



Miss Carmichael of this city, who last summer proved herself to be possessed of dramatic capacity, and appeared in the performance of "As You Like It," when given on Capitol Park, is soon to have a benefit to enable her to complete her education and aid in fitting her for the stage.

Edwin Milton Royle's new comedy-drama, "Captain Impudence," a romance of the Mexican war, played in Sacramento last year by Mr. Royle's company, was put on at the American Theater, New York, January 4th, for an extended run. It is under the management of W. M. Wilkinson, who directed the tours of the late Alexander Salvini. "Captain Impudence" was finely mounted and costumed with a wealth of picturesque coloring. Among the more prominent people seen in the cast were McKee Rankin, Robert Paton Gibbs, Edwin M. Royle, Miss Selena Fetter Royle, Amelia Bingham and Ellen Burg.

The engagement of the Frawley Company in this city was a complete success and dramatic treat.

Phoebe Davies and Joseph Grismer, old favorites in Sacramento, will be here this week with their new and very successful dramas, "Humanity" and "The New South." The former is a military drama, introducing horses, mounted sword combats and heroic situations. The play "Humanity" is by Sutton Vane. It had a long and successful run at the Columbia Theater, San Francisco. It is spectacular and introduces the very latest stage effects. The scenes are in England and the African Transvaal. The play will be given two



PHOEBE DAVIES AND JOSEPH GRISMER.

nights here and a matinee. "The New South" will be given for but one night, Saturday.

New York Herald: You have no doubt heard grand opera at the Metropolitan this season. Perhaps you have wandered with Faust and Marguerite in that wonderful moonlit garden where they sang their love in tones that dazed and almost pained you with their sweetness, while the orchestra throbbled Council's soft, sensuous music in accompaniment.

And you have sighed, perhaps, for life does not move to music in this end of the century, and the men in evening address seem strangely unpicturesque and unlovely compared to Faust in his purple doublet and hose, or Faust in his dashing carmine cape and feathers. And you can pick out many Fausts, but few Marguerites—so you wait breathlessly for the curtain to rise again on the other world that you have been living and loving in.

That is on your side of the curtain. I saw it the other night from behind the scenes, and at close range heard Melba's notes of liquid pearl mounting up to the flies, where they transixed the perious workmen bending over from their perilous position to catch the beauty of the sounds. Stage hands pressed against openings in the canvas to watch Lassalle in the great death scene, and greeted him in timid applause when the act was over, and pretty painted chorus girls peered over their neighbors' shoulders to follow the De Reszkes about with adoring eyes, and clapped their little powder-puffs together as the great roar of applause came in from the front of the house.

The rain was falling outside in a misty, miserable drizzle when I reached the opera-house, but within Mme. Melba's dressing-room it was warm and fragrant and delightful. She had finished dressing for the night when I came, and her maid was just arranging her hair in the two long braids that are Marguerite's distinguishing colure, for Melba is a Marguerite who soars a wig. There were candles burning in great golden sconces upon the draped table, and a few silver sat before a mirror, and a few silver notes that she wanted to feel surer of. She wore the prettiest dress of the opera, with its side chainette and bag of leather. It is a peasant dress glorified by a great French dressmaker, the skirt hanging close to the figure in fine pleats of brown material, and trailing upon the stage with a fine disregard of dust.

Another maid in a corner of the room was filling the casket with pearls for the jewel scene, and the prayer book lay ready on a table. And every moment there was a knock at the door for despite all precautions, notes and messages and inquiries will find their way to the diva's dressing room.

Boxes were handed in through the doorway, some with flowers that made the air fragrant. One was filled with beautiful fresh marguerites, and Melba smiled as she saw them.

"I always have the real ones," she said. "I could not sing with artificial daisies; it would spoil every thing to me."

Then a voice at the door says, "Is Mme. Melba ready?" and she answers, "All ready, Jack." And the music of the stars, which is ready for the rise of the curtain. The overture music is sounding from without, and around from all sides come stray notes of trial from different voices; muffled bits of the scales in deep masculine basses and piercing high soprano notes from some-

turns on the wonderful light effects. Sunlight falls over the garden, deepening to the gold of late afternoon, then the rose of sunset and the blue of twilight, and finally moonlight floods the scene.

"That's the way we work it, but of course slowly. Any break or false move in the management of these lights would spoil the effect, but gradually done it looks wonderfully 'pretty from the front.'"

Marguerite's cottage has gone up to the right of the stage, and in the center there is a flower bed of electric blossoms.

"I work this myself," says Mephistopheles, and so it proves. When he waves his hand over the flowers each one bursts into a glow of colored light, producing a bed of flashing rose aspartine and pink and green in the middle of the dim stage.

