaissance, and the Ionic styles, one above another. Visitors will have entrances quite free from danger of a wetting, and may ramble securely about the palace, take their seats in the theater as spectators of the Varieties, or avail themselves of the restaurant, or ride on bicycles, or join the dance at a ball. By the aid of lifts and staircases they can go anywhere, protected in some places by glass screens and roofs, where needed, from even a drop of water blown aside by disturbance of the air. The surrounding waters, however, illuminated with electric light in various changing colors, will probably be the chief attraction of this wonderful palace. Furthermore details may be expected in the course of its erection.

usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has



FLUNG IT OVER THE EDGE.

proven a lucky one, and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed. That the Chinese, centuries ago, recognized sex in minerals is evident from the following tale adapted from one of their most ancient works of literature. "Many years ago," it begins, "there have into and weighed anchor in the great port of Canton a private junk. Many inhabitants came down to the water's edge, and the daring ones, among

out its mate.' Doubting, the master, with much difficulty—for he was a fat man—had himself lowered over the edge of the junk and dipped deep his bracelet arm, which is the right, for women wear theirs upon the left. And, lo! when the master's arm was withdrawn, side by side upon it, like husband and wife, clung the magic bracelets." Since that day it has been the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets.

Amazing Statistics.

There are 90,000 babies born in the city of New York every year. They number 250 a day, or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany 150 miles.—Current Literature.

No Wonder.

Simkins—Hawkins is so modest that he always turns away when he sees a mirror. Timkins—Pshaw! It isn't modesty; it's because his wife buys his neckties.

In a new fruit picker recently patented two rings are hinged to the end of a pole and operated by pulling a cord to close like jaws around the apple, a fabric sack or tube being mounted at the back of each ring to catch the fruit as it falls.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

They passed through London and at last reached Paris.

On arriving at the station, Sutherland called up a fly, and ordered it to drive with the greatest possible speed to the Hotel Suisse, a quiet establishment close to the boulevards. Once there, he ordered a private room, conducted Miss Hetherington to it, and proposed that she should wait there while he went in search of Marjorie.

At first she rebelled, but she yielded at last.

"Yes, I will wait," she said. "I am feeble, as you say, Johnnie Sutherland, and not fit to face the fog and snow; but you'll bring the bairn to me, for I cannot wait long!"

Eagerly giving his promise, Sutherland started off, and the old lady, unable to master her excitement, walked feebly about the room, preparing for the appearance of her child.

She had the fire piled up; she had the table laden with food and wine; then she took her stand by the window, and eagerly scanned the face of every passer-by. At length, and after what seemed to her to be hours of agony, Sutherland returned.

He was alone.

"The bairn; the bairn!" she cried, tottering toward him.

He made one quick step toward her, and caught her in his arms as he replied:

"Dear Miss Hetherington, she has gone!"

For a moment she did not seem able to understand him; she stared at him blankly and repeated:

"Gone! where is she gone?"

"I do not know; several weeks ago she left this place with her child, and she has not been seen since."

The old woman's agony was pitiful to see; she moaned, and with her trembling fingers clutched her thin hair.

"Gone!" she moaned. "Ah, my God, she is in the streets, she is starving!"

Suddenly a new resolution came to her—with an effort she pulled herself together. She wrapped her heavy fur cloak around her and moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Sutherland.

She turned round upon him with livid and death-like face.

"Going!" she repeated, in a terrible voice. "I am going to him!—to the villain who first learned my secret and stole my bairn away!"

Miss Hetherington spoke firmly, showing as much by her manner as by her speech that her determination was fixed. Sutherland therefore made no attempt to oppose her; but he called up a fly, and the two drove to the lodgings which had been formerly occupied by Marjorie and Caussidiere.

To Sutherland's dismay, the rooms were empty, Caussidiere having disappeared and left no trace behind him. For a moment he was at a loss what to do.

Suddenly he remembered Adele, and resolved to seek assistance from her. Yet here again he was at a loss. It would be all very well for him to seek out Adele at the cafe, but to take Miss Hetherington there was another matter. He therefore asked her to return to the hotel and wait quietly there while he continued the search.

This she positively refused to do.

"Come away, Johnnie Sutherland," she said, "and take me with you. If I'm a woman I'm an old one, and no matter where I gang I mean to find my child."

At seven o'clock that night the cafe was brilliantly lit and crowded with a rolisterous company. Adele, flushed and triumphant, having sang one of her most popular songs, was astonished to see a man beckoning to her from the audience. Looking again, she saw that the man was none other than the young artist—Sutherland.

