THE ACTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"I should be almost ashamed to own you, Marie, if you did such a thing."

"Chrise me! Oh, father!"

"There, there, Marie, do not weep. Of course I didn't mean that. But only think. For many years I have had a regular engagement, and should have saved money. If you should go to the manager, as you propose, and tell him that we were suffering for food—that your old father was lying sick in this miserable attic—he would tell you that I had been improvident—that I had squandered my money, and that now, in my utter helplessness, I must suffer the consequences of my folly."

"Father, you accuse yourself wrongfully. You have reared and educated a family of three, and for many years have cared tenderly for poor mother, even through all the varied stages of consumption."

The old actor's daughter sat silent and thoughtful for a time. She was revolving in her mind scenes and incidents of which her father was entirely ignorant. Let us describe them.

It was a period three months previous to the foregoing conversation. The mother had just been laid in the cold grave, and the father was, as now, unable to leave his room. The wolf was hovering around their door, and Marie, timid in action, but brave in heart, had resolved to assist the parent she loved so dearly.

It was a bitter winter's evening when she left her home for the purpose. The sharp blast cut her to the very heart, as she drew her thin mantle around her. But she had read in the papers that girls were wanted for the ballet at one of the theaters. They were to apply at the stage door that morning, but she had been unable to leave her father's side at that time. She feared she would be too late; still she could but try.

On reaching the stage door her heart almost failed her; but their home again rose up before her, and she ventured to accost the doorkeeper.

"Want to see the stage manager, eh?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Better wait till tomorrow."

"I tried to come today, sir, but could not."

"Indeed! Oh, here he comes; you can apply to him now."

That functionary happened to be passing, and hearing the words understood their import at once. He turned a searching look upon the poor girl, and was about to pass on. But he caught sight of her face in the gaslight, and said: "Not bad looking if she is in rags. So you want an engagement, eh?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Marie.

"To play Lady Macbeth, I suppose?"

"No, sir; for the ballet."

"Oh! Ever been on the stage before?"

"Only as a child, sir."

"Oh, only as a child! Do you sing?"

"Yes, sir—very well."

"Very well, as you think; I might not. Do you dance?"

"Yes, sir. Father was an actor, and he says I dance very well."

"Oh, then you can come tomorrow and try it."

"I will be here, sir."

"Bring your props with you."

Poor Marie hesitated; and the manager, observing this, said: "Oh, perhaps you don't know what I mean by props. Well, they are your feathers, jewels, ribbons, laces, tights, slippers, gloves and so on. We only furnish the body of your dress."

The poor girl still hesitated, when the manager asked again, "Can't you furnish your own props?"

"I fear not at first, sir," was the timid reply.

"Then we don't want you."

The manager turned away, and Marie staggered toward the door, half blinded with grief and disappointment. But ere she had passed it a gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a sweet voice exclaimed, "My dear child, come and see me tomorrow as early as possible. Here is my address."

Marie viewed the extended card and turned her eyes toward the speaker. She was a brilliant creature, and the poor girl failed to summon forth a reply, but could not. She left the theater and took her way homeward. She could not help thinking of the beautiful lady and her magnificent dress, sparkling with jewels. What could she want with her?

Even bright pictures of the future rose before her vision, and these dulled the sharpness of her grief at the disappointment she had met with. She did not tell her father what she had done, or that she had an engagement to meet one of the great ladies of the theater.

On the next day Marie called at the place designated upon the card. Her visit was a lengthened one, but when she emerged from the lady's presence she looked comparatively happy.

One of the first things Marie did after returning home was to find the half finished play which her father was writing; and alone in her own apartment she passed much time over it. She was also from her home a great deal, during which time her father supposed her to be at labor in the tailoring establishment where she occasionally found employment.

But if she became cheerful immediately after her first visit to the theatrical lady, it was not long after before she began to be thoughtful—then sad. She became very pale, and at the time the conversation between herself and father, described in the first part of this sketch, took place, she looked as if she could endure but little more, either of physical or mental exertion.

The father had observed the increasing paleness of his child, and it had caused him much grief. But he had said nothing of the matter, for he did not know how he was to remedy it. He had been hopeful, but now had almost given up in despair.

As evening approached poor Marie grew still paler, but she spoke words of hope and comfort to her father, and that parent could not but look upon her in admiration as well as pity.

The little clock, when business called her away. She pressed her marble cold lips to her father's brow. She held his hand in her own for a moment, and tear drops fell upon it. Then she said:

"Father, the darkest time is just before the dawn. Cheer up. I will return in a few hours, and tomorrow we will be richer than we are today."

The daughter left that wretched home. But no sooner had she taken her departure than her father began to think of her last words. They were strange. What could they mean? What act did Marie contemplate?

At first a suspicion swept across his mind—vague—but gradually assuming form. But as the thought pressed upon his brain it began to madden him, and for hours he rose? upon his bed of pain, calling for his child, praying for her safe return.

