GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

One Clear Case of Indian Gratitude.

While I lived in the Indian country for upward of twelve years, and encountered the red man daily, either in peace or war, I never considered him worth studying as a man. Indeed, in only one single instance was I satisfied that there was anything to study. I felt that he was to be taken as a surly, brutal, inconsistent, and revengeful chunk of humanity, and any search for fine sentiment was time thrown away. This one instance occurred during the savage Indian campaign which ended in Custer's death.

In the fall of 1866, while I was carrying a despatch between two temporary posts on the Arkansas River, and when midway between the posts and twenty miles from either, at the hour of noon, I came upon an Indian lying on the ground between two of the monotonous ridges on the plains. I saw him while yet forty rods away, and I knew that he was dead or unconscious. Before I got to him I discovered pony tracks, and knew that he had come there on horseback. I reached the body to find it that of a young buck about 22 years old, and for some time I believed him dead. He had been shot through the head, as I supposed, as one side of it was covered with blood, and while I sat on my horse and looked down on him a dozen or more buzzards were sailing in the air above us, waiting for the feast. I was rather rejoiced that the force of hostiles were reduced by even one, for every Indian was a hostile in those days, and was about to ride on when the supposed dead man uttered a groan.

I was down beside him in a moment. I had a bottle of brandy and a canteen of water, and when I had poured some of the former down his throat, and used the latter to wash off some of the blood, he opened his eyes and looked at me in a way to prove that he had his senses. I could speak the Sioux dialect like one born in the tribe, and I presently asked:

"Who are you, and how came you to be in this condition?"

"Why don't you kill me?" he asked in reply.

"I have no wish to harm you."

"But the white man and Indian are enemies. We kill whenever we can."

"If I found you seeking my life I should try to take yours. As it is, you are almost dead, and I am willing to aid you in any way I can."

He looked incredulous, and composed himself for the death blow; but as I mixed some water and brandy and handed it to him, and again investigated the nature of his wound, he finally explained that he was a member of Little Crow's band. The Sioux tribe, as a tribe, was then split up into half a dozen bands, each under the leadership of a sub-chief. He would not fully explain what had occurred, but told me sufficient to enable me to supply the rest. He had attempted to run off with one of the sub-chief's three wives, and had been pursued, overtaken, and left for dead. The bullet had not entered his skull, but had ploughed through the scalp clear over his head, rendering him unconscious for several hours and making a terrible wound to look at. There was water in a sink hole a quarter of a mile away, and I fetched some and worked away at him until I could see the extent of his injuries. He was sitting up and feeling quite strong when I offered to do a bit of rude surgery for him. He grunted his assent, and I took needle and thread from my pack and brought the scalp together and stitched it in half a dozen places. It must have hurt him terribly, for I worked away at it mending a slit in an army blanket, but during the whole operation he never uttered a groan. When I had his head in shape I divided my luncheon with him and was amazed to see what an appetite he had. As we finished I said:

"You are not able to travel, and if you were you are defenceless. What do you propose to do?"

"I cannot return to Little Crow's band for a time, if ever," he replied after a moment's thought, "as my white brother says, I am weak and without even a knife. Let him tell me his plan."

"I should advise you to lie quiet near the water hole for a day or two. I shall return this way inside of two days, and then you will be stronger. Here is one of my revolvers to protect yourself with. You can also take this blanket and the rest of my meat and crackers. I shall make for this spot as I return, and I hope to find you."

No Indian will give his feelings away in his face if he can possibly prevent it, but this young fellow made no effort. He looked his amazement and incredulity, and even as he held the revolver in his hand he stared at me as if he could not comprehend my motive. We were enemies. I had not only succored him when I found him helpless, but had placed in his hands a weapon to enable him to take my life. He could not help but suspect some duplicity on my part, until I turned and rode away. I did not look back at him, but I knew that he was on his feet and following my progress with wondering eyes.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the third day when I returned to the water hole, and failed to find my young warrior there. I waited for a full hour, but he did not show up. I was going away feeling very bitter toward him, when I discovered a trail showing that a large war party had passed there the day before, and I knew then that he had either joined it or been driven away. The scene of war was shifting every day, and by the next morning I had almost forgotten the incident. The facts leaked out in one way and another, and for a time I was the butt of ridicule of all the officers and scouts. My greenness in supposing an Indian had any gratitude was bad enough, they said, but the idea of my giving him food and a weapon brought down the house.

