That brilliant dancer, Ida Fuller, is announced as the attraction for this week at the Clunie Opera-house, beginning to-morrow evening. A Parisian dramatic critic, speaking of her illusionarydances, says: "Any self-respecting bird would weep with chagrin at seeing Mlle. Ida spread the wonderful wings of her drapery and go sailing through the shafts of light that are aimed at her by her faithful calciums. She is a spectacle that is scarcely equaled by rainbows, torchlight processions, Niagara Falls or naval parades. She is apparently enveloped in weather. First there is the broad sunshine of noonday, then a mist falls, the rain pours, then fierce winds blow, then the sun comes forth again and gradually fades through hues until it disappears and pearly moonlight bathes the dancer. Through all the young woman is distinctively visible. Her garments are the merest atmospheres, which scatter and billow and burst into opaline clouds as she agitates her round and supple form and flings her limbs powerfully in various directions. She does

IDA FULLER.

not trip to any set measures, and her feet do not meet and leave the stage with the rythmic precision observable in almost every other dancer that has ever lived. The beauty of motion that she displays and with which she pleases beholders is produced by a marvelous trick of manipulating hundreds of yards of web-like fabric amid the fiercest glare of light ever projected upon a stage." During the engagement here Ida will be seen in four of her best dance effects, viz., "Transformation," "The Fire Dance," "Night" and "Nile Lily." She promises that the dances will be given with all of the remarkable electrical and mechanical effects used by her in the original productions. She will appear in conjunction with her own dramatic and vaudeville company, under the management of Carl Smith, late of the Smith-Leib Company.

* * *

San Francisco "Music and Drama" protests against charging all delinquents to the stage: The recent story of a wealthy and heretofore respected woman running away from her luxurious home with an actor was sifted far enough to disclose the fact that the man was not an actor, but had possibly "suped" for fifty cents a night in some country theater where the regular staff of the house did not include supernumeraries. Another glaring injustice was done the profession by the publication, under the head lines that Mrs. Dimond of Honolulu had eloped with an actor. The truth of the matter, in the first instance, was that the man referred to as having broken up a happy home had a dozen allases and as many occupations, none of which entitled him to mention in any connection with the stage. In the second instance, the man who came to California on the same steamer with Mrs. Dimond, who, by the way, has gone back to Honolulu to make it warm for her defamers, never had any connection with the profession whatever, and is no nearer being an actor than any other dry goods clerk or druggist's assistant who has appeared in church tableaux or amateur dramatic companies.

* * *

The London critics continue to discuss the "Richard III." of Sir Henry Irving at great length. The London "Times" says: "From most other stage villains the new Richard differs in this, that the colossal character of his turpitude, redeemed as it is by cold, electric gleams of humor, endears in some sort to the house. He is the Robert Macaire of historical drama, minus the rags and patches. He is too clever, too audacious, too Mephistophelian to be taken seriously. No mere political conspirator, one feels, could be so fertile in resources, so frankly wicked, so apt in making short work of his opponents, so conscious of his own enormities, and so ready to make a jest of them as this leering and polished dissembler, who yet, occasion offering, does not disclaim the arts of depicting a guilty conscience by strange contortions and half-articulate speech." The London "World" remarks: "It was this absence of intellectual or even impersonative effort that made his Mephistopheles so cheap and pantomimic. In Richard he is saved, to some extent, by the fact that he is speaking the language of Shakespeare, not of Mr. Wills, and that the fiend he is impersonating is, after all, a Plantagenet. This he never forgets; there is nothing vulgar about his performance. But its fiendishness is too monotonous and too external. The Richard of Shakespeare is diabolical in plausibility as well as in irony and ferocity. He 'clothes his naked villany' and 'seems a saint when most he plays the devil.' Now there is nothing in the least plausible about Sir Henry Irving's Gloucester. It is by magnetic volition that he carries his points, never by anything that can be called serious hypocrisy."

