DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

Mrs. Langtry's Trouble in Securing a Metropolitan Management—Lillian Lewis as Cleopatra.

Mrs. Langtry is having a troublous time—as far as getting into New York is concerned. She has been persistently slighted by half a dozen managers, and the climax has just been capped. The tour, it had been widely announced, would appear at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House for a week, beginning next Monday night. Harlem is New York, anyway, and it is quite possible to get metropolitan attention even at the extreme end of Manhattan Island. Mrs. Langtry's manager, Joseph Reynolds, came to New York yesterday, all his plans upset, and furiously angry—or as near that condition as such a suave gentleman can possibly get. He had just been notified that Hammerstein had cancelled Mrs. Langtry's engagement, and had given her time to the Liliputians in "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date." That leaves Mr. Reynolds with an important week on his hands. "What can I do?" he asked, yesterday. "It is not the least use going to law with Hammerstein. He has treated me very badly, but there is nothing to do but grin and bear it. Oh, yes, Langtry will come to New York all right. I am at present trying to make a deal with three Broadway theatres—Palmer's, the Fifth Avenue and Abbey's. I should like to get into the Fifth Avenue in February, at the close of Fanny Davenport's engagement there. Langtry is in Chicago just now. She has been there many times before, but she has never been treated better. She has been doing magnificently." To-morrow night she is to present there a play by Sydney Grundy called "A House of Cards," adapted from "La Maison Cagée"—from which Clyde Fitch took "As Social Swim." The Chicago critics differ on the Langtry subject. One declares that she is more attractive personally and more agreeable as an actress than when she was last there. Another asserts that she has not plucked the bright, particular jewel that distinguishes the dramatic star.

* * *

That most remarkable person who swings athletically through the country as Lillian Lewis is at present devoting herself to "Cleopatra," and her fond husband, yet manager, announces as special features of her production: 15 choruses, 3 ballets, 3 premiers, 52 musical numbers, 1 Cleopatra barge under full sail, 1 storm scene, 9 panoramic views of the battles between Antony and Cæsar, and 12 living pictures. Miss Lewis says that she never fails to go to church on Sunday, and if compelled to play that day she distributes 25 per cent. of her share of the receipts among various charitable institutions. She's a lovely lady.

* * *

Shades of Aeschylus and Sophocles—and other nice antiquities! "Charley's Aunt" is to be translated into Greek, and presented at Athens during the coming Winter. Picture it, you can, the British old lady from Brazil, where the nuts come from, frisking about the region so classically associated with the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Erechtheium and the Temple of Theseus! From Plato to Brandon Thomas! Phew!

* * *

Herrmann, the necromantic manager, is once again going to indulge in a vaudeville organization. His transatlantics a few years ago will be very favorably remembered. The title, however, has been rather widely used since Herrmann retired on it, and he is going to call his company Herrmann's Gigantic Vaudeville Organization. It will spring into existence during the season of 1895-96.

* * *

The Irving-Terry Mutual Admiration Society is still prospering. It is Irving as a rule who is the more conspicuous member. Miss Terry seldom gets a chance. She has just had one, however, and this is what she says: "Every lesson which Mr. Irving gives at rehearsal to the smallest person in his company is worth at least a guinea to that person. My boy was saying the other day that he should like it, if Mr. Irving hadn't a speaking part for him in the next Shakespearean production, that he might simply go on, and have the advantage of Irving's lessons during rehearsal."

* * *

On the Rialto yesterday. They were discussing a well-known actress, who has, alas! become passe.

"You can say what you like," quoth one, "but she's a most finished actress."

"Yes," retorted the other, "thoroughly finished—finished long ago!"

* * *

"I advertised a short time ago," said a comic opera manager yesterday, "for fifty pretty girls for a chorus in a big production. On the morning set aside for their reception I found a mob of about 500 women awaiting me. Some of them must have been verging on the sixties, and one or two of them—I give you my word—were decrepit. I had them marshalled in upon the stage, and then I said to them: 'Let those who think themselves young and pretty step forward.' There was a rush; the aged ones came forward more enthusiastically than the others, but there was only one—a very young one—who remained behind. She was very nice looking, and my curiosity was piqued. 'Why,' I asked her, 'do you keep in the background?' 'Oh,' she replied, with a toss of her head, 'you addressed those who think themselves pretty. I think I am pretty. I know I am.' That young woman is now playing a leading role in a comic opera not very far from New York."