During the early part of summer of the next year I was detailed as one of the guards to accompany the stages over a certain distance on the Smoky Hill route. There were from three to six of us with each stage, according to the demeanor of the Indians, who, at times, seemed determined to prevent all travel. A skirmish of some sort was an every day occurrence, but one afternoon, as three of us were riding ahead of a stage in which were three civilians, we were ambushed from a cut or ravine. The party of Indians numbered twenty-one, and they did a very singular thing. My two companions were shot dead at the first volley, while my horse was killed. They did not molest the stage at all, although it could have been easily captured, but let it go and turned their attention to me. When my horse went down I took his body for a breast-work and opened a rapid fire on the advancing Indians, while the stage driver whipped up his horse and was soon out of sight. No one man, no matter how brave and well armed, could be expected to stand off such a band of Indians very long. I killed one and wounded another, and then they scattered and circled me. This deprived me of the protection of my breastwork, and, knowing that I had no show whatever of rescue, I stood up and signalled the fact of my surrender. It was taking a chance, but it was the only thing left. I had reason to believe that they would hold me a prisoner for a few days before disposing of me, and it was between suicide or hoping for an opportunity to escape.

The band came crowding up as I surrendered, and my first reception was better than I had hoped for. They did not, as a rule, feel as bitter against the stage people and guards as they did against the soldiers. I handed out my weapons, submitted to be bound without a word, and was then mounted on a pony and stationed in the centre of the band as it rode off to the northwest. This was about two hours before sundown. After riding for an hour, during which several Indians questioned me in regard to the soldiers, we united with another band of eighteen, who were hidaway in a dry run about three miles off the stage route. We had scarcely come up when I recognized in one of the warriors the young buck whom I had cared for at the water hole the year previous. He gave me a sign of recognition, and with it a signal that we were to be strangers. He was one of the first to declare my identity as a Gover meant scouts, and to argue that I ought to be put to the torture at once. Several other young men agreed with him, but the older heads would not listen to anything of the kind. I was greatly shocked to find that this second band held as prisoners a white man named Cooper and a boy named Peters. They had been captured together thirty miles away while hunting for a lost horse. The man seemed dull-witted, and did not apparently realize what was in store for him. The boy, on the contrary, keenly appreciated his danger and was all unnerved. He was only 16 years old, pale and sickly, and when I saw him in tears I could not reproach him, although I warned him that he would subject himself to the contempt of the Indians and provoke them to administer greater punishment.

At dusk we all set off together in a northwesterly direction, and after riding a distance of eighteen or twenty miles we reached an Indian camp on a creek running into the Solomons River. This creek is called "Wolf," "Bear," "Crow," and several other names, but military records speak of it as Snake Creek. It was Black Eagle's village, and numbered about fifty lodges, but only the old men and boys were home. All the warriors were off on the warpath. About half a dozen, two of whom were wounded, came in, however, two hours after our arrival, and next morning I saw one band of fourteen come in from the east. Each prisoner was placed in a different quarter of the village. A family near the centre of the village vacated a lodge for my benefit, and when left alone I found myself so securely tied that I could neither move hand nor foot. A warrior was placed on guard at the door, and after an hour or two of rejoicing the village settled down to sleep. I could take no other position except to lie on my right side, and the thongs pained me so that I could not sleep. I was facing the door of the lodge, and it was within half an hour of daybreak, when a voice whispered in my ear:

"Let my brother keep up a stout heart! I will seek to release him when night comes again!"

It was the voice of the warrior I had succored many months ago, and he had entered the lodge from the back side. I had not detected the slightest sound, nor in his withdrawing could I follow him. The guard at the door appeared to be asleep, but if I had been able to work out of my bonds I should not have made a move toward escape.

Morning dawned soon after my visitor left, and the whole village had eaten breakfast before 7 o'clock. About that hour a warrior came in, untied me, gave me a big dish of soup and a large piece of meat, and when I had finished the meal my hands were tied behind my back and I was led out and tied to a stake and made to witness the torture inflicted on Cooper and the boy. This began at 8 o'clock and lasted until noon. I was satisfied from the first that they won d let the boy off lightly, as fear and anxiety had wrecked his mind. Had he been volatile and full of gestures, as insane people usually are, I think they would have turned him loose, but unfortunately he was as one stricken dumb. They got no enjoyment out of his sufferings, and soon despatched him.

Cooper was a strong, healthy man, and he was under some sort of torture for three hours before they finished him. I was to be saved until the morrow, when other warriors were expected in, and the village was to be broken up. At noon I was taken back to the tepee, tied as before, and no one came near me until sundown. Then I was given the same food as in the morning. A guard placed outside the door, and by 10 o'clock the village was asleep. It was an hour later, and I was lying in the same position as the night before, when a knife carefully cut the thongs. Then a hand chafed my wrists and ankles to restore the circulation, and after six or seven minutes a voice so whispered:

"My white brother must move as the snake! Come!"

I crept after him on hands and knees. He led the way right through the village, clearing the path of everything that might give the alarm, and we were well out of it before we rose up. Then he hurried me to a grove, where I found a pony ready saddled, handed me a luncheon in a bark basket and the revolver lent him so long ago, and as I got my seat in the saddle he whispered:

"You saved my life—now I save yours! Good! Ride this way and go fast until daylight!"

