THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

AN UNUSUAL NUMBER OF REMOVALS AMONG CURRENT PLAYS.

Twenty Minutes of War Drama at Proctor's with Mr. Stevenson as the Military Hero—The Circus That Mr. Doris Is Going to Open in Forty-second Street—Van Biene at Keith's.

More changes of bill have been made at the theatres this week than usual. In addition to the return to town of plays that are on tours, three current pieces have been shifted from one theatre to another, and three revivals have been made. Maude Adams and "The Little Minister" have been removed from the Empire to the Garrick, "A Stranger in New York" from the Garrick to Hoyt's, and "The First Born" from the Manhattan to the Harlem Opera House. Mr. Sothern has reproduced "An Enemy to the King" at the Lyceum for the evenings, and assigned "Lord Chumley" to the matinées. "The Geisha" is restored to its former place at Daly's, with some changes in cast and songs. "Oliver Twist" has been brought forward by the stock company at the Murray Hill with Nance O'Neill as *Nancy Sykes*. The new bills at the week-stands include "McFadden's Row of Flats" at the Grand Opera House, Katie Emmett in "The Waifs of New York" at the Columbus, Edward Harrigan in "The Grip" at the Third Avenue, and Sam Morris in "Old Money Bags" at the People's. Comic opera holds over at the Irving Place in "The Cooing Dove."

This is the last week of "A Bachelor's Romance," with Mr. Russell, at the Garden; "The Devil's Disciple," with Mr. Mansfield, at the Fifth Avenue; "What Happened to Jones" at the Bijou, and "The Belle of New York" at the Casino. "Cumberland '61" is finishing a month at the Fourteenth Street, and seems sure to reach a fiftieth performance before departing for other cities. "An American Citizen" and Mr. Goodwin at the Knickerbocker, "A Lady of Quality" and Miss Arthur at Wallack's, "The Idol's Eye and Frank Daniels at the Broadway, and "The Old Homestead" and Denman Thompson at the Academy are all likely to spend Thanksgiving Day where they are, and then go away. "The French Maid" will attain an uncertain age at the Herald Square.

Mme. Tavary and Herr Van Biene are contributors to continuous vaudeville at Keith's, Felix Morris and Charles A. Stevenson are at Proctor's, and Richard Harlow, Lydia Barry, and the Pantzer trio are at Pastor's. For the music halls are Anna Held, the Griffiths, and Alice Atherton at Koster & Bial's; John T. Sullivan, the Northerns, and Wood and Shepard at the Pleasure Palace; Vesta Tilley is the chief item of the variety show that prefaces "The Glad Hand," at Weber & Fields's; at Hurtig & Seamon's Harlem are Bessie Bonehill, Emma Carus, and the Judges. Huber's Museum has the "Georgia Magnet" as chief of wonders. At the Jonah the Fitzsimmons-Corbett prize fight is shown in vitascope pictures three times a day.

John B. Doris is again to direct a circus, not a travelling one, as in the days when his tented show was the third biggest in the country, but a resort here in New York city. He has rented the building numbered from 207 to 211 West Forty-second street, last used by the Arena Athletic Club for boxing exhibitions. This is now being altered, but since its last use had the performance right in the middle of the structure, the changes necessitated are but few. Where the ring for the sluggers stood there will be a regulation forty-two-foot circus ring. At the north of this are a few boxes, and from the four sides of the building tiers of seats slope to its centre, giving a seating capacity altogether of 1,200. The entrance for visitors is from Forty-second street, and that for horses and performers will be in the east wall. Space has been secured in the adjoining stable for the horses, and the dressing rooms are to be placed beneath the southern tier of seats. The building is but two stories high, and its girders hang so low that there would be little room for sensational flying trapeze specialties, but this is not considered a drawback, as the single ring and the displays that are always given in the sawdust circle are going to be made the chief features of the performance. Circus gymnasts and acrobats readily find winter employment in vaudeville, so their most sensational feats are soon made familiar. But enough of them will be employed at the new winter circus to secure variety in its performances, which will engage the finest ring riders in the business. The start is to be made on Nov. 20 and two shows will be given daily.

From being leading man in the company of Kate Claxton, his wife, Charles A. Stevenson has turned to be chief-of-support in the group of players that surrounds a tiny baby in "Prisoners of War." This new short play is current at Proctor's, whose bills describe it as a military comedy. Its scene is the headquarters of a Union General, a room containing a cot bed, an upholstered sofa, an oak chair, a cherry sideboard, and other apportenances of armory warfare. Through the open door are seen the tents and fires of the encampment, but there's an air of peace and harmony all about. Yet before any one has a chance to speak there's noise of firing. The General enters and confesses that his staff is nowhere to be found, they having been cut out of the cast as being too numerous for a twenty-minute play, though the General doesn't say that. So General and Sergeant talk matters over on an equal footing. One of the affairs of warfare thus conducted is the disposal of two prisoners, a young mother and her baby. The doughty General, because the woman will not reveal who she is, separates her from her child and locks her in a room by herself while he himself is hiding the infant. Then he is practically a prisoner himself, but the Sergeant relieves him by taking the child. He has chicks of his own at home and would like to hold this one. His heart is even so tender that he asks permission to hand the infant about among the privates, and so the babe is passed down a line of privates who are standing at rest. They are supernumeraries, not over sure of their muskets alone, and when it comes to dropping the bayoneted gun to one arm, taking on the other arm a twenty-pound baby and passing it to the next man in the file, theirs is a more serious trial than the serried ranks of the stage ordinarily experience.