* * *

Henry Clay Barnabee prides himself upon his noiseless entrance in "Prince Ananias." It is a novelty for comedians of late have been making their first appearances in most uproarious styles. Francis Wilson was supposed to have reached the acme of ingenuity when he tumbled down a chimney in the midst of a thunderstorm and an orchestral bombardment. De Wolf Hopper usually falls from a roof, and Seabrooke is fished out of a papier mache ocean by his trousers. Mr. Barnabee's gentle method brings comedians back to the point from which they originally started.

* * *

C. T. Dazey, the author of "In Old Kentucky," has written a brand-new melodrama which will be produced by Jacob Litt in February. It deals with financial questions, and one of its most stirring incidents revolves around a run upon a bank. Mr. Litt gave Dazey the main episodes to work upon, and the play is now ready. It has not yet been named.

* * *

Will McConnell, who is always up to date, has a most laudable suggestion to make. He says that Americans will patronize a No 2 "Robin Hood," a No. 2 "Charley's Aunt," a No. 2 "Old Homestead." Why should not a No. 2 Sardou be tolerated in this country? Some time ago "The Evening World" suggested a No. 2 Sarah Bernhardt. The idea is surely worth the consideration of metropolitan managers, and McConnell has nobly given it to the public free of any charge.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

M'ALLISTER'S COURT, 12, 14, 16 AND 18 WASHINGTON STREET.

The most densely populated tenement in the world. It is owned by Ward McAllister, inventor (of the 400), author, man-of-the-world and leader of Society.

M'ALLISTER'S DINGY ROW.

Only a Pump to Give All the Tenants Water.

The four-story tenements, from No. 12 to 16 Washington street, do not present an inviting appearance from the front. The ground floors of two are taken up with saloons, low ceiled, dark and malodorous. An effort has been made by Mike Finnegan, saloon keeper at No. 17 1-2, to make his place attractive by painting the entire front a bright green. The other house fronts are a dingy brown.

The rear is reached by a paved, whitewashe tunnel about thirty-five feet long. An alley at the back divides the tiny yards of the Washington street tenements from those of the street behind.

At one side of the alley this morning was a heap of wet mud, stone, and refuse, and three workmen were busy cleaning out the sink of a hydrant. The hydrant, with its plain wooden pump, furnishes all the water for the tenements.

An old man who claimed to have lived there twenty years said Mr. McAllister has not visited the place in nine years, and only twice in twenty years. An uptown agent collects rents and orders repairs.

The hydrant that was being cleaned this mornig has been choked up many times during the past few years, and had to be bailed out whenever a heavy rain washed down refuse from neighboring roofs.

ROCKEFELLER'S NEPHEW.

Ships in the Navy After a Gay Time in 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19.—J. N. Langdon, of Philadelphia, nephew of John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, has shipped in the Navy, and is to take a clerkship aboard the old ship Independence at Mare Island Navy-Yard. Langdon arrived here some weeks ago from Japan, and, it is said, had a very gay time, that plunged him into financial difficulties. Langdon's Eastern friends came to his rescue, on the understanding, it is said, that he enter the Navy, securing an easy berth with a very small salary.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an unexcelled medicine for children while teething. 25c.*

A KNOCK-OUT COCKTAIL.

And Then Sent to Hoboken in a Flying Cab.

If what J. Van Ness, of Park avenue, East Orange, says is true, a drink last night in the barroom of the Grand Central Hotel, this city, cost him $10,000 in cash and bonds. The drink seems to have been a "knock-out cocktail."

He was found last night in Hoboken by Policeman Wienthal in a gutter on Hudson place. He had been deposited there by a cab driver who had driven quickly away. Van Ness was taken to Police Headquarters where his identity was discovered. Doctors from Christ Hospital worked over him for an hour before he came to consciousness. When he came to he said he had been robbed of $10,000.

He came from New Haven in the afternoon, arriving at the Grand Central Hotel at 7.20 last night. In a small satchel he had bonds, cash and deeds. After drinking in the hotel he remembers being put in a cab. That is the last he recollects.

Lawyer's Hit Each Other's Noses.