He disappeared before I could thank him, and I rode away in the direction indicated. By daylight I was safe at a dug-out on the mail route, and it was eighteen months later before I heard of my dusky friend again. Then it was to learn that he had been suspected of aiding my escape and was tomahawked as a traitor.

A NEGRESS 108 YEARS OLD.

Her Progeny in Four Generations Number One Hundred and Ninety-six.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov. 30.—Beneath the sheltering roof of a faithful son, in the outskirts of St. Joseph, lives a colored woman, Jane Harvey, who is 108 years of age. She was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on Oct. 17, 1781, to "Mammy Harvey," a negro woman owned by Col. Harvey. For thirteen years Jane Harvey, who, like most other negroes, took the name of her master, lived about the Kentucky plantation. Then Col. Harvey made up his mind to leave Kentucky and venture still further west. So he gathered his family, consisting of about fifteen negroes, several sons and daughters, and started. On they pushed until he halted his caravan where Glasgow, Howard county, Mo., now stands, and staked off his land and patiently waited for the country to grow up with him. But the Colonel paid nature's debt long ere the country was grown, and all his property reverted to his eldest son, Dr. Henry Harvey, whom "Mammy" affectionately refers to as "ole Massa."

The climate of Missouri seemed to agree with Jane Harvey, for her strength, agility, and sturdiness increased with each passing day. She worked in the fields, assisted the choppers in the woods, baked the hoe cake, fetched the water, minded the children, and rode horseback into the settlement, with never a complaint. John Harvey was another slave, and a good slave he was, too, if Mammy is to be believed. Jane was about 20 years old when John realized the first throbs of a newborn love. He was assiduous in his attentions, and the first thing she knew John had entered her young life so thoroughly and completely that she hailed with joy massa's permission for her to become John's wife. So one bright May morning she took her dusky lover's hand and made the vows that bound her to him until death did them part. The union was fraught with blessings in the shape of cidiers and several pickaninnies, and when John had seen his Jane become a mother for the fifth time, he died.

Her widowhood was of brief duration, for as she recalls it, in 1801 she again became a wife, and by this union had nine children, seven sons and two daughters. The sons grew to manhood and were strong, healthy men with progeny when the war broke out. Five of these sons entered the Union army, and two of them died on the battle field. Her oldest living son is now 80 years of age, and lives in Sheridan county, Mo. At the close of the war he chose the name of George Washington, and possesses that proud name even now. Until six weeks ago Mammy lived with him and her grandchildren and great grandchildren, but then Robert, who is 57 years old, went down to visit her, and brought her back here to his home at 2,013 Mulberry street. She relates with positive humor her journey to this city. In the 108 years of her existence she had never ridden on a railroad train, and, as she expressed it, "I war skeared at fust, but liked it tol'able well after."

A reporter called on Mammy Harvey the other afternoon and found that she was out visiting at the home of her other son, William Bunce (who had adopted the name of a former master). William lives back of his brother Robert, and is 74 years old. An inquiry addressed to her regarding the number of her direct descendants rather puzzled the old lady.

"Well," she said slowly, "I don' 'zactly know how many I hev got. I counted over a hundred gran'chillun one day when I got ter thinkin' 'bout it. I've hed fourteen chillun, an' all ob 'em's hed lots o' chillun, too. My youngest darter's got fo'teen, an' she ain't but fifty-fo' years ole."

Here her son Robert interrupted and stated that she has 123 grandchildren, with several precincts to be heard from. Mammy was not quite sure about it, but believed at last accounts that she had 46 great-grandchildren and 12 great-great-grandchildren. If this is so, and there is no reason to doubt it, then she is responsible for 196 people in four generations, a record of which the old woman feels justly proud. Mammy has never worn glasses in her life, and she eats about everything, notwithstanding the absence of all but three teeth. She only partakes of two meals a day, and entertains a devoted fondness for corned-beef hash, hoe cake, and mush. She goes to bed nightly at 9 o'clock and arises promptly with the light of day. Her figure is stout, and her weight is about 170 pounds.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Georgia Colonels Take Up a Row Begun by Their Sons in College Societies.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ATLANTA, Nov. 26.—There is great turmoil at the State University at Athens, which has extended to the parents of the pupils in other cities. This morning a dozen of the leading citizens of Atlanta, such as the Hon. W. A. Hemphill, Col. W. D. Ellis, Capt. Albert Howell, and others, met and resolved to stand by their sons and to withdraw them from the university if Chancellor Boggs should be persistent in his present disciplinary measures.

The trouble arose from a dispute between members of the rival secret societies, the Eta Chapter of Chi Phi and the Beta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. An article had been published in the Chi Phi quarterly of July reflecting upon the courage of the Beta men. The author of the article was found to be Mr. W. H. Pope of the Etas. He was assaulted therefor by several Beta men. This aroused the indignation of the Eta men, who met and by resolution assumed full responsibility as a body for the offensive article, and declaring "that any further satisfaction which may be demanded by you for said article shall be considered as addressed to the whole chapter, and shall be settled by the selection of one man from our chapter to meet, in a manner to be hereafter determined, some one from your chapter."

