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WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 30, 1890.


WE HAVE BEEN greatly instructed and impressed by a musical criticism which appeared in the last number of the *Sunday Herald* of this city, and especially where, speaking of the operetta, "Poor Jonathan," which held the boards at Albaugh's last week, the writer said:

MILLOCKER is either egregiously underrating the taste of the American public or he is woefully waning in genius or judgment, for whatever there may be of merit in his latest attempt at comic opera, it is so thoroughly mixed up with what is uninteresting and tiresome as to stamp the production as decidedly mediocre.

This is rough on MILLOCKER, but is it not just? After all, that is the question. It must not be supposed that the critic of the *Herald* is prejudiced. He says:

It is not intended by this to imply that the airs are not pretty, for there are some which are very sweet if not "catchy," but as a rule their application to the lines is such as to compel the auditor to master the story independently of any assistance on the part of the music.

Nothing could be fairer than this. The *Herald* admits that some of the airs are not without merit. They may fall short of being "catchy," but they are sweet, and the *Herald* freely confesses as much. It feels bound, however, in its capacity as the champion of a cultured and intelligent public, to add that "the music, with the exception of two or three numbers, is a mistit and might be used with equal appropriateness to carry out an entirely different idea."

We believe the thoughtful citizen will, after careful deliberation, agree with the *Herald* in concluding that MILLOCKER has not been properly respectful to the American public. It is, perhaps, some slight mitigation of his offense that he is a native and a life-long resident of Europe; that he does not compose music for the American public, and that he has, perhaps, never seen or even heard of the idiotic and maudlin libretto to which his score has been wedded by the New York Casino Company. We are willing to be as lenient with him as the circumstances will justify us in being. But the fact remains that MILLOCKER does not occupy his mind sufficiently with the American public, and that is a dereliction which no patriotic journal will or can condone. Mr. MILLOCKER might as well understand now as at any other time that the eye of the American press is on him and that our leading critics will stand no nonsense. This may cause him to writhe, but it goes.

The fact is that the music of "Poor Jonathan," which is all that MILLOCKER is responsible for, is far superior to that of the average operetta. It is fully equal to that of "The Beggar Student," and in respect of the score assigned to the soprano is infinitely superior. We know of but two opera bouffes which contain so much and such graceful melody—"Boccaccio" and "Giroflé-Giroflá." The libretto of "Poor Jonathan" is undeniably stupid, but that is not MILLOCKER'S affair, and much of the stupidity complained of by the *Herald* is due to the tinkering of the Casino's "adapter." The idea was, as the American public has been informed, to give the opera local color and to please and to interest the very audiences which our esteemed contempory accuses MILLOCKER of neglecting. As we said before, however, MILLOCKER is entirely innocent. He lives in Europe, does not know or care a straw about the American public, doesn't write for us and feels no concern whatever as to our opinion. He has given the world some very delightful melodies in "Poor Jonathan," and if the libretto has been mangled in New York that is hardly his fault.

CASPAR WRIGHT, a retired shoe dealer of Petersburg, Va., failed yesterday with liabilities of $18,000 and assets of $8,000. This seems hardly right.

THE FIRST NUMBER of "The Analostan Magazine," published in Washington, has made its appearance. The new candidate for public favor presents a fine typographical appearance, and the table of contents shows the work of experienced and popular writers. "The Fair Thief," by the Earl of Egremont;" "The Interstate Commerce Law," by Senator CULLOM "Soporific Pulpit Oratory," by OWEN FELTHAM; "Can Temperance be Promoted by Legislative Force?" by Hon. ROGER Q. MILLS, M. C.; "A Vague Fancy," by CARL M. SHERMAN; "Before and After," by BERNARD P. EMERY; "Arthur Sherburne Hardy," by Miss SOPHIE de S. VERRE; "Mrs. Spoopendyke's Christmas Present," by FLORENCE HUNTLEY; "Love Game," by SAMUEL SCOTT STINSON; "A Rare Old Madrigal," by THOMAS LOMAX; "What American Paleontology Has Done for the Doctrine of Evolution," by Professor EDWARD D. COPE; "Ashes of Roses," by MINNA IRVING; "Doubt," by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, and other articles form the list of contributions. "About Books and Book-Folk," by Miss VERRE, is a bright and agreeable talk on current literary events and people. "The Analostan Magazine" is issued monthly, and is devoted to American social and political life.

THERE IS A SUSPICION AFLOAT that Senator ALDRICH doesn't care so much for cloture or the passage of the Elections bill as he does to prevent any further legislation favorable to silver.

