WHAT ONE LITTLE LIE DID.

HOW THE U. S. GOVERNMENT BATTLED WITH A WOMAN'S FIB.

The Humiliation of Mrs. Brown of Boston, Who Said She Sent a Post Office Order to a Friend, When She Did No Such Thing.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—There is a woman in one of the suburban districts of this good old pious city who has learned from sad experience that "a lie well stuck to is not as good as the truth." Mrs. Helen A. Brown is the wife of Dr. Marshall L. Brown, and the mother of a charming young lady nearly out of her teens. The Doctor is a physician of moderate means and practice, living on Beacon street, Allston. In the fall of 1887 the daughter visited Mrs. P. M. Putnam in Washington. Mrs. Putnam had formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Brown while receiving medical treatment from Dr. Brown. They became firm friends. The daughter's health had failed, and she accepted an urgent invitation from Mrs. Putnam to visit them at Washington. Mrs. Putnam has a daughter of Miss Brown's age, and the latter had promise of all sorts of social treats as soon as her strength returned. But something about the climate or the exciting whirl of society disagreed with Miss Brown, and it was deemed best for her to go still further south. Mrs. Putnam engineered the trip, and took her daughter as a companion for Miss Brown.

The excursion afforded much pleasure to all, but of course it was more or less expensive. Miss Brown did not have money enough to pay all the expense incurred for her benefit. Mrs. Putnam generously opened her purse for the daughter of her Boston friend, receiving a verbal promise from the young lady that the debt would be paid as soon as she reached her home. Miss Brown's visit to Mrs. Putnam was not extended beyond the Southern trip, and in due time she was welcomed back by her father and mother in Boston. The amount of the loan to Miss Brown was $38. It is presumed that she told her mother about it as soon as she had taken off her wraps and petted the cat. But Mrs. Putnam was not repaid. After the lapse of several weeks, during which no mention was made of the $38, she introduced a quiet hint in one of her letters that she needed the money. Still there was no response from Boston. Then she wrote again and sent a broader hint, but the silence remained unbroken. A terse explanation of the circumstances under which the money was lent failed to recall the wife of the Allston physician to a sense of her obligation. Then Mrs. Putnam's patience was exhausted, and she demanded the payment of the debt, whereupon Mrs. Brown condescended to write that she had long ago returned the money in the shape of a money order, and she expressed in emphatic terms her contempt for a person who would persist in dunning an honest woman for a debt that had already been paid.

That letter swapped the tight shoe from Mrs. Brown's foot to Mrs. Putnam's, and the Washington lady hastened to apologize for her course, stating that she had not received the letter or money order.

Armed with Mrs. Brown's letter, Mrs. Putnam presented herself at the money order department of the Washington Post Office, and demanded the reversal of the decision refusing Mrs. Brown's money order. The records were carefully searched, but no such money order as described by Mrs. Brown had been received at that office.

Gen. Harrison of the Secret Service Department of the Post Office undertook to solve the mystery. Any one familiar with the money order system knows that a duplicate of every money order sent out is kept at the office from which it is sent. Then, too, the blank sent by the buyer of the order to the person addressed does not bear his or her name. It simply contains the amount named in the order, and orders the Postmaster of the town or city designated to pay that sum to the person named in a letter of advice which is sent by the Postmaster who filled out the blank. The person receiving the first blank must sign the receipt, and if the signature does not agree with the name mentioned in the letter of advice the money is not paid. This explanation is necessary in order to understand how Mrs. Brown proved the falsity of her own statement.

Inspector Harrison came to Boston and conferred with Chief Boynton of the Boston Post Office force. Mrs. Brown's statement had reflected upon the honesty of two faithful employees of the Boston office. The two Inspectors went to Allston for the purpose of questioning her still further in regard to that missing money order. They found Dr. Brown's sign nailed upon an old-fashioned low-studded house. A substantial-looking woman of 40 or 45 answered their ring and ushered them into the parlor. She was Mrs. Brown. She was affable and polite and urged them to be seated, smiling all the while.

Gen. Harrison is a very slight man, with legs so delicate that it seems as if they would break even under his slight weight. Mr. Boynton is just the opposite. He is one of the solid men of Boston, and tips the scales considerably beyond the 200-pound limit. By a slight mutual inadvertence Gen. Harrison chose the large easy chair in the room, and Mr. Boynton selected one of the smaller chairs. As the latter seated himself and began to explain the object of his visit he leaned back and breathed hard, as if the task was an unusually difficult one. An ominous crash followed. The back of the chair had snapped off, and Mr. Boynton narrowly escaped turning a back somersault. Mrs. Brown gave a suppressed shriek as she realized that the United States Government was destroying her property. But she smiled sweetly the next moment, and said:

"Mr. Boynton, it's no matter, I assure you."

