



Hopkins' Transoceanic Star Specialty Company, which comes to the Orpheum Saturday and Sunday, June 11th and 12th, commencing with Saturday matinee, has the virtue of having everything in its programme wholly new, which is a difficult task in a specialty performance, where imitations are so frequent and originality so rare.



Morton and Revelle, at the Orpheum.

and Mrs. Arthur Sidman in a delightful comedy sketch, entitled "A Bit of Real Life," in which Mr. Sidman gives a portrayal of an old country squire on a visit to New York. Juno Salmo, the Parisian equilibrist and contortionist; Morton and Revelle, the eccentric comedy duo, in "Pickings from Puck"—Mr. Morton is the originator of rag-time words; Polk and Collins, premier banjoists; Henry Kessler, descriptive tenor; John and Louisa Till's marionettes, and the kinematographer, with all new views, including the United States battleship Maine taken in Havana harbor.

Beethoven is shown in the light of a business man in J. C. Hadden's new book, entitled, "George Thomson—the Friend of Beethoven." Thomson was a poet, clerk in Edinburgh, who spent forty years of his life collecting Scotch national airs. Being unable to get them worthily harmonized at home, he applied to German composers, among others Beethoven, several letters by whom are printed in the book. In one of these Beethoven says he wants one more duet. Mr. Hadden himself assures me that he has received four duets for each air, notwithstanding that he wrote for harpichord and violin alone, without either symphonies or a part of the cello. As to M. Kozeluch, who gives you a song with accompaniment for two duets, I offer my warm congratulations to you and the English and Scotch audiences when they hear it.

The life of Schumann is to be written for the first time in detail. Until the death recently of Mme. Schumann it was impossible to publish any of the particulars connected with the composer's sad end, but these and other fresh matter obtained from Mme. Schumann will now be made public. Professor Niecks has already shown his fitness for this work by an elaborate life of Chopin, which is, however, extremely unreliable in its critical portions, owing to the difficulty the Teutonic mind has in grasping the essence of Slavic genius. In the Schumann biography Niecks will not be hampered by this difficulty.

Turin is proud of its new organ, which local papers claim to be the finest in Italy, if not in the world. It is certainly gigantic, taking up 138 square meters, with a front of nearly forty yards. There are 206 pipes and the motive power is supplied by sixteen bellows worked by gas. The organ was built in Turin, and before being placed in the Church of Santa Maria del Crocifisso will be used at the Turin exposition for a series of concerts by eminent organists from various countries, who have been invited to co-operate.

New York Post: It is amusing from one point of view and sad from another (as revealing the ignorance of the average critic) to notice the persistence with which the notion is upheld that Lisztism in music means merely technique. Liszt was indeed the greatest master of technique that ever lived, but he also was the greatest master of expression. His motto, in fact, was that "technical perfection is nothing more than an artist's damnable duty, but not a special merit."

Chicago Record: How strong a clutch the navy has upon the American heart now! Whatever opportunity is offered for a favorable demonstration toward the men of battle is taken advantage of with alacrity. The theatrical people found this out very early in the campaign, and took advantage of it, with the result that all the soldier plays which were procurable were put on with such current trimmings as possibility could suggest. The soldier piece is given its warm reception, but the ovation is for the play about the soldier man. Over at the production a light, merry piece called "The French Maid," which embraces in its cast of characters three or four men of the ocean. When one of these, be he ensign or marine, is on the stage there is no room for consideration for any of the others, although, in fact, the other characterizations are all far and away above the average as studies. The moment the young man in the blue uniform and with the gold lace steps modestly before the audience he owns the house and holds it in the palm of his hand.

years ago. When the piece was first produced in the Fourteenth-street Theater, New York, the terrors of the circular-saw effect were somewhat diminished—at all events, for spectators near the stage—by the evidently fictitious character of the teeth, which were painted very cheaply on a piece of circular disc or cardboard.

The Mirror: The story published in the sensational dailies recently about the alleged suicide in an Eastern city of a young man, said to be wealthy, because he had been killed by an actress, was true except as to some particulars. A young man—not wealthy—killed himself. The actress mentioned in the case never knew the young man. The antipathy shown to the truth by various newspapers is as amazing as is their fondness for fakement, and the theater continues to be their favorite topic for mendacity. Nothing else—unless it be something like the Maine disaster—can even for a moment distract the fabricating attention of sensational journals from the stage and stage people.

Frau Stavenhagen has joined the Jean de Reske troupe at St. Petersburg, where her husband, a well known pianist, is one of the conductors, and the Sieglinde in "Die Walkure," she has been much praised. Frau Malten was Brunnhilde and Mme. Oltzka a capital Fricka. Mme. Oltzka has also played Otrud in the opera of the same name. "Die Meistersinger," the De Reskes, Malten and Oltzka, was given recently and "Tristan und Isolde," under Dr. Richter, is in preparation.