IT SEEMS ABSURD to say that the recent killing of JOHN PRENTISS MATTHEWS, the Republican postmaster at Carrollton, Miss., is typical of the attitude of Southern communities toward the Republican Administration. If that were true, why is the killing limited to MATTHEWS? There are several thousands of Republican postmasters scattered about in the South and they have, for a year or more, been in the peaceful and undisputed enjoyment of their offices. We venture to say that the records of the Department will show thousands of instances in which the present postoffice incumbents have been warmly and cordially recommended by leading Democrats, politicians and otherwise. No intelligent man who has the smallest personal experience of affairs in the Southern States will believe for one instant that public sentiment there is homicidal as regards Republican office-holders. Indeed, no rational creature, with or without personal experience in the premises, will entertain the proposition, because the fact stares the country in the face that the killing of a Republican office-holder is extremely rare. Very bitter and very reckless partisans may endeavor to make campaign material out of such lamentable tragedies as this of young MATTHEWS, but so long as the death rate remains at one per annum in about 15,000, it will be very difficult to make sensible men believe that political assassination runs riot at the South.

CONGRESSMAN MCCORD of Wisconsin yesterday licked a "burly backwoodsman" who called him a vile name. Perhaps Democratic success lent power to his good right arm.

A RAILROAD is proposed to be constructed in Alaska. It will probably go on snow shoes.

THE COURT HOLDS the bondsmen of ex-State Treasurer ARCHER of Maryland responsible for his defalcations occurring between February 13, 1888, and November 18, 1889. A guarantee is required to guarantee in Maryland.

THE DEMOCRATIC EDITORS of Wisconsin prefer ex-Secretary VILAS for United States Senator. But it is the Legislature which has the last say.

A CHICAGO BANK was robbed in broad daylight yesterday. The peculiarity of the case is that neither the president nor cashier was one of the robbers.

NEWS CONTINUES TO POUR IN from the seat of extermination. At the present rate of attenuation the Indian question will soon disappear entirely. There can be no Indian war without some Indians, and Indians are getting mighty scarce just now. A little more of such work as was done yesterday and to-day and it will be as hard to find an Indian about Rosebud as to find a rosebud about an Indian.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is to lecture to the Press Club of Chicago. He has always been fond of lecturing the press.

THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK has reversed the conviction of Bookmaker WYNN. In the peculiar language of the gambling fraternity, he "win" his case.

THE PEOPLE of Oklahoma have STEELE, but they now want gold or silver.

## PERSONAL.

Mme. Modjeska will probably appear in London next May. She will be seen as *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and in "Measure for Measure," as well as in "Donna Diana."

Mrs. Langtry is doing well with her spectacle of "Antony and Cleopatra" at the London Princess'. The theatre has been crowded, and she has found it necessary to put in additional rows of stalls.

Dr. M. A. Dauphin, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, for twenty years president of the Louisana Lottery Company, died at his residence in New Orleans, December 26, aged 53 years.

Edwin Booth is close upon 60 years of age, which, coupled with the fact that he is a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, causes him to take life easy.

F. Anstey, the well-known English writer, will contribute to "Harper's Magazine" for January an interesting article on "London Music Halls," which will be illustrated from drawings by Joseph Pennell.

Frank R. Stockton's two-part story, to begin in the January "Scribner's," is a marine tale, entitled "The Water Devil," and it is said to be in his most ingenious manner. It contains a mystery, the solution of which will puzzle and surprise the most acute reader.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, better known as the indefatigable traveler, Miss Isabella Bird, has obtained from the Maharaja of Kathmir the grant of a piece of land on which to erect a hospital and dispensary for women, the first building of this kind ever thought of in the domain of his Highness.

A London paper says that "considerable comment was occasioned on Monday by the exalted position accorded to the bust of Richard Wagner among the famous composers in the Lord Mayor's show. Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Bach, Handel and Mozart were figured in plebeian plaster, but Wagner was of bronze. This, we understand, was not meant as a reflection on the genius of the great masters, but was dictated by the strange fact that no plaster cast of the Bayreuth master was forthcoming."

"Henrik Ibsen's new drama, about which there has been so much anticipation, is in the printer's hands at last, and will probably be issued in Copenhagen about New Year's Day," says the London *Athenæum*. "Mr. Gosse is engaged upon an English version of it, which will be published as nearly simultaneously as possible with the original, in London, by Mr. Heinemann, and in New York, by Mr. Lovell."

Francis Wilson, the well-known comedian, has a very entertaining autobiographical paper called "I Remember—" in the January "Lippincott." Mr. Wilson began his stage life as a clog-dancer, and subsequently joined a minstrel company. He forsook the burnt-cork profession for the legitimate drama, and at length found his true vocation in comic opera. This variety of stage experience enables Mr. Wilson to make a very interesting story of his life.

