



Monday afternoon and night. New Year's day at the Clunie Opera-house the last farce comedy "My Friend From India" will be given by the Alcazar Theater Company, San Francisco, headed by L. R. Stockwell, Miss Nevada Heffron and Miss Mabel Bowman.

Spanish contingent, the latter fought by the side of the French soldiers. The following is from the London "Athenaeum": "In the Italian Quarter, a one-act piece by Miss Rosina Filippi, has been added to the bill at the Vaudeville. It is realistic and squallid enough in theme to suit the caterers for an independent theater."

ment will be played in May, when Sardou's "Cleopatra" will be presented, with Miss Walsh in the title role, and Mr. MacDowell as Antony.

The receipts for the first performance in Charles Wyndham's new theater in London were \$20,000. This result was owing to the previous announcement that the money would be turned over to the war-relief fund, which caused a patriotic contentment for seats. But this amount is remarkable even from this point of view. As for the house itself, a writer in the London "Times" says: "In appearance and in comfort it leaves little to desire. The white and cream paint of the auditorium shows off to advantage the turquoise blue draperies, and one is grateful to the decorator for having been so sparing with his gold. There is a gold, of course, it is as much de rigueur, at present, for a theater as a gold frame is for a Royal Academy picture. But here it is not thickly laid and flaunted, as it is too often, and the general scheme of decoration has an artistic quality. In the corridors and saloons the hangings are of 'old rose,' which the uninitiated would probably call pink. But it is a delicate pink and agreeable to the eye. There is even a special saloon for the family circle as well as for the dress circle and the stalls, and the pretty blue decoration is carried right up to the gallery. Roof panels after Boucher harmonize with the delicate flower-studies round the grand tier and with the soft glow diffused by the electric lights. From above the proscenium portrait plaques of Shakespeare and Goethe look down with benignant expressions."

When Sarah Truax is seen at a Broadway Theater in New York in March in a series of special matinees, it will be her debut as a star. "The Merchant of Venice" will be the first play presented, with Miss Truax as Portia.

President McKinley, it is said, has never seen a play in Washington since his inauguration. The last performance he witnessed was "A Black Sheep" in Canton. The play-going is done by Mrs. McKinley, who is very fond of the theater.

W. S. Gilbert, the English dramatist, has celebrated his 63d birthday. It is thirty years since he began writing plays and twenty years since he formed his famous partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan, which resulted in the "Pinafore" series of comic opera.

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"The Christian" has fallen in London, and is now withdrawn. In Australia the play has scored something of its success in this country.

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Thomas Q. Seabrooke is trying his new one, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" in Brooklyn just now.

Victory Bateman is playing the leading role in "The Bowery after Dark," a farce New York melodrama.

"Don Hur" will probably be continued at the New York Broadway Theater during all this and next season.



The crow in New Zealand strikes as sweet a note as any heard in the wood-land, says Henry D. Lloyd in the December "Atlantic." The robin has a song and no red breast; the native hen is the greatest of rat killers; there is a caterpillar which turns into a plane. These and some other productions of nature have been done for New Zealand and the kangaroo and the ornithorhynchus have done for Australia—given it the suggestion of oddity and the marvelous. Rabbits and sweet-briars, introduced for pleasure, spread like wildfire, and it is an attraction that it has been cleared of sweetbrier and fenced against rabbits; and then later, the rabbit becomes a profit instead of a pest, and is exported by millions to feed the English.

An effort is being made by Poles to have Chopin's remains transferred from Paris to Krakow, where they are to be placed in the royal vault on the Wawel Hill, where former Kings of Poland and other great men lie buried. Mr. Frederick Chopin has given 2,000 florins toward the expense, and the rest is to be raised among Poles, the plan being to make the occasion a great Polish festival. Chopin's body is now in a tomb by the Pierre Lachaise Cemetery between the graves of Cherubini and Bellini.

Los Angeles Herald: When a young woman surrenders a salary of \$150 a week for conscience's sake, choosing rather to minister to the poor and needy, sincerity of purpose can but be accorded her. In Canton, the play-going is done by Mrs. McKinley, who is very fond of the theater.

