WHAT MANAGERS PROMISE

The Theaters Will Have Attractions This Week to Suit All Amusement-Seekers.

Dramatic Presentation of "Faust," to Be Followed by Society Comedy—Burlesque at English's, and Melodrama at the Park.

Mr. Lewis Morrison, one of the best legitimate actors on the Ameican stage, will present at the Grand Opera-house to-morrow night and the forepart of the week his spectacular dramatic version of Gœthe's "Faust," which, in its brilliant staging, is said to equal the presentation of this drama given by Mr. Henry Irving during his last visit to this country. Mr. Morrison, from all accounts, departs from the typical intellectual devil of the opera and leans to the physical or material side of the character, making of him a human-looking and acting part. In the staging there are seven full sets reproducing the town of Nuremberg, and later the Square of the Fountains and Shrine of the Virgins in the old town, a pretty garden scene and the summit of the Brocken mountain. Realism is given to the encounter of Valentine with Faust and the devil by the electric sparks that dance upon the swords' blades, also by the electric cross in the first act, and by the electric spark with which Mephisto summons his evil spirits while on the heights. During this scene the house is darkened and Mephisto stands upon an elevated point in his red suit, while the revel below him goes on amidst sulphurous steam issuing from far below. Mr. Morrison plays Mephisto, and his impersonation of it has been most highly praised by the critics. His daughter Rosabel, who inherits her father's ability, plays Marguerite, and the cast otherwise is a capable one. Two carloads of special scenery are employed in the production, a feature of which is the electrical effects, such as have never been seen on a stage here.

Following the "Faust" engagement at the Grand, Miss Minnie Maddern, a favorite actress here, as elsewhere, will fill out the week in Howard Taylor's bright comedy, "Caprice," in which she is pleasantly remembered, and "In Spite of All," a version of Sardou's famous "Princess Andrea." These plays afford a wide range for her versality, and show her to her best advantage. Both have been seen here, and both are well liked. Miss Maddern is probably the most interesting young actress now on the American stage. She has keen intelligence, a style, so far as it has been formulated, wholly her own, unlike that of any other player, and entirely free from conventionality, and a most charming personality, which attracts the sympathy and admiration of all classes of theater-goers. Her success in the plays she has devoted her time to in the past has not been due to managerial sagacity and clap-trap, as in the case of so many other young women who figure in the rural districts as stars; her original talent was recognized from the first. Her supporting company is said to be the most capable one she has yet had. Seats will be on sale for her engagement Tuesday morning at the box-office. "Caprice" will be given Thursday and Friday evenings, and "In Spite of All" Saturday matinee and evening.

Mr. M. B. Leavitt's Rentz-Santely Novelty and Burlesque Company will give an entertainment at English's next Friday night, one performance only. This organization is said to have a brighter and better entertainment than ever before, and it is claimed for it that it is by far the best of its class traveling. It is sustained in this by a number of attractive features to lovers of vaudeville, and unusally clever people. Among them are the Parisian dancers, Mlle. Dorse, and Mons. Oreste, formerly of the Arabian Nights Company; Miss Ida Siddons, Miss Pauline Batchellor, Lillian Markham, Andy and Annie Hughes, sketch people; John B. Wills and May Adams, Sanford and Wilson, old-time favorites; Billy Buckley and others. A feature of the performance is the burlesque "Konrad the Korsair, or the Pasha."

The Park Theatre will return to sensational comedy this week, the attraction there being the Gray & Stephens combination, which, experience in previous seasons has established, is about the most popular company that plays at this house. The plays to be presented are Lawrence Marston's "Old Oaken Bucket," which is comparatively new here, and which will be the opening bill to-morrow, continuing until Friday, when it will be succeeded by "Without a Home." Miss Minnie Oscar Gray is a very successful impersonator of boy characters, and appears as the star in both plays, with a good support. Features of the performances will be the work of Mr. Stephens's wonderful acting dogs, ten in number, who rescue the heroine, punish the villians, and take a very realistic part generally. They are the most sagacious and best trained dogs on the stage. A large business may be expected at the Park all week, for the attraction is a very strong one.

