



For Tuesday night next the return of the Black Patti Troubadours is announced for one performance at the Metropolitan Theater. The hit scored by this fine organization on its first appearance here last month is assurance of another large and hearty welcome. The troubadours scored a sensational hit in San Francisco at the California Theater, where they played for three weeks to big houses. The company is worthy of the success achieved by it, because of its excellent stage performance. The happy blending of comic comedy with the operatic gems which form the basis of the stage scheme is happily conceived and executed. There is a snap and a glinty "go" about the performance that is fascinating. The ease and grace with which these troubadours sing the modern "rag-time" ballad, and the most pretentious grand opera masterpieces is remarkable. While they sing and act these comic ballads with the

will amuse in his usual way with new songs and parodies and an entirely new specialty. Of the others, the list is headed by George Wilson, a comedian whose "single turn" never fails to affect the risibilities. Wilson will afford an entirely new stock of jokes. Ernest Tenny will be found little behind in originality. E. M. Hall, the banjoist, comes as a new member. Manuel Romano, a sweet singer, will contribute a number of new melodies. Another feature is the act of the Quaker City Quartet, talented lyric artists, who will be seen and heard in the specialty, "Musical Blacksmiths," with a number of new songs, and playing on different instruments. The Seymours, a pair of nimble acrobats, will be seen in a novel conceit. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, a clever musical team, contribute harmonies in a new manner, while the Ben Mowatt Trio will juggle Indian clubs with disregard for the laws of equilibrium. Other names appear on the programme are: C. G. Weber, Harry Ernest, B. S. Carnes, Ned Hanson, Tom Parker, Theodore Metz, William Yager, Carl Carlton, Eugene Dupuis, Edgar Wilson, Louis Bishop, George Prescott, Ernest Sinclair, W. H. Thompson, William Kilpatrick, E. D. Royce and George Robinson.



Black Patti, at the Metropolitan.

familiar characteristics of the race, they render the serious operatic numbers with dignity and authority worthy of a grand opera company. It is the novelty and the striking contrast which makes the troubadours' performance so attractive. The cake walk, which proved such an agreeable feature at the last performance, will be presented with new embellishments. Black Patti will sing some new operatic selections and Ernest Hogan, the "unbleached American," will offer some of his newest rag-time ballads. Seats are now selling for the performance. There will be no advance in prices.

The management of minstrel companies has become a matter of great difficulty; so much has been done that there practically remains little of novelty. Minstrelsy has grown so in magnitude, and the expense of equipping and maintaining a company, that only those possessing capital and extraordinary resources can engage in this



George Primrose at the Metropolitan.

terprise. Primrose and West, however, whose fine organization will play an engagement of two performances at the Metropolitan, beginning with a matinee Saturday, March 20th, have grown up in minstrel management, and have not only been up to the times, but a little ahead. It is promised that when they make their appearance here it will be with a company second to none that



In Primrose & West's Minstrel entertainment.

they have ever managed, as to comedians, singers, novelties and clever specialties. The versatile comedian and universal favorite, George H. Primrose,

whole party, and use the little price as a hostess for the advancement of his own interests. He does not know that the linen-bask is not to amuse the Louis beyond the Gates, but only as far as the court yard of the temple. Friends have burrowed from across the street into the courtyard, and the escape is to be made by that means. Pamela's lover, Rens Bergerin, republican and traitor, guesses the truth, and as he has charge of the prisoner on the night of the proposed rescue, the outlook is dismal. There is a strong scene between the two, in which Pamela appeals to his better nature to allow them to carry out their good work. At the moment he refuses, but he finally relents and becomes the main factor in the escape. In the last scene the little dauphin is found on the sunlit banks of the Seine surrounded by his friends. The acting of Rejane is highly commended.

The London "Daily News" has the following remarks as to the fees of singers: At the Leeds Festival the chief vocalists alone now receive nearly £1,500. Forty years ago the singers were more moderate. In 1858, at Leeds, all hand, it is true, and the truth, and the Madama Albini now receives just double, but for the whole festival Sims Reeves took only £210. Sainton Dobby £105, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss £130, and Mr. Saintley (who, however, had then been out less than a year), £12. The highest now paid to a vocalist fall to Madame Patti, who receives from Messrs. Harrison £500 for each provincial and 800 guineas for each London concert, although it is true that, as the late Sir George Masfaren, in a published letter, once whimsically urged out of this fee she pays for her own bouquet.