Rubinstein is by parentage a Jew, and has consequently been exposed to the virulence of the Jew-haters in the *crème de la crème* of Russian society. For many years he has been Bonized by all classes, and recently, on the occasion of his celebrating the jubilee of his musical career, he was loaded with honors by the Czar, while ovations were offered him in all parts of the empire. The fact of his having married a lady of the Russian nobility went a long way toward consolidating his position on a footing of equality in Russian society. The preachers of anti-Semitic doctrines, are, however, inexorable; and in certain sections among the upper ten thousand, an Israelite, whether baptized or not, is regarded with an ineradicable repugnance.

"The impetuous lover of 'L'Ecole des Femmes' is, for the first time probably in the history of the Theatre Francais, represented by an actor who is really a youth," says the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. "A. M. Dehelly, who gained the first prize at the last examination at the Conservatoire, has just made his debut at the Maison de Molière, and he is, I am told, only nineteen years of age. He had no sooner bounded on the stage and delivered his first line than the well-remembered name of 'Delaunay' was uttered by way of exclamation all over the house. In every movement and in every intonation the imitation of M. Dehelly's master was manifest to an almost ridiculous degree. Just as the other day we had in 'Le Depit Amoureux' a wonderfully close imitation of M. Coquelin, senior, from his son Jean, so we had Delaunay back in the person of his favorite pupil. The young men doubtless will both of them throw off this habit of mimicry in time and develop a style of their own."

Miss Kate Marsden, the young English woman who is making the rounds of the hospitals for lepers, to qualify herself for work among those afflicted creatures, was lately invited to an audience by the Khediva of Egypt. Miss Marsden, having no baggage with her, made her appearance in an old black traveling gown; a black bonnet much the worse for wear, and a pair of heavy boots, made for tramping about Siberia, in which she was compelled to clump her way into the royal presence. But the well-bred hostess betrayed no consciousness of defects, made the dowdy young visitor warmly welcome, and promised her both sympathy and assistance.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was educated in his native town, attending the academies and finally the university. He was intended for an engineer, as his father and grandfather had both been eminent in that profession; but he did not inherit the family talent in that line, and preferred to study law. He was admitted to the bar, but only received one brief. He then traveled, visiting Europe and the United States, making a journey across this country. In 1879, before his return to Europe, he was married. He then went to France, where he resided some time, but being quite an invalid he resumed his travels, visiting Australia and the South Sea Islands. He took up his residence at last on one of the Samoan Islands.

## IN THE SWIM.

This afternoon Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren gives a tea in honor of her son, Mr. Eric Dahlgren, and his bride, who was Miss Drexel.

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The second meeting of the Dancing Class takes place to-night at the National Rifles' Armory. The affair will be chaperoned and under the direction of Mrs. H. Sidney Everett. Mrs. Bancroft and other prominent ladies.

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It is announced that the wedding of Dr. Thomas Marshall Norton to Miss Clara Rodrigue will take place at 12 o'clock Wednesday, January 21. Dr. Norton is a son of the Rev. Dr. Norton of Alexandria, Va., and a prominent young physician of this city, where he is professionally associated with Dr. Hagner. He has an immense connection by blood and marriage in Virginia, where the ramifications of his relationship include among others the Armisteads, Baylors, Walkers, Brents, Barwells, Roys, Pages, Marshalls, Amblers, Massies and Braces. In England he is equally well connected with the Nortons, Courtenays of Devonshire, Tuckers and Freres. Mrs. John Nicholas Norton, the widow of the late Rev. Dr. John N. Norton of Christ Church, Louisville, Ky., is his aunt by marriage.

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Mrs. William Preston Cabell Breckinridge and Miss Breckinridge of Kentucky have issued cards to a tea to be given in honor of Miss Morgan and Miss Kincaid of Lexington, Ky., and have decided to receive on Mondays in January after the 5th, the day of the tea.

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Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller will entertain the large bridal party of their daughter, Mrs. Wallace, on Friday next, at dinner.

***

The tea given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Admiral Walker, to present her daughter in society, attracted a large and distinguished party of guests. Miss Walker will doubtless represent the Navy in society with the same distinction her gallant father does as the Admiral of the White Squadron.

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Yesterday was a field day in society. Among the notable social events of the evening and afternoon were the dinner and reception given by ex-Surgeon-General and Mrs. Moore to Cardinal Gibbons, the beautiful tea given by Mrs. Outerbridge Horsey and the Misses Horsey to Miss Letterman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Cropper's tea and Mrs. Mandeville Carlisle's dancing party, given to Miss Gildersleeve of Baltimore. In spite of the nasty weather under foot they were all well attended by the well-known and representative people "in the swim."

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The marriage of the Count Devonne of France to Miss Florence Andericed of this city is announced to take place in Saint Matthew's Church on the 4th of January. Miss Andericed is recognized as one of the prettiest and most attractive belles Washington has ever had. The Count Devonne's three brothers have arrived to be present at the marriage, which has been a fascinating topic in the fashionable and diplomatic circles of this Capital.