The Eden Musee continues to have its share of the public patronage. There will be a number of novel features there this week. Principal among these is Miss Lizzie Sturgeon, the "pedestrial pianist" as she is called, a young woman, who has not the use of her hands, and uses her feet instead, sewing, crocheting, embroidering, playing the piano and doing other things with them. In addition to her there will be the Lucassie family of Madagascar musicians, M'lle. Clair, the moss-haired lady, the Brazilian Marionettes and others. The Musee is open daily from noon to 11 p. m. and the admission is but 10 cents.

Gossip of the Stage.

Tony Hart is still in Worcester, Mass., but is unable to see visitors.

Annie Pixley's new play by George Jessop is named "22, Second Floor."

Lillian Russell is to have $500 a week when her engagement at the Casino begins.

Miss Minnie Maddern is now writing regularly for an Eastern literary syndicate, and her articles are widely copied.

The Haverly-Cleveland minstrels have twelve Japanese acrobats, including four "kids," who do a wonderful act, with them.

Emma Abbott is introducing "Home, Sweet Home" and the "Suwanee River" into the "Yeoman of the Guard," with immense effect (?).

Professor Miller and the Grand orchestra are making a hit with their nondescript piece, "A Trip to Coney Island," which is encored nightly.

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard," has been secured for the Grand the latter part of next week, when it will be given an elaborate presentation by the New York Casino Company, with the original scenery and effects.

Mr. Lewis Morrison, who plays Mephisto in "Faust" at the Grand, to-morrow night, last appeared here as Iago with Salvini as Othello, and, previous to that, in that beautiful play, "Legion of Honor." He is one of the most finished actors on the stage.

Charles Wyndham, through his agent, Mr. Moore, is booking his proposed tour of this country for next season, which will cover thirty weeks, and will probably begin at the Globe Theater, Boston. It is expected that "David Garrick" will be the only play presented.

The final retirement of Sims Reeves is at last at hand. He will make a farewell tour of England next year, beginning in March, and ending at Newcastle in December, on the fiftieth anniversary of the date of his operatic debut as Gypsy John in "Guy Mannering," which was made in that town.

Nine fully equipped English dramatic companies will appear in America next season. They are Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, Grace Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the London Gaiety Burlesque Company, Charles Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, Osmond Tearle and Mrs. Bernard Beere.

The latest craze among the actresses is the hand-and-arm photograph. They spend so end of money posing their hands to have pictures taken of them. Almost always they hold something in the hand that is to be pictured—a wine-glass, a diamond ring just touched by two dainty fingers, a visiting-card, or a silver coin. Those who are proud of their arms have them photographed, often the full bare arm and shoulder, without a hint of clothing—or just the hint of a short lace sleeve with a buxom arm issuing from it. Some non-professionals are beginning to share the craze.

The latest and decidedly the greatest of all the farce comedy successes, "A Brass Monkey," which closed a four months' run at the Bijou Opera-house, New York, last night, will be seen at the Grand next week, with the original cast, which includes Charley Reed and Flora Walsh (Mrs. Hoyt).

If Mrs. Langtry is to play Lady Macbeth, and the ushers of the Fifth-avenue Theater are to wear Highland kilts, why not let Freddie Gebhard play the bagpipes between the acts? How much more attractive it would be if one of the ushers performed Lady Macbeth, and if Mrs. Langtry appeared in kilts.—Eddy's Squib.

Lew Morrison introduces a novel idea in his spectacular production of "Faust." During the garden scene Mr. Morrison, as Mephistopheles, makes flowers bloom where all was barren ground. With a wave of the hand he causes the flowers to open, disclosing miniature variegated incandescent electric lights. It is a most novel as well as beautiful effect.

Florence St. John is one of the English stars who will brave the American contract labor laws and come to this country next season. She was for many years an acknowledged leader of light opera in London, but it is likely that her matrimonial escapades contributed quite as much to her fame as her voice. Mrs. Kendall, of London, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere will also come over next season.