C. C. Nott and Herman Fromme, two lawyers, while arguing a case in the Clerk's office at the City Court yesterday, quarrelled, and Fromme struck Nott in the face. The two then became generally mixed up, and were with difficulty separated by bystanders.

Extra Guards in Fifth Avenue.

As a result of Tramp Garvey's exploit, and of the number of people made desperate by hard times, extra watchmen have been placed on guard outside Cornelius Vanderbilt's house, at Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, and at the homes of other New York millionaires.

Others May Imitate

A. B. C. Oatmeal.

None can Equal.

Burglars in a Hansom Cab.

All honor to the burglars who tried to burgle 13 East Forty-second street last night. They drove up to their task in a hansom cab. And all honor to Frank H. Warner, men's furnisher, the burglee, who would not be burgled. Remembering all that he had read of J. Fenimore Cooper, he tomahawked one burglar with a hatchet and at a considerable distance. Burglar and men's furnisher yelled police. The hansom drove off. How much gayer life would be if we had more burglaries with cabs and tomahawking features.

Set Fire to His Trousers.

Here is advice to bridegrooms: First, do not sit down in the wedding cake with lavender trousers; second, if you do sit down in wedding cake with lavender trousers do not clean the trousers with benzine; third, if you do clean the trousers with benzine do not immediately strike a match on the benzine. Bridegroom Adrian Van Der Bloom neglected these three hints and set fire to himself in Detroit last night.

Press Movement to Boycott Kolb.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 19.—In line with the suggestion of the Talladega News Reporter, a blank agreement is prepared for circulation among the Alabama editors, the compact to be entered into being that they will not again print the name of Reuben F. Kolb, nor that of any of his political associates in the respective papers. It is believed that when deprived of notoriety, the reform leaders will be forgotten.

MACKINTOSHES

FOR

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The celebrated "YORKE" and "LENOX" Cape Mackintoshes, in striped diagonals, double textures, Covert cloths and Cravenettes. In black, blue, tans, and handsome plaids. Prices from..... $2.48 UP

OPEN EVENINGS.

Richards

58 West 23d St.

SENATOR E. L. ROSS TESTIFIES.

Dr. Copeland's Success in His Case and That of His Wife and Daughter.

Congressman Clark Testifies to the Success of the Copeland Mail Treatment—The Purpose for Which the Testimony of Prominent People Is Cited.

Hon. E. L. Ross, State Senator of New Jersey, states for the benefit of other sufferers the success with which the Copeland specialists treated his wife, Mrs. Annie Ross; his daughter, Miss Bertha Ross, and himself, at their offices.

Hon. Charles N. Clark, who succeeds the famous "Farmer" Hatch in the National Congress from Missouri, was formerly Adjutant-General of the Department of Missouri, and achieved a national reputation in connection with the Mississippi improvements, has been taking a course of mail treatment with the Copeland specialists, and has written a letter announcing his restoration to health and commending the Copeland treatment by mail.

These statements from well-known gentlemen emphasize the success of both the important branches of the Copeland work—the office and the mail practice. They are both well-known men, prominent victors in the recent election.

Whereupon arises the inquiry—Well, what of it? Suppose men prominent in clerical, political, social or business life should testify to the skill of these specialists. Is there anything meritorious in the fact that Dr. Copeland masters the infirmities of a clergyman, a Congressman, or a Senator? To cure the disease of a king does not differ much from curing the disease of a man who rubs down horses. They are achievements of equal merit. A certificate of success in the treatment of gentlemen, of aristocrats, of nabobs, if you please, is no more than a certificate of success in the treatment of deckhands or of coalheavers, so far as the medical skill shown is concerned. Besides, hundreds of other illustrious persons have spoken words of strong, sincere praise regarding the Copeland treatment. Why emphasize these cases?

For this purpose alone—to wipe out forever the fallacious notion that professional services to be exceptionally meritorious must be exceptionally expensive. In the treatment of chronic maladies, where a little time is necessary to a cure, and where time fees are customary and proper, the Copeland fees are so low as to be within the reach of all. No such terms for proper medical care or treatment were ever before known as a regular feature in legitimate specialty practice. These fees being less than one-eighth the usual cost of treatment, the significance of testimonial expressions from the upper element, in distinction from those coming from the lower element (if you may please to use the phrases) is, that it forever wipes out the fallacy that superior skill must necessitate superior expense and greater outlay of money.

