HOLIDAY MERRY-MAKING.

FRENCH CANADIAN AMATEURS BRING OUT A PATRIOTIC DRAMA.

"Les Vengeances" at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House—Dancing After the Play—Tammany Hall Thronged With the Friends of Daniel F. McGillicuddy—Entertainment by Germans on the East Side.

L'Union Dramatique Canadienne, which is composed of French Canadians living in this city, gave its initial entertainment at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House last night.

"Les Vengeances," a Canadian historical drama, was presented by the members of the society, who are amateurs on the stage, and although the cast included an unusually large number of persons it ran smoothly. The cast was as follows:

Jean Lozet	MM.	Bossue dit Lyonnais
Tonkourou		T. Baillargeon
Léon		O. G. W. Rouilleau
Auger		Elzéar Droiet
François Ruzard		Henry C. Gauthier
Simon Langlois		Joseph Labelle
Joson Vidal		Alfred Tisdelle
Pascal Bianchet		E. Galarneau
Paton		Anselme Page
Joseph Fanfan		George Beaudry
Baptiste Gagnon		Tisdelle, sr.
Père Bélanger		George Ménard
Père Boisvert		E. Tisdelle
Père Bibaud		Henri Deauchamp
P'tit Paul Laperche		A. Bourbuignon
Sioui		E. Destremps
Mme. Jean Lozet	Miles.	Hermina Amyot
Louise		Amanda Bureau
Marie Anne Dévérique		Louise Sauvé
La Sorcière		
Mélonne Germain		Mathilde Sauvé
Angèle Baptiston		G. Bourguignon
Adèle Bourré		O. Bourguignon
Joséphine Latouche		Rosina Brault
A child		Berthe Bossue
Mère Bibaud	Mmes.	Bossue dit Lyonnais
Mère Boisvert		T. Baillargeon

After the play dancing began. THE WORLD reporter was invited to join in a "jigue." Never having seen jig spelled that way before, he was embarrassed until he discovered what it was.

Among those who chased pleasure with flying feet until the small hours were:

Mr. and Mrs. Rosseau and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Fournier, Ernest Ross, Michael Ferrer, Julian Alphonso, Charles Kaempf, Miss G. Godard, Mr. and Mrs. R. Monteverde, Miss Alexina Pinsonmault, Mrs. Luesada, R. J. Kenny, Ed McGrath, Miss M. Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Laverdure, Mrs. Legros, Mr. and Mrs. J. Baucher, Geo. Hemond, Miss M. L. Baucher, M. A. Lefeovre, R. De Vrez, Baron de la Rue, Miss Mary Surdz, Miss Josephine Gatorois, Mr. and Mrs. Lionce Bourguignon, A. Bissonnet, A. Lafisme, Mr. and Mrs. F. St. Laramée, Miss Amanda Laramée, José Louzon, Mrs. Aliez Pillon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Perry, Miss B. Traub, Mr. and Mrs. M. Denis, M. Sarceno, E. Ferriault, E. Neven, Miss L. Osborn, Mrs. Osborn, Henry J. McGinnis, Miss Tillie Davis, Chris. J. Welland, Clara Davis, A. Coulombe, G. Lizotte, Mme. Bieze, Louis Bieze, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Daonst, T. H. Blaudet, C. J. Coté, Miss Roe, Miss Caffman, A. Monette, Miss M. Blaum, Theo. Lebeau, Miss Ada Buchanan, Otto Stark, Miss Albertine Lebeau, Henry C. Gautheis, Miss A. Bureau.

On the stage during the early part of the evening were Bishop Grandin and Father Lacombe, of Manitoba; Father Hamel, of Quebec; Father Telreau, pastor of the French Canadian Church in Seventy-sixth street, and the family of Mr. Joseph Payez.

The officers of the society are:

President, Léon Bossue dit Lyonnais; Vice-President, Elzéar Droiet; Secretary, L. A. Laurencelle; Leader of Orchestra, Prof. Jacob Payez, and the Master of Ceremonies, Henry C. Gauthier.

DANIEL F. M'GILLICUDDY'S FRIENDS.

The annual ball of the Daniel F. McGillicuddy Association took place last night at Tammany Hall. There was a jam, and the affair tinged on the family order. The members took their wives, daughters, sisters or other relations, and all went in for a good time. Among the many guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. William Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howell, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. John Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Jere. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Conlon, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, Terence Mulgrew, Miss Schultze, John Howe, Miss McCabe, the Misses Jones, Miss Amelia Brown, Miss Agnes Sullivan, Miss Martha Moffat, Miss Julia Williams, Mrs. Wm. King, Miss Clara Randolph, Miss W. Miller, Miss Thomas, Miss Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. George McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Burton, Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. James Nagle, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kline, Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Flanagan and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy.

Mrs. John Drake was the lucky winner of a stand of flowers.

An enjoyable gathering was that of the members of the Loreley Lodge, of the Knights and Ladies of Honor, at Turn Hall, in East Fourth street, last evening. About eight hundred persons were present, and they included the merriest of fun-loving Germans. It was the fourth annual festival of the lodge—a sort of a Christmas merry-making, in which the members take great pride.