Some months ago Count Franchi Verney was sent by the Italian Government to visit England, in order to investigate the teaching of music in the elementary schools. His report appeared in the "School Music Review," and the following is a summary of it: The Italian Commissioner was almost awed by the enormous amount of music "consumed" here. "There are few countries in the world where music is made the object of such an enthusiastic worship. It might almost be said that music is a vital and indispensable element of English life." This activity, however, the Count holds to be a matter of normal routine rather than of impulse or enthusiasm, and for that reason it is, perhaps, lacking in any great originality or special geniality of expression or inspiration. Nevertheless, "the substratum of the country is essentially a musical one."

An attempt to revive Handel's oratorio "Athaliah" in London led one of the critics to remark that "the music will ever become really popular again is, of course, unlikely, if only because many experiments, from those tried during the great Handelian revivals of some twenty or more years ago by Weist Hill at the Alexandra Palace, and by Earl of Albion at the Albert Hall, downwards, proved that although the public favor for such well-known oratorios as "Messiah," "Judas," and "Israel in Egypt" is unabated, yet in Handel's less familiar music the interest felt is one of little more than mere curiosity."

The secret why America produces so many good singers is out at last. A London paper has the following: "The American church choir system has resulted in the formation of a whole race of opera and concert singers. The American church is not State-endowed, and in order to attract paying congregations at all good singing is essential. Hence, as choirs are selected every May, the singers, from their youngest days, are subjected to constant criticism. The best mount upwards to better-paid churches, and the best of all are sent often (at the expense of wealthy members of the congregation) to study in Europe for the regular profession. Many great vocalists, from Mme. Albani and Mme. Nordica downwards, have started their careers in this way."

Among the latest theatrical successes in Paris is a piece at the Nouveautés, called "Madame Jalouette," in which a mother-in-law, contrary to the usual plan, is in mortal terror of her son-in-law, she having contracted a second marriage without his knowledge or approval.

"The Dovecote," the English version of "Jalouette," with which the Duke of York's Theatre has just been opened in London, is described as technically innocent, but as not altogether free in suggestion from the taint of the French original. It shows how a young wife makes herself and everybody else miserable by unfounded jealousy, and is played in lively fashion by Seymour Hicks and his associates.

Edward Evangeline Rice is called "Exalted Ruler of the Chorus Girl and Prophet of the Utterly Absurd" by the New York "World." No such distinction was ever attained before by an American manager.

F. H. Cowen has just finished a new "Concertstuck" for pianoforte and orchestra. It was written at the suggestion of M. Paderewski, by whom probably it will be played for the first time in public.

Mancinelli's opera "Hero and Leander" was produced in Venice a few weeks ago. The composer conducted, and was called before the curtain repeatedly. One song in the opera, critics praised the orchestral part of the work, but found the opera lacking in dramatic power.

Madame Gerster and the two Wagner singers, Franz Betz and Lieban, have been appointed teachers of the new opera class founded at Kind-worth's Conservatory in Berlin.

Verdi's new "Stabat Mater" and "Te Deum," both for chorus and orchestra, will be produced at the opera concerts in Paris, on Good Friday. The hope that Verdi would be present is now, it is feared, not likely to be fulfilled.

A. W. Finero's latest play, "Treloway of the Wells," is reported to be a brilliant success financially at the London Court Theatre.

Detroit Free Press: We may accept as an axiom the dictum that the fact that a play prospers is no guarantee of its merits and the fact that a play loses money is no proof of its demerit. Public taste is a queer fish.

There has been an elaborate revival of "Macbeth" at the Queen's Theater, Manchester, when the principal characters were taken by William Mollison and Miss Janet March.

M. W. Hanley, who for twenty years was manager of the famous Harrigan company, is now director of Robert Manell, the popular romantic actor, who is this season presenting "By Secret Warrant," a play of pronounced success.

ALASSIO'S ATTRACTIONS.

QUAINT LIFE IN AN ITALIAN FISHING VILLAGE.

Its Beautiful Situation—Description of a Christmas Fair.