To this the Beta Chapter replied: "We, as a chapter, have shown Mr. Pope's article to be absolutely false. As to your endorsement of said article, beg to say that, having previously denounced said article, and having by personal encounter with the author emphatically expressed our disapprobation of the same, and considering your communication upon the subject unwarranted impertinence, we decline to take further notice, except to say that if any member of the Chi Phi fraternity has any personal ill feeling against any member of the Sigma fraternity, he can obtain satisfaction at any time he desires."

The answer to this was a challenge for the designation of members to fight to uphold the honor of the respective fraternities. A prize fight was the means suggested, which met with an indignant negative from the Chi Phis, who said:

"This chapter considers it beneath her dignity, unworthy of her high fame and inconsistent with her honor to engage by representative in a prize fight, even with such affable gentlemen as compose Chapter Eta."

This was followed by the publication in the newspapers of the entire correspondence, with the denunciations usual in such cases. The publication threw the parents of the State into an uproar. They were astonished that such bellygerence should take place right under the noses of Chancellor Boggs. The Chancellor at once singled out twenty members for expulsion, and finally satisfied himself with censuring and fining. He, however, ordered that the university should suspend their connection with the secret societies for six months. This they refuse to do, and will withdraw from the university first, in which act most of them will be sustained by their parents.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerbay will contribute largely to the coming musical season by a series of four historical piano and vocal recitals, beginning on Dec. 3. They will embrace different periods of song and piano literature, Mr. Kerbay starting with a Crusade song of the 11th century and adding thereto French and German troubadour songs of the 12th, 14th, and 15th centuries, and Italian songs of the 15th century. Mrs. Kerbay will illustrate a similar progress on the piano, beginning with Scarlatti. The second recital, which will be on Dec. 17, will be devoted to the classical school; the third, on Jan. 14, to the romantic school, and the last, on Feb. 4, will illustrate Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, and Brahms. No musicians are more able to carry out this interesting programme than Mr. and Mrs. Kerbay.

The season of grand opera in German at the Metropolitan opened auspiciously on Wednesday evening, with a performance of "Der Fliegende Holländer," and the initial representation of the series was followed Friday by the revival of "The Queen of Sheba," and by the repetition on Saturday of "The Flying Dutchman." From the impression produced by these three performances it may safely be predicted that the winter's work will be distinguished by an even excellence to which it has rarely heretofore attained. Since the Metropolitan was first given over to opera in German, it has boasted no such baritone-bass as Herr Reichmann; the worth of an artist that can be employed in the wide range of characters within the compass of his voice, and of a singer and actor, hat from all accounts, as well as from evidence already afforded, combines the vocal skill of the Italian school with the declamatory vigor of the German and the histrionic cleverness of the French, can scarcely be overestimated. The newcomers of the gentler sex, Fräulein Huhn and Wiesner, have also met with favor. Young and resonant female voices have seldom been heard of late at the Metropolitan, and of the new songstresses it may be said that they are not only gifted, but that they reveal intelligence, feeling, and no little experience, three attributes that have been missed in the *prima donnine* of the *giovin' principiante* order that have now and then been disclosed to the public eye. The familiar performers have returned in the best of form. Frau Lehmann-Kalisch shows as yet no falling off in enthusiasm or in vocal powers. Herr Fischer comes back refreshed and full of his old-time geniality, and Herr Perotti's genuine tenor has the welcome ring, recalling a glorious anti-Wagnerian past. When it is remembered that Herr Vogel, the Wagner singer of Europe, now that Herr Niemann has (temporarily, at any rate) retired from the field, will soon join Mr. Stanton's forces, of which but a portion has been referred to above, it will be conceded that the young Director starts off again with a capital equipment.

The programme of the Metropolitan for the current week promises representations of "The Queen of Sheba," "Don Giovanni," and "Il Trovatore." Goldmark's opera will be given Monday, Mozart's masterpiece Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, and "Il Trovatore" Friday. By including in the *repertoire* classical, modern, and Italian works Mr. Stanton addresses himself to music lovers of every stripe, with a most commendable indifference to the ravings of the ultra-Wagnerites that clamor for nothing but achievements of writers of the advanced school. That the public now and then desires something else was illustrated last season by the receipts of "Il Trovatore," which were but little below those garnered through the performances of the most successful of Wagner's music dramas. If modern audiences are really done with Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, their verdict will be rendered in such a fashion that these composers' names will never again reappear on the house bill. Thus far, however, it seems as though quite a liberal infusion of Italian and French music into the strictly German *repertoire* were by no means unwelcome. It is not worth while speculating upon the measure of attractiveness that "Goetterdaemmerung," for example, will have for music lovers in a quarter of a century hence, but it is certain now that "Il Trovatore," although a third of a century old, is still potent to draw a throng of listeners, and to move them to applause, in every opera house on the face of the globe.