"Here is the trick flower which falls to pieces at Siebel's touch," he explains, showing me a blossom with crimson petals fastened to a wire stem on which there is a spring which, when touched, sends the leaves fluttering to the stage.

In less than ten minutes the garden scene is ready, yet it is the most elaborate of the opera. Marguerite's spinning wheel is in place, her daisies at her belt; the virgin's shrine is fastened by her window, and the curtain raises once more. In a little while she is singing the jewel song, twining the ropes of pearls about her hair and throat, and whether sitting at her wheel or kneeling before the casket, her dancing and singing stage with the handglass, her wonderful voice goes up to the roof of the house in clear, delicate cadences, like a lily in flower of pearls.

The audience is thoroughly roused. There are white faces in the hundreds that are turned upon the stage while three of the greatest voices in the world unite in a glorious wave of harmony. No programmes flutter now. There is a silence almost deathly over the house, against which the music sounds with redoubled strength and sweetness. There is an ovation when the act is finished. Looking from the box of the stage over the house the scene is an inspiring one. Women stand in the body of the house, waving their handkerchiefs and gloves. From the boxes they lean to throw their flowers on the stage, and men sit like mad for the recall of the singers. New York was opera mad just then.

Four times Melba and the De Reszkes come before the footlights, and as they go in again comes the thunder of applause that makes them shiver at each other. Melba is white, but she holds out her hand again to Faust. "Well, once more, Jean!" she says, and they go out for the fifth time.

Once more the house is roused to enthusiasm by the trio between Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles. The pianist seems to play the walls. The curtain falls on the vision of the angels. Some help Melba from her bed of straw, and before the curtain those three go again and again, while the people shout their names and yell and move their feet in the air.

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"Well, once more, then, Edouard!" she says.

The "Forum": Brahms must be considered as the most celebrated of all lectically prominent in the direct line of descent from Beethoven, with whom the similarity of artistic conception—the resultant of an intense absorption and concentration—is often most striking. His position in every department of music, with the exception of the operatic, is undisputed. He is, indeed, supreme; his talent for combination, as his variations testify, is extraordinary. If his polyphonic works are at times unsympathetic, they yet remain an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Viewed in his totality we see in him a musician who, combining the highest order of intellect with the highest order of feeling, has created a special style. This style, sweeping us not infrequently into wild and sterile regions with misty, icy peaks, never touching the prosaic or commonplace, has yet its mission to fulfill in lighting perchance the future part of the world.

Charles Frohman made his first appearance before the curtain at the Empire Theater, New York, last week when the stock company opened their regular season in "Under the Red Rug." Frohman is notoriously modest, and heretofore has never answered a public call to appear on the stage and bow his acknowledgments. But on this occasion the audience was exceptionally enthusiastic after the last act. The company was honored with nine curtain calls, but the audience would not debar the Napoleon manager had a bad day of it, and he only ventured half way out until some one in the audience pushed him gently forward until his entire figure was clearly in view.

New York "Plays and Players": The "Forum" Brahms must be considered as the most celebrated of all lectically prominent in the direct line of descent from Beethoven, with whom the similarity of artistic conception—the resultant of an intense absorption and concentration—is often most striking.

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WOMEN AS SECRET AGENTS.

The Career of the Infamous Baroness Kaula.

The Fate of Nations Sometimes in the Hands of Unscrupulous Female Spies.

Simultaneously with the news from Paris that the French Government is about to reopen the case of ex-Captain Dreyfus, having recently come into possession of new evidence of a nature to raise doubts as to his guilt of the crime for which he was court-martialed, degraded and sentenced to imprisonment for life at Cayenne, comes the announcement of the death of General Jung. He was one of the ablest and capable officers of the French army, a military historian of European fame, who some fifteen years ago was charged with the same offense as that with which Captain Dreyfus was charged, namely, of having sold to the German Government the secret plans of mobilization of the French army. More fortunate than the Captain, General Jung—who was at that time Lieutenant-Colonel of the head-quarter staff, and whom I call to mind as a short, thick-set man of high color, with a long, pointed mustache, a very honest pair of eyes, a modest and quiet manner and an agreeable voice—was absolved completely to clear himself of all suspicion, although not without bringing about the expulsion of his wife from France and the disgrace of General Classey, one of the heroes of the great Franco-German conflict of 1870, and a Minister of War intrusted with the all-important task of reorganizing the French army. So favorable, indeed, was the impression created by Colonel Jung upon the court, upon the Government, and upon his fellow-citizens, that every shade of political opinion, that from being regarded as a traitor of the deepest dye he became an object of universal sympathy; Gambetta especially interesting himself in his behalf. It was due to the powerful support of the latter that he was subsequently appointed to one of the principal positions on the headquarters staff, and at a later date Military Governor of Dunkirk. In fact, there is no doubt that had Gambetta lived longer the General would have seen still higher in his profession than he did, as the statesman had the highest opinion of his military capacities and talents as a strategist.