A programme of vocal and instrumental music and recitations, concluding with a one-act farce, "Everything Upside-Down," proved very entertaining in the first part of the evening. Prof. August Helmeke led an excellent orchestra.

A feature of the evening was a zither septet by Messrs. Joseph Lau, jr., August Ihlefeld and Joseph Kuefner, and Miss Minnie Pilger, Miss Minnie Helmeke, Miss Dora Scheller and Miss F. W. Peu. Other participants in the entertainment were Miss Cathinka Ihlefeld, Miss Phillipine Anspach, G. E. Sparmann, Frederick W. Von Mallitz, Justus Pfeiffenschneider, Eduard Renner, Amalie Lachenmeyer, Carl Hahn, Friederike Anspach and Alvine Bruer.

A large number of children were present, and they marched around the large hall with military precision, and were gladdened with gifts from Christmas trees. Then a dance followed, and there was so much merriment that it was very nearly daylight before the young folks could be induced to cease.

Among the guests a WORLD reporter noted Louis Schlesinger, Past Grand Protector; August Helzle, Grand Secretary; Carl Schaeffer, Protector of Concordia Lodge, K. and L. of H.; Grand Deputy Volarius and Mrs. Helzle and Mrs. Buchbinder.

Chairman Ihlefeld, of the Committee of Arrangements; Rudolph Scharf, Gustav Bohman and Joseph Lowe received much praise for the manner in which they discharged their duties.

THEY DANCED TILL DAYLIGHT.

The Ninth Ward Turns Out in Great Style at the Lady McGinnis Ball.

The Lady McGinnis Association held a ball last evening at Caledonian Hall, in Horatio street, and all the élite of the Ninth Ward turned out to honor the occasion. Music was furnished by the orchestra of Mr. Patrick Mullen, and the hall was decorated with flowers and banners. The grand march was started shortly before midnight, and the gorgeous costumes of the ladies vied with the decorations to lend color and enchantment to the scene. James E. McGinnis, with Mrs. McGinnis on his arm, led the march, followed by Mrs. Fanny Campbell, President of the Association, escorted by Mr. John Trainor. Others prominent in the march were Mr. John Kiernan and Miss Louise Bowe, Mr. Richard Donnelly and Miss Lydia Day, Mr. Louis Gugheri and Miss Matilda Abbott. Lady McGinnis wore an elegant seal-brown silk with tablier of the same, while Miss Campbell was arrayed in a white satin costume trimmed with black lace. Miss Louise Bowe looked very pretty in a seal-brown sacque with a corsage-bouquet. Miss Annie Kilourn wore black and ciel blue. Other costumes were equally becoming. Miss Jennie Horton was dressed in white silk with duchesse lace, Mrs. John Campbell in black silk plush, and Miss Carrie Kaiser in white satin combined with silk and draped with point lace. Miss Lizzie Collins wore seal-brown silk with trimming of Spanish lace, and Miss Kate Sheridan a black silk, fronted with a tablier of Spanish lace. The costume of Miss Emma Stintzer consisted of black silk, trimmed with thread lace. Miss Kate Goodwin wore ciel-blue, with a vest of crêpe-de-chene, which attracted much admiration. Miss Nellie Lewis was arrayed in a tight-fitting black jersey, trimmed with white braid, and Miss Fannie Cransell was dressed in black silk, with gas-jet trimming. The grand march was dedicated to "Lady McGinnis," and the first waltz to "Pete, Our Floor Manager." An officer of the association, when asked the derivation of its name, said: "The James E. McGinnis Association had a ball in Webster Hall three weeks ago, and it was such a success that the ladies who met there decided to hold another. Bein' as they couldn't rightly call it the James E. McGinnis Association ball they called it the 'Lady McGinnis ball.'"

To-Night's Events.

Socialists' fair.
Bartenders' mass-meeting.
Silk ribbon weavers' meeting.
Tammany Hall primary elections.
Shakespeare Society, Hamilton Hall.
St. Andrew's coffee-stand entertainment.
Long Island Historical Society, Brooklyn.
United Labor party meeting, Clarendon Hall.
Harlem Democratic Club banquet, club-house.
Board of Estimate and Apportionment, City Hall.
Kings County Democratic General Committee, Brooklyn.
Dramatic entertainment and ball, Unis Club, Turn Hall.
Board of Trade and Transportation annual banquet, Hotel Brunswick.
Lecture by Dr. De Hass, Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church.
Lecture, "Gleams in the Gloom," by the Rev. Dr. Pereira Mendes, Young Men's Hebrew Association, 721 Lexington avenue.

PASSING EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Warner, of 250 Lexington avenue, will give a dance this evening.

Mrs. Alexander Mackey Smith, of 772 Madison avenue, will give a reception this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Seligman, of 58 West Fifty-eighth street, will give a reception to-day.

Miss Armstrong will give a tea this afternoon at her home in the Osborne in Fifty-seventh street.