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widens and deepens and increases in velocity, lights multiply, the volume of vocal swirls forth, the dazzle and glitter of dressings bewilder and the sumptuousness of scenic naturalness amazes.

While Chicago, with a population of 2,000,000, did not care to support a grand opera company for three weeks, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, with less than 300,000, had 319 performances of operas from November 1, 1898, to the same date this year. Seven of the operas given were entirely new and eight were revivals.

The life of poor Berlioz was made wretched by the fact that he could not get his operas performed in Paris, and when Napoleon ordered that Wagner's "Tannhauser" should be mounted before Berlioz had had a hearing, the French composer became as furious as a wounded animal. His despair would not have been lessened could he have known that thirty years would elapse after his death before the grand opera would condescend to produce his "Capture of Troy," and that when the same French public which went into ecstasies over Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" would damn his operas with faint applause. The trouble with Berlioz was that he was not a born dramatic composer, and that, instead of learning from Wagner (as Wagner learned from him in some details of orchestration), he imitated Wagner and went back to the simplicity of Gluck. To cap the climax, Berlioz chose a subject which was dear to the ancient Romans, but does not interest modern Parisians. Scenically, the performance of "The Capture of Troy" is said to be fine, even the episode of the large wooden horse being managed in such a way as not to excite the laughter of the Parisians. But judging by the scant applause, "Father Aeneas" will not long attract the attention of the French music lovers.

Hungary has just lost one of her most prominent composers, Dr. Ivan Giesinger, whose name, however, is not well known elsewhere as the number of his works might lead one to suspect. There are no fewer than 100 songs, 165 transcriptions for violin, two masses, three operas, and a great deal of chamber music similar in character to that of Debussy.

Goldmark is again at work on an opera, his subject being "Goetz von Berlichingen." The libretto has been prepared by Willner after Goethe's drama.

Father Perosi has finished his oratorio "The Massacre of the Innocents." The first part deals with the Wise Men from the East and the second with the flight from Egypt and the massacre. He has now started his oratorio, "The Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem."

A further indication of the friendly relations between France and Germany is the production at the Opera Comique of Humperdinck's "Mansel and Gretel."

Essipoff has resigned her professorship at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and will give private lessons in that city.

The body of Johann Strauss was moved October 28th to the grave given by Vienna near that of Brahms.

The twentieth anniversary of the death of Peter Cornelius was commemorated at Mayence on October 24th. Cornelius was not only the composer of the comic opera, "Der Barber von Bagdad," but he was the author of some charming lyrical poetry. On behalf of the municipality, a beautiful wreath was placed on the monument erected over the grave, bearing the inscription: "To the Meister Cornelius from his native city."

A Unique Birth Notice. There was a baby born to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Phifer of California, Monterey County, recently, and Mr. Phifer printed in his newspaper, "Push," this announcement: "The coming of the Boss of them all, The Baby, in this sweetest, most stirring and most popular drama in all the world, 'The Home,' in five acts of surpassing interest, as follows: 'Courtship, The Honey-moon, The Family, Rustling and Breaking Up; full of the lights of laughter and rain of tears, and visions of heaven in the common pools of earth; written in the noblest of blank verse, with many striking situations and original features, by the great Author of All, at California, Mo., Tuesday, October 3, 1899."

"The fourth and positively last appearance under the present management. "3-bright, beautiful boys—3. "1-dear, sweet little girl—1. "Three of a kind beats two pair. "1-mother, the best and most patient woman on earth—1. "1-father, who really doesn't count—1. "6-in the cast. Count them—6. "The youngest has not yet been named, and the audience may suggest names for him without extra charge. He came on the fourth anniversary of the birth of his only sister, and also the anniversary of the death of his grandfather. They are all members of the firm. This paper will be greatly improved when the boys get big enough to run things. Meantime it takes money to feed six people. Five of them are deservings. Now is the time to subscribe. Get in the 'Push.'" Kansas City Journal.

An ill laborer quarrels with his tools.

A FOREST TRAGEDY.

Proving a Little Squirrel's Gratitude.