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Mrs. Bayard, the wife of ex-Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard, is in the city on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Clymer.

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Mrs. Senator Carlisle is in New York on a visit to Mrs. Cleveland. In the vernacular of the ordinary Washington correspondent of commerce, this has absolutely "no political significance."

## AMUSEMENTS.

### Agnes Huntington as Paul Jones.

Here is an artist, indeed.

Here you have that rarest of combinations, dramatic and lyric talent, reinforced by a superb stage personality, and a voice at once rich, mellow, full and sympathetic.

After seeing this gifted artist in her fascinating and powerful performance of "Paul Jones," the celebrated nautical hero, one is not surprised at the phenomenal run of 346 consecutive nights in London this opera had.

Miss Huntington has created and contributed to the comic opera a *role* distinct, original and charming. She looks like an Apollo, such is the charm of her presence, noble bearing and graceful action.

We cannot recall any woman connected with the performance of comic opera who is any way comparable to her in all of the elements that go to make up a true artist. Beside her, the Lillian Russells, Manolas and the people the American public has been surfeited with, are tame, wooden and conventional. They none of them have the fire, the enthusiasm and appreciation of art of Miss Huntington. She is to comic opera what Modjeska is to the drama—equally finished, polished and strong.

Miss Huntington raises the standard of comic opera to where it is worthy of praise, consideration and criticism. She has achieved as *Paul Jones* a distinction not second to that of Schneider as *The Grand Duchess*, while her beauty of face and figure and spirited acting make her an infinitely more irresistible presence than the brilliant, but, at times, coarse Schneider.

The tremendous success of Miss Huntington before critical London audiences has been fairly won and cannot be attributed to any of the meritricious characteristics peculiar to some singers. Her success is due entirely to legitimate causes. Neither her mere beauty nor her physique would have kept her long on the top wave of public, and particularly English popularity, without her lovely voice, rich in culture, feeling and register, and her great dramatic talent. She stands out like a star even in the magnificence and sumptuousness of the costumes and scenery of the opera, and without her "Paul Jones" would instantly sink to the level of "Erminie," with Francis Wilson out of it, and the waxwork exhibition afforded by the rest of the cast in full bloom and riot.

"Paul Jones," as presented last night at Lincoln Hall by Miss Huntington's admirable company, was in every way effective and artistic. The cast is strong, and each character was intrusted to good hands. The scenery, costumes, and ballet were fully up to anything of the kind in New York. The music is extremely pretty, catching, and original. It has all the light, dainty touches of the modern French school of comic opera. Here is a sensuous, dreamy waltz movement in chorus; there a bright bit of dance music, full of go and beauty. There can hardly be said to be a musical chestnut among the many charming melodies in it. There are several of Miss Huntington's songs in particular that are wonderfully tender and fetching and which she sings with marvellous feeling and taste.

With such a support as those capital artists—Mr. Hallen Mostyn as *Bouillabaisse*, Mr. Albert James as *St. Pierre*, Miss Fanny Wentworth as *Chopinette*, Miss Marguerite Van Breydel as *Yvonne* and Mr. Eric Thorne as *Don Tricandero*—gave Miss Huntington in the title *role*, the *ensemble* was excellent and the *mise en scene* extremely effective.

The audience on a first night is always a significant one. Last night was a specially brilliant example of this. The house was a good one, and the most distinguished members of the Diplomatic, official and social life of Washington were present. The English, Russian, Turkish Ministers and others were present and frequently testified their approval, and the entire audience gave Miss Huntington a reception as hearty and enthusiastic as it was appreciative. It was a triumph and an ovation combined.

### "The City Directory" at Albaugh's.

A large proportion of the population of Washington seemed to be moved by a common impulse to consult "The City Directory" last evening and to find a large amount of diversion between its pages. A number of new names have been added to the "Directory" since its last appearance, to say nothing of much other supplementary matter of undoubted interest, and, on the whole, it is, if possible, a more entertaining *brochure* than on its first presentation to the public. In the main, however, it is the same genial and amusing variety show, ingeniously suspended on a somewhat slender, not to say imperceptible, thread of plot and incident, and as such it very successfully fulfils its *raison d'etre* in the extraction of mammoth and momently laughter from the audience. The singing, dancing, burlesque recitations and imitations still follow each other with breathless rapidity, and are nearly all funny enough to furnish subjects for the undertaker. It is difficult to award distinction among so many meritorious claimants of the clan of *Smith*, but perhaps the *John Smith, Stage Manager*, of Mr. William Collier, the *J. S., Ballet Master*, of Ignacis Martinetti and their nainesake of athletic proclivities, Mr. Alf Hampton, were most uniformly amusing. The Irwin Sisters, May and Flora, captured the house bodily with their camp-meeting duets, Kate Uart, Bessie Cleveland and Maym Kelso were the fairest *Rosebuds* that ever bloomed in gauze and tights, and Miss Amelia Glover, the *Little Fawn*, still the same agile and graceful terpsichorean marvel we have hitherto confessed her. "The Directory" will be at hand for ready reference at the Opera-House every evening and matinee through the week.