* * *

The ingenuous Wilson Barrett sent a silver wreath with an adulatory inscription to Sarah Bernhardt, whereupon the famous Sarah replied: "I have received your adorable wreath, dear and great artist. It has made me very happy. I thank you a thousand times, dear Wilson Barrett. I place my two hands in yours.—Sarah Bernhardt." Was there ever anything more silly, contemptible, or transparent than this modern theatrical mutual-admiration business? asks the New York "Post."

* * *

An old manuscript of songs, which has lain hidden in the University at Jena for 300 years, has just been multiplied by means of photography, and two editions published by the editor Strobel in Jena; the German Emperor and many princes were among the subscribers, and what copies are still available can be had at 200 marks for the unbound copies and 250 for those bound in ancient style. The manuscript was written in splendid style on 226 folio pages, and contains, says the "Vossische Zeitung," a rich collection of Minnesaenger songs with their melodies, and is one of the most important sources for the study of the music of the Middle Ages. The manuscript was made in the fourteenth century.

* * *

It is said that Mme. Melba attributes the origin of her troubles to the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," in which she lay for twenty minutes exposed to a draught. She felt the cold coming on, but could not move. Evidently she knew not that a cold, the advent of which one feels in that way, can be arrested at once by filling the lungs with air a dozen times to their utmost capacity. Deep breathing is the cheapest and best of all medicines and tonics, but most people are too lazy or ignorant ever to indulge in it. If everybody breathed properly, slept enough, and avoided sweets and other desserts at dinner, half the doctors would have to go out of business.

* * *

"The Sorrows of Satan," the theatrical version of Miss Corelli's well-advertised book, has been produced, after many delays, in the London Shaftesbury Theater and has been received with a great deal of critical ridicule. One of the most trustworthy judges delivers his opinion, curtly, as follows: "The play is not even aggressively or offensively vulgar; or, more precisely, the vulgarity lies rather in the fundamental conception of life, death, and the scheme of things, than in the surface sayings and doings of the characters. It is simply a stupid play for stupid people—that is the worst and the best that can be said of it."

* * *

New York "Post": Berlin has been having recent performances of "Seigfried," which evoked great enthusiasm, although the cast—including Gruning, Lieban, Schepler and Gulbranson—was hardly one to make us feel envious over here. And above all, Berlin has no Anton Seidl, though it tried hard to get him some years ago when Niemann returned and told about the wonders he does here.

* * *

Richard Wagner was a great letter-writer, and among his correspondents were several friends and acquaintances who lived in America. The Wagner family are anxious to know about any letters that may exist in this country, and will feel extremely grateful if communications relating to them are sent to the musical editor of the "Evening Post" of New York.

* * *

The Boston "Herald" makes record of the interesting fact that "Ready Money Mortiboy," the original of Maurice Barrymore's "Roaring Dick & Co." has been previously made into a play. A version prepared by the authors themselves was tried at the Court Theater in London as long ago as March, 1874, with George Rignold in the role of Roaring Dick.

* * *

Fanny Davenport, supported by Melbourne MacDowell and a strong company, opens in California for two weeks. "Cleopatra" has been dropped from her repertoire, and instead, her new play, "Gismonda," will be presented.

* * *

Hadley and Hart, a California musical team that originated in San Francisco, are credited with being a pronounced success in the East. They are at present playing Hopkins' circuit and are booked at prominent Eastern vaudeville theaters to follow.

* * *

After twenty-five years of hard work at the Vienna opera and elsewhere Frau Materna has asked for her pension, on the ground that, while she is still able to sing selections, a whole opera is too hard a task for her. The pension she receives amounts to 2,250 florins.

* * *

Sara Bernhardt is said to contemplate an appearance in Sig. Bovio's "Mary Magdalen" as the first of a series of characters from the New Testament.

* * *

Fanny Davenport announces that she will produce both "Cleopatra" and "Gismonda" in England at a London theater next June. Miss Daveport controls the English rights for both plays.