Between Genoa and San Remo lies the quaint old town of Alassio, one of the few places on the Riviera where Italian customs may still be seen in their original simplicity, where people live as their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, and the restless stir and change of the nineteenth century has practically passed them by. It is true that the long railway trains come to a halt at the little station two or three times a day, but only a few passengers alight, and they soon tumble on, being their hundreds of travelers to the well-known resorts of San Remo, Nice and Mentone.

The somewhat gloomy fishing town, with its irregular buildings, which sometimes leave the land, it situated between the hills and the sea, beautiful olive groves covering the slopes which rise gently behind the houses, while pleasant walks and drives lead from the dusty odors of the village to the clear, bracing air of the mountainous country. The village has nearly two thousand inhabitants, and the lists of one long main street, very dark and narrow, a square or piazza in front of the great parish church, and a few straggling houses and public buildings at either end of the town. There are no shops with awnings collected to tempt the unwary foreigner, but only such as the people need, and it is easy to see that their wants are few and simple. The owners sit in their doorways, the women with dark-eyed babies in their arms, and stream across the way to each other, while small children swarm throughout the town.

The town is built directly on the edge of the sandy shore, and at intervals along the main street are narrow archways between the houses, through which lovely bits of the blue water can be seen.

By English colonists have built comfortable villas among the olive groves, and the hotels of Alassio are usually full of "forestieri," as the natives style all foreigners sojourning in their country. But as yet the "forestieri" are in the minority, and the atmosphere is essentially Italian. One of the finest houses in the town, however, is owned by a Scotch resident, and it is the nightingales build their nests and fill the air with music. The Hawthorne or "May" abounds, and keeps its green freshness during the short winter, until it blooms in early spring. On the beach road, which follows the sea, are many steep banks, where the wild thyme grows in great abundance, where scarlet poppies peep out from crevices in walls and rocks, and the pink daisies spring up in dainty clusters.

Living in Alassio is primitive and comfortable, and one of its hotels is fairly comfortable, and the prices of rooms and board very moderate. For a trifle more than a dollar a day, good rooms and service may be had, and the fare, although essentially Italian, is quite endurable. If the bread is somewhat hard, and the meat is not so delicate as that of the coast, the flavor of anise-seed too strong in the vegetables, the "patienza, patienza, Signorina," of the sweet-voiced landlady, reduces the most particular to submission. Shopping in Alassio is a difficult matter, as the people speak only Italian, and most of its wares are sold at that. There is but little sold, however, that the average traveler desires. A little fruit, meal, and bread are the staples, while eggs are heaped up in a sort of fish-net bag, which, in all weathers, is hung outside the shop-door.

Probably it is because there is so little need of money in Alassio that no bank is to be found there, and the current money, principally of copper, and passed from hand to hand, looks as if it had been buried in dirt for ages. The Italian and Spanish money, which is now out of use elsewhere, are still in circulation here. There is a small postoffice on one side of the piazza, with a polite attendant, who is always much interested in letters and packages sent to the far-away "Stati Uniti."

On the water side of the town there is a broad, sandy beach, which lines the little bay upon which Alassio is situated. The wide curve of the shore, protected at each end by a high promontory, makes a safe harbor for the fishing fleet of the village. At the houses are many boats, and for the night, all the women and children, with their short skirts and gay handkerchiefs, come down to see what the day's haul has been. They chatter, scream and gesticulate for an hour or so, while the men, bare-footed and in shirts of faded red, and with their heads covered by means of a rude windlass, until they are out of reach of the gentle Mediterranean tide. Then down into the bottom of the boats they all go, to bring out the fish and throw them into baskets. Some of the fish are very curious and pretty, and are excellent eating when properly cooked. The red mullet abounds in Mediterranean waters, and there are numerous small fish like goldfish, only of deeper hue. Sardines are also caught off the shore of Alassio, and are packed and sent away in quantities from the town. A small white fish was often served to us during our stay, which was full of bones and of a vivid green color. Despite its poisonous aspect, it was very palatable and perfectly harmless. Fishing is the principal occupation of the men of the town. The green olive-oil soap is manufactured here, and is so pure that it will float upon the top of the water when in use. The people are very poor, and their food consists principally of polenta (a preparation of meal), tomatoes cooked in a purely Italian fashion, and now and then a leaf of green salad.