The truth is, the best things on the planet cost nothing, and the next best things are comparatively inexpensive. Every time a man looks at a rainbow he gets something for nothing. Every time he quaffs a brook or hears a wood bird or smells a wild rose he gets a good without cost. Every time he lights his parlor with sunbeams or breathes the ozone of bracing climates he receives a blessing free.

Again, every time a millionaire buys a postage stamp or reads a penny newspaper or rides in a cable car or eats wheat bread or sends a message by a dart of lightning he makes eloquent acknowledgment that the best reading in the world, the best food in the world, the best carriage and the best and swiftest messenger service in the world are so inexpensive that rich and poor are on equal terms in the main comforts of life.

The significance of personal commendation of the Copeland system from wealthy and influential people is simply in their showing that the treatment now provided for all is a treatment fit for kings.

HON. E. L. ROSS.

The Hon. E. L. Ross, who narrates for publication the successful results of the Copeland treatment, not only in his own case, but in that of his wife and daughter, was one of the conspicuous victors in the recent election, having been declared State Senator from the Southern District of New Jersey by the largest majority ever given in that district.

Senator Ross had previously served three years as a Republican member of the State Assembly and was prior to that Treasurer of Cape May County. His residence is Cape May Court House, New Jersey.

"The Catarrh in my own case," said Senator Ross, "was severe and annoying enough, but was confined chiefly to the head, throat and ears. The continual ringing in the ears was the most distressing symptom. The doctors, I believe, called it Naso-Pharyngeal Catarrh and Catarrh of the Eustachian Tubes. Complicated with this was more or less Rheumatism, to which I had been subject for some time. I can conscientiously say that as the result of my treatment with the Copeland Specialists I feel like a new man.

"It is not," continued the Senator, "more on account of my own case than that of my wife and daughter that I wish to publicly commend the work of the Copeland Specialists. Mrs. Ross, who was under their treatment for a general Catarrhal condition, obtained marked and satisfactory relief and our daughter, Miss Bertha, a young lady of thirteen years, was treated for Catarrh of the head and throat and anæmia and after a short course pronounced cured.

"In my judgment the curative excellence of the Copeland treatment is not more to be commended than its distinctly mild and painless character. I am informed that years ago the Orthodox treatment in such cases used to be severe and heroic. I am glad that progress in Medical Science tends to methods milder and more natural, but at the same time successful. I am glad to be able to cordially commend the work of Dr. Copeland and his associates."

HON. CHARLES N. CLARK.

The Hon. Charles N. Clark, of Hannibal, Mo., who succeeds Farmer Hatch as Congressman from that district, has been taking a course of mail treatment with the Copeland physicians. Says he:

"Regarding the results of my recent course of treatment with the Copeland specialists, through the mails, I will say that their work has been of a character to win my sincere respect and gratitude, and that I regard it as in the nature of a personal duty to commend the system to those of my friends and acquaintances who may require the services of able, faithful and exceedingly skilful specialists.

"My trouble had previously been diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach. The disease was of long standing, dating back six or seven years, and, aside from considerable physical suffering, it had come to have a very deleterious effect on my general health. I had been disappointed so often in my efforts to obtain relief that, before placing my case in the hands of the Copeland specialists, I instituted a thorough investigation of their system and became thoroughly satisfied of the superiority of their method in disease treatment. And the result has fully justified my expectation. They brought me a complete cure."

By the Copeland Perfected System of Mail Treatment you may be Cured at Home. Write for information.

Office Hours, Daily, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sundays, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation and examination free.

The Copeland Medical Institute

15 West 24th St., New York,

Near Madison Square.

W. H. COPELAND, M. D., E. E. GARDNER, M. D., | Consulting Physicians.

QUEBEC NEEDS A LEXOW.

A Sergeant of Police Engaged in an Illicit Distillery.

QUEBEC, Dec. 19.—An illicit still for the manufacture of whiskey has been unearthed in the heart of the city. The accidental explosion of the boiler of the illegal apparatus set fire to the building, and seriously burned nine people. One of the illicit distillers is Sergt. Redmond, of the city police. Redmond is fearfully burned.

The Morning Bread Didn't Rise.