In 1876, a few weeks before the first Bayreuth festival, when the late Anton Seidl was only 26 years old, Richard Wagner recommended him for a position as conductor at the Mainz opera in the following letter, recently printed for the first time: "I have just read of the vacancy of the directorship of the orchestra at Mayence. I urge you to use all your influence to see that this place goes to my young friend and assistant, Anton Seidl, who is at present here. He conducts splendidly, is young and energetic, and I will be responsible for him in every possible way. He can begin on September 1st. I have undertaken to procure a good place for him, and it would be a great mark of friendship to me if through your intervention he should secure the position."

The "Figaro" gives some amusing details about Pinerio, whose play, "The Magistrate," is being rehearsed at the Theatre Cluny in Paris. His truthfulness as a composer or playwright, he is an imaginative, but not a French mind, has full scope in descriptions of foreign people and affairs. Pinerio, the "Figaro" avers, was a clerk in a bookseller's store, a law student and an actor. He spends his afternoons on a bicycle or playing cricket. He is fond of transplanting to the stage types of his friends, and he never assists at the first performance of any of his plays. Pinerio's sense of humor is well known, and it is to be hoped that the number of the "Figaro" which gives this interesting information about him will fall into his hands.

Those who put any faith in Ignatius Donnelly's theory that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's dramas, would do well to remember that there are nearly 100 copies of the manuscript of the plays in existence, twenty-two of which are owned in this country. A biographical sketch of the author of the plays inserted in the folio would have conferred a great boon upon mankind.

A new opera appertaining to the modern Spanish school, entitled "La Reclotona," the libretto by Fernandez Shaw and Lopez Silva, the music by A. Chapi, was brought out some weeks ago at the Royal Opera, Madrid, with immense success. M. Camille Saint-Saens, who was present on the occasion, was greatly struck with the merit of the work, which he pronounced a veritable chef d'oeuvre.

The tenor Broulik, who had been summarily dismissed by the management of the National Opera at Buda Pest some months since for declining to appear for the fourth time within the week, has been awarded 25,000 francs damages and his costs by the Court of Appeal.

Shortly before he was sent to the mad house, where he died, Maupassant sent a letter to his daughter, Catherine, and said to her: "I am the author of 280 short stories. On each could be founded a play that would run a year. There is, therefore, no need of your looking for new plays for some time."

Alice Nielsen, the young prima donna whose success with the Bostonians has been so pronounced, is to start next season under the management of Frank L. Perley. She will appear in a new comic opera now being written, but as yet unnamed. A company first-class in every particular will support Miss Nielsen.

Mme. De Navarro (Mary Anderson), in an interview published in the February number of the "Young Woman," announces that she will never return to the stage, and that she will be happy and contented in the quiet life of the simple, quiet life that she now enjoys.

Despite the war scare there is opera in Madrid, at the Prince Alfonso Theater. Puccini's "La Boheme" has won a brilliant success. The Stelis, Rubbio, Garbin, Hernandez, Romero and Coline as the leading artists.

The death of the oldest chorister in England is chronicled. She was 86 years old, and was titular leader of the music at St. Thomas Church, Ely, Isle of Wight. She had been a member of the choir seventy-nine years, and had never missed a service.

Genoa has heard lately Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the famous Church of the Annunziata, and under the auspices of the "Infammaturo" and "Ela Mater" being encored at the latter performance.

Madame Calve is likely to pass from the Paris Opera Comique to the Grand Opera to create the chief part in Gluck's "Armida," which she has just received, at a cost, it is estimated, of about \$60,000.

Plans are being prepared for a new theater in Lockport, N. Y. A well known society will furnish the funds to erect the new house.

Odell Williams was a farm hand in 1870.

Keene has played Richard III. 2,500 times.

Frederick Warde has revived "Virginia."

MRS. "FIGHTING BOB" EVANS

THE WHOLE FAMILY IN UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE.

Something of the Family of Captain Robley D. Evans of the Iowa.

It is not in accordance with the rules of etiquette to prefix a man's title in addressing his wife, but the wife of the battleship Iowa's Captain surely deserves to be known as Mrs. "Fighting Bob" Evans. An exception must be made in the case of the wife of a man whose family are in Uncle Sam's service, including her husband, her only son, her two brothers and her son-in-law, while her two daughters and her niece are studying to be nurses, with a view of going to the front.

If there is a woman in all the country who is prouder of her husband than Mrs. Robley D. Evans is of "Fighting Bob," her pride must indeed be abnormal. Many a woman has just cause to feel a pride in the achievements of the man whose name she bears, whether he be the commander of a big battleship or the most insignificant of civilians. A man may not be a hero in the eyes of his valet, but most men are heroes in the eyes of their wives.