The full cast of "Il Trovatore" is as follows: *Manrico*, Herr Perotti; *Count di Luna*, Herr Beck; *Ferrando*, Herr Schloesmann; *Leonora*, Fraulein Betty Frank; *Azucena*, Frau Sonntag-Uhl; *Inez*, Fräulein Miron. The rôles in "Don Giovanni" are assigned as follows: *Don Giovanni*, Herr Reichmann; the *Commander*, Herr Behrens; *Don Ottavio*, Herr Kalisch; *Leporello*, Herr Fischer; *Masetto*, Herr Schloesmann; *Donna Anna*, Frau Lehmann-Kalisch; *Donna Elvira*, Frau Sonntag-Uhl; *Zerlina*, Fräulein Betty Frank.

The revival of "Der Fliegende Holländer" has given rise, as usual, to comments upon the greater or less realism of the sea picture presented in acts I. and III. It is safe to say that no sea picture disclosed in an opera house ever approached naturalness. The ship scene in "L'Africaine" at the Paris Opera House has been cited again and again as a marvel, and yet, through its immobility, it utterly failed to create any illusion except among the most youthful of the spectators. A good many years ago a ballet was brought forth in the same theatre, founded on Byron's "Corsair," and in this the action was carried on on board a ship that foundered behind a gauze curtain, and left the tossing sea in full sight of the lookers-on. This episode, however, was little more realistic than its successor, as planned by Meyerbeer. It was reserved for the Boulevard playhouses to out-do the opera house, and, toward 1867, a melodrama acted at the Porte St. Martin was made memorable by a wonderful ship of fleet. In the second or third act of "La Fille de la Nuit," in which the very Fechter sustained the leading rôle, a full rigged vessel of liberal proportions sailed upon the stage and lay with its bowsprit overhanging the orchestra, rocking in the most natural manner for quite twenty minutes. The mechanism of the ship was devised by Raphael Félix, Rachel's only brother, and it worked to perfection. Later on a still larger vessel was used in a play called "Jean Bart," and, toward the same period, Géricault's famous painting of the "Raft of the Medusa" was reproduced at the Ambigu in a drama bearing the same title. But the endeavor to bring actors before an audience on a rolling and pitching hulk has never been essayed with singers, upon whose exertions even a suggestion of sea sickness would probably have a disastrous influence.

Many people here will remember Miss Kate James, a comely young soprano, whom Mr. Maurice Strakosch, always on the lookout for fresh and promising voices—especially when combined with good looks—discovered in the far West, brought to New York, and introduced to local audiences through the medium of the Wilhelmj concerts. Miss James afterwards sang in English opera under the name of Kate Von Arnhem, and it was subsequently rumored that she had married a wealthy and aged gentleman and retired from public life. Von Arnhem has been lost to sight for many years, but she has now come before the world in a new rôle, in which her face will once more be made familiar, though her voice may be hushed. She has embarked in the same line of business as Mrs. Ayar, and while her name is off the bills, probably for good, her counterfeit presentment, adorned with her signature, and the prefatory lines: "none genuine," &c., graces the windows of the principal drug shops.

Mr. Adolph Neuendorff has joined the Juch Opera Company in the capacity of conductor, and Mr. E. Behrens, who, to assist Mr. Locke, abandoned for a while his professional duties in Philadelphia, has resumed his critical work. With a very handsome acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Locke and the company of the value of his services.

In Monday afternoon's Sarasate-D'Albert concert at the Metropolitan Opera House Señor Sarasate will play Bruch's violin concerto in G minor and his own "Zigeuner Weisen," in which last florid and peril-studded composition the Spanish virtuoso should be at his best. The pianist's numbers are Beethoven's E major concerto and some less important pieces. The two artists will be heard for the first time in Brooklyn, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening.

The Arion Society will give a grand concert at its club house this evening. Fraulein Charlotte Huhn, one of the new artists of the Metropolitan, and Herr Fischer have been engaged as the soloists, and an orchestra, with the full chorus of the society, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Van der Stucken, are to take part in the proceedings. The programme arranged is a particularly varied one, the solos chosen being Liszt's "Mignon" and "Undine," by Fraulein Huhn, and *Leporello's* air and an arioso from Gumbert's "Undine," by Herr Fischer.

Only one operatic performance is to occur at the Amberg Theatre this week. This will eventuate in the language of Mr. Birch, on Tuesday evening, when Fraulein Donlin, Fraulein Riegel, and a new tenor bearing the romantic but not distinctively Italian name of Gorsky, are to be heard in "Martha."

There will be a concert of vocal and instrumental music at the New York College of Music on Tuesday evening of this week.