When he had in a measure recovered his equilibrium Mr. Boynton asked Mrs. Brown to explain where and when she had bought the money order which she had sent to Mrs. Putnam. She gave a detailed account of her visit to the Boston Post Office in the first week in January, 1888, and by her description of the corridor showed her familiarity with the building. She mentioned so many little incidents connected with the alleged purchase of the money order that the inspectors were inclined to believe her story. But when they returned to the Post Office and examined more closely into the case they were more than ever convinced that the money order could not have been bought there. They examined the records of all the divisions Post Offices in the Boston office, but there was no trace of Mrs. Brown's money order. Then they favored Mrs. Brown with another call. They tried to frighten her into a confession that she had made a wrong statement, but she was as bold as a lion. Mr. Boynton grew quite red, interrupted the officers: "I'd have you understand, sir, that you are talking to my wife!"

Mrs. Brown answered the officers as coolly as though they had been asking her about the weather. She reiterated her statement that she had bought the money order, and even specified the window at which the money was paid in. The clerk at that window has served the department faithfully for twenty-four years, and the statement was taken for all it was worth.

Mrs. Brown saw that the officers were puzzled, and, feeling sure that her cause would triumph, she went a step too far, and gave them the first opportunity to disprove her story. While giving an elaborate account of her movements on that day, she said that she wrote Mrs. Putnam's name on the money order blank, and saw it sealed and stamped.

When they heard that the inspectors knew she was lying. They knew she had not sent a money order with the name of the person to whom the money was sent written on the blank. They told her she was committing perjury, but she smilingly adhered to her story. She readily signed an affidavit and made oath that she was telling the truth. There was not a waver of the hand or a moment's hesitation. The officers expounded to her the serious consequences which followed deliberate perjury, but she was not to be scared by any such talk. She assured her official visitors that she was a woman of veracity. She felt deeply aggrieved that they should doubt her word. She looked the picture of injured dignity, and her glances would have fallen with crushing force upon less hardened hearts than were possessed by the two inspectors.

To give weight to her story Mrs. Brown bade her daughter produce a letter from Mrs. Putnam containing this postscript: "I forgot to thank you for the Post Office order." She had reserved that as her last gun, and, supposing that she had swept the doubts of her visitors from existence, she again became the agreeable hostess. Not once during the interview had she lost her temper. Not once did she hesitate in her replies to questions.

The inspectors returned to the Boston Post Office and again searched the records. At last they found the duplicate of a postal note for a few cents which Mrs. Brown had sent to Mrs. Putnam. The postscript in that letter had reference to that postal note and not to a money order.

Then the officials came to the conclusion that they had fooled with Mrs. Brown long enough. They applied to United States Commissioner Hallet for a warrant for her arrest on the charge of perjury. The warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal McDonald, and on the morning of Oct. 6, 1888, he presented himself at Mrs. Brown's house. A horse and buggy were standing in front of the door, and Mrs. Brown was preparing to take a ride. She was dumfounded when Deputy Marshal McDonald invited her to ride with him, and was on the point of refusing point blank when he produced the warrant. Mrs. Brown did some tall thinking during that ride with the deputy. She was laying out a new campaign against the Government officers. When she was arraigned before Commissioner Hallet she wept bitterly. Her daughter also wept, and the Doctor's eyes were not altogether dry. But Mrs. Brown was crying more from vexation than from repentance. She felt chagrined to think that she had been beaten. She pleaded not guilty to the charge of perjury, and her case was continued until the next day.

Then Mrs. Brown played her last trump, but it wasn't large enough, and she lost. A letter was found in the Dead Letter Office addressed to Mrs. Putnam. It purported to have been written by a thief named "Jim," who confessed that he and his "pard" were one day in the Post Office corridors when Mrs. Brown approached them and asked for directions to the money order office. Jim further confessed that his pard led Mrs. Brown to the telegraph office window, took her money, and gave her a bogus money order, which she mailed. Then this pard went on to Washington, secured several letters addressed to Mrs. Putnam, among them being Mrs. Brown's, and destroyed the bogus order. Soon after performing that neat little job this pard died, and with his last breath he urged upon Jim to confess the crime and clear Mrs. Brown from disgrace.

This wonderful epistle was written in a disguised hand, and the orthography was so poor that it was read with difficulty. The scheme didn't work. The deception was too pronounced. The inspectors smiled grimly when they read the letter, and did not take the trouble to trace it to its source. They had so much evidence against Mrs. Brown that even the resurrection of the ghost of this villainous "pard" could not break it.

On Oct. 15 Mrs. Brown was again a prisoner in court. Her buoyancy had disappeared. She was a penitent woman. She sobbed bitterly when she heard Commissioner Hallett order her case before the Grand Jury. Then she called the inspectors to her side and asked if she could escape the penalty of her sin if she made a full confession. They produced her affidavit, duly signed and sealed, and demonstrated that the wheels of the law must continue to revolve until she was more closely bound with red tape. But they showed her that the Court was influenced by confessions, and suggested the advisability of relieving her conscience of its load of perjury. Then she made a full confession. She said that all her previous statements had been untrue; that she had felt piqued because Mrs. Putnam had dunned her; that she had concocted the story about the money order without thinking of the result, and that her pride had restrained her from confessing the falsehood. After she had signed that confession she furnished the required bonds and went home sad but wiser.