Mrs. Robert L. Bowne will give a Cinderella dance this evening at her home in Flushing, L. I.

A dinner will be given at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, by the members of the Kappa Alpha Society.

Mrs. Frederick J. Stinson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Abbot, in Boston, has returned to her home in this city.

Capt. and Mrs. Nathan Appleton, who are staying in Boston at the Hotel Brunswick, are being extensively entertained.

Willie Vanderbilt and Charlie Barlow, son of Francis Channing Barlow, are passing the holidays with Harry Whitney, at Washington.

Mrs. Simeon Draper and the Misses Draper have left their country seat at Highland Falls. They will remain here during January.

Mrs. John A. Morris and the Misses Wood are passing some time at the Aldine, in Philadelphia. Miss Coudert and Miss Gardner are there also, visiting the Misses Donovan.

At Tuxedo to-night the illumination of the toboggan slide will be the feature, and to-morrow night there will be fireworks on the mountains and the ice carnival. On Monday there will be a complete exodus from the place.

The Thursday Evening Bowling and Whist Club will meet this evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Denman, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Champenios are among its members.

The wedding which was to have taken place on Oct. 12 of H. Seymour Houghton, House Surgeon of Bellevue Hospital and Miss Preston, daughter of William R. Preston, of 27 West Forty-eighth street, and which was at the last moment unavoidably postponed on account of a sudden attack of typhoid fever of the groom, will be celebrated on Thursday, Jan. 5, at the home of the bride.

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. KINSMAN, 25th st., 4th ave. *.*

THE BIG DOG HAS FRIENDS.

THEY ASSERT THAT HIS HOWLING DOES NOT DISTURB THEM.

Other Persons in the Block, However, Look Upon Mr. Randolph's Pet as a Nuisance to Invalids—Colin D. Anderson, the Anonymous "Committee," is Fond of Pets—His Landlady's Opinion of the Dog.

The "committee" which has complained at so many quarters of the disturbing character of the howl of Mr. A. F. D. Randolph's dog and experienced no relief in an abatement of the illegal nuisance, was discovered last evening by a WORLD reporter in the person of Mr. Colin D. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson is advertising agent for Thurber, Whyland & Co. He lives at 123 West Twenty-first street, which is directly in the rear of Publisher Randolph's home in West Twenty-second street.

His address is given, not with the idea of furnishing a cue to the many readers of THE WORLD who may have sovereign remedies for dog howls to forward their recipes, although this probably will be done. The man disturbed by howls will doubtless receive many suggestions as to remedies for his ailment, from the simple and primitive method of stuffing his ears with surgeons' cotton to the more modern hypodermic applications; but none, it is ventured to say, will be simpler or more effective than a complaint in person in the proper quarter, as suggested by THE WORLD, unless it be a removal from the region of howls.

Not entirely satisfied that the investigation of the previous night had settled the debatable question whether or not the song which Mr. Randolph's big pet pup so frequently sang to the moon was a nuisance, as alleged by Mr. Anderson, "the committee" of one, a further pilgrimage was made to the disturbed region last evening.

West Twenty-first street was visited on this occasion with an idea that the backyard bayings of a moonstruck dog would strike with greater force on the sympathetic tympanums of the dwellers there than upon the hearing apparatus of Mr. Randolph's next neighbors in Twenty-second street.

Mr. Harleigh Ellis, of No. 119, was the first called upon. "A howling dog in the neighborhood, a nuisance?" said he. "Yes; if you'll wait a moment you'll hear him. I didn't know that he was so near as Mr. Randolph's, though."

The reporter listened, but he did not hear the promised howl, and Mr. Ellis explained that the disturber was unaccountably silent just at that particular moment, the instinct of the brute having advised him that an avenging fate was on his track in the person of the reporter.

"I can assure you," continued Mr. Ellis, "that I did not write the anonymous complaints, for if I had cared to make a complaint I should not have hesitated to make it where it would be effective—before a police magistrate. But the dog has never bothered me very much, although there is no disguising the fact that its howling has been a great annoyance to sick members of my household.

"You know that there are superstitious people who imagine a dog's howl to be a portent of coming death. Such a person would pass an uncomfortable existence in this neighborhood."

Next door, at 121, Dr. D. W. Williamson said: "No, it's no nuisance at all. The dog probably howls two or three times a week. He may tune up much oftener and I not hear or rather not notice him, possibly because I have become used to his howl. He does not disturb me in the least, although I can well understand how a sick or superstitious person could be wrought up by the noise—as mournful a howl as was ever intoned by canine."

Dr. Wilkinson was careful to assure the reporter that he was not the anonymous correspondent of THE WORLD, Mayor Hewitt, Supt. Murray, the Board of Health and Capt. Reilly, and told of a visit made yesterday by an officer sent by the Mayor, who had received another complaint.

The maid who answered the bell's peal at 123 thought that Mr. Colin D. Anderson was in, but when she had ascended the stairs with the message that a WORLD reporter was awaiting him in the back parlor she returned with the embarrassed announcement that he was out.