Midnight came and passed, and still Marie came not. Several times had the old actor resolved to arise and go in search of her, but he had not strength to do so, and as often would fall back upon his pillow, groaning in the agony of his soul.

Daylight came and still Marie had not arrived. But just as the sun began to throw its golden rays over the city, a carriage was heard to drive up before the actor's house. He listened. He heard a footfall upon the stairs and he recognized the footstep.

In a moment after Marie burst into the room. She rushed to her father's side and, throwing her arms around him, she wept.

The old man did the same; but he observed that Marie's dress was now of rich material and, putting her away, he contemplated her for a moment with a mournful expression. Then he said in a trembling voice: "Marie, my only child; your mother was a noble Christian woman. She would die before she would knowingly commit a wrong action. She knows your struggles and temptations, but will she approve of all your acts?"

"God and my sainted mother will both approve them!" exclaimed the girl in so earnest and deep a tone that it really startled her father; and as she spoke she fell upon her knees and raised her hands to Heaven.

"I believe you, Marie," said the father, "and I trust you will forgive me for harboring a suspicion for a moment. But tell me what has happened."

"I will, father. But you must promise in advance to forgive me for all that I have done without consulting you."

"I promise you."

"Well, then, I will commence by reading an article in the morning paper, which I procured as I came along."

"Does it refer to your affairs?"

"It explains all."

"Then let me hear it."

"Here is the extract, father:

"A Decided Triumph.—The new play produced at the theater last night proved to be one of the greatest successes of the season. Its name—'The Frozen Heart'—is sensational; the entire play abounds in beautiful passages and startling situations."

"'The Frozen Heart,'" repeated the old actor, "why, that is the title of my unfinished play!"

"Your play was completed by myself, dear father, and it was your production and my own which was brought out at the theater last night, and with such unbounded success."

The old man was stricken speechless for a moment, and then the tears started to his eyes. But it was only upon the examination of the manuscript that he could convince himself that such was really the fact.

After this point was settled his daughter said, "Father, will you hear more of the article?"

"Yes, read."

"I will. Here it is:

"We must admit, however, that the splendidly effective and affecting acting of the [illegible] did much to insure its great success. With regard to Marie, as she is called—"

"Marie, Marie!" repeated the old man. "Was it my Marie?"

"Yes, dear father, your own poor child, Marie, is the one here spoken of. And if my triumph brings me great joy, it is because I can provide for you now and repay you, to some extent, for the love and tenderness you have always bestowed on me."

It is not a wonder that father and daughter both wept. But those tears were of joy and gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon them. Who would snatch those blessings from the old actor and his child? Who would poison their delights and turn their now happy home into a place of sorrow?—Toronto Mail.

Less Costs More.

"Look here, this is an outrage," said a gentleman in a restaurant the other night where a table d'hote dinner is served for a dollar. "I only had half what you've got on the bill of fare here, and you've charged me twenty cents more than though I had taken the whole dinner."

"Very true, sir, but then you had your pick, and so you are charged a la carte."

The diner didn't see it.—New York Herald.

Building Activity.

"Buildings are going up in this part of the city with great rapidity," remarked the funny spectator as he stood on the corner watching a burning block.—Baltimore American.

Amateurs Everywhere.

We may say that an amateur, armed with a telescope, is to be found at every point on our planet, ready to observe a celestial phenomenon. In Chili, Honduras, Peru, New Zealand, Tunisia and Tasmania we can meet astronomical amateurs provided with instruments, who devote their night hours to contemplating the beauties of the starry vault and to collecting observations which shall be useful for the advancement of science.—L. Niesten in Popular Science Monthly.

Couldn't Help It.

Ethel—Did you see papa?

William—I did. He was awfully stiff with me.

Ethel—Well, he couldn't help it. The poor man has the rheumatism.—New York Sports.

A Timid Man's Expedient.

A timid man, living alone in the outskirts of Hartford, has hit upon a device for scaring away burglars. Each night upon retiring he places a huge pair of boots outside of every bedroom door in the house to convey the impression that every chamber is occupied by an able-bodied man. A burglar who happened in would think he had struck a hotel.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lord Sandwich, who was a great lover of music, and frequently had oratorios performed at Hinchinbrook, was so enamored of the thunder of the drum that he had one side of his music room studded with parchment, which, upon being suddenly struck, so alarmed the company as to throw many into fits.

IN PERIL IN THE AIR.

Feelings That Occupied an Aeronaut's Mind During a Sudden Fall.

"There is some kind of a fatality pursuing me," remarked Professor Hutchinson to a reporter. "First Cole was hurt, by his own folly, however, in monkeying on his parachute when he was coming down; then Hogan was killed; Miss Carmo drops within two feet of an unfathomable abyss of mud in a sulphur marsh, and today I have met a man who witnessed the most narrow escape from death I ever had.