* * *

E. S. Willard is the possessor of a new play by William Young, author of "Pendragon," which he hopes to produce this season. It is further reported that he may be seen soon as Tom Pinch, a character in which he attracted attention in London.

* * *

Good operas find their level much sooner now than early in this century. It was three years ago that Hamperdink's "Hansel and Gretel" had its first performance in Berlin, and already it has had as many performances there as Weber's "Oberon" has had in seventy years.

* * *

San Francisco Music and Drama: W. L. Gleason, who was stage manager at the Clunie Opera-house, Sacramento, up to a fortnight ago, has returned to the city with a high opinion of the theater-goers of the Capital and an undeniable look of satisfaction upon his benevolent countenance.

* * *

Julia Arthur, whose right name is Ida Lewis, will probably become Henry Irving's leading lady, owing to the continued illness of Ellen Terry, which may necessitate her retirement from the stage.

* * *

Titenia, the celebrated toe dancer, who was for a time a great sensation at Koster & Bial's in New York City, is now in San Francisco at the Columbia.

* * *

The Frawley company turned people away at every performance given by them in Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane.

* * *

Verdi's "Aida" is just twenty-five years old. It will long survive all his other operas.

Only a Tramp.

He's only a weary, wornout tramp,
A member of a luckless band
That roves about from place to place
And travels from land to land.

His friends are few and far between—
His home is anywhere;
His lot in life is hard indeed,
But he doesn't seem to care.

With a smile upon his bearded face
He greets his fellow-men;
When trouble springs up in his path,
He laughs it down again.

Through the snow and cold of winter,
And summer's sizzling heat,
He walks along the roadways,
With sore and blistered feet.

And oft when faint with hunger
He attempts to beg his meals,
He gets a negative answer
And a bulldog at his heels.

And when at night by the roadside
He seeks his grassy bed,
His pillow is a moss bank
And the sky above his spread.

Thus, in silent slumber,
He dreams of by-gone hours,
And sees once more his boyhood home
Nestling amongst the flowers.

And when in the east the pale moon comes
Like some gigantic lamp,
Its rays fall softly down upon—
A weary, wornout tramp.

—B. Billium Byron.

A Bad Monkey.

Mr. Texter, proprietor of Ulmer Park, on Gravesend Beach, L. I., has a monkey in his menagerie that is credited with some queer pranks. He likes whisky, beer and wine, takes a drink whenever he can get it, and, like many of the human species, goes on a spree once in a while. That is, he quits his cage and disappears for a time. Whether he leaves the park and goes to Coney Island or Bath Beach is a question although it is reported that he has been seen in both places. If he returns home in the night and finds that he is locked out, he gets in by breaking a pane of glass.

That he is bitterly opposed to the Raines law is evident from the fact that one day when a copy of the law was lying on a chair near his cage he came out, tore it into shreds and ate it. Like some inhuman men this monkey is a wife beater. A much smaller female monkey ocucpies the cage with him, and her face and head always bear marks of his cuffs and blows.

The earth derives 99 per cent. of its energy from the sun.

A QUIET AFTERNOON.

Mr. Williams Spent It With His Little Son.

Incidentally He Learned How to Appreciate a Patient Wife, and Other Things.

"Tom, what was the crime of '73?"

Little Mrs. Williams looked inquiringly at her husband as she spoke.

"It was the demonetization of silver," replied Mr. Williams from over his morning newspaper.

"Would you mind telling me just what that means?" the little woman inquired timidly.

"Why, it means that in 1873 the Republicans stopped the coinage of silver, and that ever since then this country has been going to the dogs," replied her husband emphatically.

"Why didn't the people find out the crime sooner? I never heard of it till this fall," and Mrs. Williams looked inquiringly at the big man opposite.

"Gertrude," answered the big man, "women don't seem to have any sense about these things. I wish you would read up, so that you wouldn't have to ask me idiotic questions."

