

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Irene and Zizi are in Germany.
 Carlotta Meconi will give 20 musical recitals on the Pacific Coast.
 Paul Czinnave has been playing Don Cesar De Basan in French in Montreal.
 Hubert Wilkie, Jas Gilbert and J. J. Jaxon are members of the new opera company at the Boston Bijou.
 Julia Arthur will not return to the stage and her husband (B. F. Cheney) have taken apartments at the Parker House, Boston, for the winter.
 Credit Lorraine and the Barker's Daughter will be the plays at the Academy next week.
 Joseph Greene is playing leads with the Imperial stock company, St. Louis.
 Kendal Weston is meeting with success with the Boyer stock company, St. Louis.
 Virginia Warren, whose large portrait adorns the Academy lobby, has been engaged for the production of Blue Jeans in New York.
 Ethel Fuller is playing leading roles with the Elite stock company, Gotham Theatre, Brooklyn.
 Fatmah Diard is appearing in 20 minute opera in vaudeville.
 Wm Wolff is on a pleasure trip to India, Egypt, Germany, France and England.
 Kilpatrick made a tremendous success with his automobile ride at the Augusta, Ga., Fair.
 Helen Tracey, who was here over 20 years, is among the Alice of Old Vincennes company.
 Among Jere McAuliffe's plays this season are Tempest Tossed, Convict 1240, The Man from Italy and Slaves of Russia.
 W. F. Owen, a favorite comedian in old Temperance Hall days, is playing with Frohman's Lady Huntworth's Experiment.
 Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to tour America, is to open her engagement in each city in Magda—the play in which Miss Bonstelle made such a success here last season.
 Some of those who have been here with W. S. Harkins are with the following this season:
 Wm. Courtleigh, with Virginia Harned; J. H. Bunny, Way Down East; Franklyn Ritchie, Sag Harbor; Wm Farnum, Ben Hur; Joseph Kilgour, Henrietta Crossman; Arthur Forrest, Daniel Frohman; E. L. Snader, Columbia Stock, Brooklyn; Percy Haswell, leading her own company; Margaret May, in Winchester; Robert McWade, jr., Donnelly Stock, New York; Clarence Handyside, Kyrle Bellew; Thos. A. Wise, in Are You a Mason; Geo. W. Barnum, Capt Jenks; and Arthur Elliott, with Henry Miller.
 J. S. Peakes, a favorite on the opera stage in Halifax 25 years ago, died at Boston Wednesday. He at one time abandoned opera for the drama, appearing in Little Lord Fauntleroy, and it was in this company he made his last appearance in Halifax, playing at the Lyceum.
 Way Down East played to over \$70,000 in Chicago in seven weeks.
 Sarah Grand lectured at the Lyceum Theatre Oct. 30. Her subject was Mere Mar.
 Mrs. Leslie Carter will present Du Barry at the New York Criterion on Dec 9, next.
 Maude Fealy's reported engagement to William Gillette was denied last week by Miss Fealy's mother.
 Florence Smyth, has been engaged by Howard Kyle to play Maxine Elliott's original role in Clyde Fitch's Nathan Hale.
 Sherlock Holmes will remain at the Lyceum in London until the first week in January. Martin Harvey probably follows in Eugene Aram.
 H. V. Esmond's new play, which Lewis Waller will produce at the Duke of York's theatre, London, has now been named The Sentimentalist.
 Louis Netherole, brother to the famous actress, Olga Netherole, directs the fortunes of Sadie Martinot's latest starring venture, The Marriage Game.
 Miss Viola Allen will spend the early part of next season in England conferring with Hall Caine regarding the dramatization of his book, The Eternal City.
 Jeanette Lowrie was out of the cast of Florodora at the New York last Tuesday because of an injured ankle. Her role, Angela, was played by Janie Patrick.
 Robert Emmett, an Irish play woven around the love and patriotism of that young Irish hero, and written by Brandon Tynan, is now in preparation for pro-

duction.
 Charles Frohman has paid his first forfeit of \$5,000 upon the London Drury Lane's melodrama, The Great Millionaire and will decline to make use of the play in America.
 May Irwin announced in Baltimore last week that at the end of this season she would retire from the stage. A similar report was published a few days before and was denied.