An overheated furnace in the bakery in the basement of a five-story tenement-house at 952 Columbus avenue set fire to the building at 2 o'clock this morning. The bakery is owned by Adolph Etchesel. The tenants were frightened, and most of them left the place in their night clothes. The fire was confined to the basement and first floor.

Special Notices.

WITH EMPHASIS

we say that RIPANS TABULES, the best and standard remedy for stomach and liver troubles, will cure your headache or bilious attack. One tabule gives relief.

JORDAN, MORIARTY & CO.

155, 157 AND 159 EAST 23D ST.

West of 3d Ave., New York.

Furniture, Carpetings, Upholstery, &c.

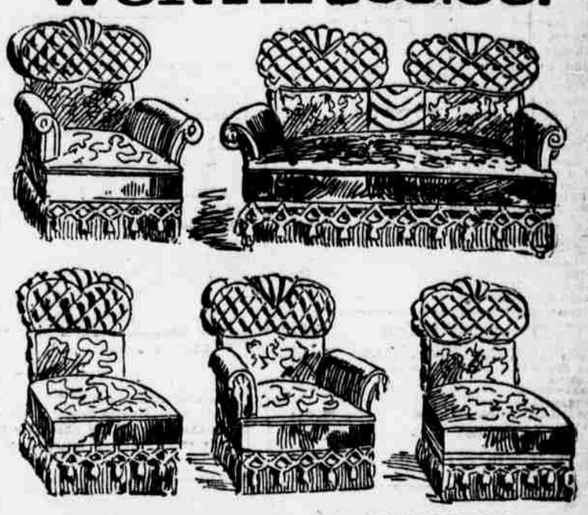
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

An endless variety of Holiday Novelties now on display at our warerooms, at prices that defy competition.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

$36.99,

WORTH $60.00.



PRICE LIST MAILED ON APPLICATION.

Credit Given to Suit All!

Open Evenings until 9 o'clock.

JORDAN, MORIARTY & CO.

RUPTURE CURED.

The improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise of severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient. examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822 and 824 Broadway, cor. 12th st., New York.

Colleges, Schools, &c.

BANJO Mandolin, Guitar; 5 lessons, $2; success guaranteed; Hermann & Ketchek, greatest teachers and teachers in the world. 236 East 56th st. and 15 Leonard st.

Personal.

COAL—Best quality, all sizes, $4.75 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered at Forman's, 204 East 77th st.; telephone call 151-79th st.

Personal.

A.—A.—BEST QUALITY OF COAL, all sizes, $4.75 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered, at THEDFORD'S, cor. 27th st. and 9th ave., 858 st. and Boulevard. Telephone 386A 18th st.

A.—FREE to ladies: superfluous hair, moles, warts, &c., destroyed forever free by electric needle all this week; no pain, no scar, no failure. Call and be convinced free; great reduction; sittings only $1. Prof. Mixer, 37 West 42d st.

ANNIE—Meet me as usual and get bottle of Hayward's Cement; all stores keep it; 10c.

BAYER Detective Agency—Any case promptly, confidentially and successfully attended to; only expert detectives employed; charges reasonable. Room 103 World Bldg.; telephone 2323 Courtlandt.

COAL $4.50 per ton, all sizes; delivered Battery to 155th st. Lehigh, box 31 World.

Personal.

COAL, $4.50 ton, delivered Battery to 155th st.; weight and quality guaranteed. Address DEKTER, 40 Broad st.

DEAFNESS positively cured; entirely new method; call and investigate; want address of 1,000 deaf people. Sutherland, 151 State st., Brklyn.

FINEST HAIR TRIMMERS, pompadour hair cutters and beard cutters in the world at The Alpine, 57 West 33d st., near Broadway.

FLATS FURNISHED with furniture and carpets; no deposit; low prices. Lewins, 45 West 14th st.

HEIRS WANTED—Communication is desired to be opened between Montgomerie & Flemings, Solicitors, Glasgow, Scotland, and Mrs. Janet Hutcheson, or McFall, who resided in New York, daughter of John Hutcheson and wife of James McFall, or her heirs.

HENRY—Report wrong! Can I meet you? Give address; important news. Wallace.