With her confession as evidence the District Attorney has no choice but to act. The case has not yet been given to the Grand Jury because of Gen. Harrison's inability to leave Washington. He has all the papers in the case, including the perjured affidavit and the confession. It is the intention of District Attorney Galvin to have an indictment found by the Grand Jury, and then the case will probably be nolle prossed. He thinks Mrs. Brown has suffered enough, and the Government is satisfied to drop the case. There is something so ludicrous in the woman's lying when there was no necessity that the Government officials have had many a laugh over the business, even though they had to work hard to bring the lie home to this modern Sapphira.

DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP.

"The Night Before Larry Was Stretched" and Other Poems.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Casually glancing over a trade journal lately, I found some verses of the well-known ballad, "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched." The version given is, I believe, defective, and it is stated that the author is unknown.

The authorship was discussed some years ago in the columns of the Dublin *Irish Times*, and it was established that the author was a former vicar of St. Finbar's Church, Cork whose name I cannot at present recall. Father Prout (O'Mahony) was believed at one time to be the writer, doubtless owing to the fact of so many clerical wags and wits having "dropped" into verse more or less jingling. Prout, Barham (of the Ingoldsby Legends), Sydney Smith, and other names will occur to the reader. The first verse, as given in the paper referred to, I believe to be correct:

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated like divils till they riz it.
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he drown'd them all the divil's own that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

Apart from the original idea of a man celebrating his own "wake," the short metre in the last line of every verse of the ballad gives a very realistic idea of the abbreviating effect of the tightening rope. This is especially the case in the second verse, where Larry is thus pictured:

Then raising a little his head
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said:
"Oh, the rope will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death!"

Singularity of ideas and incongruity of combination often give a more enduring popularity than lofty but oft-repeated sentiments.

Some time ago one of your readers asked for the authorship of the lines:

"I never had a piece of bread particularly large and wide," &c.

Perhaps the idea of the couplet may have been suggested by a soliloquy of the student Anselmus in "Der Gold'ne Topf," one of the "Fantastic Tales" of E. T. W. Hoffmann. In enumerating all the misfortunes that have befallen him through his awkwardness and ill luck, he cries: "Dass mein Butterbrod immer auf die fette Seite gefallen, von allen diesem Jammer will ich gar nicht reden." (And that my slice of bread and butter always fell on the buttered side—of all these troubles I will not speak at all.)

In these days of plagiarism, parody, and false pretences to authorship of anonymous writings it would be good now and then to expose the culprits. Many of the most remarkable poems are those known as anonymous, but among these, too, are imitations of predecessors. The celebrated lines to a "Human Skull" may have been suggested by the following French verses, also written by an unknown below a "dead man's head:"

Lampe, qu'as-tu fait de ta flamme?
Squelette, qu'as-tu fait de l'ame?
Cage deserte, qu'as-tu fait
De ton bel oiseau qui chantait?
Volcan, qu'as-tu fait de ta lave?
Qu'as-tu fait de ton maître, esclave?

A rough translation of the foregoing would run:

O! lamp! what hast then done with thy light?
O! skull of bone! where the mind so bright?
O! cage where hast thou thy bird, alone,
Where has thy beautiful bird then flown?
O! mountain! where did thy lava run?
Slave, what with thy master hast thou done?

NEW YORK. JOHN DEBRIS.

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

The Sevres dessert service in Windsor Castle is valued by an expert at fully £100,000. The punch bowl alone being estimated at £10,000. The value of the china at Buckingham Palace and that of Windsor together is thought to exceed considerably £200,000.

M. Jacques Reinach, the unsuccessful candidate in Paris against Boulanger, estimates that his election expenses amounted to 2,000,000 francs. The chief expense was for bill sticking, 100,000 being pasted up every day in competition with a still larger number put up by Boulanger. But the question is where does the latter get his money?

Victoria's will was made in 1876, engrossed on vellum, and is now a great bound volume fastened with a lock, with several blank pages left for subsequent codicils. The last was made recently and distributed the jubilee gifts. Some are left to the State, and the others are distributed among the members of the royal family.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes from Tautira, that he has taken to going barefoot, and is doing well. In his own words: "I write this just after having dismissed Oli (the sub-chief, in whose house I live), Mrs. Oli, and Faiai, their adopted child, from the evening hour of music, during which I Publickly Blow on the Fingeolet!"