Fanny Davenport seems to be moving under a peculiarly lucky star this season. A short time ago she bought some land in the suburbs of Chicago, known as the Grant estate. It belonged to the late General Grant, and was purchased by Miss Davenport for $18,000. Last week she received a letter from her attorney inclosing an offer of $50,800 for the land. Miss Davenport will probably sell the property and invest the money in other real estate in Chicago.

Mary Anderson's sister is beginning to enjoy some of the reflex glory of the young tragedienne. The sister, according to a great many observers, is even prettier than Mary herself, and is certainly younger and plumper. She is constantly to be seen about the theater, though her manner is very unobtrusive and retiring. When she attends a performance of "A Winter's Tale" she is usually the most soberly and dimly-attired young woman in the audience, not that there is any reason for so doing, for the wealth of Miss Anderson's family at this time is very great. They have always been a retiring and modest sort of people, and the characteristic seems to strengthen as the family increases in prosperity.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Shakspeare or Edison.

New York Weekly.

His Choice—Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would rather be, Shakspeare or Edison?

Little son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison.

"Yes, why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

The Pitfall of Marketing.

The Epoch.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—You may send me some ducks, I think, to-day.

Butcher—Yes'm; canvas-back, I suppose?

Young Housekeeper (who knows nothing about ducks)—Well—er—no, I guess not; they might be tough. Send just plain ducks without the canvas-backs.

Under the Green.

Life.

Lord MacEnoch (who is taking in the sights of New York)—Haw! What's that gween light down there, Mr. Forundred?

Forundred—Sign of a police station, me Lud.

Lord MacEnoch—Fawncy! What a power the Irish are in your politics!

Well Equipped.

Time.

"Charles, what do you intend to do now?"

"Don't know, uncle."

"What have you been doing?"

"Studied theology five years at Wesley University."

"Then you should become a novelist, my boy."

What Did He Mean?

Puck.

"I hope, Mr. Templecourt," said the lady, as she rose from the chair which had vibrated with her voice for an hour and a half, "that I haven't been taking up too much of your valuable time."

"Not at all, Mrs. Chatty," returned the lawyer, glancing wearily at the pile of letters on his desk; "I assure you that this time has been of no value to me whatever."

The Shortest Way.

Time.

Teacher—How is Pompeii pronounced?

First Boy—Pompey I.

Teacher—Next!

Second Boy—Pompey—ai—ai.

Teacher—Next!

Third Boy—Pompee.

Teacher—Next!

Fourth Boy (with ineffable scorn)—I don't pronounce it. I just say "Herculaneum."

Popular Preaching.

Time.

First Preacher—How do you manage to succeed so well among the cowboys out West?"

Second Preacher—There were six hundred present at my first sermon, and I said: "Gentlemen, I'm going to tell you about a man, five feet high, who floored a giant eleven feet high." Then I spoke of Goliath and David.

"Well?"

"When I finished they gave three cheers for David."

Surely Insane.

Harper's Weekly.

Judge—Well, Deacon, you are charged with stealing a hen from your neighbor, Mr. Jones. What is your defense?

Deacon Wheatly—Insanity, Jedge, insanity.

Judge—Insanity? Why, I never knew you were insane.

Deacon Wheatly—I was insane dat night, shuah, Jedge; 'cause Mistah Jones sez dat big roostah was in de same coop, an' I nebber tooked 'im.

A Slight Advance.

Puck.

"And so you think that you deserve an increase in your salary, Mr. Bookeper," said old Whitgoods, as the clerk stood before him, pale with the courage of desperation.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "and I have waited until the new year before speaking—"

"I am glad you did," returned the merchant; "for it gives me an opportunity to meet your wishes. I will pay you the same amount for 365 days' work this year as you got for 366 days in 1888. Good morning."

Pepi's Revenge.

Fliegende Blatter.

I.

"Ma, may I speak?"

"You know that you are forbidden to talk at table, my dear."

"Can't I just say one thing?"

"No, Pepi! When papa has finished his paper, then you may talk."

II.

Papa lays down his paper after breakfast and asks: "Well, Pepi, what did you want to say?"

"I wanted to say that the water is running in the bath-room, and the tub is leaking over like everything."

Precept vs. Practice.

Puck.