 Richard Lovelace was presented by E. H. Sothorn and his company at a special matinee at the Garden Theatre last Tuesday, when Laurence Irving, the author, witnessed his play for the first time.
 Londoners are to see a comic opera satire, in two acts, entitled Princess Lolololol; The Love of the Rajah of Tittipompom, preceded by a one act farce entitled Charles I and II by D. Du Maurier and S. O. N. Frere.
 The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's Trial by Jury has just been sung in Vienna for the first time and met with great success. All of Gilbert & Sullivan's operettas were popular in Vienna, where they were sung at the Theatre an der Wien.
 Arthur W. Pinero has given new evidence of his genius as a playwright in his latest drama, Iris, recently produced in London. Not only is Iris considered Mr. Pinero's best work, but it also ranks among the greatest plays of the time.
 William Faversham's throats is so sore that for the present at least he will appear only in A Royal Rival. In other words Captain Marshall's romantic one act drama, Prince Charlie will be played henceforth only on special occasions.
 Little Miss Robertson, the lately arrived daughter of Mr and Mrs Forbes Robertson, has delayed the appearance of Madeline Lucette Ryley's new play, Mice and Men in London. Mrs Robertson was Gertrude Elliott before she married.
 The other night Charles Jefferson received a letter from the manager of the local theatre at Springdale, Ill, asking if Joseph Jefferson could visit their town this month, remarking as an inducement that 'the apple crop is good and everybody has money.'
 Count Leo Tolstol's wonderfully realistic play of Russian peasant life, The Power of Darkness, was presented in its entirety, for the first time in America, by the Jewish stock company in New York on Oct 8. The chief role, Nikita, was played by the Jewish star, Jacob Adier.
 The suit brought by Louis Kronberg, the Boston artist, against Richard Mansfield for \$600, alleged to be due for two portraits of Mr Mansfield, as Shylock and Richard III, respectively, was settled last week. Mr Mansfield agrees to pay these \$600 besides \$75 for Kronberg's expenses.
 Maude Caswell, the California girl, who has astonished Paris by her amazing acrobatics, is now in Madrid, making even the hostile Spaniards applaud an American product. She has written that she is proudly wearing an American flag in order that no one may take her for anything else but an American.
 Walter Hale has resigned as Mary Mannerling's leading man and will leave the company on Nov. 18. Mr. Hale has apparently recovered from his illness of last season, but on the advice of his physician, who thinks the hard travel to the coast may prove injurious, he will rest for a month or more at his home in St. Paul before returning to New York.
 Brigham Royce has been engaged for James K. Hackett's company to play the King of Spain in Don Caesar's Return, and a leading role in Mr. Hackett's new play, A Chance Ambassador, which will be produced during his Philadelphia engagement in November. Mr. Royce was associated with Mr. Hackett in Rupert of Hentzau and The Pride of Jennico.
 In spite of glowing reports to the contrary, small audiences are in attendance on N. C. Goodwin's London performance in Esmond's When We Were Twenty One. We hear nothing more of the silly plan to have him appear abroad as Shylock—a plan that has been relegated to oblivion, seemingly, with that to have Mr. Gillette act Hamlet there.
 There hasn't been anybody announcing more plans than Miss Blanche Walsh since her Joan of the Sword Hand flunked. First it was Nadj zds, which she didn't get; then it was Janice Meredith which she did get and is now playing; and now it is dramatized of Aui'a Vivanti Chartares' story, The Hunt for Happiness which is going to produce, and also La Madeleine, by H. J. W. Dam.
 Says Charles Frohman: 'It would take too long to name over all my companies. At present I have an interest in 43 companies in America. In England I control five London theatres and have nine travel-

advertised for. I replied to none of the advertisements. Rather than he should know how badly I had done for myself, I preferred that he should think me dead. Such was my pride, Miss Moreland.
 A glance of sympathy shot from beneath Ruby's drooping eyelids.
 He saw it, and went on—
 'But last summer the luck began to change. Indeed it changed altogether. I found gold at the diggings, and was soon in possession of a fortune. Then a sudden freak seized me. I came home, resolving to visit my uncle in poor and shabby clothing, and see what sort of a reception he gave me. When you met me on Friday night I was on my way to The Grange. I recognized you in a moment, though you did not recognize me.'