For the Sunflower.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The earnestness with which the merits of different flowers for a national emblem are just now being canvassed prompts me to urge the claims of the sunflower. It has many points in its favor, chief among which are its possibilities for artistic purposes. Being positive in form it can be rendered effectively in metals, stone, wood, paint, embroidery, &c., and in conventional forms for decoration. The colors of the flower are unvarying gold and brown, harmonizing with every other. Then, the sunflower grows with the splendor of a tropical plant, yet is hardy enough to be cultivated in the great zone of our country. It may be objected that Oscar Wilde brought disrepute upon the sunflower, and that the day of its favor has passed, but it has an intrinsic value of its own that must outlive any passing fashion, and give it a permanent place in the hearts of all of the chosen flowers of our country. F. A. F.

MONMOUTH, N. J., Nov. 25.

NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

The old-fashioned brilliancy of O'Keefe's clean-cut comedy, "Wild Oats," will find expression on Palmer's stage this week, with Charles Wyndham and his company in its characters. Virtually this once indispensable play is in utter neglect by the chief comedians of our day. Its revival by Wyndham will bring him forward as *Rover*, a role not at all new to him, however, and one that will enable his admirers to fully gauge his versatility. The one-act piece, "Trying It On," in which Wyndham will also appear, will precede the comedy. This is the final fortnight of the Wyndham engagement. The last week will be taken up with the American introduction of F. C. Burnand's frolicsome play, "The Headless Man," which Wyndham placed in his repertory not long ago. On Dec. 16 Richard Mansfield will play *Richard* for the first time here, and then we shall see a production of tragedy which has been freely and widely likened to an Irving spectacle in its completeness and its lavishness.

A spectacle quite new to town, "Kajanka," will be displayed at Niblo's this week. It is largely pantomimic, though there are some important speaking parts, and in scenic, mechanical, dancing, and specialty features it seems to follow the Kiralfy school. Early this season it was put into shape on the road by its projectors, the Miller Brothers, who are ex-circus men and present theatre owners in Columbus, Ohio. They have since toured it with encouraging results. Its presence on Niblo's stage is a guarantee that it is of large proportions, for nothing meagre in spectacle can endure production on those spacious boards. The subject is taken from Hindoo mythology, Kajanka being an enormous and ugly idol, dedicated to the Tirbankard, which the Janish devotees believe comes to earth once every 2,500 years for the salvation of men. The plot of *Beelzebub* to upset this good tradition by having an impish son inhabit the hollow body of the idol, and the defeat of the diabolical scheme by *Electra* furnish the thread of the story. Some credit in the authorship or arrangement is ascribed to G. D. Mallville, who is also the star juggler in the piece, and is recalled for an excellent success at Dockstader's a year ago. There are a quartet of dancers of the Gaiety school, a troupe of French acrobats, a lightning change performer, and other specialists, most of them new here. With these, and a promised show of fresh scenes, bright costumes, and any number of ballet and march movements, the new spectacle holds out strong inducements for playgoers at this holiday season. It is to be six weeks at Niblo's.

"Hands Across the Sea" comes back to town to-morrow with new managers to push its claims and give it an improved financial standing. Jefferson & Taylor, who are well to do and pretty sure in their ventures, have from the first believed that this sensational play was not properly introduced to the city. Since they acquired it by purchase they have made a number of changes in the dialogue and situations, though the main story is retained. Gentcher and Young have painted some new scenes, while the cast now has for its leading actress Edna Carey, who has been in all the Jefferson-Taylor successes. In this piece she is required to ex hibit her ability as an equestrienne for a brief, but very stirring spell. Gustavus Levick, who was in the Standard production, has retired, and W. G. Beach, late of "The Great Metropolis," fills his place. J. C. Buckstone, W. H. Wallis, R. P. Gibbs, and Lizzie Scanlan are also in the cast.

The venturesome Cleveland will move his big minstrel trust from the Grand Opera House to the Fourteenth Street to-morrow. This week will finish his consolidated experiment, and then his two troupes will separate to resume their respective tours. The result of their conjunction will, after all, put some money in Cleveland's pocket, for the Grand Opera House engagement has eclipsed all other weeks of large audiences at that spacious theatre; but, better still, the show has yielded to its auditors a fat dividend of pleasure, adding to Cleveland's reputation as a manager who is in touch with his public, and isn't afraid to please them, even at the risk of his pocketbook. Since an aggregation of burnt-cork players like his has never had an exact duplicate here, it is not improbable that the Fourteenth Street will be crowded all the week. The high-priced Emerson, the quaint Sweatnam, and Rice and Dougherty will have some fresh wit for their end selections, and there will be a complete change of soloists, ballads, dances, &c., besides. Even the double phalanx of Japanese performers will do new tricks and dances. Next week Annie Fixley will return to a week's engagement in their in warm favor, to revive "23, Second Floor," on the stage of its first city performance. The Mantell production of "The Corsican Brothers" is an assured thing for January.

Wild & Collyer's well-aimed enterprise, the new Comedy on Eighth street, appeals with some force to a great many theatregoers who like grotesque fun in a good form. This is always provided by Wild, who has a first-class companion and feeder in Collyer. Their farce, "Running Wild," is still being overhauled, and gradually it gains dash and infectiousness. It will be a really capital vehicle for its stars by and by.