"Mary," said Spratt to his wife, the other day, "I've just been reading a mighty sensible piece on the folly and actual harm of talking silly baby talk to a child just learning to speak, and hereafter we want to speak to our baby Madge in a plain, simple and sensible way."

And when he kissed baby Madge good-bye, half an hour later, he said:

"Dood-bye, old b'essin'. Oo is popsy-wopsy's owny-own itty darlin' soogar lumpums, is n't oo? It dess is the s'eetest old baby in zis whole big old world, so it is. Dood-bye, popsy's ittle peshus blossom-wossum; dood-bye."

The Devil Scared by a Saint.

From Keating's History of Ireland.

The Chronicle relates that when St. Colum Cill was in Ireland there lived a pagan priest in the county of Tyrconnell who erected a temple of great beauty and magnificence in those times, and among other curiosities of art and workmanship he made an altar of fine glass, which he superstitiously adorned with representations of the sun and moon. It happened that this priest was seized with a sudden distemper which took away his senses, and he was without motion, as if he had been in a swoon. The devil, who, it seems, had a particular resentment against the man, took advantage of the opportunity, and, seizing him with his talons, was hurrying him away through the air. St. Colum Cill, looking up, perceived the fiend on the wing bearing his prey, and when he was flying directly over him the saint made the sign of the cross in the air above his head, which so astonished the devil that he let go his hold and dropped the priest, who providentially fell at St. Colum's feet. This deliverance was so gratefully received by the priest that, after a short discourse, he became a convert to Christianity, and when he had dedicated his temple to the Christian service he bestowed it upon St. Colum, and entered into a religious order, where he led a monastic life, and became an eminent professor of the faith.

CHOICEST CABINET WOODS.

French Walnut Comes from Asia—Ebony, Rosewood and Mahogany.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"French walnut is the costliest of all cabinet woods," said a dealer to a reporter yesterday. "It does not come from France at all," he continued, "but grows in Persia, Circassia and Asia Minor. To work the logs into veneers we first steam them until they are almost as soft as butter, then we fasten them to an iron beam, which revolves around a finely-tempered knife with a razor-like edge, of the same length as the log. Every time this beam turns round it moves a fraction of an inch nearer to the knife, and a thin sheet of wood is shaved off smoothly and laid on a pile on the floor. These sheets are 1-120 of an inch in thickness, but frequently we shave off veneers as thin as 175 to the inch. The veneers used on furniture are somewhat thicker, the thinner ones being used on picture frames. They are backed up with paper before being glued on. The latter are also used to some extent for covering walls."

"What is the value of the French walnut?"

"I have known it to sell as high as $2 a pound. At the Paris exposition one 'burl' was sold at $5,000, and its weight did not exceed 2,200 pounds. A burl, you know, is alarge tough knot or excresence that grows upon the trunk of a tree. The French walnut is a small tree, crooked and dwarfed in its growth. Its value is entirely in these curious tough and contorted humps that grow upon it.'"

"How do other woods compare in value with the French walnut?"

"Next to it ebony is probably the most valuable. Some ebony sells for $250 a ton. Size is the feature that counts in this wood. Rosewood and mahogany are always in demand. The best mahogany comes from San Domingo. Next in value are the mahoganies of Cuba, Honduras, Mexico and Africa. Fair-quality rosewood will sell in the log for from 5 to 8 cents a pound. French walnut can occasionally, if poor, be bought for as low as 3 cents a pound, but the finer burls readily bring hundreds of dollars. Great care, however, must be exercised in buying these burls, as their value is often lessened by the existence of hollows right in the heart of the wood, the result of decay or malformation. Sometimes these hollows are filled by fraudulent dealers with foreign substancees. Manure, pressed to a requisite degree of hardness, is much used for this purpose."

HE MADE THEM WEARY.

One of the Features of Church Life in a Little Canadian Town.

Buffalo Courier.

A little Canadian town many miles from Buffalo is populated chiefly by Highland Scotch. They have two churches, or kirks, one of which is new, and was built to take the place of the other, but such is the veneration of the worshipers for the old kirk that once a month they repair to the old building and hold religious services.