 'Did you, really?' asked Ruby, with a delicious blush.
 'Of course I did,' he answered, with a look which made her pulses thrill with pleasure.
 'I took your sixpence just for fun, thinking what a merry laugh we should have over it when I gave it you back again.'
 'Well, when I got to the river I found the boat on this side, fastened. I unfastened it and rowed myself across.'
 'I went up to the house and having knocked at the hall door without getting any answer, I made my way to the back. The scullery window was unfastened and I entered by it, I went into the parlour, and found my dear uncle dead on the floor. I assured myself he was dead—quite beyond the reach of human aid—and then was hurrying back to raise an alarm and fetch assistance, when I saw my cousin Reginald.'
 'At one side of the house the river is so shallow that a man may very well wade across it without getting wet above his knees. As I opened the hall door, I saw a man scrambling up out of the water on to the opposite bank at this point. There was a bright moon, and I saw his face. It was as pale as ashes; and it was the face of my cousin!
 'If it were known he was at The Grange that night he would be suspected. That was why I asked you not to mention the experience, and why I have been so anxious to tell you all, I had the sixpence in my hand when I stood at the hall door, and no doubt I dropped it in my horror and surprise at seeing Reginald. This, too, is why I gave no alarm that night. If I had done so, I should have been called as a witness, and if I had been asked whether I saw anyone in the room near The Grange, how could I, speaking on my oath, have kept myself from betraying Reginald?
 A few minutes longer they stood discussing the tragedy; then, the snow storm having ceased, they quitted the barn, and returned to the high road together.
 Scarcely had they reached it, when a man came suddenly round a curve, walking very swiftly, and as if he bore exciting news.
 It was Detective Ferret.
 He walked straight up to them, and accosted John Whittaker.
 'You are Mr. John Whittaker, I think?'
 'I am.'
 'Then I have good news for you. Your uncle's murderer has been discovered.'
 'Is he in custody?'
 'No, sir; he has given us the slip in a way we did not look for. He has committed suicide.'
 'And—who—is—he?'
 'Your uncle's servant—the man Ferguson!'
 CHAPTER IX.
 THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.
 'From the very first I suspected Ferguson. I hardly know why, unless it was that he seemed so uncommonly careful to account for his own movements.
 'The thing that puzzled me was the question of motive. There was no money or valuables missing, and Lawyer Grady had told me that your uncle made Ferguson a liberal allowance to insure his faithful service, but meant to leave him nothing at his death.
 'Then there was another thing which puzzled me, and perhaps kept me from finding out the truth as soon as I otherwise might have done. I don't know whether you are aware of it; but it is undoubtedly a fact that Mr. Reginald Whittaker did go to The Grange that night.
 'As you have heard, there were footprints on both banks of the river, which proved some person had crossed that night. I made inquiries, and found that a young man answering to the description of Reginald Whittaker had come into the town by the London train at five o'clock, and had returned to London by the half past seven. Naturally, this made me suspect him, especially when, on going up to London myself to make inquiries, I discovered that he was in serious pecuniary difficulties, was wearing a plain and shabby suit, and had returned home on Friday night with wet trousers and muddy boots!
 'You discovered all this?' exclaimed John Whittaker.
 'I did. I discovered more. I found that those muddy boots of his fitted exactly into the footprints on the river bank.'
 'Then how was it you didn't arrest him?' cried John Whittaker in amazement.
 'Well, for one thing, he got arrested by rheumatic fever, and, for another, I still didn't believe he was the guilty person. Of course, I established a surveillance over him; but I went no further than that. My own private opinion concerning him was that he had gone down to The Grange under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties had found his uncle dead, and had been so horrified by the discovery, and by a fear lest he should be suspected, that he immediately made his way back to town.'
 'But how have you discovered that Ferguson was the murderer?' asked Ruby.
 'I'll tell you, miss. I knew that the old gentleman kept a journal. I had to hunt high and low before I found it; but when I did find it, I was on a hot scent, and no mistake. I'll read you a copy of an entry

made just three weeks ago. Here it is—
 December the Third. Ferguson very kind and attentive when I was ill last night. Have made my will fresh, and left him three thousand pounds. Shall never let him know this.