The Canadian Government will soon adopt a policy of hostility toward immigration. All alien laborers, except British, will be prohibited from coming to Canada, and the funds which the Dominion Government has hitherto granted in aid of immigration, amounting in the aggregate to a quarter of a million sterling, will be withdrawn.

On Jan. 14, says the *Glasgow Herald*, Mr. Charles Spinks exhibited in Leith Harbor a small working model six feet long, of a vessel with improvements in the construction of the propeller, which he has invented and patented. The vessel is constructed in the ordinary manner until toward the stern, where, instead of ending in a single keel, a double keel is formed, which completely encases the propeller, and on either side the keels are fitted with sluices, to be used as required. It is claimed that from the position of the propeller between the two keels, it can never be thrown clear of the water, consequently rendering it safer and greatly reducing the strain on engines and machinery, and also, from the protection so afforded, is not nearly so liable to accident as is the case with propellers as at present situated. It is further held that a higher rate of speed will be reached by the improvements. From the tests the vessel appeared to go as fast astern as ahead. In the case of going ahead by raising the starboard sluice, an additional motive power was gained by the rush of water through the aperture acting on the propeller as on a horizontal turbine, and on reversing the engine, by closing that sluice and opening the one on the port side, a corresponding acceleration of speed was the result in the backward movement.

Father Damien, who has been devoting himself to the lepers exiled at Molokai, in the Sandwich Island group, is actually giving his life to them. He is thus described by a priest who is his assistant: "Leprosy has done its work—in turns, at his ears, his eyes, nose, throat, his hands, and his lungs. The poor Father is completely disfigured; his voice is almost extinct. Fortunately he has yet the use of his hands, which a great number of our people have lost, and also that his feet are not yet falling to pieces, as happens to so many here. He is yet so useful, so necessary, and that for many things. He has under his charge over one hundred leper orphans. This in itself is not a light burden, there being no one to help us but leper boys; besides, the number increases every week. The Father has also begun (about a month after my arrival) to build a new church (30 feet by 70 feet), 40 feet of which is of stone, and the rest of wood. We have only one mason, a white leper, an Irishman. Father Damien is the head carpenter, and his helpers are two or three leper boys. Although I am not a leper, I could not leave here to go to any other of these islands without a proper certificate from the Board of Health. But I have no wish to go anywhere. My mission is here, and here I'll remain." Doubtless this priest will lie in the same grave which is destined for Father Damien.

NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

Three fair women from professionally religious families played Shakespearean heroines on our stage last week. The actresses were Mrs. Langtry, the daughter of a Church of England clergyman; Mrs. Wainwright-James, granddaughter of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, and Mrs. Potter, of the Potters among whom Bishops of the same church are trebled famously. Two of these players from homes of piety appeared as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," Mrs. Wainwright-James repeating at the Grand Opera House her familiarly admired impersonation of the maidenly impostor in doublet and hose, while Mrs. Langtry gave a Saturday evening to the same task at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, after remaining skirted for years. By comparing Mrs. Langtry's performance with the very adroitly piquant one of the more experienced artist, and also with her own crude essay at the beginning of her theatrical career, her improvement may be comprehended. She has become proficient in speech and graceful in person, where before she was unmusical and awkward. The progress by Mrs. Wainwright-James has been gratifying, too. She began as a softly pleasant singer in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and thereafter had some years of training as the poignant heroines in the pieces used by Lawrence Barrett; but lately she has indulged her fancy to be a comedienne, and on Friday she for the first time acted *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal."

Mrs. Langtry continues with *Lady Macbeth* at the Fifth Avenue, excepting Saturday evenings, and Mrs. Potter is still *Cleopatra* at Palmer's. By this time both these bold ventures would be disregarded by the public and the actresses blamed for financial failure as well as dramatic confusion, if the predictions of many experts were come true. The risks were taken contrary to the business judgment of the gentlemen conducting the theatres. But the dollars liberally turned into the productions are coming out again, and will doubtless be multiplied before the conclusions are reached. Mrs. Langtry's *Lady Macbeth* is coupled with a monotonous and unimpressive *Macbeth*, who might improve himself and *Macduff* if he could subtract some of the excess of boisterous vim from the accompanying interpretation of that character; but her own share is so unexpectedly satisfactory, and the general merit of the revival is so marked, that excellent entertainment is provided by her enterprise, which was regarded beforehand as rash, but which proved to have been carefully considered. In the case of Mrs. Potter's *Cleopatra* there is the same lack of help from the dramatic companion, for it is here a weakling *Antony* over whom the Egyptian enchantress gains dominance. Mr. Bellew is much like Mr. Coghlan in being an exact and intelligent actor, but these gentlemen lack the element of potentiality. They are not big enough in voice or stature. It is only once in a century or two that we get a man on the stage who can be powerful while not robust, and when he does occur he is a genius, like Edwin Booth. The acceptability of the current "Antony and Cleopatra" lies, first, in its scenic splendors, and, secondly, in Mrs. Potter's simulation of wanton passion. Her harshness of elocution and singular abuses of the text's sense have been but moderately reformed since she began; but her exposition of a sensual temptress clings and caresses along the utmost limit of allowable fidelity to her conception of the rôle, and so brings expectant spectators to be half offended and half delighted. In a fortnight she will resume her tour. Although there is an uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the Coquelin-Hading company, owing to recent storms at sea, there has been no change in the announcement which promises us a fortnight of them at Palmer's immediately following Mrs. Potter's departure. Mrs. Langtry proposes to appear again as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It" at the Fifth Avenue this week, but this time it will be at the Saturday matinee, and not at the night performance. Four weeks remains of her season here. N. C. Goodwin, Jr.'s, production of "A Gold Mine," which is to follow at this house, will bring him forth in the company of actors like Edward J. Buckley, Kate Forsyth, and Ida Vernon. It will thus be seen that there will be novelty not alone in Goodwin's play, but in his appearance on the stage with people who may press him hard in his own art.