He rose a little impatiently from the breakfast table and started toward the door. He glanced at his wife, and the wounded look on the sweet face made the big heart within him instantly relent.

He went to her and laid his hand very gently on the sunny head. "Gertrude," he said, "suppose you go and hear General B.'s speech this afternoon. It will be fine and you've never heard him. Then you'll know more about these things."

"But who'll stay with Tommy?" asked his wife, looking up quickly. "It would tire him out and me, too, to take him into a large crowd."

"I'll stay with him myself. I have heard the General, you know, and it will give me a chance to do a bit of reading I've been wanting to do for months."

"You're so good, Tom," she said, patting the hand she had taken in both of hers. Then a little troubled look crossed her face. "I'm afraid, though, that you won't have a very good chance to read."

"Why not?"

"Because of Tommy's questions. That is why I'm so ignorant and behind the times politically. Every time I pick up a paper or a book Tommy is at my elbow and the questions he asks are so many and so queer and so provokingly unanswerable that I give up reading in despair. Part of the time I laugh at him and part of the time I really get provoked."

"Dear little lad! I'll answer his questions and not get provoked either. It will be a genuine treat to spend a couple of hours with him."

"Very well, then, dear. I'll go and hear the speech, and maybe I'll learn so much I won't have to ask you any more silly questions."

Accordingly that afternoon Gertrude, in company with a neighboring friend, betook herself to the grove in the outskirts of the town where the speaking was to take place. Mr. Williams watched her as she walked away; then he went into the next room where Tommy was at play with his blocks, and sat down and played with him for a good fifteen minutes.

Then he stole quietly into the library, and taking down a volume of Shakespeare, turned with swift, accustomed hand to the "bit of reading" he had been wanting to do. In a minute he had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight he had always found in that old comedy. A smile of deepest satisfaction crossed his face and then he gave a little sigh. Why? Mr. Williams himself could not answer that question, at least he would not like to try to answer it, and I will answer it for him. He signed because the irony of fate had caused him to fall in love with and marry the sweetest and gentlest little woman that ever trod the earth while the Petruchio within him must forever be still. He realized to the very tips of his fingers what a Petruchio he could have been if only Gertrude had been a Katherine. Well, at any rate, he could read about this adorable man.

When he had got through the dramatis personae and had begun on the first act Tommy's voice rose from the window: "Papa, who put this big A out here by the fence?"

"Who put what?"

"This big A out here?"

"What can the child mean?" said his father laying down his book and going with some curiosity to the window. Then he laughed heartily as his eye fell upon the subject in question

"It's a harrow, child. It does look like a big A sure enough, but nobody but you would ever have thought of it."

He went back to his book. At the end of three blissful minutes a little voice at his elbow said, "Papa, wipe my cwaker."

"Wipe your cracker?" said Mr. Williams, looking up. "Well, that is a rather unusual request. Give it to me and I'll wipe it."

He took his handkerchief and wiped the soggy square very gingerly.

"The water got on it," explained Tommy, as his father handed it back.

"Mr. Williams found his place and read two lines.

"This cwacker's wotten," said Tommy, looking in mild disgust at the pulpy thing in his hand.

"Tommy, you're enough to make a horse laugh," said his father looking at the little boy and laughing heartily. "Go and throw it in the fire and then come and let me wipe your fingers."

When the fingers were wiped and Mr. Williams was finding his place again he thought, "I don't see how Gertrude can get much reading done. I don't see how she can get the least bit out of patience with him, though. He only interests and amuses me intensely."

He read with much enjoyment for five minutes when Tommy came dolefully to his side. "Put a wag on my finger, papa," he said.

"What's the matter with your finger?"

"Why, I hurt it."

"It doesn't need a rag on it; the blood hasn't come."

"It's goin' to come."

"No, it isn't. Run away now and let me read."

There were tears in the little boy's voice as he said: "Mamma put a wag on my finger when I hurt it."