Mrs. Sarah Woodward, the lady of the house, was not out, however, and she came at the reporter's request.

She knew about the dog and his ways, and she thought that he howled every day.

There was no doubt that Mr. Anderson could hear the dog, because he had a rear room. He said that he could not sleep because of the animal's howls.

Mrs. Woodward has a rear room, too, however, and the noise does not disturb her, although she ascribed that fact to the other one that she had all she could attend to to manage her household without listening to the baying of a dog.

"I don't doubt, though, that the noise is annoying to some," she said. "For instance, there is a lady with a sick boy upstairs, and the animal's howls give her the shudders. I had a gentleman who was ill and who died in one of my rear rooms, and the mournful sound was particularly depressing in his case. Mr. Randolph was notified of the effect of the dog's noise upon the gentleman, and the animal's tune was missed for some time.

"I don't blame Mr. Randolph. I think he's a nice man, and if Mr. Anderson had requested him to silence the dog I think that he would try to do it. He's a big, splendid pet, and I know if I owned him that I should want to keep him if he howled to raise the roof.

"But the queerest thing about Mr. Anderson's complaint," concluded Mrs. Woodward, "is that he's a dog fancier and lover of pets himself. He knows all about dogs and goes to the bench shows, and there's a little dog downstairs which he claims as his own, and he lets scarcely a day pass without fondling and petting it. I don't understand how a man with such a love for pets can have such an aversion to this particular one."

A TRAMP'S LONG HUNT.

Crossing the Ocean to Follow His Wife, Who Eloped With His Friend.

A tall, thin tramp, whose face still showed traces of respectability, walked into Police Headquarters last night and asked for a night's lodging. He was directed to apply for shelter at a station-house further down the street. To a reporter who talked with him he unfolded an interesting personal history.

"What made me a tramp? A woman; my wife," he said, as he clinched his fists. "We grew up together in the same town in Ireland—I, Michael Fogarty, two years older than she, Ellen Carroll. I think I loved her always from the time we used to go to school together when little children to the time when my father, the last of his name and race, save myself, died and left me the farm. It was not much, but it served our wants during his lifetime and more than ample for mine after he died. The old place felt lonely, though, after he had gone and then it was that I thought seriously of asking Ellen to be my wife. She was alone in the world, too. Her parents died within a week of one another. We were married ten years ago. Two children were born, Bridget and Delia—God bless them wherever they are—and we had spent seven years happily in our old Irish home when Martin O'Brien, a distant relative of Ellen's, visited Ireland and called at our house to see her. He dressed well, had plenty of money and never wearied of boasting of his fine saloon in New York. He had not been a month in the house when I came home of a market day to find the place dark, not a light from a window, no smoke over the roof. The door was unlocked. I called my wife, my children, my friend. There was no one there to answer me. In one bedroom I found a note pinned to the quilt. Here it is."

The tramp dove his hand down inside of his greasy woollen shirt and drew forth a crumpled scrap of paper, which he read off as follows:

HUSBAND: Forgive me; I have got to leave you. I cannot leave the children, although I think you will feel their loss greater than mine, when you know how unworthy I am of your love. I thought I returned your affection fully when I married you, but since Martin came I find that I never really loved you, although you have never caused me for a moment to regret becoming your wife until Martin came, and I think the first time I saw him I loved him. He loves me—he swears it. We will pass out of your life quietly, and in America try to live in our love happy. Think of me as kindly as you can and forgive. ELLEN.

"I was dazed," continued Fogarty, "until I fully realized my position. Then I took to drink and spent months and money in dissipation. Then I began to think of revenge. I sold my house, little farm and furniture. The proceeds, after paying my debts, did not amount to a great deal, but they was sufficient to pay my way to America and a little besides, and I arrived here and landed at Castle Garden a little more than two years ago. I hunted New York through to find O'Brien. I could not find a trace of him. Since then I have hunted north, south, east and west, but have got no tidings of them. But I will find him. There is a feeling within me that urges me on, and I feel that I will be yet successful."

"And when you find him?"

"I will kill him, then kill her, then myself."

And he walked off to the nearest station-house.

Too Eloquent to be Original.

[From the Baltimore American's Washington Letter.]

Some queer things happen now and then in society, which, though they do not get in the papers, nevertheless raise considerable stir for the time being in the particular circle most nearly affected by them. Particularly is this true in the matter of weddings, two notable instances having taken place very recently. At one of the weddings, which was celebrated according to the Presbyterian rites, the young clergyman came from New York to officiate, as he was a near relative of one of the contracting parties. The young divine, rising to the dignity of the occasion, delivered a long address, the glowing eloquence of which caused his hearers to thrill with enthusiasm, and prognosticate for him great things for the future. So decided was the impression created on all present by his address, that it became the subject of universal comment, proving a veritable nine days' wonder, in the midst of which the subject departed for his parish in New York in a whirl of glory. Among his auditors at the wedding was a lady to whom the address seemed strangely familiar. Do what she would she could not rid herself of the idea that somewhere she had read the whole address, that it was not original with the young divine. Imbued with this idea, she put on her thinking-cap to some purpose, for before very long she had located the borrowed address, and taking down her favorite volume of George Eliot, traced it word for word in "Adam Bede," several pages of which had been studiously committed to memory, as having an appropriate bearing upon the ceremony at which he had been invited to officiate.