 'Here is another entry—December the Seventeenth. I believe Ferguson has been tampering with my papers. Believe he had got a sight of my last will. He shall not have the legacy by murdering him before it could be revoked. The rascal little dreamed when he committed the murder that that will was already destroyed. But now I come to another entry—the most significant of all.
 'December the Sixth. Ferguson has got a bicycle. Why, Heaven alone knows. The fool is practising on it in the garden.'
 John Whittaker and Ruby both uttered exclamations of surprise.
 'The detective went on—
 'When I read that entry, I saw the whole thing. The cunning rascal had laid his plans well. He had got that bicycle secretly and learned to ride it; and now don't you see what really happened? He left the Grange at six, as he said, because he meant to be seen by the man Blusson, who passed the top of the hill regularly at five minutes past six. But as soon as this man had seen him, he hurried back and murdered his poor old master.'
 'Horrible!' ejaculated Whittaker.
 'The deed would not occupy him many minutes. But there was the double journey across the two fields, so that it would have been impossible for him to have been in the town by half-past six, as he was, if he had trusted to his legs alone.
 'You see, he had laid his plans with a good deal of cunning. He had got the bicycle secretly, bought it at a place twenty miles off. Nobody but your uncle knew he had it, and he threw it into the river on his return—no doubt just before he overtook the man Smith, as he had planned to do.
 'I had suspected something of this sort from the first, and, of course, those entries in your uncle's diary made it all as clear as daylight.
 'And he is dead you say?' asked John Whittaker, with something like a sigh of relief.
 He could not help feeling glad that the wretched man had already expiated his crime—that, at any rate, no earthly tribunal would have to mete out his doom.
 'Yes, I ordered my men to keep a sharp look-out upon him after we discovered the bicycle yesterday. But their look-out was evidently, not sharp enough. While I was away interviewing the maker of the machine, who easily identified him as the purchaser by my description, he managed to take position. Luckily, however, he left behind him a full confession of his guilt.'
 'Should like you to tell me one thing more,' remarked John Whittaker, after a solemn silence. 'How did you know who I was?'
 The detective smiled.
 'Why, sir, you must remember it was my duty to keep a sharp look-out for all mysterious characters, and, naturally, I soon had my eye on you as you loitered about the neighborhood. But you must know that when your uncle lay dead, there was a miniature in his hand—a miniature of you as a lad of sixteen or so. I am good at making out resemblance between that miniature and you.
 'I made inquiries, traced your movements during the last few days, and found you had just come from Australia. Then, of course, I felt pretty sure; and now, sir, I do really believe I have told you all.'
 CHAPTER X.
 At the Stroke of Twelve.
 In the drawing room at Templedene, Ruby was standing an hour before midnight on that same Christmas Eve.
 She wore a white dress, with a spray of thickly berried holly in her dark hair, and another spray at her bosom.
 Her eyes were shining with a soft radiance, and she looked as blooming as a rose.
 Her aunt sat on a couch near, and both looked eagerly expectant.
 Both seemed to be listening for some expected sound.
 'The train must be in now,' said Ruby. 'He will certainly be here in a few minutes aunt.'
 'I hope so, my dear. I can see you are getting anxious.'
 'I am anxious,' declared Ruby frankly. 'I do hope nothing will keep him. It will be a real disappointment to me if he isn't here for Christmas Day.'
 It was John Whittaker the aunt and niece were awaiting with such eagerness. After leaving Detective Ferret that morning he had accompanied Ruby home, and had accepted with delight her aunt's invitation to him to spend his Christmas at Templedene.
 But he had said he must go to London to see his poor cousin, and of course neither of ladies could gainsay him.
 And now the time for his return had come.
 A carriage had been sent to the station to meet him, and Ruby, all flushing and palpitating, was straining her ears to catch the first sound of the approaching wheels.
 At last she heard them.
 'He is here,' she said, trying to speak calmly, and seating herself beside her aunt.
 A few more moments, and John Whittaker entered the room, dressed now as became his rank, and looking—so Ruby thought in her secret heart, with a glow of admiration which surprised her—the handsomest, noblest, finest gentleman she had ever seen.
 Coffee and sandwiches were brought in and while the two ladies petted and made much of him, under pretence of ministering to his wants, he told them of his visit to Reginald.