FULLER'S DETECTIVE BUREAU, 826 Broadway; private entrance 12th st.; all civil and criminal investigations; confidential; moderate.

LADIES, "Perfect Face Bleach," substitute for powder, excellent for evening use. Mme. Watson, 219 4th ave.

LEGAL ADVICE FREE: practice in all courts; collections promptly made, no charge unless successful. The People's Law & Collection Bureau, 8 E. 15th st.

PICTURES framed to order, retailed at factory prices. F. W. Lincoln, manufacturer, 83 John st., upstairs.

PORTRAITS in crayon enlarged from any photograph; size 16x20; framed in gold or bronze; only $2. Holland Studio, 838 Broadway, 13th st.

REPORTER will pay cash for exclusive sensational news susceptible of verification. Address Particulars, P. O. box 2,074.

VERITAS—Please send your information by mail to The World.

WE CURE bald heads and grow mustaches free. Call on Bald Head Cure Co., 2 West 14th st.

READY, ON ALL NEWS-STANDS, JAN. 1, 1895, THE WORLD ALMANAC and ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Treats of 1,400 Topics. An Unequalled Annual.*

THE WINNING OF A WIDOW.

Mrs. Morley's Pretense Passed, and Real Love Came at Last.

Mrs. Morley was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good, sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should. In fact, she had succeeded so well that, when the poor man finally realized that he had to die, he honestly confessed that he had been most wrong in his past treatment of her and died with a half-finished, penitent sentence of praise for her on his white lips.

However, Mrs. Morley all at once woke up to the fact that there was just a hint of relief in the realization that there was no longer a craven-minded, coarse-bodied man to scatter discord along her whole pathway of life. She was deeply ashamed of herself when she finally recognized this disloyalty, and cried half the night in sheer fear and doubt for her future.

Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of her husband's small means and had graciously informed her that with economy she might just make ends meet, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow her last sob, give her pretty, tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her snowy little teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing-machine, and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for hadn't she presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years? However, after she had answered the advertisement of a gay young bachelor who smiled altogether too fondly, and called to see a crusty old widower, and found that she was supposed to play mother to a half dozen irritable, neglected little sons, she gave up all hopes in that direction.

She even contemplated selling tape in a large store, but after she had watched a poor, harassed salesgirl for a few minutes she guiped down a choking sensation in her throat and forswore that as a possible opening. Her best pair of gloves were out at the tips; she had had to eschew sugar in her tea last night, and, taking it all in all, poor little Mrs. Morley, for the first time since his death, began to feel a rising indignation towards the man whose unfeeling selfishness had left her so thoroughly helpless.

It was raining sharply, and the demure-mouthed young widow had drawn her curtains close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her toylike fire, and settled herself for her lonely tea, this time not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half-share of wafers.

Suddenly there came a most peremptory knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into her next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and just at 6 o'clock, so.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her dear little face gave way before a gasp of alarm, as her visitor proved to be handsome, wealthy James Orr, the man she had rejected years before for the apparently superior charms of the then dazzling Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meagre fire it was hard to tell which face wore the more puzzled look—hers, why he had come, and his, how this dainty, lovely woman managed to subsist in a rented parlor, where the carpets didn't reach the north wall by six inches and where the one pitiful lamp was gruesomely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "You see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club and—and I heard the other day that you were here—and—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her only reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a schoolgirl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table, which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease:

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task, with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—and the wafers—oh, dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-bearded face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick terror how palely the little blue flame burned, a hasty glance at the plate before him revealed only three little wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three thin wafers with the remark:

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined downtown. (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your pretty things."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wondering a half-hour before he came how much they would go towards paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically sipped at his weak, savorless tea, and didn't blink an eyelash when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and fixing his eyes on the fast-dying fire, said:

"Do you know that I do not like to call you Mrs. Morley?"

The little widow's pale cheeks lighted up with an encouraging glow as she replied:

"It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss,' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer to be a widow to an old maid."

Mr. Orr's lips set a moment in fierce effort to keep back his thoughts, but at last he answered, bluntly:

"Perhaps so if one doesn't mourn for the late departed."

A glow, half of shame, half of anger, flew to her very eyes, but his strong, kind face conquered her and her chin began to quiver.

