

Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the western spiral arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun.

Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue green planet whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea.

This planet has – or rather had – a problem, which was this: most of the people on it were unhappy for pretty much of the time. Many solutions were suggested for this problem, but most of these were largely concerned with the movements of small green pieces of paper, which is odd because on the whole it wasn't the small green pieces of paper that were unhappy.

## SCENE FROM "DAN'L DRUCE."

This interesting domestic drama, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, has continued to engage the sympathies of a nightly sufficient audience at the Haymarket Theatre, where it has now been represented more than sixty times. Its subject and character were described by us, in the ordinary report of theatrical novelties, about two months ago. Our readers will probably not need to be reminded that the hero of the story, Dan'l Druce, the blacksmith, is a solitary recluse dwelling on the coast of Norfolk, where his lone cottage is visited by fugitives from party vengeance during the civil wars of the Commonwealth. His hoard of money is stolen; but a different sort of treasure, a helpless female infant; is left by some mysterious agency, and may be accepted, as in George Eliot's tale of "Silas Marner," for a Divine gift to the sad-hearted misanthrope, far better than riches. In this spirit, at least, he is content to receive the precious human charge; and so to those who would remove it from his home, Dan'l Druce here makes answer with the solemn exclamation, "Touch not the Lord's gift!" This character is well acted by Mr. Hermann Vezin.