### "Twelfth Night" at the National.

Miss Marie Wainwright, when she comes to Washington, must assuredly feel that she has entered the house of her friends, and her reception last evening at the National must as certainly have gone far to confirm that pleasant impression. The charm of her *Viola* can never be too familiar to the majority of our theatre-goers for its delicate graces to still have power to please, but at this late day can scarcely call for further futile attempts at description or analysis. It is a wholly winning, lovable and womanly *Viola*, radiant with all the natural refinement, ease and spirit of high-bred womanhood, an impersonation which holds its own, and has a *mastery* of attraction all its own, even besides such justly famous renditions as those of Adelaide Neilson, Helena Modjeska and Julia Marlowe. If anything, it improves with repetition and study and we cannot see it too often for our own enjoyment. The supporting company is mainly the very excellent one which has been seen here in the play with Miss Wainwright, Mme. Modjeska and Miss Marlowe in former seasons, and indeed it could scarcely be improved. It is very nearly an ideal cast of the wonderful old comedy. Nothing could be much better than the broad fun of Mr. Owen's *Sir Toby* and Mr. Brooke's *Sir Andrew*. The *Malvolio* of that sterling veteran Mr. Barton Hill is deservedly a classic, and one of the best solutions of that whimsical personality known to the stage. Miss Walsh and Miss Muldever were admiral in their widely differentiated *roles*, and the entire cast, costuming and *mise en scene* all that could be desired. Again to-night and Wednesday and Thursday evenings and at Saturday matinee, "The Honeymoon." Thursday (New Year's) matinee and Friday and Saturday evenings.

### "A Clean Sweep" at Harris'.

Dan Mason and his merry company of comedians swept down on Harris' Bijou Theatre last night with "A Clean Sweep." The play is a farce comedy, pure and simple, and as a laugh producer is unequaled. It is a series of comical situations strung together without any regard for the unities or consistencies. The humor is of the very broadest order, and the pleasure which it gave the house was evident by the roar of laughter with which every fresh incongruity was greeted.

The old favorite, Dan Mason, is of course the centre of the play. His quaint humor and catchy songs and dances in the German dialect *role* of *Julius Weisbe* never failed to captivate the audience, and kept the whole house in a broad grin. Jere B. McAuliffe and William H. Mack scored decided hits in the absurd characters which they personated, and the touching sentimental songs of Ned Hanson were frequently encored. The ladies of the company were by no means lacking in their share of the universal fun-making. Miss Millicent Page is very piquant and versatile in the *role* of *Bob*, and Lillian Jerome and Maud Blanchard were also well received in their parts. The rather unique part of *Bizzy*, an elephant, was performed by Messrs. Grade and Mack in a very grotesque and laughable manner.

"A Clean Sweep" makes no pretention to the higher types of humor, but as the funniest of farce comedies it is sure to draw crowded houses for the remainder of the week.

### "Nero" at Albaugh's.

"Claudius Nero," the grand historical pageant illustrating the conflict between Christianity and Paganism during the reign of the most eccentric and sanguinary of the Roman Emperors, will be given at Albaugh's Theatre next week. This will be the first performance of this celebrated spectacle out of New York city, where it has been running for three months on the stage at Niblo's Garden.

The leading daily papers and illustrated journals have devoted more space to describing and commenting on this production than ever before given to any theatrical entertainment given in this country. The reason is obvious, as it is undoubtedly the most ambitious attempt at a reproduction of the Pagan rites and ceremonies incident to the reign of Claudius Nero, when Emperor of Rome, while she ruled the world. Over three hundred people are employed at each performance, and the scenery, costumes, properties and armor were manufactured and imported at an expense exceeding $35,000.

One of the most important features of this spectacle is the introduction of Mr. Edward Darling's wonderful lions. These remarkable animals appear in the sports of "Nero," and execute a performance that is more wonderful than anything ever before given by members of the brute creation. These lions have been prominent features of the French Exposition in Paris, and the Paris Exposition in London for the past two years, and appear in "Claudius Nero" by special contract with the celebrated animal importer, Karl Hagenback of Hamburg, who, in conjunction with Mr. Darling, owns and controls their movements. The combination consists of six full-grown African lions and four enormous Danish boarhounds. Their portion of the entertainment is given in a steel enclosure about thirty-five feet in diameter and occupies about thirty minutes of time.