"Then I reckon I'll have to follow suit," said Mr. Williams, a little wearily, as he rose from his chair and laid his book on the table. "I don't know where any rags are, though."

But Tommy knew where mamma had so often gone for unnecessary but soothing bandages for his injured members and proudly conducted his father thither.

When the bandage was on Mr. Williams betook himself once more to his book He had only read one caustic speech of Katharine's when Tommy came and stood before him wrigging himself from side to side.

"I'm tickled," he announced.

There was such deep seriousness in his tone that his father looked at him curiously. There was not a trace of mirth nor the shadow of a laugh in his rosy little face.

"You don't look tickled," his father said.

"Well, I am."

"Why don't you laugh, then, if you're tickled?" asked Mr. Williams quite mystified.

"I don't want to laugh," said Tommy indignantly. "I want to kwatch my back an' I can't weach the tickled place!"

"Dear little boy! Does his back itch? Turn around and let papa find the tickled place," said Mr. Williams, smiling gently as he rubbed the little back to its satisfaction, after which Tommy trotted away.

Mr. Williams found his place again and read on with many a chuckle and an occasional peal of laughter. And now Petruchio is coming in his outlandish garb to claim his bride and Mr. Williams' face is one glow of delight.

A vigorous hammering arises near by.

"Don't Tommy, don't!" he says without looking up.

"I don't want to don't, papa!"

The next minute a little voice said, "Papa, I wish you'd move the kween."

"Move the queen. What do you mean, Tommy? Have you been meddling with my chess men?" said his father looking up.

Tommy, having no idea what was meant, stood silent and looked at his father. Then he said. "Won't you come and move the kween, papa?"

"Good gracious! I'll move heaven and earth if it will keep you still awhile. Where is she. I'll move her."

Mr. Williams arose and laid the book down with a slam.

"It ain't her," said Tommy, going to the screen before the fire, laying his hand upon it.

"That's it, is it?" said his father, lifting the screen before the fire.

His foot struck lightly against Tommy's. "Papa. you 'tepped on my corn," said Tommy, earnestly.

"Stepped on your corn? Thunder! Come here to me!"

Mr. Williams sat himself down with a very black face, caught Tommy upon his knee, and began savagely to unbutton his shoe. "If your mother has let you—a baby—wear shoes tight enough to make a corn on your foot, I'll raise the very roof when she comes back!" he said. Shoe and stocking were stripped off and revealed—five pink little toes without spot or blemish. With a little tinge of fear the other shoe and stocking were hastily removed. Sure enough! Five more pink little toes, and not a sign of a corn.

"The corn isn't in my shoes," said Tommy, who had been looking on rather blankly at this strange proceeding, "it's under your foot, papa; you 'tepped on it."

Mr. Williams slowly lifted his foot, and there lay the corn—two yellow grains which Tommy had dropped behind the screen and could not reach, but which he felt he must have.

Mr. Williams, looking very foolish, put on the shoes and stockings. "I think I'll read "The Taming of the Shrew," he said, sheepishly, as he went back to his book. In a minute he is shaking with laughter, for Petruchio and his bride have come back from the church to the wedding feast, and then the groom makes it known that he cannot possibly remain till after dinner, though he thanks the honest company all—

"That have beheld me give myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife."

"Papa, what is this?"

"H'm?" asked Mr. Williams in a voice which was certainly in Padua.

"I said what is this?"

"It is a—a—" his voice died away.

"Well, look, an' tell me what it is?"

"It's a stove crank," he said, looking up.

"What is it for?"

"To turn the stove on—to make it burn better."

"Make what burn better?"

"The fire."

"You said to make the 'tove burn better."

"Well, I meant the fire in the stove."

"You did?" Then after a minute Tommy added, "What 'tove?"

"See here, Tommy, I don't want you to ask so many questions," said his father, sternly. "I'm reading. Here, take this and look at the pictures."