Wilson Barrett has found a better response to "The Silver King" than to any other play in his repertory during his Fifth Avenue season thus far. His audiences last week were large and unexpectedly enthusiastic. His engagement has a fortnight longer to run. All next week Marie Wainwright and her company will rest in town, though they will not be idle, for they will daily rehearse in "Twelfth Night," which they are to present with much elaboration on Dec. 16. Miss Wainwright's essay as *Viola* is to be counted among the season's most important happenings.

Dockstader starts his series of operatic entertainments to-morrow night, with a comic work called "The Tallapoosa." It will not slavishly follow the accepted model in light opera, of course, but it will be nearer to the real thing than minstrel troops have ever gone before this. Dockstader himself will play a leading role, and George Marion, Clara Schoolcraft, Gus Mills, Barry Maxwell, and others of his company will help him. The female characters will be impersonated by Nora Vernon, Emma Mabella Baker, and little Edith Mason. There had been an earlier hint that the sensational Bettina Paddleford would be in the cast, but she has not materialized. Miss Vernon is George Marion's wife, and a clever actress with a good California reputation. A large chorus, new scenery, gay costumes, and other approved accessories of comic opera are promised. The minstrel company proper has been reorganized, and this week J. C. Taylor, a tenor once at the Casino, will be heard in the first part.

The last month of Barry and Fay at the Park will see them in one of their earlier and most popular bits, "Irish Aristocracy." It is not forgotten here, for the comedians have played it on several city stages, and it has been very well liked for its broad humor and its clever character sketches. But its revival will be of especial interest, following the triumph of "McKenna's Flirtation," and also as introducing in the Barry and Fay support the lively Jennie Yeamans, Kate Davis, Ross and Fanton, and other new comers, all of them good specialty people, who are likely to add merit to the farce.

The arrangement of plays at the Amberg will provide Possart on Monday in "Die Tochter des Fabricius" and "Unter den Siegel der Verschwiegenheit;" on Tuesday, the first appearance of Mr. Gorsky, as *Lionel*, in Flotow's opera, "Martha;" on Wednesday, Possart in "Friend Fritz;" on Thursday, Possart in the two Molière parts of "Der Geizige and Gelehrte Frauen;" on Friday, Possart, for the first time, in "Nathan der Weise;" on Saturday evening, the opera and pantomime, "Maria, the Daughter of the Regiment," and "Im Puppenladen."

With this week's performances at the Broadway the two months of Booth and Modjeska at that theatre will close. They will not be together next season, and doubtless never again after this year, so that there is an element of extra interest in their finishing appearances here. To-morrow night, at Saturday's matinée, and on Friday "The Merchant of Venice" will be repeated; on Tuesday and Thursday "Richelieu," on Wednesday "Hamlet," and on Saturday "The Fool's Revenge" and "Donna Diana." From tragedy then we shall have a radical transformation to the poetical dancing and the tortuous burlettas of the London Gaiety troupe, who come back minus Nellie Farren, but not without a good substitute, for Florence St. John is then to face a public that has long read of and looked for her. The comedian this time will be E. J. Lonnen, who is high in London favor, and the first play will be "Faust Up to Date." The Gaiety people will remain until Jan. 20, when Lawrence Barrett will come with "Ganelon."

It is likely that people who go to the Actors' Fund benefit at the Broadway on Tuesday afternoon will get good value for their money, so that any aspect of charity will be avoided in this entertainment. The volunteers are not of the kind that break their promises. Booth, Modjeska, the Kendals, Wilson Barrett, the "Shenandoah" and Lyceum Theatre companies, Conrad Ansorgex, the pianist, and Ernest Neyer's orchestra are set down for contributions, and there is thus a surety of an enjoyable time. The Fund is an eminently worthy institution, carefully conducted and based upon excellent principles. All the money it may realize from this benefit will be discreetly used.

"Siberia," the best enduring of Bartley Campbell's plays, is the Windsor's offering this week. A yearly visit to the east side does not wear out this drama's welcome, and this is some proof that its pictures of exile life are really powerful to an impressive degree. The present company is managed by Henry C. Kennedy, who has leased the piece for this year from T. B. Macdonough, who travelled with "Siberia" until he became almost wealthy on its profits. The cast now has at its head Eleanor Moretti, the daughter of Katherine Rogers, and a handsome and earnest young actress. There are others in the performance known to be competent players, among them Lizzie May Ulmer, who has starred a good deal in "69," and dramas of that type; Agnes Proctor, daughter of a veteran actor; Adolph Jackson, and A. C. Dallwyn. The scenes ought to be picturesque, for most of them are new. Next week the Windsor will have a brief return of "The Shadows of a Great City," which is as popular with the masses as ever. In a fortnight or so there will be a novelty on this stage in the first New York performance of "The Bells of Hazlemere," a melodrama by Pettitt and Grundy, once contemplated for the Broadway, and already recommended by London and Boston successes. Edwin H. Price, the former husband of Fanny Davenport, is taking it over the country.