But Mrs. Evans doesn't stop with her gallant husband when she sums up the heroes of her family. Of course, he comes first, but there are others. Probably no woman in the United States is so plentifully supplied with warlike relatives. And she glories in them all. Here is Mrs. Evans' list: Her husband, Captain Robley D. Evans, is in command of the Iowa. Her brother, Harry Taylor, is in command of the Indiana. Her son, Frank Taylor Evans, is a midshipman on the Massachusetts. Her son-in-law, Charles C. Marsh, is Flag Secretary to Admiral Sampson on the New York. Another of her brothers, D. Morgan Taylor, is Captain of Ordnance in the United States army. And to cap the climax, her two daughters, Mrs. Charles C. Marsh and Miss Virginia Evans, and her niece, Miss Taylor, are being trained by repeated allusions to Captain Evans' front and serving their country under the banner of the Red Cross Society.

Frank Taylor, a deceased brother of Mrs. Evans, was a Captain of artillery, and his captaincy was a bicycle and a motorcycle. He was a representative of the army and the other navy, are both members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and it is a curious fact that the credentials of one brother are based upon the paternal side, while those of the other are based upon the maternal side. That is evidence of pretty good fighting-stock, isn't it?

A MILITARY SOCIAL LEADER. The Evanses rarely occupy their Washington home, preferring to live in the cottage built by Captain Evans, about two miles outside the sea front at Fortress Monroe. Here Mrs. Evans, who is a woman of culture and the mistress of many accomplishments, not the least of which is playing hostess with charming grace, is the central figure in the military-social life of the place.

When you come to think of it, it is no wonder that Mrs. Evans is proud of her family. When her son entered the navy, before his time, she said, "God speed you, my son, and may the stars and stripes be to you as a banner." And when her daughter expressed a determination to become a nurse, she remonstrated a little bit, but away down in her heart she rejoiced in their spirit.

Mrs. Evans was born and raised in New York, and her father, which fostered her innate patriotism. The Taylors were well known in all the heterogeneous circles which go to make up what is known as Washington society. Her father for years was the proprietor of a book store on Pennsylvania street, and among his friends and acquaintances the brightest minds of the nation's Capital. He was a scholar, a man, a lover of books and a keen student of human nature.

Old Mr. Taylor was an intense Union man, and a matter of fact, he purchased the first \$100 bond issued by the Government in connection with the Civil War, standing in front of the Treasury building all night long that he might enter first when the doors were open. This bond, appropriately named, is now among the dearest possessions of Mrs. Evans and occupies a place of honor on the walls of the cottage at Fortress Monroe.

THEY WERE SCHOOLBOYS TOGETHER.

"Harry Taylor and 'Bob' Evans were boys together in Washington forty-five or fifty years ago. They went to school together. They were inseparable until the age was reached when boys begin to take notice of the fair sex, and then 'Bob' began to cast sheep's eyes at Harry's pretty sister. It is a practice which he has never outgrown. He does it yet.

The boys were both appointed to the Naval Academy at the same time, September, 1860. Then the Civil War broke out. Both were eager to fight. They chafed under the enforced restraint. Their studies were neglected. When they should have been fast asleep they were whispering to each other that they would do it if they only had the chance.

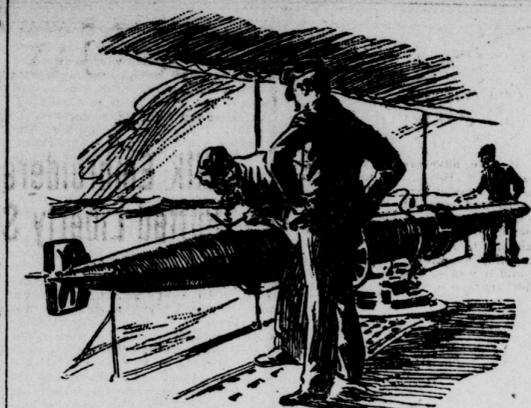
And the chance finally came. At the end of three years both left the academy before having been graduated and were ordered to duty with the squadrons operating along the Southern coast, and their dreams were at last realized. Both saw service, and both profited by that experience.

Among other fights, Evans figured in both attacks on Fort Fisher. In the last battle he received two severe wounds and was relegated to the hospital. The surgeons examined his leg. "It will have to be amputated," they said.

HOW HE SAVED HIS LEG. That didn't suit young Evans. He concluded that he still had some use for that leg, and determined to assert his proprietary rights. Through some means or other he secured a big navy pistol, and when the surgeons came back with their instruments he was ready for them. One hand was hanging down behind his cot.