As the town is so far from Buffalo, the "Arounder" feels that he would not be violating confidence in relating an incident in the clerical disposition of the pastor, Watson by name. It was a hot Sunday in June, let us say. The sermon—which had lasted an hour by the sand-glass—was nearly through, thank Providence. At last the final words had been spoken, and, though the Scotch Presbyterians, in their sense of duty, would not admit it, yet nearly all breathed not one, but many sighs of relief. The pastor arose and announced that the congregation would sing the twenty-fifth and thirty-sixth paraphrases. The choir rose and the little cabinet organ pealed forth as well as its shaky condition would permit. Suddenly the pastor arose and stretched forth his hand.

"Excuse me, excuse me," he said, deprecatingly. "I have something mair to say." The choir dropped into their seats and the congregation did likewise, and for half an hour the good old man edified his hearers with beatific visions of the life to come. While precisely such an occurrence had never happened before, the congregation took it as somewhat a matter of course, and listened attentively, more or less spellbound.

Haunted Nearly One Hundred Years.

Jersey City Special.

The "General Hill House," a historical mansion at Harrisburg, Warren county, New Jersey, has just been demolished. It was built toward the close of the last century, and was still in a good state of preservation when torn down. The house for years has had the name of being haunted, and strange noises, it is said, could be heard in its vicinity at night. On this account it was uninhabited. Hundreds of people visited it, and sometimes they really did hear blood-curdling sounds from the vacant rooms and big stairway. There is a story of crime connected with the Hill mansion.

General Hill was commander of the militia in the year 1799, and drills were held at which whole communities gathered and went through the manual of arms. On one of these occasions, Sept. 25 in that year, a soldier named Uriah Albertson did something that greatly incensed the commander. He ran away and General Hill pursued him, overtook him and ran the end of his sword into his eye, penetrating the brain and causing instant death. Threats of violence were made by the soldiery, but the General escaped unharmed. He was tried for murder and acquitted, but, so the legend runs, he was pursued by a phantom day and night until the hour of his death, which occurred a few months afterward from remorse. He would never allow the light in his house to be put out. Supernatural appearances are said to have been seen on the premises as long as the mansion stood.

Mr. Hayseed Sees No Bunco Men.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did you see any o' them sharpers in the city?

Mr. Hayseed—Not a one, Miranda; not a one. But I met some old friends I never expected to see again. Do ye remember old Mr. Bigcrop? Well, I met a son of his. Thought both those boys was dead an' lyin' out there in the cemetery; but this one said he was snatched by grave robbers, and just as they was sellin' his body to a medical college he came to. Good enough for a book, Miranda, good enough for a book; and I told him he ought to write it, and he said he guessed he would, and he'd dedicate the book to me, as his father's old friend. There's one queer thing, Miranda. This man's hair is black, while the Bigcrop boys had red hair, but he said it turned black from fright. He's way up in society, Miranda, and introduced men named Vanderbilt, Astor, Gould, Drexel and ever so many more. I tell you, Miranda, these young fellers spend money! Some bills for cigars and things came in while we were talking, hundreds o' dollars' worth, an' they whipped out the cash like a breeze. One of 'em happened to run short, and so I lent him all I had, but he said he'd send it by express to-morrow. I tell you what, Miranda, a smart man like me is just as safe in the city as in the country.

The Way It Snows in Vermont.

Rutland (Vt.) Reporter.

Sunday, the 9th inst., the dawn broke with another snow-storm, the fine white flakes were softly falling. Silently, mysteriously they fell, all nature seemed hushed, listening to catch the sound of the falling particles. All down chasms and ravines the weird palpitating motion animated the wide expanse of hill and dale. The temperature was above freezing, but still the fine mist-like flakes kept falling, falling, until the earth was covered. The wind held its breath and the falling snow accumulated on the trees of the forest, and the wilderness was sheeted as with a shroud.

Pittsburg Beauties Wear No Veils.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

On the principle that the thicker the veil the prettier it makes the girl look, Boston girls are said to have adopted the Hading veil with enthusiasm. On the other hand we notice that the veil is little worn in Pittsburg. Our girls are not afraid of showing their faces.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Age.