The new week will not be altogether uneventful at the play houses. Annie Pixley will give her latest comedy a city test at the Fourteenth Street. The Haverly Cleveland Minstrels will make their first appearance in town at the Windsor, and an adapted play will succeed "The Inconstant" at Daly's on Tuesday night.

The advent of the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels at the Windsor is awaited with eagerness by the admirers of that ever popular form of amusement, who have every reason to anticipate a performance of even more than the excellence that once characterized Haverly shows in burnt cork. This company is the immediate and legitimate successor to "Col. Jack's" original Mastodons—the "40-count-'em," formerly so familiar to the metropolitan public. The new troupe are under the personal management of W. S. Cleveland, who, despite youthfulness, has firmly established himself in a solid and reputable position in the managerial ranks. A Westerner by birth, he has been from boyhood in minstrelsy, occupying all places save that of performer. Most of the big shows have gained by his energy and his shrewdness, until this season, when, an opportunity presenting itself to buy the Haverly rights and titles, the purchase was quickly negotiated. The new troupe have travelled from Oregon to town, and their large profits on the trip have given to Cleveland courage to project other ventures of magnitude. The company includes Frank Cushman, formerly Leon's partner and later of "Natural Gas"; R. G. Knowles, a comedian of quaint style and much originality; J. Marcus Doyle, one of the star clog dancers of the day; Leopold and Buneil, Herbert Crowley, Banks Winter, James Norrie, Stowe and Randall, and others. A departure from traditional minstrelsy is offered in the shape of Denkichi Takaragawa's troupe of twelve Japanese, whose performances include equilibrism, juggling, necromancy, tumbling, contortion, music, &c. The minstrels can stay only a week at the Windsor, but that house is likely to hold crowds during their brief visit. Annie Pixley will be next week's star, transferring to the Bowery her new piece.

"The Inconstant" will be finally acted at Daly's tomorrow night. A comedy called "An International Match" will be produced Tuesday evening. It is from the German of Franz von Schoenthau. John Drew, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Charles Fisher, Mrs. Gilbert, Frederick Bond, Charles Wheatleigh, and Isabelle Irving will be in the cast. Von Schoenthau's farces have always afforded good material, and perhaps the new piece will be as available as any of the others.

Annie Pixley added a play oddly called "22, Second Floor" to her repertory three weeks ago, during an engagement in Philadelphia. It was promised as a strictly new thing, but it wasn't. THE SUN recognized it as a revision of one of Aimee's comedies "Deceived," which that unfortunate actress had briefly played during her tour in English-speaking rôles. George H. Jessop and Frank Stephens wrote it for her. Miss Pixley's use of it brings it to city attention for the first time at the Fourteenth Street to-morrow night. The farce deals with the complications arising from the securing of apartments in the same hotel by twin sisters who have not seen each other from childhood. One of the sisters is a burlesque actress and the other a society leader. The confusion of the latter's husband and the former's suitor, with other natural sequences of mistaken identity, make up the plot. There is much of the French school in this, but probably the matter has been used discreetly. Miss Pixley will play the dual rôle of the twin sisters, and, of course, she will sing and dance and wear new gowns. Michael C. Daly, of her support, is sure to give an excellent performance, and others in the company recalled as competent are Mollie Ravel, John T. Burke, Elsie Gerome, Adelaide Eaton, and Joseph Brennan. Next week Maggie Mitchell will come to the Fourteenth street to play "Ray," by Walter Wallace, for the first time here.

Prosperity continues to attend the "City of Jerusalem" panorama. Sightseers and critics from everywhere pronounce the "Crucifixion" scene generally accurate and decidedly striking.

"Pete," in its revised form, is likely to carry the season at Harrigan's well along toward its finish. The drama has taken on new interest since Harrigan rewrote it so as to provide a dual rôle for himself, and especially since one of them gives to him an opportunity to delineate Irish humor in his old-fashioned way. If the play needs a successor before the end of the season, "The O'Reagans" will be brought out once more. About May 1 the company will go on their usual spring tour, starting from Brooklyn, and dividing their time between Boston, Philadelphia, and the other large cities.