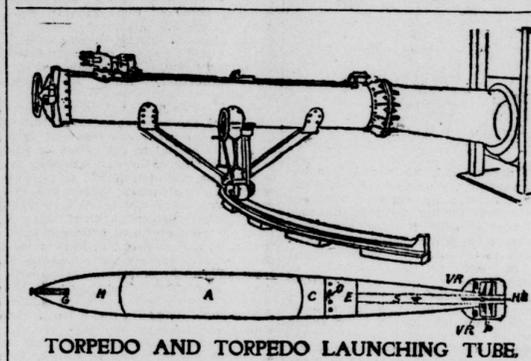
"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm afraid we shall have to amputate your leg," replied the chief surgeon, reaching for his instruments.



PREPARING TORPEDO FOR LAUNCHING.

Torpedo warfare is expensive. A single shot at a naval foe costs Uncle Sam about \$1,500, but that shot may deprive an enemy of a \$3,000,000 battleship.



TORPEDO AND TORPEDO LAUNCHING TUBE.

The torpedo is built of steel in the shape of a porpoise, with a big double bladed tail. Ready for firing it weighs 1,100 pounds. Its length is about 16 feet 5 inches, its greatest diameter 17.7 inches. It is assembled in four sections—the head, air flask and immersion chamber, after body, and tail—all fitted together with sleeve joints. The walls are made of the finest forged steel to resist the enormous air pressure. Compressed air is the motive power. This is contained within the air flask, a hollow forged steel cylinder nearly half as long as the torpedo, and the pressure attained is 1,350 pounds to the square inch.

A move to take it off will get a load of lead.

And he carried the day. The leg didn't come off. It knit rapidly, and the wounds healed under proper treatment. He carries a limp to this day, but he saved his leg, and that's the main thing.

As is natural to suppose, Evans married his chum's sister, the sweetheart of his boyhood days. Maybe he was thinking of her when he saved his leg. Another of Taylor's sisters married Frederick Maguire, a wealthy merchant and capitalist of Washington, and it is even matters up Taylor turned around by repeated allusions to Captain Evans' wasn't to be outdone.

Captain Evans and his wife have three children. The eldest, Charlotte, was married a short time ago to Lieutenant Charles C. Marsh, who is now with Admiral Sampson on the New York and the other daughter, Virginia, is still single. Frank, the only son, graduated from the Naval Academy this year, and is now serving on the Massachusetts. Both the daughters, as I have said before, together with their cousin, the daughter of Captain Taylor, are studying to be nurses.

While Mrs. Evans has a due appreciation of her husband's value as a naval man she doesn't lose sight of the fact that he is not the only one. Those misguided persons who wish to flatter her by repeated allusions to Captain Evans' reputation and position are often nonplussed by her demand to know what is the matter with "brother Harry?" And sometimes she will ring the changes by allusions to the other fighting men of her family.

The cottage at Fortress Monroe was built when Captain Evans was on duty with the Lighthouse Board. It was constructed by permission of the Treasury Department on the reservation controlled by that department as a buoy and light station. Subsequently he had some difficulty with the gentleman who was Secretary of the Navy at the time. The latter, in order to gratify his personal feeling in the matter, induced the Treasury Department to direct the removal of the house.

This aroused the fighting blood of Captain Evans, and, moreover, his suspicions were aroused as to whether the cottage came within the scope of the department. He requested a resurvey and found that his suspicions were correct. Greatly to his delight he discovered that the house was in the army reservation.

His relations with that department were most cordial, and the outcome of it all was that the cottage was permitted to remain where it was, subject to the conditions imposed upon all buildings on Government land outside the fortifications, which are in effect that it shall remain until the War Department sees fit to order its removal. And it is there that Mrs. Evans lives, the idol of all the boys at Fortress Monroe.—New York Herald.

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P. B. GHL, Manager.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, STATE OF California, County of Sacramento, in the matter of the estate of WILLIAM HENRY BROOK, deceased. Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 17th day of June, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the court-room of said court, at the Court-house in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said William H. Brook, deceased, and for hearing the application of Henry Brook and Mary A. Gamboni for the issuance to them of letters of administration with the will annexed thereon.

In witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 1st day of June, 1898. (Seal) W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk. By E. S. WACHOBER, Deputy Clerk. Hinkson & Elliott, Attorneys for Petitioners. Indorsed: Filed June 1, 1898. W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk. By E. S. WACHOBER, Deputy. j2-1d

Why? Because you can have it awfully and yet can't describe it.—Detroit Free Press.

TRUTH

What is there in the wide world more charming than the plain truth? Sometimes it jars you to hear it, but you are the better off afterwards. You are foolish if you try to lie to yourself. Are you weak today? Are you a weakening to-day? Are you afraid of your own shadows 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 weakening? 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.

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