"Papa has Weunchang got any pants?"

"Yes, yes; I reckon he has."

"Why don't he wear 'em, then?"

"Tommy," said Mr. Williams, looking at his son with fury in his eye, "you beat Li Hung Chang himself for asking questions."

He sighed deeply and looked at his watch. It would be an hour yet before Gertrude would return. "I'm nearly to the end of act 3. I'll finish that, and then give it up, I guess." He found his place, then glanced at Tommy.

Tommy was looking at the picture of "Visiting Day at the Hospital." "There's a boy in bed, but his gown's hangin' out," he said. Mr. Williams leaned over and looked at the picture, too. "He's a little sick boy," he explained. "That isn't his gown, Tommy. It's the cover hanging down."

"It is?" Then, after pausing a moment. "What cover?"

"Why the cover of the bed."

"What bed?"

"The bed. This one the boy is lying on."

"What boy?"

"See here, young man. Now just dry that up or I'll box your ears for you."

Tommy's little lip began to quiver and instantly his father relented. He hastened to turn Tommy's mind from the proposed boxing. "Look at this man, Tommy. I expect he is the boy's papa."

"Who is?" said Tommy, looking down through blue eyes that saw but dimly at that instant.

"Why the man sitting here in the chair."

"What chair?"

Tommy's papa took a very deep breath and gazed helplessly around the room. Then he said in a strangely quiet voice as he put his index finger with mighty firmness on the picture: "That chair! Right there by the bed!"

"What bed?"

Tommy's father seized one of the chubby fingers and held it fiercely against the picture bed. "This bed! This bed! Do you see it?"

"O, papa, you hold my finger too hard," and Tommy began to cry.

Mr. Williams set him with no gentle hand upon his knee.

"I want mamma to come," sobbed Tommy.

"So do I," said Mr. Williams, and he said it fervently.

"Women had better stay at home and take care of their children, instead of traipsing around to political speeches." This last observation was mental.

"Papa, tell me a 'tory," said Tommy through his tears.

Mr. Williams cast a longing look at his book. "All right. What story do you want?"

"'Bout Old Boss and the little Calfie."

"Boss and the Calfie it is, then, for the millionth time," and Mr. Williams told the story with amazing rapidity and vigor.

"Now tell me 'bout two little girls an' the bees."

"I don't know that story."

"Yes you do, papa. Mamma knows it."

"Well, then, once two little girls went out in the yard and they——"

"No; they were in the garden."

"Well, they were in the garden and some been came flying along——"

"No, they didn't!" shrieked Tommy, "that ain't the wight 'tory."

"Well, Thomas, you'll just wait till your mother comes home for the bee story. I'm done with it," and Mr. Williams put Tommy down and rose and walked to the window. He hoped General B. might be very hoarse to-day or that a storm might come up, or something to cut that speech. He heard a sob, and turning saw a fair little curly head bowed disconsolately upon a chair. He went to the distressed little figure and stooping down put a very loving arm about it. "Don't cry, little boysie," he said with infinite tenderness in his voice. "Come and sit on papa's lap and he will sing 'Dandemina.'"

Tommy's woe was instantly healed. He raised his head and laughed aloud through his tears.

"Mamma ain't here, an' she can't say: 'Don't sing that silly thing,' can she, papa?"

"No, mamma won't hear us this time." So seating Tommy on his knee and keeping time with boisterous stamps, Mr. Williams sang:

"Dandemina clumb a tree
And took a stick to boost her;
And there she sat a-throwing corn
At an old bob-tailed rooster."

Tommy was in high glee and had his father sing the song—which so far as Mr. Williams knew consisted of the one verse—several times.

"Now sing 'bout the old blind horse fell in the well again, while mamma's gone, too."

His father sang:

"The old blind horse fell in the well again,
Fell in the well again,
Fell in the well again;
The old blind horse he fell in the well again,
Down in Alabam."