"Nadjy" seems destined to renew its former vogue at the Casino, and perhaps it may triumph with emphasis. Ever since the first night of its reproduction it has been heard by large audiences. Lillian Russell's reception is always enthusiastic. There seems to be no definite plan as to the ensuing bill at the Casino, though Rudolph Aronson has two or three promising scores at hand.

A finely made new group has been added to the wax works at the Eden Musée. It depicts the Biblical scene of Judith and Holofernes. The Russian singers and dancers continue to enlarge their doings, the Hungarian orchestra draws many devoted admirers, and the art gallery is a good bit of art show. The National Philatelic Society will hold an exhibition at the Musée about Feb. 15, when the largest collection of postage stamps ever seen will be placed on view.

Two weeks from to-morrow night "Sweet Lavender" will reach its 150th performance at the Lyceum—an achievement predicted by few critics, and yet one that is not to be wondered at. Next Thursday afternoon George Riddle will take possession of the Lyceum for a performance that should be interesting. He is to play *Gilliam* in the first two acts of "The Tempest." For several years he has read that character's lines with great success on lyceum platforms. The play itself however, has not been often acted in this city of late years. There will be a special company to help Riddle, and, as an extra inducement to curious people, W. J. Le Moyne, the Lyceum's excellent comedian, will enact *Wormwood* in Buckstone's antique but always enjoyable farce, "The Lottery Ticket."

"Captain Swift" runs along smoothly and well at the Madison Square. The last but one in the series of Sydney Woollett's recitals at this theatre will occur on Thursday afternoon, when "The Courtship of Myles Standish" will be read.

Edward H. Sothern will return to town to-morrow night to spend a week at the Grand Opera House. He will discard "Lord Chumley" for this engagement, and, to the gratification of a large contingent of his admirers, will revive "The Highest Bidder," which is an excellent medium for his airy humor. Young Southern's tour has been among the season's most solid successes. Next week he will present "Lord Chumley" in Williamsburgh. The width of his popularity is now extensive. Cromwell's lecture at the Grand to-night will describe the poor of London, and there will be views of Whitechapel and other famous districts. Minnie Palmer's first New York engagement this season will begin at the Grand on Feb. 11 with "My Sweetheart."

Eight large audiences a week give smiles and tears to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Broadway. The impression created by Mrs. Burnett's drama seems to gain in strength as the piece runs on. Nobody will be surprised to learn that in warm weather, when comic opera takes its turn upon the Broadway's stage, the *Little Lord* will be transferred to the Madison Square. Meanwhile a third travelling company is in formation, its route through the South and a little of the West.

"The Pearl of Pekin" transfer from the Bijou to the Standard demonstrates anew the popular qualities of this enjoyable burlesque. Large gatherings at Manager Duff's handsome theatre have manifested quite as much approbation as was bestowed upon the entertainment at its earlier home. Indeed, for Louis Harrison and Belle Thorne there has been increased favor. The Rice & Dixey troupe will remain at the Standard three weeks longer. It is pleasing news that arrangements have been made for the return engagement at the Standard of Nellie Farron and her London burlesquers. They will come back in April to stay a month, and will then produce, for the first time in this country, a parody called "Faust Up to Date."

"The Wife," making the round of city combination houses that is inevitable for a success nowadays, will reach the Star to-morrow for a week's stay. This strongest of all the Lyceum's productions will probably be welcomed back to town by handsome audiences. Mrs. W. Berlan-Gibbs, a Newark amateur who has become a pretty good actress, continues to play the title rôle, and Adeline Stanhope, Nelson Wheatcroft, Charles S. Dickson, and other players equally as competent are in the cast. All the scenes, costumes, and accessories, of course, will be in correct taste. Next week the Hallen & Hart comedy company take possession of the Star to give the first New York performance of "Later On," a farcical piece by Henry Grattan Donnelly, author of "Natural Gas," as well as of the less successful "Fashions." Fred Hallen was for years a high-priced favorite of the vaudeville, and so was his partner, Joe Hart, whose comic vocalism and good banjo playing are remembered here. Georgie Parker, Hilda Thomas, Zora Vanfretta, John T. Kelly, J. B. Dyllyn and others are in the cast.

This is the second week of "Natural Gas" at the Bijou. The skit has repeated its Fifth Avenue hit, and doubtless its entire three weeks' engagement will be profitable. While the agile comicality of Eddie Girard has not sensibly lessened, the efforts of his partner, Henry V. Donnelly, are less to be commended than before; but the cast otherwise shows an improvement in having gained two clever comedians, Mark Sullivan and Ben Collins, and one of the sprightliest of the grand army of soubrettes in Lena Merville. There is a chance, too, that May Vohs, the contralto of adventitious repute, will join the company to-morrow to play her old role and sing her old solo. To-night Dockstader's Minstrels will give a white-face concert at this house, and it should be a good one. Levy, the cornetist, will assist them. Next week W. W. Tillotson's "Zigzag" troupe will come back to the city.