Earth's fleeting beauty never grows with age,
But, like a flower, bursts from out its cage,
Lingers a glorious moment, fades and dies;
But with the soul, its works and memories,
It is not so.

Does not the poet, full of years that cloy,
Sing full as sweet, nay sweter, than the boy
Dreaming of love and fame and greater things,
Who ventures first to try his budding wings
Of fledgling song?

Think you the artist throws aside his brush
As useless, or would ever think to blush
At his life-work as childish when he's old?
That the great fire of his soul grows cold
Through press of years?

Does not musician, when his youth has flown,
Frame sweeter melodies in clearer tone,
And weave with steadier hand and surer skill,
The chords that all our hearts' deep longings thrill
In nobler songs?

And e'en the sculptor old in art and fame
Works with a keener insight, nobler aim,
Draws from the chiseled stone more perfect grace
Than any airy dream of form or face
Of youthful days.

The notes we whisper now, in later years
May grow to mighty songs, clay that so slight appears
Turn to enduring marble, and the lines
We faintly trace may come in life's good time
To living art.

Youth is not all, nor age; the rounded life,
The best of any man comes through the strife
A finished Whole not cut in many parts.
Life is a steady flame not fitful darts,
Of flickering blaze.

—Richard K. Lyon.

Written for the Sunday Jonrnal.

A Rhyme of Little Girls.

Prithe tell me, don't you think,
Little girls are dearest
With their cheeks of tempting pink,
And their eyes the clearest?
Don't you know that they are best
And of all the loviest?

Of all girls with roguish ways,
They are surely truest,
Sunshine gleams through all their days,
They see skies the bluest.
And they wear a diadem
Summer has bestowed on them.

Lydia does not care a cent
For the newest dances,
She is not on flirting bent,
Has no killing glances,
But without the slightest art
She has captured many a heart.

Older sisters cut you dead,
Little sisters never;
They don't giggle when they've said
Something very clever,
They just get behind a chair,
Frowning, smiling at you there.

Florence, Lydia, Margaret
Or a gentle Mary,
They form friendships that, once set,
Never more can vary,—
Stanch young friends they are and true,
Always clinging close to you.

Buds must into blossoms blow,
(Morn so early leaves us!)
Maids must into women grow,
(There's the thing that grieves us!)
Psyche knots of flying curls,
That's good-bye to little girls!

—Meredith Nicholson.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Lesbia.

The setting sun burns low adown the West,
And fires the evening mist with lurid, burnished splendor;
The slumb'ring palms by sighing winds caressed,
Repeat their orisons in accents soft and tender.
Row, gondolier,
The stars appear,
And thro' the folds of heaven sweetly glisten;
The water-nymphs are passing far and near,
And to thy happy descant wait and listen.

Sing unto me the old-time, sweet refrains,
And wake the silv'ry echoes sleeping 'mid the mountains;
The songs of shepherds on the sunset plains,
To sighing, love-lorn maids beside the cork-tree fountains.
Sing, gondolier,
Unclouded, clear,
The burning moon thro' eastern palms is shining;
And, o'er the wave, like Hope's serene career,
Her track of splendor creeps, beyond divining.

Afar upon the boundless plains of night,
Thy low and plaintive song in softest echoes dying,
Brings back the isle of my own lost delight,
Amid cerulean waves of ocean sweetly lying.
Cease, gondolier,
To memory, dear,
The happy scenes of life thou dost awaken;
The way of life is clouded o'er and drear
To one who wanders there, alone, forsaken.

—Alonzo L. Rice.

RAY'S CROSSING, Ind.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Waiting.

Sometimes, like burst of sunlight,
There flashes over me
Strange sense of shadows lifting
From everything I see;

A throbbing sense of power,
Till, for a little space,
I seem to touch more truly
All light and life and grace;

A something that seems bearing
My soul in airy flight,
And lifting it and drifting
Into a bluer height.

But when in clearest cadence
My wakened being sings,
A sudden leaden languor
Seems sinking on its wings.

And I can only struggle
In baffled, helpless pain,
So waiting till it pleases
The light to break again.