The career of the General's wife is not without interest just at the present moment, when a London paper of large circulation gives expression in print to a charge often made in conversation in Europe, to the effect that foreign Governments find in American women the most efficient recruits for their secret service. With the exception of the United States there is probably not a single one of the great Powers which does not maintain a highly paid corps of female Government agents in addition to its regular staff of Embassadors, Envoys, Secretaries and attaches. Although not officially accredited to the various countries, the leading men of fact and influence for which one influence, the services of these agents are rated by the Governments which employ them as being sometimes of a value far superior to those of any male diplomat. Though they are paid out of the secret service fund which is at the disposal of every European Government—even that of England—their names do not appear on any of the public lists of secret officials, and are known with any degree of certainty only by a favored few. The most delicate and intricate pieces of work are often intrusted to them, for which they are far better suited than men. The talent for intrigue which is acquired by the sterner sex, only after years of labor and experience, seems to be innate in the feminine character. Women possess a degree of tact and intuition for which one search fruitlessly in men. Their powers of persuasion are incomparably superior, as well as of a more far-reaching character, and in difficult situations whence a man could emerge only with the help of a lie of a coarse and discernible texture, the woman will escape under the cover of an artistic piece of intricate embroidery on the one hand, and most diaphanous ground-work of fact.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S SERVICE.

While there is no doubt that in cleverness, self-possession, powers of adaptability to every circumstance, and, above all, of charm and grace, American women are particularly fitted for work of this kind—tribute to their qualities in this respect being recorded by the frequency with which European diplomats seek their wives among the daughters of Uncle Sam—I must confess that I know of but one single instance of an American woman playing the role of secret agent for a foreign Government, namely, that of Russia. The lady in question lives at Paris, just off the Champs Elysees, and her husband bears an Italian title of Marquis, though it is impossible to speak with any degree of certainty of his nationality or antecedents. She possesses of her own countenance, but her handsome salons are crowded with French and foreign officials and statesmen, who are presumably ignorant of the fact that her reports and those of her husband dissect them for her employers at St. Petersburg, and are described in this respect being recorded by the frequency with which European diplomats seek their wives among the daughters of Uncle Sam—I must confess that I know of but one single instance of an American woman playing the role of secret agent for a foreign Government, namely, that of Russia.

THE PACER.

De pacer he pace kase he can't he hisself, An' de trottler he trots de same way. De black horse is black jes' kase he am black. An' de bay horse—jes' natchelly am bay!

De zebrer he trots an' de bar amble long. De de possum roll' erlong lak er ball. De kangaroo hop an' de rabbit go slow. Whilst de trottin' horse—he don't go erralt!

When de hoss gets up she rises from behin', But de hoss he rises up from befo'. De kangaroo hop an' de rabbit go slow. Whilst de trottin' horse—he don't go erralt!

Now what am de wharf'er ob' good it say an' sech. Dis nigger wouldn't give er why e chaw. De n' thing ob' an' to git dar, boss. An' dat's what de pacer he hoes do.

CHARACTER, AND THAT THE LADY IN QUESTION continues even to the present day to be charged with being in the pay of a foreign Government.

THE BARONESS KAULA'S CAREER.

With regard to the wife of General Jung, she was a woman of remarkable beauty and of noble birth; her father, a Baron von Kaula, holding a position of some importance in the Ministry of Finance at Vienna. She met General Jung at Nice during the latter part of the sixties—it was a year or two before the Franco-German war—and married him, having little or no fortune of her own, whereas he was quite well off, decorated for bravery at Solferino, and apparently an officer with a brilliant future before him. The union did not turn out happily, and after the birth of two children the couple separated, the children remaining with the relatives of the husband, while the wife, in receipt of an allowance from him, resided first at an apartment in Berlin, and thence to Russia. It is difficult to speak with any degree of precision with regard to her career there. The only thing known positively on the subject is that her residence at St. Petersburg terminated in her expulsion by the police from Russia on the charge of being a German spy. Some time later she turned up in London, living in a beautiful house in Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, and before long she was welcome guest in many of the official and political salons of the British metropolis, the brilliancy of her conversation and her perfect taste in dress rendering her very popular.