Descending from her rostrum, she eagerly went forward to join him, and the two passed out of the cafe and stood confronting each other in the street.

"Adele," said Sutherland, eagerly, seizing her hands, "where is that man—Caussidiere?"

"Caussidiere?" she repeated, staring at him in seeming amazement.

"Yes, Caussidiere! Tell me where he is, for God's sake!"

Again Adele hesitated—something had happened, of that she felt sure, for the man who now stood before her was certainly not the Sutherland of other days; there was a look in his eyes which had never been there before.

"Monseur," she said gently, "tell me first where is madame, his wife?"

"God knows! I want to find her. I have come to Paris with her mother to force that villain to give her up. Adele, if you do not know her whereabouts, tell me where he is."

She hesitated for a moment, then, drew from her pocket a piece of paper, scribbled something on it in pencil, and pressed it into Sutherland's hand.

"Monseur," she whispered, "if you find her—I may see her?—once—only once again?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, monseur!"

She seized his hand and eagerly pressed it to her lips, then, hastily brushing away a tear, she re-entered the cafe, and was soon delighting her thirsty admirers with another song.

Sutherland had been too much carried away by the work he had in hand to notice Adele's emotion. He opened the paper she had given him, and read the address by the aid of the street lamp; then he returned to the fly, which stood waiting for him at the curbstone. He gave his directions to the driver, then entered the vehicle; taking his seat beside Miss Hetherington, who sat there like a statue.

The vehicle drove off through a series of well-populated streets, then it stopped. Sutherland leaped out, and to his confusion Miss Hetherington rose to follow him. He made no attempt to oppose her, knowing well that any such attempt would be useless.

So the two went together up a darkened court, and paused before a door. In answer to Sutherland's knock a little maid appeared, and he inquired in as firm a voice as he could command for Monsieur Caussidiere.

Yes, Monsieur Caussidiere was at home, she said, and if the gentleman would give his name she would take it; but this Sutherland would not do. He slipped a napoleon into the girl's hand, and after a momentary hesitation she showed the two into the very room where the Frenchman sat.

He was dressed not in his usual dandified fashion, but in a seedy morning coat; his face looked haggard. He was seated at a table with piles of paper before him. He looked up quietly when the door opened; then seeing Miss Hetherington, who had been the first to enter the room, he started to his feet.

"Madame!" he exclaimed in French, "or shall I say Mademoiselle Hetherington?"

"Yes," she returned quietly, in the same tongue, "Miss Hetherington. I have come to you, villain that you are, for my child!"

"Your child?"

"Ay, my daughter, my Marjorie! Where is she, tell me?"

By this time Caussidiere had recovered from his surprise. He was still rather frightened, but he conquered himself sufficiently to shrug his shoulders, sneer and reply:

"Really, madame, or mademoiselle, your violence is unnecessary. I know nothing of your daughter; she left me of her own free will, and I request you to leave my house."

But the old lady stood firm.

"I will not stir," she exclaimed, "until I have my Marjorie. You took her from her home, and brought her here. What have you done with her? If harm has come to her through you, look to yourself!"

The Frenchman's face grew livid; he made one step toward her, then he drew back.

"Leave my house," he said, pointing to the door; "the person of whom you speak is nothing to me."

"It is false; she is your wife."

"She is not my wife! she was my mistress, nothing more!"

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when the Frenchman felt himself seized by the throat, and violently hurled upon the ground. He leaped to his feet again, and once more felt Sutherland's hard hands gripping his throat. "Coward as well as liar," cried the young Scotchman; "retract what you have said, or, by God! I'll strangle you!"

The Frenchman said nothing, but he struggled hard to free himself from the other's fierce clutch, while Miss Hetherington stood grimly looking on.

Presently Caussidiere shook himself free, and sank exhausted into a chair.

"You villain!" he hissed; "you shall suffer for this. I will seek police protection. I will have you cast into prison. Yes, you shall utterly rue the day when you dared to lay a finger upon me."

But Sutherland paid no heed. Finding that in reality Caussidiere knew as little of Marjorie's whereabouts as he knew himself, he at last persuaded Miss Hetherington to leave the place.

They drove to the prefect of police to set some inquiries on foot; then they went back to the cafe to make further inquiries of Adele. On one thing they were determined, not to rest night or day until they had found Marjorie—alive or dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Miss Hetherington was hastening to confront Caussidiere, Marjorie, with her child, was walking wearily through the streets of Paris.

As the daylight faded away the cold had increased; the snow was falling heavily, soaking her through and through.

Suddenly she remembered what the milk-woman had told her; she would go to the English ambassador—perhaps he would give her relief and enable her to get home.