"I see that you know me," was the low reply, "and I am glad of it! I am not sorry that Mr. Morley is gone. While he lived I was loyal in deed and thought, although I knew then that you—that all my friends—pitied me. Still, I was true to him in spite of it all, but now that there is no further use in it I will not be hypocrite enough to pretend that I love his memory. I think that you will hate me less to know that I no longer sham than to think that I am so blind as to love such a failure of a man as he. Life is unbearable in many ways, but it at least has the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretense is over.

"Yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes, and he asked eagerly.

"That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply, as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That's true," granted the man, ambiguously, as the vision of the pretty woman opposite him bending her dainty head all day over some dull-clicking machine in a smoke-circled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china-painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion."

"But you embroider?" asked he, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual words. He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of some gay cloth, while her full red lips pouted prettily because the impossible blue flowers would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know; I never tried it except to make my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done, even when I tried so hard."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew that the greatest joy of his life had been the baby, and her sharpest grief when the little one had died. Besides, he didn't like to have her talk of Morley's baby.

"You can write beautifully," he began, as under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now."

"Oh, my dear Mrs.—Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—to do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so kind of cheerless, cold, don't you know, and if you'll be so kind"——

She realized perfectly well that all this was a mere excuse, but a glance at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"To-morrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse. "Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the forenoon will do excellently, and you mustn't dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light, I promise you, but as—as it's so important, it will be a great favor to me."

All this time he had been getting into his coat, as though fearing that a delay might ruin all his plans. He was new at deceit, and the strain was making him decidedly irresponsible. Besides, he knew that she wanted to indulge in a good cry, and all the way up to the club he was fingering at his crookedly-buttoned mackintosh, while his dinner went untasted as he remembered the sad plate of wafers off there in the dingy boarding-house.

He went to the office at daybreak next morning to trump up some plans for this mysterious correspondence, which he had promised Mrs. Morley awaited her dainty chirography. She was early, too, however, and he ground his teeth in rage as he noted how pale she was and how frequently she lifted her white hands to her temples.

"The poor darling's hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

"It was only a few minutes past 11 o'clock, but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with a great show of [illegible] "Now, Mrs. Morley, I know you don't mean what you say, but I'll grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I'll have to get back before 1. You know, Todd, you're going out at 1."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quizzled, for there hadn't been a word said about lunch. Moreover, the two men generally went out together, and Orr hastened to explain this away by remarking, as he thrust his arm into his topcoat:

"You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled at his pencil to hide a grin, but felt it immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and bravely kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea-room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had often come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears. Afterwards she marvelled how even a woman can give herself up to the baser occupation of mere eating, but he was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once she noticed what he was doing and a flush of shame flew to her face. An answering reassuring smile met her glance, and all barriers of pretense between them finally went down in an ignoble heap.

"I was so hungry," she faltered simply.

"I knew it," was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "You were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly to her folded hands, lying helplessly in the cloth before her, but he said never a word. He was on policy.

"There is no use in my telling you again that I love you. I told you so [illegible] I know [illegible] you know, Ruth, that I love you. Ever since I first saw you I have been [illegible] to know with you. Will you be my wife?"

Then he put his hand over her two little trembling hands, while she lifted her tear-brimmed eyes to look out on the gray scene before her—a tall, bleak wall through the rain-splashed window.

"When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder."

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips. It hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one flower-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened that he had let it go so far.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon, he has been dead only a month, why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," laughed Mr. Orr happily, "because your heart was prompting you until your sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and I in the future. Come, when will you put aside this long black gown, and"——

The consciousness that she was powerless before his pleadings overcame her, so she merely smiled up in a tearful reply:

"I can't very well dispense with this gown, you see, for I sold all my colored ones, and I haven't been able to afford any more than this."

Orr's joy was becoming ridiculous, for he leaned nearer towards her chair and answered:

"Then I am sure that you'll not keep me waiting long. A woman's pride may keep her alive on tasteless wafers and insipid tea, but even Mrs. Grundy loses her terror before the fact of only one decent gown."

And evidently Mrs. Morley agreed with him, for she picked up the old-time ring and slowly dropped it into his open hand, as she said:

"There take it and keep it, so I shall never see it again. And you may bring another one next week."

And the ebony walter smiled in ecstasy as he carried the tea-tray from the room with the news that "de lady and de gentleman" were married.