A Queer Old Indiana Town.

[Jefferson (Ind.) Despatch to Chicago Herald.]

Adjoining this city is Clarksville, an ancient town, chartered by Virginia. It has a peculiar government. It is believed to be no part of Indiana, but rather an independent district. It contains 1,000 acres, and its population is several thousand. The people there are indignant at the encroachments of the State, which has built a prison within its corporation and closed a number of streets. A movement is on foot to organize, send a Delegate to Washington and demand recognition as a Territory, as the district would be the smallest in the Union.

Somewhat Harder.

[From the Norristown Herald.]

The New England Genealogical Society has discovered that the word "Yankee" means, among other things, "a growler." All the same, it is not so easy to work the Yankee as it is to "work the growler," we've been told.

Mr. McNichols Will Apologize.

The threatened arrest of the Rev. William McNichols, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Pearsalls, L. I., for writing slanderous letters to the members of the Hempstead Excise Commissioners will, it is now stated, not take place, as the reverend gentleman has decided to apologize.

When Mr. McNichols read his letter to Commissioner Wright denouncing the commissioners as dogs, scoundrels, and threatening them with indictment for granting a license to one Richard Brower, in Sunday's newspapers, he realized, as he had not done when he wrote it, the unChristianlike and scandalous tone of his utterances.

Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills are the best LIVER PILLS you can take. No Mercury, no Aloes, no Jalap. Box (30 pills), 15c. *.*

CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

MME. SELINA DOLARO'S PLAY PRODUCED AT WALLACK'S.

Good Acting but Little Action in "In the Fashion"—Modjeska in Need of a Leading Man—New Theatres in Chicago and Boston—Future Plans for "The Wife."—Young Hofmann Creates a Furor at the Hub.

An extremely large audience was at Wallack's last evening to witness the production of "In the Fashion," the play which Mme. Selina Dolaro claims as her own and the credit for which the ungallant Mr. Yardley wants to share. To a few the theme of the play suggested "Dix Ans de la Vie d'Une Femme," which circumstance, however, there is no need to dwell upon. "In the Fashion" contains a great deal of dialogue, some of it brilliant, witty and wonderfully effective. That there is a great deal too much dialogue and too little action was wofully apparent during the five long-drawn-out acts. The plot is rather complex, but it is explained by the actors rather than worked out. The climax of Act IV., in which Philip Valnay gives his young wife back to her father, is very strong and it was splendidly acted by Eben Plympton, even though that excellent player was rather stagey. Miss Rose Coghlan had a rôle very much like that of Stephanie in "Forget-Me-Not," and handled it as only Miss Coghlan could. Mrs. Abbey had to play the thankless part of a child-wife, such a little fool that no one could sympathize with her. Osmond Tearle was not particularly happy in his impersonation of Denalguez. "In the Fashion" is sumptuously staged, and the dresses worn by Mrs. Abbey and Miss Coghlan are exquisite.

* * *

Mme. Modjeska has been telegraphing to New York to secure a leading man to support her at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where she is to play one week, beginning Jan. 23. Mme. Modjeska is anxious, if possible, to produce six Shakespearian plays during this brief engagement. The young man who accompanied her through the country does not seem to be strong enough to fill the position of leading man in New York.

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H. B. Lonsdale, Mrs. James Brown Potter's agent, says that the lady will go to California under Mr. H. Clay Miner's management.

* * *

The new Haymarket Theatre, in Chicago, was successfully opened Saturday night. On Jan. 16, there will be a new theatre in Boston, under the management of F. F. Proctor. This theatre will be to Boston what the Haymarket is to Chicago, both houses being some distance from the busy part of the city, and from the other theatres.

* * *

Manager Frohman was anxious to send the Lyceum company to London to produce "The Wife" there, but he has a contract with Manager Hayman and Charles Frohman by which those gentlemen are to take the company through this country. These gentlemen refuse to let the company go to London, so there is a possibility that "The Wife" will be done in England with an English company under the stage management of the author, David Belasco.

* * *

Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry saw for the first time "Held by the Enemy" at a matinée in Chicago yesterday. This perennial play was given at the Grand Opera-House in Chicago as a Christmas attraction, and the receipts for the day are said to have been $3,600.

* * *

Next Wednesday afternoon, Mr. A. M. Palmer will start a series of concerts by the Madison Square Concert Company, consisting of Mrs. Imogen Brown, soprano; Miss Lizzie MacNichol, contralto; Mr. C. C. Ferguson, tenor; Mr. Francis Walker, basso, and Mr. William F. Taylor, director. The entertainments will comprise madrigals, glees and solos.