But songs of this kind will, by and by, pall upon the most tender-hearted parent in the world, and at the end of twenty minutes Mr. Williams told Tommy that he was "sung out."

"Sing one more," pleaded the little boy, "sing 'bout which way to go."

"I don't know that."

"Yes, don't you know? It's 'bout the little 'tar."

"The little star? Well, let me see. No, I don't know that song."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go. Sing it papa. Mamma sings it."

"Well, I don't know which to do. I really don't. I wish I did know, but I always miss the way with everything I start for you." Poor Tommy, and poor papa! If only mamma had been there to start softly, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," how the mists would have cleared away!

Tommy leaned back on his father's arm and wept for a minute or two and then they closed and did not open. His father watched him for a little while, then rose and walked very gently to the couch and laid him down.

"It must be time for Gertrude to come," he thought, going to the window. Yes, there she came, walking swiftly up the street. Mr. Williams watched her for a moment. "If I could find a diadem for sale in all this great republic," he said, "I would buy it and place it myself upon the little mother's brow." Then he went over to his book. "Petruchio, I'll begin at the beginning, and read you again some day, but, old boy, if Katherine had been a three-year-old, methinks you wouldn't have come out with flying colors."

He closed the book and put it back upon the shelf and then walked to the couch and looked down upon the little boy. "But he's the dearest conqueror that ever came into my life," he said, as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the little sleeper.—Cleveland Leader.

BESELENA'S PRATTLE.

(Special Correspondence of Record-Union.)

PORTLAND (Or.), Feb. 3.—The Newly Riches are going to Europe. Mr. Newly Rich was recently left a snug little fortune by the death of his father's brother, an eccentric old fellow, who lived a semi-hermit's life in a remote Eastern village. The old gentleman died without the formality of a will and Mr. Newly Rich being the next of kin the fortune fell to him.

There were vague rumors afloat for a while that if the rich old uncle hadn't been taken off so suddenly he would have made quite a different disposition of his property. That he would have left it all to some church or charitable institution, though he was never in all his life known to contribute a single penny toward the support of the former, nor was he ever seen entering the doors of the latter, rather than allow his nephew to have a single penny. Dame Rumor said that it wasn't Mr. Newly Rich that the old gentleman hated so cordially, but Mr. Newly Rich's wife.

Mr. Newly Rich had always been a prime favorite with the old gentleman and when the former took the advice of Horace Greeley and started for the wild and untamed West to wrest fortune from her grasp, his uncle accompanied him to the station, and with tears in his eyes and a suspicious choke in his voice wished him "God-speed."

Mr. Newly Rich didn't make money as rapidly as he had anticipated. Like hundreds of other young fellows, he was doomed to see his roseate dreams fade mistily away one by one; then, when the glamor was all worn away, he awoke to the stern reality that life now was just what he would make it, so being young and ambitious and because of his youth, hopeful, he fell to work and before long had carved out a very creditable career for himself.

When he was just turning into his twenty-first year, he met his future wife. She was a giddy little butterfly of a girl, inordinately fond of dress and society; she had a rippling laugh, big, innocent blue eyes and dear baby ways that completely captivated the young fellow. She was just 16 then, as artless in the ways of the world as a child of 6. Like the majority of very young men, he became enamored on the spot, and from that time on lived in a fool's paradise. He never stopped to consider that under the pretty dresses she wore there beat as selfish a heart as ever animated human body, and that there wasn't an ounce of mentality in the curly yellow head.

As soon as he was accepted as her affianced husband, the young man wrote to his uncle and told him all about it; thereupon the old gentleman came all the way out West to pay his nephew a visit, and at the same time see for himself the much-talked about young lady. Not being in love with her himself, and having the young man's interest very much at heart, he was not the least bit dazzled by her manifold charms and saw readily through her numerous artifices. He frankly told his nephew her faults as seen through disinterested eyes, and like all impetuous youths from time immemorial the young fellow flew into a violent passion and refused to even listen. He considered his divinity little short of an unwinged angel and his uncle a heartless brute for presuming to find fault with her and was not slow about expressing his sentiments. That was the beginning of the quarrel. The rich uncle returned to his home, vowing to disinherit his ungrateful nephew the minute he got there, but what young man very much in love ever cared a rap for filthy lucre when love and cottages were plenty? And so they were married.

