

## FROM THE GALLERY.

In the "third floor back" of a dismal-looking lodging house in a street near Waterloo bridge, a man was standing, singing. In a dilapidated armchair by the window, his audience—one wee, pretty lassie—was curled up, wrapped about with an overcoat, for it was the afternoon of Christmas day, and there was no fire in the cheerless grate.

"Shall I light the lamp, daddy?" she asked, as he ceased to sing and began to execute a grotesque dance, still whistling the refrain of his song. "It has grown so dark that I can't see to give you your cues," and she held up some tattered manuscript as she spoke.

"No, Babsie; that will do for tonight. Don't try your eyes. Shall we have our usual chat in the dark, pet? There is no rehearsal tonight. Ugh! How cold it is. Have we no coal or wood, dearie?"

"No, dad; but it isn't very much colder without fire, because the silly smoke won't go up the chimney, somehow, so I have to keep the window open when we do have a fire."

"My poor little frozen baby," he said sadly, taking her in his arms. "We will find lodgings where the emoke does exit the proper way—after Boxing night."

"Dad," she said, as she nestled close up to him in the armchair, "shall we have a Christmas pudding some day?"

"Shall I sing to you, Babsie?" he interposed hastily. And, gently stroking her soft curls, he broke into a lively music hall ditty.

Babsie was soon fast asleep. He lifted her up and placed her on the bed. "Heaven help her!" he murmured sadly, as he gazed upon the sweet white face. "If I had only been a laborer you would not have gone hungry on Christmas day, my pet. I wonder how many poor mummies are waiting eagerly for Boxing night? I have looked for work without ceasing. I wonder if the noble army of bogus managers with whom I've been so closely acquainted of late are dining well tonight while she is starving. I'll spend every penny I earn this pantomime upon her comfort. Oh, if I can only make a hit, now my chance has come! Oh, my Babsie, my brave little Babsie!"

"Daddy, it's the glorious Boxing day at last!" cried Babsie, dancing round him in her excitement, as he was preparing to go to the theater.

"Everything wasn't quite smooth at dress rehearsal," he had explained to her; "so I shall be at the theater all day."

The latter part of this statement was not true; but he saw that there was barely food for one in the cupboard, and his pocket was quite empty.

As he ran down the stairs a little

appeared into one of the dressing-rooms. It was Nigel Halliday, white and trembling, and with huge beads of perspiration on his brow.

"He'll never be on!" said the performers in chorus. But he was at the side, dressed and made up, fully five minutes before his first entrance. The other performers were looking at him curiously, for his face was twitching and he spoke to no one. "Nervousness or drunkenness," they all agreed.

There was a ripple of laughter as he made his first entrance. It acted like an electric shock upon him. He knew what was expected of him, and he worked desperately. "He'll do!" said the anxious manager, sagely, as he watched his grotesque exit and listened to the applause that followed it.

As soon as Halliday was off the stage after the fourth scene he caught the assistant manager by the arm.

"I'm not on until the palace scene," he said eagerly. "How long is my wait?"

"Oh, about an hour tonight," was the reply.

Halliday rushed down the passage to his dressing-room, removing his kingly robes as he ran.

"What the deuce are you doing?" cried one of the men, as he watched him struggle into his overcoat. "Are you drunk tonight, or what?"

"Don't stop me!" panted Halliday. "Hands off, I say! It's my long wait. I'll be back in time. My child is lost—missing since morning. I'm crazy with anxiety; she's my only one."

Through the streets he ran, threading in and out the traffic, heedless of the drivers. The fog had cleared away, and the night was starry.

"Babsie! Babsie!" he panted, as he tore along. "Babsie! Babsie!" as he vaulted up the dark staircase to his home. All was silent in the desolate room. He stood there one moment and threw up his hands in voiceless prayer, and then he hastened back to the theater.

Just before his entrance in the palace scene the doorkeeper made his way through the crowd and said something in a low tone to the stage manager. He saw them glance toward him and in a moment he was beside them.

"In heaven's name tell me, Graham! Is it news for me? Don't lie; I know it is!"

"When you come off, Halliday—after your song. There's your music playing now. Go on, old man."

"Tell me first," Halliday replied hoarsely, "and I give you my word I'll go on!"

"A little girl—run over—taken to Faith hospital. Don't know who she belongs to. Died unconscious," Graham replied hastily.

"Thank you," was all the wretched man said as he staggered past them onto the stage.

A child in the gallery laughed gleefully at his grotesque entrance. It sounded just like Babsie's laugh. Babsie now, perhaps, lying a little mangled corpse in the Faith hospital. Why was he there? he asked himself, if his darling lay dead. What did he care for money now?

But Babsie had been so fond of his "drinking song." She had looked forward to hearing him sing it. He would sing it for her sake.

Then his voice began to falter—he swayed slightly. "He's breaking down," was the terrified whisper. "Won't some one step in to fill the gap?"

And some one did. Right from the very back of the gallery it came—a child's voice that caught up the refrain just as the wretched singer was about to rush from the stage, and the astonished artists, looking up to the "gods," beheld the singer, a little girl perched upon the shoulders of a stalwart coster. It was Babsie—Babsie alive and well.

By the time the little girl had got through the chorus and the gallery had shown their appreciation by applause and whistling, Halliday had regained his self-possession, and he sang the remainder of his ditty with such joyous vigor that he carried his audience along, and the infection of gaiety from all the smiling faces on the stage made itself felt all over the house.

"That kid in the gallery is an old music-hall dodge," said one petite to another.

"Yes, but this was jolly well worked. I thought the chap had really broken down," replied his friend.

Behind the scenes the "kid in the gallery" was being clasped in her father's arms amid a group of sympathetic people in motley attire.

Babsie's story was soon told. She had been offered a quarter by a neighbor to mind her babies while she went out. The temptation to see her "dad" perform had been too strong, and the little girl, with her precious coin in her hand, had patiently waited outside the gallery door for many hours. As she had not expected her father home all day she had not been in the least uneasy.

Then Manager Vaughan and Stage Manager Graham claimed her attention, and the performer slipped a brand new dollar bill into her hand.

"It's what I owe you for that unheeded effect," he said, laughing. "Forget-Me-Not."

No One Could Do It.

Horace Greeley once was discussing in a general company the faults and needs of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good licking!" An Englishman present promptly said with unmistakable English accent: "Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a licking!" But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction or seeming to pay any attention to the interjection, went on in the same squeaky tone: "But the trouble is there's no nation that can give it to us."—Argonaut.

The Other Side of It.

From the Chicago News: She (at the depot)—"It must be awfully hard for these poor foreigners who come to this country to find themselves strangers in a strange land." He—"Oh, they don't mind it. You see, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands." She—"True; I never thought of that."

Dangerous Place.

First Tragedian—Just listen to this: "In California there are ostrich eggs weighing three pounds." Second Tragedian—Great Scott! Isn't it lucky our troupe didn't get a chance to play in California this year?

Cut Rates on All Railways—F. H. Pillsbury Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

CARTER'S INK

is what the largest and best school systems use.

STAMMERING

Omaha Stammerers' Institute, 1000 Broadway, Omaha, Neb. Julia E. Vaughan, Catalogue A Free.

W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 34—1899

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Lung Syrup, Cures Cough, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc.

1000 Broadway, Omaha, Neb.

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3