(Written for the Record-Union by Harold Francis.) In a quiet, secluded nook in the heart of a forest, a silver-gray squirrel and his pretty mate took up their abode. It was a charming retreat and, with the practiced eye of an expert, they selected for their home a cosy hollow in a large leafy, moss-grown oak tree, whose branches shaded a clear, deep brook which threaded its way among the trees. Water lilies, which almost covered its surface, rocked by the gentle movement of the water, swayed gracefully to and fro with their white flowers. Here and there floated a clump of slender reeds, on which the wind played its accustomed song. Dainty forget-me-nots, purple violets, pink daisies and tender ferns and scented moss grew in profusion on the banks, while in the background there was a wild tangle of ferns, thistles, and underbrush and noble pine, birches and oaks. In short, it was just such an ideal spot as wood nymphs usually seek.

At the entrance to the home of these little squirrels an orchid bud lay embedded in the mossy bark and when strange noises were heard in the depths of the tree, it stretched out its slender neck, opened its brilliant eyes, and delighted beyond description, beheld two tiny young ones nestling at their mother's breast. It did not take long for them to become friends, for soon they were able to venture forth. How it amused the orchid to watch the pert darlings playfully patting one another as they basked in the sun or scampered about in the branches of the tree! They would rush frantically up and down in feigned alarm, stop abruptly, then covering themselves roguishly with their bushy tails, would teasingly say: "Don't you wish you were one of us?"

But soon these innocent fellows found that life was not one long play-day. Their parents, like all wise squirrels, gave them to understand that not only must they secure their own food, but while the long summer days lasted, lay aside daily a certain amount of nuts, seeds, and other edibles to tide over the winter months. Being sunny-tempered and obedient, however, they did not cavil at this, but gradually grew stronger, and wiser and more useful to their elders. Their rosy views of this wonderful world were soon to be even more badly shaken, for, alas, one day they beheld their first man and—sadder still—lost one of their dearest playmates. It happened in this wise:

While playing about in the upper branches of the oak tree, they suddenly heard a strange explosion, which fairly frightened them out of their senses. They rushed to their friend the orchid, crying, "What is it?"

"A hunter," she replied, "Run to your home or you will be killed." They needed no second warning. Their little playmate, however, laughed at their fear. Peeking through a crevice they saw a huge face peering in their direction. Then there was a flash—and a second later their imprudent little friend dropped to the ground. Probably they, too, would have been killed for the hunter patiently awaited their appearance—had it not been for the orchid which watched the movements of intruder and whispered to them to remain hidden and not be too curious.

In a few weeks they had almost forgotten this unhappy episode and, inasmuch as their solitude was not invaded by any more hunters, the whole family decided to take up their abode in a meadow near by. So came the pass that the pretty orchid and her dearest friends. But she did not lack for other comrades and admirers. The bees hummed pretty airs in her dainty ears; the birds serenaded her in her soft bosom; even the wind whispered words of love to her. Each day found her more beautiful in her exquisite gown of pink and purple and purest white.

Now it happened that a vain vine that grew at the base of this oak tree became envious of the modest orchid. No birds, no bees, no gentle zephyrs paid court to her. She tried to enlist the sympathies of the other flowers but they all shunned her, for her breath was poisonous and her branches were like the tentacles of an octopus.

"Before you came," she said, "one day I was considered beautiful, for my leaves are far more gorgeous than your pale, sickly tints."

The orchid, having done nothing to merit her wrath, made no answer, but a saucy bluejay who overheard the vine's outburst, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Yes, my dear, but fine feathers don't make fine birds."

"And," ventured a tiny blue forget-me-not as it nestled up closely to another, "you are not content to burden the willing oak tree with your useless self, but you are gradually crowding us all out with your countless progeny."

To which all the other flowers nodded in approval.

"So," cried the enraged vine, "you have entered a conspiracy to abuse me, have you? Very well, I accept your challenge." And then, addressing the trembling orchid, she said threateningly: "From now on my sole ambition will be to climb up high enough to grasp your throat, you simple beauty!"

The orchid, turning to the little forget-me-nots and daisies and violets, added: "As for you, I'll attend to you later. Not one of you shall survive."

A month later the vine's threat had almost been fulfilled. Already the timid orchid could feel her poisonous breath upon her cheek. Every attempt at reconciliation had failed. The jealous creeper remained steadfast in her purpose, and when the powerless flowers begged her to have mercy on their comrade she only replied:

"Mercy? Never! When the sun rises to-morrow she will be within my grasp. Then you'll feel my power."