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Mr. A. M. Palmer's "Jim the Penman" company will commence a week's engagement at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, next week, opening with a special holiday matinée on Monday, Jan. 2. The cast will include, among others, Miss Ada Dyas, Mr. Joseph Whiting, Mr. H. M. Pitt and Mr. J. W. Ferguson.

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The management of the Academy of Music really tried their utmost to prevent the speculators securing the seats for the Booth and Barrett engagements. The speculators, however, were not to be balked. They are in front of the Academy in full force.

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Young Josef Hofmann has created a furor in Boston, and it looks as if Manager Abbey would be compelled to give as many extra concerts in the Hub as he gave at the Metropolitan Opera-House here. Little Hofmann's photographs are in great demand, and a Broadway photographer is profiting exceedingly by that fact.

Short Days.

[From the Oil City Blizzard.]

Last Wednesday was one of the shortest days in the year. Tuesday will be another, financially speaking.

MAYOR HEWITT'S UMBRELLA.

It's Dilapidated and Not of Much Use, but Nobody Gave Him One on Christmas.

Mayor Hewitt was well soaked with the rain when he reached the City Hall at 11 A. M. yesterday. He always comes downtown via the Third avenue elevated road.

As the Mayor was shaking his dilapidated-looking umbrella he turned to a WORLD reporter and remarked:

"Are you wondering at me for carrying such an old customer for a rain protector?

"Well, it is not a very elegant one, but the truth is I grabbed the first one I came across as I was leaving the house.

"I received several handsome Christmas presents, but not an umbrella was included. I guess I'll have to buy a new one unless the reporters club together and get me one.

"How many umbrellas have I lost since I became Mayor? Now I may surprise you, but the truth is I have not lost one.

"In fact I took an umbrella home one night that did not belong to me.

"I brought it down to the City Hall the next day and discovered that its owner was a merchant who had called to see me."

"That is a first-class umbrella you have," continued the Mayor as he chuckled. "Whom does it belong to?" and the next moment he was seated at his desk.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR LAWYERS.

Opening the New Rooms of the Downtown Club in the Equitable Building.

The opening of the new rooms of the Lawyers' Downtown Club, in the Equitable Building, was celebrated yesterday afternoon by an informal reception at the new quarters.

The rooms occupy the entire south side of the fifth floor, extending along Pine street from Nassau street to Broadway and furnishing a continuous vista through the various suits of rooms of 225 feet, the whole covering an area of 14,000 square feet. Besides this additional rooms on the seventh floor, having an area of 7,000 square feet, will soon be ready for occupation.

The list of guests invited includes the judges of the various Federal, State and County courts, Mayor and the Misses Hewitt, Senator and Mrs. Evarts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. Oakley Rhinelander, Col. Delancey Kane, W. L. Hamersley and a host of others.

The club has now a membership of 500, with an application list of over forty. It was organized early in the present year by William Allen Butler, jr., who was the originator of the idea.

A Test of Courage.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"I see they are analyzing the Crown Prince's blood, with a view of ascertaining the proportion of sugar therein."

"Yes, sire."

"What do they want to know that for, Daniel?"

"It is a test of his bravery, sire."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, from the amount of sugar in his blood they estimate how much sand he has."

AMUSEMENTS.

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BY
PHILIPPOTEAUX.
TRUE TO NATURE AND HISTORY IN ALL RESPECTS.
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MR. A. M. PALMER .... Sole Manager
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SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
NEW YEAR'S MATINEE,
MONDAY, JAN. 2.
ELAINE.

EXTRA. MR. PALMER
Begs to Announce a Series of
SEVEN WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS,
Commencing Jan. 4, at 3, consisting of concerted and solo numbers by the MADISON SQUARE CONCERT COMPANY: IMOGEN BROWN, soprano; LIZZIE MACNICHOL, contralto; C. C. FERGUSON, tenor; FRANCIS WALKER, basso; LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS, reciter; W. F. TAYLOR, director.
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Toys and Candies at every performance.

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THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.
Saturday Evening—DOMBEY AND SON.
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A circus THE WORLD calls "Neat, fresh and unique."
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H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,
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Best Lecture—PARIS, THE MAGNIFICENT CITY.

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Remodelled, reconstructed, funnier than ever.
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Next week—ROUND NEW YORK,
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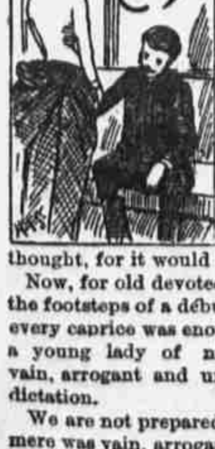
WALLACK'S. Evening 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 8.15. IN THE FASHION. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Eben Plympton, Harry Edwards, E. D. Ward, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Netta Guion, Miss Lilla Vane and Mrs. Abbey.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST.
A grand Holiday show all this week.
Andy and Annie Hughes, Herr Pitrot, Woodson and Bennett, Max Pettingill, Luigi Dell Oro, Ashley and Hess.

SIBYL'S AVERSION.