In reverting to a long era of Hoyt farce the Bijou's manager acts with wisdom, for no entertainment has better pleased the Bijou's audiences than that provided in the several light pieces from Hoyt's pen. Two of the theatre's best successes have been accomplished with "A Midnight Bell" and a "A Brass Monkey"; and the last of these comes back to-morrow for a somewhat protracted engagement. The revival, it is promised, will be attended with fresh songs, new scenery, and other unfamiliar features; and there is to be a new *Jonah* in Reed's place, the stranger being Charles H. Drew, who, however, is not at all unknown to us in other productions, notably in light opera. Of course Flora Walsh, who is Mrs. Hoyt, will again be the fifteenth *Baggage*, and Tim Murphy, Alice Walsh, George A. Beane, Jr., Otis Harlan, George W. Leslie, Rose France, and other fun makers of Hoyt's old farces will be seen and heard again. To-night there will be another Cromwell lecture. The subject is "Switzerland, Our Sister Republic," and it is sure to be illustrated handsomely.

Cora Tanner is making all points of the city theatrical compass, as she often does, and there is a strong response to her calls. This week she takes "Fascination" to the east side People's, where she is certain to find sympathetic and loyal audiences, who remember her for her "Alone in London" triumphs and have accepted her as one of the best of their favorites. Her well handled and evenly composed support remains unchanged.

A week of pure comedy in "Bootles's Baby" will be an experiment worth watching at the new Harlem Opera House, where the most of the offerings have been of the serious type, in music or in drama. Kate Claxton's company come in from the circuits with some creditable comments, and they ought to get a warm welcome from up town playgoers, who can hardly have forgotten their Madison Square success last summer. The alterations in the cast have been slight. It includes Charles A. Stevenson, Charles W. Garthorne, Fred Tyler, Alfred Fallin, W. G. Regnier, Kenneth Lee, Vida Croly, Margaret Warthouse, Alice Leigh, little Gertie Homan, and the bright baby who was in the original production. The part formerly played by Kate Claxton will be assumed by Edith Crane, a pretty actress, who is new to the metropolitan stage.

To bring into further prominence its 100th performance in New York, "Shenandoah" will be acted at Proctor's Twenty-third Street on Tuesday night to the accompaniment of souvenirs. Howard's skilful and effective drama hardly needs extraneous aids like these, but if they do not visibly help they cannot harm its course, which is evenly successful. There are now hints that it may not leave Proctor's until later than the length even of its renewed contract.

"The Great Unknown" offers more than the usual fund of amusement to Daly's audiences, and so its degree of success is somewhat beyond even the ordinary measure there.

At the Casino for "Erminie" there is no variation in the size or the character of the audiences who are listening to the revival of that peculiarly perennial work. Pauline Hall's presence is a magnet, and that is one of the chief marvels excited by the reproduction.

Another triumph of a sort that causes wonder, though in a different way, is that achieved by "The County Fair," at the Union Square. All predictions that Barnard's comedy could hardly duplicate its first long run promise to be put to shame if the Union Square shall hold many more crowds like those it has contained of late. Nor is there anywhere an indication that Neil Burgess's art of mimicry as the New England spinster is losing its excellence in detail or its pungency in effect. It is altogether true and admirable. A series of Sunday night lectures at the Union Square by Donald Dowpie will be continued this evening, when "Japan" will be the subject. There will be illustrations.

The tale of "The Old Homestead's" life at the Academy is uneventful, being one of splendid audiences, of well-filled coffers, and of ceaseless approbation.

"Aunt Jack" and "A Man of the World" at every night performance and the Saturday matinée, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for the afternoons of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday make up an all 'round bill at the Madison Square that has power in its actors and worthiness in its material. It is little wonder that the theatre is filled all the time. "Aunt Jack" and Agnes Booth's merriment in it are bound to be all winter topics.

Frank Harvey's best liked domestic drama, "The Wages of Sin," a strong piece that has in recent years found more than one metropolitan endorsement, with excellent actors in its cast, is the revival at Jacobs's Third Avenue this week. The present company is one of Jacobs's own control, and it has some well-known players on its roster. Jacobs's public long ago found the piece of the pattern they like, and its visit cannot be in doubt. "A Legal Wreck" and the genuine Indian actress, Gowenge Mohawk, are soon coming to Jacobs's. Miss Mohawk was once here with a travelling company but she is now a star and has her own support. She plays a piece appropriate in title, at least, "The Indian Mail Carrier."

Dixey holds the favor of much of the town, and "The Seven Ages" will get to its 100th performance at the Standard by and by with a good share of glory. Then there will be a souvenir as rich and unique as can be devised, and some extra new things in song and wit to mark the occasion otherwise.

Daniel