Unfortunately for her, the well-known Mme. de Novikoff, who is likewise in the secret service of the Czar, but who is a woman of acknowledged rank, wealth and respectability, happened to visit London at this time, and immediately on becoming aware of the social currency which the Baroness had obtained, proceeded to inform her official and diplomatic friends of the antecedents of the lady, as well as of the circumstances that had led to her expulsion from St. Petersburg. Lord Granville, at the time Minister of Foreign Affairs, was not made acquainted with this before the re-emption which he was giving at the Foreign Office in honor of the birthday of the Queen, and at which the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the members of the royal family, excepting her majesty, were present. Although the most courteous and suave of men—he used to go by the nickname of "Puss"—Granville, on account of his velvety manners—determined upon immediate action, and accordingly, walking up to the spot where the Baroness stood surrounded by a crowd of admirers, he offered her his arm as if to lead her around the salons and then conducted her downstairs, himself ordering her carriage and waiting with her until it came to the door. Mme. de Kaula's departure was, however, left under the circumstances. For having seen Mme. de Novikoff in conversation with Lord Granville just a moment before, she must have known without any explanation on his part the reasons that had led him practically to expel her from the entertainment. Within half an hour afterwards everyone at the Foreign Office knew that the much-feted Baroness was nothing else than a spy of questionable antecedents.

MAKING TROUBLE IN PARIS.

Leaving London on the following day, she some months later made her appearance at Paris, where by one means or another she became acquainted with General de Clusey, at that time Minister of War. She made no concealment whatever of her former marriage, but so strongly convinced the General that it was his duty to marry her, that she had been shamefully treated by her husband, that the Minister began a systematic persecution of the unfortunate Colonel Jung, among other things threatening him with dismissal unless he increased the allowance to his wife. Indeed, the Colonel was almost driven to sending in his papers, and even thought of blowing out his brains in sheer despair. Invaluable in her greed for money, the Baroness induced the Minister of War to intrust to her some army contracts of a particularly advantageous nature. The rival contractors were not slow in bringing the matter to the ears of Henri Rochefort, and of other journalists hostile to the Government, who, without any idea of the extent or enor-

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opener of the Nasal Passages, Allays Catarrh, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and other ailments. It is easily cured by using ELY'S CREAM BALM.

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Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed, gives relief at once. Sold at Druggists. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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Men's Overcoats.

Men's Brown Thibet Dress Overcoat \$7 50 now \$5 95. Men's Heavy Chinchilla Overcoat \$12 00 now \$9 95. Men's Fine Kersey Black and Blue Overcoat \$10 00 now \$8 95. Men's Heavy Irish Felt Ribbed Interlining Waterproof Ulsters \$15 00 now \$12 50. Our entire stock of Fine Dress Overcoats closing out at prices below cost.

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Men's Fall Shape Staff Hats, \$1 00. Men's \$1 50 hats now \$1 25. Men's \$2 00 hats now \$1 75. Men's \$2 50 hats now \$2 25. Men's \$3 00 hats now \$2 75. Men's \$3 50 hats now \$3 25. Men's \$4 00 hats now \$3 75. Men's \$4 50 hats now \$4 25. Men's \$5 00 hats now \$4 75. Men's \$5 50 hats now \$5 25. Men's \$6 00 hats now \$5 75. Men's \$6 50 hats now \$6 25. Men's \$7 00 hats now \$6 75. Men's \$7 50 hats now \$7 25. Men's \$8 00 hats now \$7 75. Men's \$8 50 hats now \$8 25. Men's \$9 00 hats now \$8 75. Men's \$9 50 hats now \$9 25. Men's \$10 00 hats now \$9 75. Men's \$10 50 hats now \$10 25. Men's \$11 00 hats now \$10 75. Men's \$11 50 hats now \$11 25. Men's \$12 00 hats now \$11 75. Men's \$12 50 hats now \$12 25. Men's \$13 00 hats now \$12 75. Men's \$13 50 hats now \$13 25. Men's \$14 00 hats now \$13 75. Men's \$14 50 hats now \$14 25. Men's \$15 00 hats now \$14 75. Men's \$15 50 hats now \$15 25. Men's \$16 00 hats now \$15 75. Men's \$16 50 hats now \$16 25. 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H. MARKS,

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CHARACTER, AND THAT THE LADY IN QUESTION continues even to the present day to be charged with being in the pay of a foreign Government.

THE BARONESS KAULA'S CAREER.

With regard to the wife of General Jung, she was a woman of remarkable beauty and of noble birth; her father, a Baron von Kaula, holding a position of some importance in the Ministry of Finance at Vienna. She met General Jung at Nice during the latter part of the sixties—it was a year or two before the Franco-German war—and married him, having little or no fortune of her own, whereas he was quite well off, decorated for bravery at Solferino, and apparently an officer with a brilliant future before him. The union did not turn out happily, and after the birth of two children the couple separated, the children remaining with the relatives of the husband, while the wife, in receipt of an allowance from him, resided first at an apartment in Berlin, and thence to Russia. It is difficult to speak with any degree of precision with regard to her career there. The only thing known positively on the subject is that her residence at St. Petersburg terminated in her expulsion by the police from