Almost every family that lives out of town has its own donkey, and the useful little beast is well treated and held in some esteem by its owner. It is a comical thing to see a great bundle of twigs and green leaves advancing down the narrow street supported by four slender brown legs, the only visible signs of the donkey. Although the Italian peasants are said to be kind and devoted to their families, they are very careless of the rights of animals, and often guilty of cruelty toward them. At one season of the year our morning meal in this little town was invariably spoiled by the piteous bleating of a dozen or so poor sheep, who were tied up by their legs, and thrown in heaps upon the platform of the railway station, previous to being sent away to be killed. Men and boys dragged them by twos and threes across the platform, while their cries of pain and fright were heartrending. Attempts have been made by the "President of Cruelty to Animals" to abolish this special form of abuse, but

as yet they have not succeeded. Last before Christmas we were told that a great "Fiera," or fair, was to be held in the town, and when the day arrived, the street in front of the hotel was lined with poor and ill-fed oxen and cows, standing in a row on either side. All day a brisk trade and barter of these cattle took place, and in spite of their unattractive aspect, nearly all were disposed of and driven home by their new owners at night. The fair continued all day, and the peasants came in groups of four and five to buy stock and articles for household use. The piazza in front of the great church was filled with piles of crockery, copper pans and kettles, brass lamps, and other utensils, all spread out upon the ground. There was cloth of various simple kinds for sale also, as well as bright material for the kerchiefs worn by the women and girls. In the center of the crowd, a wandering peasant a fortune-teller stood and called out "Coraggio, coraggio" (courage courage) to the black-eyed youths and maidens, to tempt them to listen to her wisdom and learn their fate. At a little distance a story-teller, with eyes blindfolded, held up a wondrous audience of all ages, as she poured forth her tale with many gestures and much apparent eloquence. By nightfall the fair was over, and the groups of men, women and children slowly dispersed, carrying their simple purchases with them, and evidently well satisfied with the day's experience.

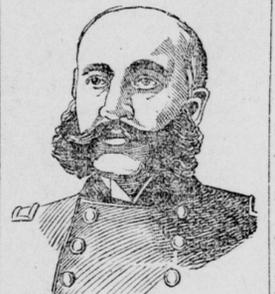
The parish church, near which the fair was held, is always open, and there is service every day. Its stone steps are worn hollow by the constant passing of many feet. On all the sabbath days there are special services, and many unique and interesting ceremonies, and at Christmastide the "Nativity" is shown in one of the small chapels of the dim old church. Year after year the interest of the people in this humble representation never loses its charm. The evensong of Joseph and Mary, with the infant Christ, are seated near the manger, with cows and oxen near at hand. The Magi, bearing gifts, seem to be advancing towards the holy family, while their horses and attendants stand farther away. The whole is poorly done, and seems to us half sacrilegious, but is a part of Christmas to every Italian peasant, and the hard-working mothers bring their little children to see the wonderful sight, holding them in their arms, and telling them the old, old story of Christ's humble birth and life.

The Alassio shepherd, clad in skins and rough, ill-fitting garments, come down from the high hills behind the town, each with one little new-born lamb of his flock. These they carry up the broad aisle of the old church, to the altar, where they receive a blessing from the parish priest—a blessing which descends upon all the flocks, and insures a year of health and prosperity.—H. W. D., in New York Evening Post.

THOMAS O. SEIFRIDGE, JR.

Has An Enviable Record as an Officer in the Navy.

The Seifridge family has two members on the list of United States Rear Admirals. Thos. O. Seifridge, Jr., is one of the six active Rear Admirals, while his father, Thomas O. Seifridge, Sr., is on the retired list. While the father has a brilliant record in the service of his country the son has been active in accumulating laurels for his service.



Thomas O. Seifridge, Jr., was born in 1837 and graduated from the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1855 at the head of his class. He served in the Pacific and on the coast of Africa. His career on the flagship Cumberland, dazzled his countrymen, for he took part in most of the important naval battles of the war. He was made a member of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his work on the Isthmus of Darien and of the Royal Geographical Society of Belgium. He was made a Captain in February, 1881, and a Commodore, April 11, 1894. He succeeded Rear Admiral Carpenter upon his retirement in February, 1896.

America's Success.