The orchid, pale and sad, was nevertheless calm, but as the sun was climbing toward the west, sending shafts of golden rays through the branches and covering the ground with great golden spots, she looked long and regretfully at every loved object, for this was to be the last night of her short existence.

In the forest the labor of the day was gradually ceasing. No longer were the doves in yonder pine carrying twigs and leaves for their new nest; the hammering of the woodpecker had grown still; the little ants were returning in rows to their ant-heaps, which were red from the evening light and the rays of the sun. Among the plants were whirling here and there small forest bees, buzzing gladly as usual, completing their last load of honey dust. Fireflies and crickets and other bugs were emerging from cracks in the split bark of trees, while in the torrents of golden light moved swarms of moths, gray, scarcely visible to the eye, and mosquitoes singing their sad songs. On the trees birds, chose their resting-places, and after seizing a limb, fought about the best locations. But those

voices grew rarer and rarer and weaker until gradually they ceased altogether, and the silence was broken only by the wail of the disconsolate forest and the plaintive sobbing of the night-gale. All nature was asleep.

But the unhappy orchid slept not. Life was so sweet, and it seemed so hard to leave her dear friends. At length she became more resigned, and raising her tiny voice to heaven, said: "I am only an orchid, small and weak, but I am resigned. If it is Thy wish that I should perish at the rising of the sun to-morrow, let Thy will be done."

Then, closing her weary eyes, she dozed off into slumber. But, hark! what was that? Was she dreaming? No, for hardly had she time to collect her scattered senses when she felt a bushy tail lightly touch her face and her heart bounded with joy.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

"Thy friend, the squirrel," said a sobbing voice.

"And how comes it that you are here?" she asked anxiously.

"For refuge, Alas! dear friend orchid, this has been a sad day for me. My parents and brother have been murdered by a hunter. I did not dare to leave my hole in the ground until it was dark, for I was fearful of sharing their fate. Then I thought of our old home in the tree—and of you."

"It looks as if Providence had spared you and sent you to me," said the orchid, sympathetically, "for I, too, am in trouble."

And then she told him all that had happened. But the little squirrel calmed her, saying:

"Fear not, dear friend. I'll protect you. I haven't forgotten how you saved my life when I was young. I must be off again. Farewell." And before the orchid could thank him he had disappeared in the darkness.

When the orchid awoke next morning she stared in blank amazement at what she beheld. For, instead of finding the threatening arm of the vine raised as if to choke her, she saw her tormentor clutching a branch of the oak tree for support. Her brilliant leaves all curled up and withered.

"Oh! heaven be praised!" she whispered silently, and then, glancing at her comrades, she noticed that they all had dewy tears in their eyes, and she asked, puzzled:

"Why weep you? Are you not glad that I have been spared?"

"Yes," replied the little forget-me-not, "but look there."

The orchid bent far over, and then recoiled at the sight which greeted her eyes. There, lying at the foot of the tree on the soft moss, lay the little squirrel—dead. For, you see, those he most loved had been killed the day before, and to save his friend he had gnawed off the roots of the heartless vine and was poisoned.

The grateful heart will always find opportunities to show its appreciation.

Bad Habit of a London Cat. In a Strand tavern, well known among members of the theatrical profession, there to be seen a cat which habitually in an intoxicated condition. For some time past this specimen of the feline race has accustomed itself to watch the filling of the wine decanters in the bar, and to lap up any of the liquid which might have been spilled. As it frequently happens that a considerable quantity of wine is lost during the day, pussy has indulged in her pernicious habit to such an extent that toward evening she cannot walk without staggering. The favorite beverage of this extraordinary animal is port wine, but if that is unobtainable pussy satisfies her craving with sips of whiskey or any other spirit which comes in her way—London News.

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banishes pain and sickness from the system, and freshens and braces you for the day's work. All Druggists.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of the estate of LENA BERCK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 5th day of January, 1900, at 1:30 o'clock p.m. in the Courtroom of said court, at the Courthouse in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, and State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said testator, and for hearing and for hearing the application of H. J. Goethe for the issuance to him of letters testamentary.