Robert B. Mantell will revive "Monbars" at the People's this week. The play is Louis Nathal's an adaptation of a French melodrama by D'Ennery, and Mantell's continued use of it indicates that he has found it of much service in his recent tours. Although he has lately acted the twins of "The Corsican Brothers," his manager has deemed it wise to defer his city appearance in the dual rôle. However, he will be warmly welcomed at the People's, where his play is sure to win demonstrative favor. Early next month he is coming back to town to play at the Grand Opera House. Next week, at the People's, will see the first New York performance of Ramsay Morris's "Tigress," which has just had a Brooklyn production with apparent success. Minnie Palmer is a star of the near future.

Illusionist Kellar's well arranged entertainment at Dockstader's has caught the fancy of a great many people, and it is likely that his long season there will bring profit to him. Kellar does most of his tricks with an honesty and apparent awkwardness that actually aid him in deceiving his observers. His expose of the slate-writing trickery has excited genuine interest, and the working of "Psyche" and "Echo," the pretended automatons, is extremely mystifying. The show does not stop at prestidigitation however, for George H. Melville, a comical juggler, and the Spanish Students give a couple of pleasing interludes.

The site of the cyclorama of "The Battle of Gettysburg" is such that it can easily be reached from all parts of the city by the elevated and Twenty-third street roads. The attendance during the past week fell little below that which had characterized it since J. M. Hill assumed the management. Now that most of the surface cars are again running business here will boom.

The concert to compliment Max Maretzek will occur at the Metropolitan Opera House in February, and the volunteers are eminent and operatic.

A bright and big coterie of popular favorites from the various vaudeville branches will occupy the stage at Tony Pastor's this week. One of the many good signs of the palpable increase of patronage at this house since its recent inauguration is the fact that its receipts so far this season have been far ahead of those of any previous one for the same period. The managers are to be commended for making this the best variety house hereabouts, and should feel gratified with their success. The list of performers for the current week includes Maggie Cline, a vigorous singer of much repute; Val Ean, juggler; the Orion Trio, made up of Hi Tom Ward and the Fulton Bros.; Hugh Smyth, Frank and Fannie Davis, Max Pettingill, Ella Wesner, Prof. Abt, Mile. Stuart, Fred Watson, and the well known Dan Collyer.

"The Old Homestead" continues to prosper in the same old solid way at the Academy.

Melodrama is the offering at each of the Jacobs popular-price houses on the east side this week. At the Third Avenue Bartley Campbell's earlier drama, "Fate," will be acted by a company that has travelled considerably this season, and seems to have left a good name everywhere. The leading actress is Leal Lamar, a Southern girl enamored of the footlights. At the Thalia the familiar "Beacon Lights" will be seen again. One of Jacobs's own companies will play it. The veteran actor, Frank Evans, is to play the chief part, with Gracie Emmett, an emotional soubrette, and Odell Williams, an ex-comedy star, in his support. At to-night's concerts, at each of the Jacobs houses, there will be seen: Lester and Williams, pretty Bertha Foy, the Caldwell sisters, the Weston brothers, Frank W. Holland, John Winstanley, Mabel Hudson, John Walsh, Delaur and Debrimont, and others, most of them vaudeville entertainers. Miss Foy used to be with the Foy family.

The dime museum offerings for the week are rich and rare for the most part. John Doris's Eighth avenue place will have a wood-sawing contest by six pretty girls from Maine or thereabouts. Besides, he is to make known a new natural freak in Fantia, whom he calls an elongationist. Fantia departs from the rut of expansionists, strong men, &c. According to Doris's description of him, he dislocates himself to order anywhere. His disunited anatomy will probably draw crowds to 301 Eighth avenue. The cowboy convention continues, and there will be stage performances by W. J. Marsh, the Beamonts, Frank Manley, and the Snedden & Williams Comedy Company.

At the Grand Street Museum "Ten Nights in a Barroom" will be acted on the stage by Agnes Halleck and the stock company—for the Grand has a "stock," surprising as this may seem. In the curio hall Mme. Caspar's spinning maidens are retained, with Hop o' My Thumb, the three leopard nondescripts, the human billiard ball, and the Martin sisters, albinos. Natator, the man fish, and La Selle, his marine partner, give shows in the aquarium.

Sadie Martinot and August Junkermann are the attraction at the Amberg this week. Miss Martinot will sing in "The Mascot" on Tuesday and Friday nights. Junkermann will play "Unser Doctor" and other approved comedies. By other papers Miss Martinot was mistaken when she told a SUN reporter that at the Amberg she was wearing tights for the first time. Eleven years ago she wore them in "Kenilworth."