Yet still my soul does whisper
It shall not always feel
This weary weight of weakeness
Upon its pinions steal.

Then surely it must happen
I'll sing a sweeter song;
And O, I pray its gladness
Delay not overlong!

—Evaleen Stein.

Quotable Lines from General Lew Wallace's Play "Commodus."

Some watchful god may pity take, and show
A way to triumph yet, and better hope.
Act I, Scene 1.

An angry woman never won a man.
Act I, Scene 2.

Gods, how the minutes stretch
Themselves to lingering hours in plague of such
As wait at great men's doors, and on their moods
Expectant hang! *Act II, Scene 1.*

Ay, give it thought,
But cap the thinking with the instant deed.
Act II, Scene 1.

I've picked the bones
Of labor white. *Act II, Scene 1.*

Then there is such a thing as love?
Act II, Scene 2.

True love, as you will find, has gone to blue the sky and salt the sea. *Act II, Scene 2.*

Once I heard it said, does one
Begin a lie, his tongue the truckling used,
The doors of hell with knockings ring for him;
But does he worse—takes he a pen to write
A lie that it may live, why then of choice
He sits already on a devil's bench,
And plies a trade to suit his company.
Act III, Scene 1.

'Tis very bad
When out of folly good cannot be had.
Act III, Scene 1.

The Northman's hand is hard; not so his heart.
Act III, Scene 2.

....A wife, if only she
Be good and loving, bides near heaven's gate
To let her husband in. *Act IV, Scene 1.*

The meed of a fool's tongue
Is a fool's death. *Act IV, Scene 1.*

So it is
With men. They will not learn that love is most
A woman wants, and give her that, and change
Is what she prays against. *Act IV, Scene 2.*

You know there are
Who dash you with their doubts, and crawling go
To tasks heroic. I do stamp them vile.
For look you all, my brethren, they have want
Of minds resolved, and in the heated seethe
Of action, when the winging chances all
The fiercer fan their pinched and fear-washed cheeks,
And comes the crisis with its thunder-clap,
They stop to think, and with themselves debate;
And then the gods do hiss, and slip their dooms,
And shoot them swift into the weakling's hell.
Act V, Scene 1.

—Jauary Harper.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Time Is Well Spent.

Time is well spent
That brings my heart content.
Gold is well paid
When care thereby is stayed.

Deeds are well done
If they cheer any one,
The world well lost
If peace of mind it cost.

—Albion Mary Fellows.

Sleep.

You may some day do a deed
To strike you from the list which Slumber keeps
Of those it loves.
Go not to doctors then;
Nor send witch-women to the fields for herbs;
But find where children haunt, and there unman,
And with them laugh and play, and when at last
They lay them down to rest, do you the same.
Then Innocence, which keeps the golden key
Of sleep, and waits on them, will wait on you.

—From Gen. Lew Wallace's "Commodus."

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK. ALL THIS WEEK. PARK.

Special engagement of the popular

MINNIE OSCAR MR. W. T.

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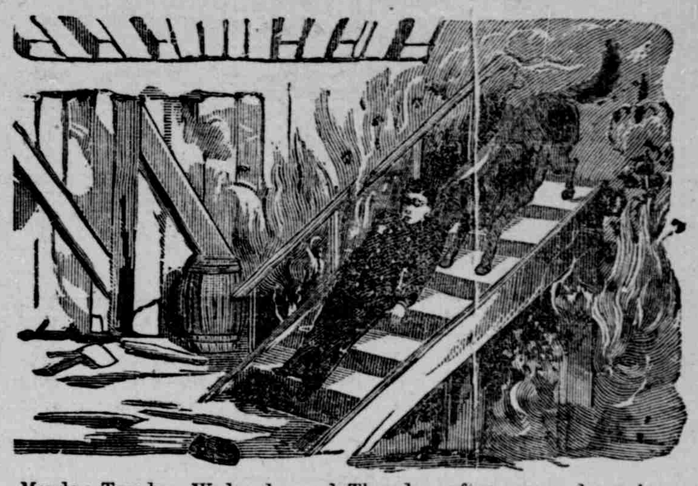

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