She paused once or twice to ask her way, but she could get no answer. She was nothing more than a street waif, and was accordingly thrust aside as such. At last a little sambo gave her the information she asked. The place she sought was three miles off.

Three miles! She was footsore and

faint; she had not a sou in her pocket; and her child was fainting with cold and hunger. It seemed to her that her last hope had gone.

Then she suddenly remembered that a certain Miss Dove, a wealthy English woman, had founded a home in Paris for her destitute countrywomen. She knew the address, it was nearer than the British Embassy. She dragged herself and child to it. She had just sufficient strength left to ring the bell, when she sank fainting on the threshold of the door.

When Marjorie again opened her eyes she was lying in a strange bed, and a lady with a pale, grave face was still bending above her.

"Where am I?" she cried, starting up; and then she looked around for her child.

A cold hand was laid upon her feverishly burning forehead, and she was gently laid back upon her pillow.

"The child is quite safe," said a low, sweet voice. "We have put him in a cot, and he is sleeping; try to sleep, too, and when you waken you will be stronger, and you shall have the little boy."

Marjorie closed her eyes and moaned, and soon fell into a heavy, feverish sleep.

Having seized her system, the fever kept its burning hold, and for many days the mistress of the house thought that Marjorie would die; but fortunately her constitution was strong; she passed through the ordeal, and one day she opened her eyes on what seemed to her a new world.

For a time she lay quietly looking about her, without a movement and without a word. The room in which she lay was small, but prettily fitted up. There were crucifixes on the wall, and dimly curtains to the bed and the windows; through the diamond panes the sun was faintly shining; a cozy fire filled the grate; on the hearth sat a woman, evidently a nurse; while on the hearth-rug was little Leon, quiet as a mouse, and with his lap full of toys.

It was so dreamy and so peaceful that she could just hear the murmur of life outside, and the faint crackling of the fire on the hearth—that was all.

She lay for a time watching the two figures as in a vision; then the memory of all that had passed came back upon her, and she sobbed. In a moment the woman rose and came over to her, white little Leon ran to the bedside, and took her thin, white hand. "Mamma," he said, "don't cry!"

For in spite of herself Marjorie felt the tears coursing down her cheeks. The nurse said nothing. She smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and quietly waited until the invalid's grief had passed away.

Then she said gently: "Do not grieve, madam. The worst of your illness is over. You will soon be well."

"Have I been very ill?" asked Marjorie, faintly.

"Yes, very ill. We thought that you would die."

"And you have nursed me—you have saved me? Oh! you are very good! Who—who are you—where am I?"

"You are amongst friends. This house is the home of every one who needs a home. It belongs to Miss Esther Dove. It was she who found you fainting on our door-step, and took you in. When you fell into a fever she gave you into my charge. I am one of the nurses."

She added, quietly: "There, do not ask me more questions, for you are weak, and must be very careful. Take this, and then, if you will promise to soothe yourself, the little boy shall stay beside you while you sleep."

Marjorie took the food that was offered to her, and gave the promise required. Indeed, she felt too weak to talk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAVAL BURIALS.

Regulations Require That Christian Interment Be Provided.

The chaplain's official station in most ship ceremonies and in time of battle is at the sick bay, where lie the sick, says Donahoe's. Discipline and fresh air are wonderful preservatives of health, and a chaplain's duties to the sick in times of peace are very light. At naval hospitals, however, withers are brought from the ships the very sick and the seriously wounded, a chaplain finds ample field for the exercise of that tender sympathy which wins souls to God and for the ministering of the consolation of religion. It is also the duty of the chaplain to assist at naval burials. The regulations require that Christian burial be provided for all men who die in the service. If possible, the body is interred with the rites of the church to which the deceased had belonged. When this duty is required at sea the ship is hoisted to the flag displayed at half mast, and the officers and men are mustered on deck to pay their last tribute to the departed. The funeral services follow and the body is then consigned to the deep. A guard of honor fires three volleys over the watery grave and the bugler sounds the last "taps"—sad, mournful notes of the bugle which tell of the hour of sleep. If the death occurs at a hospital, an escort and a guard of honor from the ship to which the deceased had been attached accompany the funeral cortege to the grave. As the procession enters the cemetery the bugler proceeds, followed by the chaplain. This spectacle is always impressive. It naturally suggests the prayer that angels, led by the angel guardian, may bear the soul of the deceased before the throne of God as friends bear the body to the grave; that the angel, at the judgment seat, may proclaim welcome, joy and gladness to the bugler at the grave recalls loss, sadness and regret.