For a time all was serenely beautiful; then came the awakening. The young man found that instead of being mated to an unwinged angel, his wife was selfish, vain and frivolous. They never had any children because all children demand a certain amount of self-sacrifice from the mother, which she was unwilling to give. Her highest ambitions were dress and admiration, and she would go to the extremest limits to get either one or the other.

Newly Rich's income was not great, yet it would have enabled a less extravagant woman to live very comfortably; yet, somehow, it always seemed inadequate to meet Mrs. Newly Rich's desires. This was one of her greatest trials, that it would not enable her to dress like a fashion plate, and at the same time entertain extravagantly. One or the other had to be sacrificed, so she gave up all idea of entertaining and not being used to the making of sacrifices and being too narrow minded to look upon the bright side of things, she brooded over the matter until she became almost unbearably peevish.

But through it all never once did Newly Rich complain. If he recognized the fact that he had made a mistake, as he could not help but do, he never spoke of it, but worked harder than ever to gratify her every whim and caprice.

When the news came of his uncle's death and of the fortune left him Mrs. Newly Rich began at once to lay plans how the money could be spent in order to give her the greatest enjoyment. When her husband suggested that they lay a little aside in the event of a rainy day his wife would not listen. No, they would save none of it; they would travel instead, was her edict. Newly Rich then asked where she would like to go. "To Europe, of coures, where else did you think?" Poor Newly Rich meekly suggested that he had been thinking that it would be a good thing if they saw their own country first. Thereupon, in tones of suspicious calmness, his wife asked him what he ahought he would see in his own country, and when she was told of the beauties of the Pacific Coast, of the grandeur of the scenery in the Northwest and of the lovely equable climate to be found anywhere between California and Florida, Mrs. Newly Rich laughed in derision. She had made up her mind to take that European trip, and nothing could alter her decision. So, being a wise man, fond of peace, her husband ceased his importunities and listened patiently while she dilated in turn of the grandeur of the Alps, the beauties of the Rhine and of the aristocratic civilization to be found in the Old World.

It's bad enough for our moneyed people to neglect their own country and take a foreign tour, but it's infinitely worse when the people who do this sort of thing are shallow, brainless women on the border of Mrs. Newly Rich, who take the trip not for the sake of the sights and scenes and the priceless works of art, but simply to have the satisfaction of saying to their less fortunate friends that they have been to Europe. Ask any woman of this stamp what she saw on this trip and ten to one she will give vent to a series of ecstatic Ohs and Ahs, and exclaim, "Oh, now, really, my dear, don't ask me; I just couldn't begin to tell it all!" which is all the satisfaction you can get out of her.

I don't believe the average American half appreciates his own country. It's the same old story over again of the prophet who had to seek honor and glory in another country. It's human nature not to appreciate that which is around us and which we see every day. If we travel we never think of our own country, oh no, that is too commonplace; we needs must go to foreign lands where we are quite willing to be robbed and cheated by the majority of foreigners who find good pickings in the inexperienced Americans who cross the pond, rich in money but wofully poor in experience.

What our people need most of all is a feeling of patriotism; they need to be enthused every day in the year with a Fourth of July feeling for their country. And, talking of enthusiasm, reminds me that it is the enthusiastic people who make the greatest success in life; it's the men and women who do what they have to do with their whole heart and soul. You never saw a man or woman yet who didn't love their chosen profession or whatever line of work they were engaged in that didn't make it a success in the end. Don't be phlegmatic; don't wait for things to come your way, but make an effort and they will come your way every time. BESELENA.

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