SIBYL RENMERE was a petted, pampered darling of wealth—a young lady fond of all the luxuries and enjoyments of life—a leader in society, though, to give Sibyl her due, she never set herself up as a leader; she simply did what she pleased, not caring what anybody thought about it; but what Miss Sibyl pleased to do always seemed to be just the thing—at least, so society must have thought, for it would rise and do likewise.

Now, for old devotees of fashion to follow the footsteps of a débutante and imitate her every caprice was enough to turn the head of a young lady of nineteen, to make her vain, arrogant and unwilling to submit to dictation.

We are not prepared to say that Sibyl Renmere was vain, arrogant and believed herself infallible; neither do we know that a streak of strong-mindedness ran through her composition and made her alike invulnerable to the honors and flatteries lavished upon her.

We have her word for it that she did not mind being dictated to, but she would not submit to being dictated to by him, for, oh, how she detested him!

Now the gentleman Sibyl designated as "him" was the only one of her intimate friends or relatives who had her interest at heart that attempted to dictate to her since the day she took it upon herself to "come out" as a young lady, and to this first and only dictation she refused to submit, so we must leave Sibyl to the tender mercy of our reader to pass judgment upon her.

"Mother, I will not put up with it any longer!"

Sibyl's cheeks were aflame, and her dark eyes dilated as she gave vent to the above.

"Well, well, the course of true love never runs smooth. Herbert has been doing something awful again, I suppose," said Mrs. Renmere in a soothing voice.

"Mother, I know you are only talking lightly, but it does provoke me when you speak of love between Herbert Talfourd and me. If you only knew how I detest him! and I will not submit to his interference any longer."

"My dear Sibyl, I understand how you detest him better than you do yourself," and Mrs. Renmere smiled quietly. "But what has happened now?"

"Why, I was driving alone in the Park yesterday, when he came up to me, said it looked anything but lady-like to see a young lady out alone driving a pair of fast ponies, and he stepped into the phaeton, took the reins deliberately out of my hands and drove me home."

"And, my dear, he said what was perfectly true. I never drove out in such a style, and you are setting a very bad example, Sibyl. Already I hear complaints of Julie Slome, Elsie Harrington and several others driving a fast pair, and all because they have seen you doing it."

"Why, mother, I never ask any one to follow my example. I do as I please, and I have a perfect right to so long as I know in my heart I do nothing wrong, and this day puts an end to it. If Herbert Talfourd interferes with me again I shall certainly offend him."

"My dear, you must remember he is an old friend of the family, and at present our guest. If he were not very much interested in your welfare he would not speak at all to you, for I'm sure your conduct and speech have often given him offense."

"Well, I will not be dictated to by him, and he can hereafter take an interest in some one that will appreciate it—I don't. There!"

Sibyl's "there" must have settled it, for Mrs. Renmere said no more, but succumbed, as she had done all her life, to her wilful child.

"I do detest him, and I won't put up with it," murmured Sibyl, as she made her way to her own room, with an angry flush upon her beautiful face.

As she opened her room-door she saw her maid sitting weeping, and instantly the anger died out of her face and a look of sympathy was in its stead.

"Is your little nephew any worse, Marie?" asked Sibyl.

"Oh, no, Miss Sibyl, he's not worse, but I could not keep back my tears when I came home. I am crying out of pure gratitude. Your kindness has saved his life, Miss Sibyl. Can I ever do enough to repay you?"

"The little fellow is much better, then?"

And the society belle turned away, and with a quick movement touched her eyes with her handkerchief.

"He will be no time in recovering now, the doctor says, and he owes his life to you, Miss Sibyl. Oh, how can I ever repay you?"

"You can repay me in one way, Marie—by never saying anything more about it. Have you been to the Atwoods?"

"Yes, Miss Sibyl; I took the wine and the fruit, as you told me."

"And how is Mr. Atwood?"

Mr. Atwood was the husband of Sibyl's seamstress, a man who had been very prosperous at one time, but who had failed in business, and also in health, until his wife had to take in sewing for the support of him and their two children.

Everybody knows what support the needle of one frail woman can give a family.

They were on the direct road to starvation when Sibyl Renmere's maid found out their condition and reported the same to her mistress.

"Very low, indeed, Miss Sibyl; he cannot last many days," answered Marie.

"Is there anything else we can do for them, Marie?"

"Bless your tender heart, my mistress,

"HERBERT, GOD BLESS YOU!"

you have already supplied all their wants. The doctor says nothing more can be done for his patient."

"Order the carriage early to-morrow morning, and we will call there."

"Oh, you are so good, Miss Sibyl!"

Sibyl suppressed a sigh as she said:

"If those who have enough and to spare of this world's treasure do not give to God's destitute, who should?"

Sibyl returned from her drive next morning, cast aside her bonnet and mantle when she entered the sitting-room, and, seeing Herbert Talfourd seated there reading, she flung herself into a chair, exclaiming:

"Oh dear! I do not know what to do with myself."

Herbert Talfourd half closed his book and looked over at her half curiously, half pityingly.