John Kernell, the Irish comedian, is at Koster & Bial's. Emma Jutau, the trapezist, and Ferguson & Mack continue. Atcola, a juggler, and Rosina Dubsky, tight-rope walker, are added to the list. The "Tutti Frutti" musical melange and the ballet are retained as features. There will be a concert to-night, as usual.

At a concert at the Broadway to-night for the benefit of the New York Press Club Charity Fund there will appear Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Norman Omera, Mme. Albani, Julius Perotti, Anton Seidl, Walter J. Damrosch, Lillian Russell, Maud Powell, Adele Auler Ohlo, Louis Aldrich, Fred Lax and Arthur Dupple and his seventy-first Regiment band, with the soloists, Messrs. Bohon, Bogel, and others. This concert promises to be one of the largest this season. Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter have bought boxes.

"Harbor Lights," by the Frank Curtis company, will enter on its second and last week of its stay at Niblo's to-morrow night. Its experience during the past week, in view of the drawback by the tie-up of the surface railroads, has been excellent. The beauty of the scenes, aside from the interest in the story and the excellence of the cast, make this an attractive play as melodramas go nowadays. This week will not only finish its stay at Niblo's, but it will also wind up the tour of the company. The play is the property in this country of French & Sanger, who leased it for its present trip to Frank Curtis. To-night there will be a concert at Niblo's by the Georgia jubilee singers. Next week "The Water Queen" is to be made known to this city by the Bolossy Kiraly company. This fairy spectacle, which is a new form of the very old "Undine," also known as "The Naiad Queen," seems to have been accepted in the West as a new "Black Crook," so far as the ballet and scenic features are concerned. Kiraly says it will contain maritime and watery features to surpass anything shown in the recent "tank dramas." The whole second act will be taken up with two such shows, the first being a submarine cave and the second revealing the realms of the *Water Queen*, with stalactite ballet duet by *Octopus* and *Turtle*, and much real water. Kiraly has discarded for the season the other spectacles of his repertory in order to use "The Water Queen." The two premieres are Francesculna Paris and Cappeline, supported by a big ballet that ought to be excellent in all respects. A new play by Kate Claxton and an engagement of Thomas W. Keene are forthcoming events at Niblo's.

QUESTIONS BY SUN CORRESPONDENTS.

The poem "If I Should Die To-night" was written by Miss Belle E. Smith, at present a teacher in Tabor College, Tabor, Iowa. It was first published in the *Christian Union*, June 19, 1873. My recollection is that Mr. Haggard explained that when his sister gave him the poem he believed it to have been written by her, but learned afterward that she had merely copied it. R. D. T.

Many readers have given the same information, in part; Mr. Meyer of Philadelphia, to whom *Current Literature* ascribes the poem, seems to be disposed of.

The owner of the model of the original Strasburg clock is Capt. Reid of Hillsdale, N. Y. J. W. L.

In answer to P. D. Q. in last Sunday's SUN, I would say that I have the model of the Strasburg clock. It has not been exhibited for some years. C. H. F., Bridgeport, Conn.

Thank you both. Settle the matter between yourselves, however.

1. What are the works of the late Laurence Oliphant, and where can they be obtained? 2. I have seen a statement that San Francisco is nearly midway between the extreme eastern and western longitudes of the United States; can you refer me to it? W. S. T.

1. A Journey to Khatmandu (1850?); The Russian Shores of the Black Sea (1852); Minnesota and the Far West (1855); The Trans-Caucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army (1856); Patriots and Filibusters, Incidents of Travel (1860-61); A Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to Japan (1860); Piccadilly (1865); Irene Macgillicuddy (1879); The Land of Gilead (1881); The Land of Khemi (1882); Traits and Travesties (1882); Altiora Peto (1883); Masollam (1886); Episodes in a Life of Adventure, Haifa, Life in Modern Syria (1887); Scientific Religion (1888). You can get many of these from Harper & Bros.; some are out of print. 2. We can't refer you to the statement, but we can refer you to the fact. Quoddy Point is in longitude 66° 55' W., Attoo Island 187° 34' W.; the middle point is thus 129° 39' W. San Francisco is 122° 24' 15" W. Perhaps the actual middle point is Groveland or Coulterville, Cal.

What salary did Washington get as President of the United States? G. W. L.

According to the act of August, 1789, the President received $25,000 a year. The act of March 3, 1873, increased this to $50,000, which is the salary at the present time.

Further research on the subject of "Robin Adair" has proved that there is a difference of opinion regarding the authorship of the words. The story of Lady Caroline is authentically correct, but the words of the famous, plaintive little song seem not to have been written by her. They are claimed to be Mr. St. Leger, who was familiar with the pretty love story. He lived near Dublin, and whimsically adapted the words to the old Irish air of "She