It was not the intention of Mr. Brady, who now owns and controls this spectacle, to present it here until late in the spring, but by a special arrangement with Mr. Gustave Amberg of New York, who holds next week at Albaugh's Theatre, the production will be given here for one week only, when it will proceed to Philadelphia, and there perform three weeks in the Chestnut Street Opera-House, according to contract made there some weeks ago. Were it not for the Philadelphia engagement the season here would be two weeks, as it is the opinion of Manager Albaugh that eight performances will not be sufficient to enable all those of our citizens who desire to see this entertainment to attend the theatre.

Although the announcement that the contract to appear here was only made last Saturday, the management are already in receipt of numerous letters and personal requests that blocks of seats be saved for parties who desire to attend the opening performance, but in justice to his regular patrons Mr. Albaugh has resolved not to reserve seats for any one until Friday morning, when the plan will be thrown open to the public at the box-office of the theatre at 9 o'clock sharp. As the prices for the "Nero" engagement are not to be raised, it is probable that the advance sale will be the largest of the season.

### Vaudeville at Kernan's.

Williams and Orr's Meteors opened the New Year's week engagement at Kernan's New Washington Theatre last night with a very creditable and pleasing performance. The programme presented was an exceptionally strong one. The Wemes Brothers, comedians and acrobatic dancers, introduced the show in original features that won for them prolonged applause. Tachibani and Onme gave a slight of hand and Japanese acrobatic performance which was decidedly novel. Lawlor and Thornton carried off the laurels of the evening and the large audience reluctantly allowed them to leave the stage. Their songs entitled "I Belong to the Upper Ten" and the "The Irish Jubilee" were excellently rendered. Everybody laughed and applauded the American Mars in their specialty, "The Battle of Gettysburg," and Wm. A. Mason and Bobby Ralston were enthusiastically received in what they call their "One-and-a-half Act." Annie Wilmuth gave a number of pleasing serio-comic selections. The performance concluded with an amusing act by the Coynes.

## AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

Large eyes that hold
Deep brown, sky gold,
By mirth or pensiveness controlled.

A voice as sweet
As wind in wheat
When sun and shadow coyly meet.

A heart as true
As Heaven's blue
When every cloud recedes from view.
—*William H. Hayne in Harper's Bazar.*

## CURRENT PITH AND POINT.

It is suggested that the Indians should be given the football, and the colleglans required to do the ghost-dance act. This would promote peace and advance intellectual training very largely.—*St. Paul Globe.*

John Bunlon was brought into court on Saturday on a charge of habitual intoxication. In a word, that Bunlon was too well corked.—*New York Tribune.*

A Wisconsin man who wagered that he could saw three cords of wood in ten hours, and would have succeeded if he had not exploded a buried cartridge, is receiving considerable attention. There is nothing remarkable about this. He merely struck a responsive cord.—*New York Tribune.*

Here we are, living along at the end of this dying year, while countless numbers who began the year with us are in their graves. We have been let alone this year. Has it been best for us that we have been let alone? Has it been best for those with whom we have had dealings, and those precious ones who have been placed in our care? Our own consciences must answer. If we have wronged any one this year, if we have led any innocent soul astray, it were better that we had died before the year began. Oh, would it not be a good thing for many of us if some of us were damned before the new year dawns? Of course it would. You all know it would.—*Father Ignatius.*

The knife-wielders of 1888 are the noisiest of the Cleveland boomers of 1890. They are the gentlemen who are now so zealous in expiating to Governor Hill the opportunities for political advancement afforded by the approaching election of a United States Senator for Mr. Evert's place, and likewise in explaining to the country the eminent fitness of Governor Hill to occupy that high office.—*New York Sun.*

The title of the chief of the bureau of printing for the World's Fair will be "Promoter General." By the time the exposition is under full headway there will be thicker than blackberries. We will discount the South with our military appellations, and a good many men who never smelled powder will be "Generals" for the rest of their life.—*Indianapolis News.*

It was correctly surmised that the large imports of gold and purchases of bonds had removed the danger of serious monetary disturbance for the rest of the year. After January 1 unusually large disbursements will soon make the market more comfortable, and, though some fits of pressure may result from the shifting of loans incident to such settlements, they cannot be of much severity. It may, therefore, be said that the monetary needs about which Congress threatens to legislate no longer exist, but that embarrassment still continues which is caused by the fear of unwise legislation and its unknowable effects.—*New York Tribune.*

President Harrison ought to profit by reading the comments of the press upon his appointment of Judge Brown of Michigan to the Supreme Bench. Without an exception, so far as we have observed, those comments are favorable, and unqualified satisfaction has been expressed by many journals which are strongly opposed to the President politically. Republican organs have sometimes complained that the opposition press is censorious towards Mr. Harrison, but the hearty commendation accorded by that press when he does a really praiseworthy action shows that it is his own fault that he gets so much criticism. It is the same way when he expresses sound views regarding questions of public policy.—*New York Evening Post.*

## BIT OR MISS.

The amputator frequently has a peculiar offhand way about him.