"The incident referred to occurred two years ago at Terre Haute, Ind. I shall never forget my experience on that day. A number of outsiders held the ropes of the balloon while it was being inflated, and one of the men amused himself by tying a big knot in his guy. I did not realize the danger from that knot until it came near being the cause of my death. My ascent was unusually high on that day, and it was the means of saving my life.

"I straddled the bar of my parachute and launched myself off. I felt the cord which held the parachute to the balloon snap, and a second later there was another 'tug' from above. I looked up and there was that knot on the guy swung around six of the parachute cords, forming as neat a half hitch as you ever saw in your life and holding me to the balloon. You have noticed that there is a weight attached to the top of the balloon which turns the bag upside down as it is released of the weight of the aeronaut.

"The guy rope, which was half hitched around the strings of my parachute, was also fastened to the top of the balloon, and the latter turned up and began discharging the hot air instantly as I jumped. The air escaped gradually, and of course my parachute descended very gradually at first and not inflating.

Down I kept coming, the guy rope preventing the parachute from inflating, and I gave myself up as lost. I wound my legs around the ropes of the parachute trapeze and shut my teeth. The speed commenced to be fearfully accelerated, and I was sure that I had to die, but I was cool and retained my senses.

"Soon the balloon had emptied itself and commenced flapping its huge tail in the air with awful swishes. The balloon weighed over 200 pounds, and was also pulled down by the 60 pound sand bag. It came down past me, and as the knotted guy rope slipped down the lines the parachute opened with such a fierce snap that it seemed as if the ropes which supported me would give way. The opening of the parachute saved my life, for the 200 pound balloon kept on down and broke the six cords held captive by the guy rope as if they had been pack threads. It takes a long time to tell the story, but it all happened in half a minute. I was within 200 feet of the ground when the balloon tore away, but my fall was checked and I landed all right.

"Everybody thought I was a goner that day, and a more excited crowd than had gathered around where I was to have fallen you never saw. There is no mistake about my being scared that day, but I folded my parachute and balloon as coolly as if nothing had happened, and went to bed for the remainder of the week."—Detroit Free Press.

Papyrus Books.

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins and even of scales of fishes for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls, being about 1 1-2 feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long. Papyrus was a flag, or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt; from its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made.

Papyrus sheets were neatly joined, attached to a stick and rolled upon it (whence we have our word "volume," from the Latin volvere, to roll). The titles were written on tags attached to the sticks or inscribed on the outside of the rolls. The rolls were kept in round wooden boxes resembling the old fashioned bandboxes, and could easily be carried about.—C. A. Lynde in St. Nicholas.

An Accidental Cure.

A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat, which finally became so swollen that his life was despaired of. When his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell, each person grasped his hand for a moment and then, turning, went out weeping. A pet ape, which had modestly waited till the last, then advanced, and grasping his master's hand for a minute, also turned and walked away with his hands to his eyes.

This assumption of deep grief, which it is hardly possible the animal could have really felt, was so ludicrous in its perfection that the sick man was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which broke the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved.—American Notes and Queries.

The Easiest Language to Acquire.

Probably the easiest European language is Italian, not so much on account of its analogies with Latin as because of its phonetic character and the simplicity of its rules. And after Italian, in the order of ease, the present writer would be inclined to place Spanish.—Boston Herald.

His Voice Was Musical.

"Do I tire you?" he asked, after speaking for half an hour of his hopes and ambitions.

"Oh, no," she answered sweetly, "I have been asleep."—Harper's Bazar.

Why Women Don't Marry.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written a charming essay upon the text, "Don't Marry Literary Men." The advice seems wholly unnecessary. Women do not marry; they are married. Men do the marrying. The misuse of that word "marry" is very common, yet we are surprised to find so careful a writer as Mr. Lang committing the atrocity. "Wed" is a much better word than

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Henry Moore, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible], administrator of the estate of Henry Moore, deceased, has rendered for settlement, and filed in said court, his final account of his administration of said estate and petition for final distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday the [illegible] day of December, A. D. 1891, at [illegible] o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City and county, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said court, for the settlement of said account and hearing said petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled and allowed and final distribution made as prayed for.

Dated November [illegible], 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of [illegible], deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible] [illegible]

Dated November [illegible], 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Peter O. Thomassen, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED [illegible] [illegible]

Dated Nov. [illegible], 1891.

[illegible] OF THOMASSEN, Administrator of the estate of Peter O. Thomassen, deceased.

[illegible] and John M. Cannon, Attorneys for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible] Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. [illegible]

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the [illegible] day of October, 1891, an assessment [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible], Secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

Henrietta McKay, Plaintiff, vs. Michael McKay, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Michael McKay, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to have a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant [illegible]

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness, the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge, and the seal of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the Territory of Utah, this [illegible] day of [illegible] in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

[SEAL.] HENRY G. McMILLAN, Clerk. By [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

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