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Taber.) Stand fast, America! Troubles are falling; Clouds cover Cuba's star, Sad hearts are calling. Strong hearts of Liberty! Mindful of others, Not vain your natal cry—'All men are brothers.' Soft have your slumbers been Since your hard testing, Shaded by laurels green, Rightfully resting. Now, when oppression's sting Calls you to awaken, Rise, like the eagle king, Night-dews of shaken. Go not in anger forth, Perfid by faction; 'Nonsense uttered'—not wrath Calls you to action. Soon may ways' cruel din Holy enfold you; 'Truth shall begin Truth shall unfold you. Stand fast, America! In the world's story, All men shall praise a war Was not for glory.—Francis H. Taber.

Do We Introduce Too Much?

English people, indeed, it appears, to what they call our habit of over-introducing in society. They never, by the way, use the word "presentation" for "introduction," except in the case of a presentation to royalty. But they think our habit of introducing people, even when they are both guests under the same roof, is vulgar. Why they should think so, remarks the "Argonaut," is not apparent. Of course, a man dining out in England is introduced to the woman whom he is to take down to dinner, but the business makes no effort to acquaint him with the lady who will sit on his other side. "Why on earth should an introduction to her be requisite?" asked an Englishman recently: "you interchange conversation with her, of course, while the dinner progresses; some of my most agreeable moments have been spent finding out who she is, and in letting her find out who I am." Considering the well-known tact of Englishmen as a race and the number of family skeletons they could boast, it seems as if the introduction of the American custom might conduce notably to the amenities of social life in John Bull's island.

EMILE ZOLA

The Well-Known French Writer.



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THE VIOLETS OF NAPOLEON.

How a Fragrant Flower Became a Political Badge.

At first sight it seems as though that imperious ruler of the destinies of Europe could hardly have chosen as an emblem a less suitable flower than the timid and modest violet, with its air of humility, says the "New York Post." But the selection is perhaps explained by the fact that it was during a period of reverses that Napoleon made the choice. On the eve of leaving France for Elba he said to his friends: "I shall return with the violets," and this little sentence—a mere chance expression—was sufficient for his sympathizers. Not only were the flowers worn by the Bonapartists, men and women, as a badge, but violet ribbons were used in the form of the flower were used to display their feeling, and Napoleon was afterward spoken of and toasted as "Papa la Violette." "Aiméezvous la violette?" was the question by which an Imperialist might be known, for a simply reply in the affirmative showed ignorance of the plots for Napoleon's return to France; while the answer: "Eh-bein! elle revienda au printemps" indicated a confederate and fellow conspirator. When it was forbidden by law to sell portraits of Napoleon his friends ingeniously evaded the proscription by publishing the picture of a group of violets with their leaves so arranged that in their outlines—the profiles of Napoleon, Marie Louise and the King of Rome could readily be traced by the initiated.

When the end came and Napoleon was about to depart for St. Helena, we are told that he gave a violet to an English naval officer—an intimation, perhaps, of never-to-be-fulfilled hopes of return to his beloved France. During the Bourbon ascendancy it was dangerous to wear a violet in public, as naturally it continued to be regarded as the Napoleonic flower. At the time of the second Empire the popularity of the violet again revived, and singularly enough, when Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, a package of violet plants having arrived, some of the officials were so busy planting them in pots that the prisoner made his escape. This incident probably gave further favor to the violet, and during the reign of Napoleon III, the violet trade flourished greatly in France, 6,000,000 bunches, it has been stated, being the annual sale in Paris alone.

An Explanation.

Men and autumn leaves fall, And the reason why Is, no doubt, because they Get so awfully dry.—Chicago News.

What is there in the whole world more charming than the plain truth? Some-times it ja's you to hear it, but you are the better off afterwards. You are foolish if you try to lie to yourself. Are you weak to-day? Are you a weakling to-day? Are you afraid of your own shadow to-day? Think for the space of a moment. That one moment may save you years of anguish. It may save you years of torture, both mental and physical. Are you weak, and are you a weakling? You were foolish years ago. Own that truth. And you are suffering now in consequence. Own that truth. You really do want to get cured. Own that truth. Now "Hudyan" will cure you. Do you doubt it? If you do, just ask for some of the testimony that has been given by the thousands upon thousands that it has made well in this land alone. Its fame is as great in the East as in the West. Its fame is as great North as South. Come now! You want to be cured, and "Hudyan" will cure you.

In the little ulcers that you find in your mouth and in the soreness of your throat you may not discern blood-taint. It is there though. Its secondary and tertiary stages are cured as perfectly as the primary. The "30-day blood cure" does the work. Do you suffer? Ask about it.

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