 'He is better, poor fellow—though it has been a sharp attack. He would not bear of my spending Christmas day with

him, but, of course, I shall go up again in a day or two. I shall not like to leave him long alone. And it was just as we suspected. He got himself into a difficult way and came here last Friday to try to get money from our uncle.
 'Finding the boat fastened on this side of the river, he knew Ferguson must be out, and so he waded across as best he could. You know what he saw. You can imagine how the sight affected him. He hurried back to town, and the next morning raised what money he could to meet his difficulties by pledging some of the family plate which belonged to him.
 'It certainly was the strangest thing that he and I should both go to The Grange at that very hour. It proves for the thousandth time that truth is stranger than fiction.'
 'And is poor Reginald in need of money now?' asked Ruby's aunt a little anxiously.
 Young Reginald Whittaker was a favourite of hers,
 'I have arranged his affairs for him,' said John Whittaker hastily, with the generous blush of one who does good by stealth, and has no wish to sound his own praises. 'Grady tells me I am the sole heir; but, of course, I shall divide the inheritance with Reginald. That will be only fair. It is enough for me to know that my poor old uncle had a kindly feeling towards me to the last. Poor old man! To think that he died with my portrait in his hand!
 There was silence for a moment or two; then Miss Moreland to divert her guest's thoughts from a painful subject asked him if he had noticed a charming little conservatory which opened out of the drawing-room, and was, indeed, a recent addition.
 'Will you show it me?' he asked, looking full at Ruby.
 She rose in a moment, her heart palpitating with a strange pleasure beneath his glance.
 They entered the conservatory.
 Miss Moreland had the kindness and good sense not to follow them.
 John Whittaker looked at the lovely blooms with an abstraction which showed his thoughts were elsewhere.
 Suddenly he turned to Ruby and said, apropos of nothing—
 'Do you remember I used to call you my little sweetheart before I went away?'
 Ruby blushed deliciously.
 'I—think I do.'
 'And you used to promise that when you were grown up you would be my wife.'
 This time she did not reply to his question.
 Instead, she gathered a lovely rose, and held it up to him.
 'Oh, Mr. Whittaker! Just look at this!'
 He took the rose and held it close, looking down into her face the while, with a gaze which made her heart beat fast with joy.
 'Ruby, we learn strange ways out in the colonies. We do things there which perhaps you are not used to here. For instance, if a man wants a thing very much he tries to get it without beating about the bush, and so, perhaps, losing any little chance he might have had. Now I want something very much. Darling, I want you.'
 'Oh, Mr. Whittaker!'
 And Ruby affected deep surprise, but she suffered him to keep both her hands in his.
 'I know what you would say, dearest—that I have only seen you three times, and that I cannot know my own mind. But I do know it. I know it well. I loved you when you were a child, and I came back determined to woo you if you were free to accept my wooing.
 'When I saw you leaning over your bicycle last Friday night, I told myself I should die a crabbed old bachelor unless you would take pity, and turn me into a respectable married man. I know that must seem sudden to you, dear. I cannot expect your feelings to be like mine. But I do believe you could learn to care for me in time.'
 He waited for an answer, with his heart in his eyes.
 And Ruby answered him bravely, frankly—as a true woman should.
 'I think I care for you—a little—now.'
 'My Christmas rose!' he murmured, as he drew her tenderly to his bosom, where she nestled happily, like one who has found a blissful resting place.
 And at that moment the clock chimed out the midnight hour.
 It was Christmas Day!
 Now, Ham, said Noah, in a kind but firm tones, as he noted the approach of Thanksgiving I want you to bear in mind that I have but two turkeys on the ark, and that you will have to curb your instincts for the present.—
 We've wood enough and groceries enough to last us all winter, says a Georgia editor, and we will thank any of our subscribers who will kindly give us something to growl about.—
 Finnick—If you'll notice, the poets invariably refer to the earth as she. Why should the earth be considered feminine, I'd like to know?
 Sionick—Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is.—
 Hiprahrah Fullback—They're going to shoot the center rush through our line the Thanksgiving game.—
 We expect my sister Ellen back from visit in Dakota next week.
 Did she get it?
 What?
 Why, her divorce.

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