NEVADA HOFFMAN IN "MY FRIEND FROM INDIA."

To-night at the Clunie Opera-house the Georgia Minstrels give an entertainment. It is a large and popular company of colored minstrels.

The next attraction to appear at the Clunie Opera-house is one whose success has been general and remarkable and has been re-echoed in all parts of the civilized world. All creation is singing the coon song, and the cake walk is the reigning fad in exclusive circles. This popular and unparalleled inspiration began with the first performance of the Black Patti Troubadours several years ago and the craze is now riding a tidal wave. The Black Patti Troubadours is the attraction which melted the form of entertainment that has brought joy and laughter to legions. It comes with Black Patti, the foremost singer of her race, and Al Watts, leading comedy genius of his race, and forty other actors in ebony, with the latest and most pleasing features in coon songs, buck dances, cake

the piano-organ. For this result Miss Gigia Filippi, who plays the heroine, is principally responsible.

Eleanora Duse is so much interested in the subject of dress reform that she recently got her daughter to write a German letter to Frau Pachhammer in Berlin, President of the Society for the Improvement of Women's Dress, in which she declared that she herself never wears a corset, either off or on the stage, and has never allowed her daughter to wear any.

A short play may consist of only one part or act, and may be given without a pause or rest. It has been found that we cannot listen to a play, however interesting, for more than about forty minutes. So we find all plays that are to fill an entire evening are usually divided into two, three or more acts. Two things are accomplished by this division of a play into acts. It gives both performers and listeners a little pause or rest, and it enables the author to impart variety to his scenes and to change the time of the story.—Charles Barnard, in Werner's Magazine.

When "Dandy Dick" is revived at Wyndham's Theater, in London, the part of Georgiana Tidman, in which Mrs. John Wood made so great a hit originally, will be assigned to Violet Vanbrugh.

The health of the popular English actress Nellie Farren has much improved of late, and it is said that there is some chance of her once more appearing on the stage, not in burlesque, however, but in comedy.

George Fleming (Miss Fletcher) has written a new play of serious interest, which Mrs. Patrick Campbell will produce presently in London.

Edward Terry may accept some tempting offers which he has received from Australia, and, in that event, his proposed revival in London of Piner's comedy, "The Times," will be postponed.

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, whose oratorio singing has made her so popular among music-lovers, has accepted the chair of oratorio in the conservatory at Florence, Italy.

William Wood, the auditor of the Broadway Theater in New York, is a mathematician, first, last and all the time. He delights in doing "stunts" in figures. Recently he divided the receipts of "Ben Hur" for the week ending Saturday evening, December 9th, by the number of people who saw the performance that week. He found the average price paid for seats was \$1.25. He then figured out that, on the basis of the box-office being open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. daily, excepting Sunday, the Treasurer and his assistants had had to sell on the average three tickets a minute during the hour to supply this demand. As places were sold from two windows constantly, it is quite likely that his computation is correct.

The death of Charles Edmond Choczeki removes a notable figure from French dramatic, journalistic and literary life, says the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper. "For forty years he had been connected with the 'Temps.' His career was a checkered and romantic one. Born of a noble Polish family, he took part in an insurrection, and found it necessary to seek an asylum in France. During 1841, owing to his participation in the political struggles of that year, he had to quit France for Italy. A few years later, when the Crimean war broke out, Charles Edmond (as he was usually known) returned to Paris, and, becoming a naturalized Frenchman, had an opportunity of fighting against Russia. He was aide-de-camp to Omar Pasha on the Danube, and chief of the staff to General Prim when, with a feeble



Maybelle Bowman—Clunie Opera-house.

The costume of a popular leading lady is described as an eel-skin gown, of closely massed jet paillettes, with silver and diamond set in the front, the glory completed by a fan-shaped train of chiffon.

In her new play, "A Wonderful Woman," Fanny Rice will leave the realms of musical farce for those of farcical comedy. The play deals with theosophy, and the heroine is a Boston girl, who is a "promoter."

The recent engagement of Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell at the New York Grand Opera-house was so successful that a return engage-



Walker Dyes (telling of his success): "During the second act the audience arose in a body." Friend—"Ge'e! Didn't any of 'em come back for the next act, old man?"