He—I think you are rather prudish. My other girl never objected to getting under the mistletoe.

She—But just remember how homely she was.—*Judge.*

Judge—You say your husband abuses you, Mrs. Murphy; how long have your relations been so unpleasant?

Mrs. Murphy—Yer honor, if Pat Murphy's ben a tellin' ye that my relations wadn't pleasant he's been a lyin' to ye!

Judge—Patrick Murphy is discharged!—*New York Herald.*

Tramp—I say, ma'am, can't ye gimme a bite o' something cold to eat?

Mrs. Pancake—Why, yes, poor fellow! Go and take one of those icicles off the fence.—*Judge.*

He—Fanny Brown is engaged. Guess to who?

She—What! That stupid, snub-nosed, common little creature? Who on earth is going to be fool enough to marry her?

He—Well—er—that ith—I am.—*Life.*

B. H.—Wife, did you send off the holiday boxes all right?

Wife—Yes, the whole family is provided for, except Uncle Zeb, out in Nebraska.

B. H.—Oh, he's all right; I sent him a post-office last week!—*New York Herald.*

Mistress—That was a very nice letter of Patrick's, offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you?

Mary—Tell him, mum, if you plaze, that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, that I'll begin to save for the weddin' things.—*Judge.*

Clymer—After all, society is a hollow thing.

Cooley—You don't seem able to get into it, though.—*Life.*

The dence take Adam and that apple!
His appetite he could not check,
And we the consequence must grapple—
He gave it to us in the neck!
—*Puck.*

The Chinaman who lighted his pipe while repairing a powder mill has given up smoking. It takes a long time for some men to learn that tobacco is injurious.—*Courier-Journal.*

"So you want me o g ve you my daughter?"

"I do, sir."

"What are your prospects?"

"That's what I'm waiting to hear, sir."—*Puck.*

"Is Cumbell progressing in art?"

"Tremendously. A year ago he had a studio; but now he has an atelier."—*Puck.*

"That settles it," the Chicago girl said, as she put her foot on the pavement.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Young Widow—Oh, yes, he told me he could not love me when I was old.

The Other—How could you have married him after that?

Y. W.—Oh, I was 18 and he 75, you see.—*Life.*

Edgely—Hello, old man; I hear that you are married. Wasn't it rather sudden?

Wooden—Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps.

Edgely—How did it happen?

Wooden—Well, you see, it was this way. I was calling on Miss Simoon of Chicago, and she said: "Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that marriage is always a failure?" "Why, no," said I, "not always. I can imagine a case where it would undoubtedly be a success." At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck, and said: "This is very sudden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day."—*Boston Courier.*

"How foolish it is, Aunt Sadie, for mamma to try and make me believe that Santa Claus comes down the chimney and fills my stockings. I supposed it worked all right when you were a little girl, but it is such a chestnut now. However, it pleases mamma, so I don't let on that I know."

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.—*Norristown Herald.*

## HOTEL ARRIVALS.

*Metropolitan*—A. A. Chapman, Richmond; E. Methias, Brooklyn; C. W. Osborn, West Virginia; S. F. Sanford, Alabama; R. E. Miller, Findlay, Ohio.

*National*—J. F. Stewart, Chicago; H. C. Spilman, Warrenton, Va.; James N. Hersh, Allentown, Pa.; J. M. Smith and wife, Charlotte, N. C.

*Wormley's*—Edwin D. Morgan, Cambridge, Mass.; M. Vonnahon, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Denny, Milton, Mass.

*Shoreham*—J. J. Fullerton, St. Louis; Ballard Smith, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fechetner, Miss Fechetner and S. H. Fechetner, Cincinnati; Joseph J. Doran, Philadelphia; Joseph Bartlett, Middlebury, Vt.

*Rigg*—Harley B. Morse, Denver; George O. Jones, New York; Frank V. Wright, Salem, Mass.; A. C. Sherman and wife, San Francisco.

*Webster's*—J. Snowden Bell, Pittsburg; E. V. de Invilliers, Philadelphia.

*St. James*—A. C. Burroughs, Syracuse; Wm. J. Anderson, England; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Davis, La Cygne, Kan.; J. Henry Edmunds, Cape May City, N. J.

*Willard's*—I. Frankfort, Newark, N. J.; J. B. Campbell, Suffern, N. Y.; Richard D. Lane, Philadelphia; A. B. Hall, Dayton, Ohio; A. Simpson, Reading, Pa.