"A victim of the demon *ennui*, I suppose," said Herbert.

"I suppose so."

And Sibyl smothered a little yawn.

"You see I have attended to all my dressmaking and shopping for this week, and here it is only Wednesday, leaving me all the rest of the week with nothing to do. There is no new novel out, and I feel too tired—or lazy, if you like—to drive, visit or gossip."

Sibyl uttered this speech defiantly, and half closing her eyes leaned back in her chair.

"And you have never anything to think about but shopping, visiting, &c., Sibyl?" said Herbert, with an air of reproach.

"Why, of course not."

And Sibyl opened wide her eyes and flashed defiance at Mr. Talfourd.

"What else should a leader of society have to think about? I beg pardon. I forgot what a fine contempt Mr. Talfourd entertained for leaders of society."

"And yet," said Herbert, without attempting to contradict Sibyl's remark, "what glorious opportunities for doing good have the leaders of society! Think of what an example you might set young ladies, and elderly ladies, Sibyl, who follow in your footsteps. You call yourself a leader, Sibyl, while you sit here with folded hands, and the beggar crying at your gate"——

"Well, let one of the servants give him something to eat. Do you wish me to go down and answer the knock?"

And Sibyl's defiant laugh filled the room.

"Oh, Sibyl!"

And Herbert Talfourd's handsome face looked graver than ever she saw it.

"It is not the cry of one, but of thousands, that rends the air around you. The starving, the homeless, the dying are reaching out their hands to such as you for succor, and you sit here and say you have nothing to do."

"I said I was tired, Mr. Talfourd," and Sibyl rose; "too tired even to sit and listen to you talking this morning. If you will excuse me"——

"Sibyl!"

He was beside her and had her hand clasped in his.

"I know how you detest me, for I have often heard you saying it, but I will speak out, and you must listen to me this time, for I will never lecture you again. Sibyl, for the sake of those who are influenced by you, you must rise to a better life, for remember that

—"No life
Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!"

"And if Mr. Talfourd has finished his say, I'll have the pleasure of bidding you good-morning," and, quickly withdrawing her hand from his clasp, Sibyl swept from the room.

Herbert Talfourd stood motionless where Sibyl left him, his heart torn by conflicting emotions.

Sibyl Renmere was the only woman he ever loved, and his love was in vain. He could not tell her that he loved her while she felt as she did towards him, neither did he wish her to know that he was her slave while she led her present life; for Herbert hated the so-called leaders of society, gay butterflies of fashion. But before to-day he could not believe that Sibyl was given up body and soul to frivolous gayety. She was a spoiled, petted child, but he thought that the heart in her bosom beat warm and true.

One, two, three weeks passed away, and if Herbert Talfourd had turned to ice, Sibyl thought he could not be colder. He never interfered with, never advised her now. Perhaps it was this letting her severely alone that made Sibyl forget how she detested him.

Now this non-interference might account for Sibyl no longer detesting Mr. Talfourd, but why it should keep him continually in the young lady's mind we cannot say. Sibyl was not a moment alone with her thoughts, and very often when she was not alone with them they were on Herbert Talfourd.

"What can have come over me? I am not like myself," Sibyl would say in her own mind as she wandered through the house like a restless spirit. But one day, while sitting thinking of Herbert Talfourd, she burst into tears, and, with a woman's fine consistency, wondered if he was never again going to take any interest in her, and in her tears she murmured:

"I do some little good secretly that he knows nothing of, but he spoke the truth—openly I set a bad example. Oh, shall I ever meet another man as good as he!"

And after this flood of tears Sibyl was very confident that she no longer detested Herbert Talfourd.

* * * * * *

"He is dying, miss, dying fast," said Mrs. Atwood, as Sibyl stood by the bedside of the sick man. "But God has been very good to him, miss. He has sent him another friend to-day, Mr. Herbert Talfourd, whom we knew in our better days, and oh, Miss Renmere, he has already promised my husband to provide for me and the children. I told Mr. Talfourd that you had promised to do that; but you have already done so much for us, Miss Renmere, that I am glad somebody has come to your relief."

Sibyl's heart gave a great bound.

She never could humble herself to Herbert to tell him that she had always gone among the poor and needy and helped them; but now he knew that she was not given, heart and soul, to dress, fashion and gayety, and—she was glad.

"Miss Renmere, my best friend," said the dying man, opening his eyes, "you may never again see me alive. Will you say a prayer for me, for he will surely hear an angel's voice."

Sibyl, with tears in her eyes, knelt beside the bed and prayed aloud.

While Sibyl's voice filled the room the door opened and a man entered.

In an instant he took in the scene before him; then going over to the bedside he dropped on his knees beside Sibyl, bent his face on the coverlet and wept from the fulness of his heart.

When Sibyl finished her beautiful prayer she simply turned and laid her hand on the man's head, saying:

"Herbert, God bless you!"

And kneeling there, with Sibyl's hand upon his head, Herbert knew that his love was not in vain—that he would never again hear how she detested him.