*Arlington*—William R. Harper, New Haven; Edward O. Bourne, Cleveland; Julius Bier, Jr., New York; Charles W. Darling, Utica, N. Y.; C. M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; T. A. Gunn, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. James W. Tyson, Baltimore; J. A. Stephenson and Miss Bertha Stephenson, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

*Normandie*—Mr. and Mrs. James C. Smart, Miss Smart, Manchester, Eng.; Mr. W. P. Rayner and Miss F. C. Lockwood, Mount Vernon; W. W. Griscom, Philadelphia; William Borneman and Mrs. H. Tichenor, Newark; John D. Lindsay, New York.

*Ebbitt*—Miss Augusta Wright, Oberlin, Ohio; Hon. Epps Hunton, Virginia; Hon. Vincent Taylor and Charles W. Buford, Cleveland; O. H. Ten Brook, St. Louis; E. B. Sheldon and E. H. Fishburn, Chicago.

*Hotel Johnson*.—W. A. Minnocks, Minneapolis; Charles S. Dakin, Carlisle, Pa.; C. B. Knight and wife, A. Keyster, Philadelphia; James H. Bell, New York.

*Godfrey's*—James H. Pine, Harper's Ferry; Colonel Johnson, Norfolk, Va.; General Sawyers, Tennessee.

*Howard House*—Mr. and Mrs. D. Mason and child, New York city; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Williams, Philadelphia; T. A. Wright, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Bailey and daughters, Virginia; F. Padgett and daughter, Augusta, Ga.; B. B. McCarthy, Connecticut; George Luther, Fredonia, N. Y.

$9.90 mark-down sale of Suits and Overcoats. Eiseman Bros., Seventh and E.

## OLD WORLD NEWS.

### Happenings and Doings in the Capitals of Europe.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The McCarthyites are said to have a bombshell ready to explode in the shape of a criminal prosecution of Mr. Parnell for breaking into the offices of *United Ireland*. They have consulted high legal authorities, and have entire assurance that, whatever Mr. Parnell's interest in the paper may be, his action was a violation of law.

A report from Paris says that Mrs. O'Shea sought an interview with Mr. O'Brien, but succeeded only in seeing his mother-in-law, Mrs. Raffalovitch, who treated her with frigid ceremoniousness.

The prevalence of petty gambling among women is a matter of concern to the authorities of the larger cities and manufacturing towns of England. Women's clubs are formed, each person giving a shilling a week and the members throwing dice for the amount.

The Queen has sent her approval, but not a check, to the Church Army Labor Home scheme, which is the rival of General Booth's Salvation Army plan for the redemption of "Darkest England."

Several of the Bradford manufacturers in worsted will cut down the number of their employes largely with the beginning of the new year. Business at Bradford is in a very bad condition, without signs of improvement in the near future.

Notwithstanding the official assertion that the recent conspiracy against the Argentine Government was not important, private dispatches received in London represent the situation as very grave. The floating population of Buenos Ayres can find no employment, owing to the industrial and financial stringency, and a revolution, or attempt at one, might result in widespread disaster.

Appeals have been made, without much success, for subscriptions toward the daily newspaper which the McCarthyites wish to establish in Dublin. The English Liberals show a disposition to shun the Irish question, and to avoid interviews with the Irish M. P.'s of both factions.

Arch Deacon Farrar, who has been an advocate, or at least a friendly critic of General Booth's social reform scheme, writes that while he dislikes the Salvation Army methods in many respects, yet he cannot repress his indignation at the unfairness with which Booth's proposals, made with the best intentions in the world, have been received in most quarters, namely: With a hostility and contempt based less on any real or fancied defect in the practical possibilities of the scheme than on the hatred of the critics for any idea of reform except that which emanates from an orthodox and conventional source. Edna Lyall, the novelist, also sends a letter of protest, accompanied by a contribution of £100 to the Booth fund. Her ire is especially directed against Professor Huxley's attack upon the army.

The little military force attached to the Vatican is to be reorganized at the beginning of the new year, to bring its efficiency upon a standard more in accord with that of the Pope's fellow sovereigns' armies. The principal innovation will consist in the adoption of repeating rifles of the latest improved type.

The German Emperor enjoyed a sleigh ride yesterday in true royal fashion. It is not for ordinary mortals to have their snow laid down for them to order, but this was done for William II. He had the road from his castle to the Brandenburg palace gate thickly covered with the fresh snow, which nature had not supplied in sufficient depth, and when the task had been completed he took a lively spin. The children all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

## THE GUARD WAS ASLEEP.

### So Four Prisoners Had No Trouble in Escaping.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30.—Four prisoners in the Newport jail, by a daring and well-arranged plot, succeeded in