Meanwhile Stevenson has been mentioned and been seen. He's a captain, suspected as a traitor, but really with a map of the enemy's position in his pocket, but he's not for a moment half a hero till he encounters the baby. Baby has the centre, too, when the curtain falls; Stevenson is there, but his secondary position is very plain, because he holds the baby. In all this the baby never whimpers, and it should be known that so far as handling the infant goes every man concerned is awkward. Even the Sergeant, he of a family at home, shifts her about as if he thought a helpful implement would be a pair of ice tongs. Whether the men acquire facility with practice or not they must learn to keep the wee face in sight. If the impression prevails that that white bundle is a dummy there'll be laughter in the wrong place. A real baby that will stand without a yip caresses like those a porter gives an over-weight trunk will carry off the play, remarkable as are its discipline and soldiering. Its author is not named. If it's Stevenson, he'd better get the statement into the programme. Author and leading man will perhaps be enough for him; he can't be the star of the show.

Mme. Tavary, Herr von Biene and a small black poodle are in direct rivalry at Keith's. The operatic vocalist sings "Home, Sweet Home," with variations that are new to the variety shows, whose warblers are not equal to them; and the 'cellist plays his airs in a way that the best of "teams" and "mokes" can't copy, and with a manner that for impressiveness defies all imitators. The poodle's selection is "The Last Rose of Summer," and his instrument a piano-like affair with tones resembling bicycle gongs somewhat subdued. In playing he turns his back to the audience, something that Herr von Biene has not done as yet. He sits on a piano stool, rests one paw on the moulding of his instrument and touches the keys with the other, changing the service of both paws according to the location of the needed key. His trainer faces him, beats time, and occasionally has to call his attention to an error. In the ballad, which he plays all through, his mistakes are in time only, and holding a note a bit too long is certainly excusable when striking the next one involves shifting his weight onto the paw just used and playing with the other foot. In a finale he is inclined to mix matters, and at each mistake makes a new start, completing it correctly at last and trotting off with tail wagging.

Though not musical, this dog's companions are an accomplished lot. Three little black ones are dancers for a time. They have comical costumes of bright silk and walk about in quadrille figures or whirl around in waltzes that are far from dreamy, resting between dances by squatting on their haunches and keeping their forepaws raised. This brilliant ball scene ends in a catastrophe. The dog in skirts trails a string behind her, and when this is stepped on by the trainer her dress slips off, and with hoop-skirt disclosed the dancer runs to the wings to hide her blushes. On a revolving table two of the dogs trot on their hind legs, keeping over one spot, but making their paws fly as fast as ever they can. On another table that is supplied with obstacles they do a steeplechase, and one dog has a spell of skipping rope. His trainers hold the cord, but he does the jumping rapidly, touching his hind paws only. Of all their apparatus, which is plentiful and remarkable for bright colors and gilt, the most singular is a double wheel that the dogs turn. One wheel is inside the other, the faces of each wheel being a foot wide and eighteen inches apart. Inside each wheel, at the bottom, and outside each at the top is a dog. When started the dogs near the axle crawl along leisurely, but the little chap on the outside has to gallop for all he's worth. Yet at the end he keeps up the gait while standing upright on his forepaws.

TWO INTERESTING CONCERTS.

Richard Hoffman Heard—The Appearance of Beumer.

Two concerts of interest and importance were given yesterday in this city, and at both of them Herr Anton Seidl was the conductor and his orchestra a prominent factor. The first of these performances was heard in Chickering Hall, the second in the large and handsome ballroom of the Astoria.

The afternoon concert was a pleasant one, remarkable for smoothness and a certain old-fashioned quaint style for which in great measure Composer Mendelssohn and Pianist Hoffman were jointly responsible. Mr. Hoffman played the charming concerto with which he had made his début before an audience fifty years ago and it can hardly be doubted that he played it as well, or even better yesterday than upon the first occasion, since there was little or nothing of technique or fluency left to wish for. A trifle more of light and shade of discrimination between solo passages and those of mere accompaniment to be kept in the background would have improved the rendering. Nevertheless it was exceedingly enjoyable and most creditable. It is rarely that an artist possesses for so long the constant favor of our public. Every mark of cordial favor was shown to Mr. Hoffman on this occasion.

For some time Mendelssohn's star has some what paled and his name has been conspicuously absent from programmes. Apparently his gentle spirit cared not to wrestle with so formidable a foe as the popular Richard of Beyreuth and he chose the better part of valor. But as stars in their courses circle round and reappear, so in due season comes once more the wordless songster, bright and refreshing, speaking of youth and joy and ease and certainties, with no doubts, no fears, no sadnesses, no strivings—all luxury, smiles, and ease. His Scotch Symphony has been played here twice now within a week, in commemoration of his death, which occurred fifty years ago at about this date, Nov. 4, 1847.

The "Norwegian Suite" of Ole Olsen formed by its modern methods and intensely descriptive qualities a decided contrast to the rest of the programme. The orchestra took much pains in the production of this gem among compositions. Nothing was ever more clever, certainly, than this perfect musical picture of "Northern Light." It is as graphic and impressive as that wonderful portraying of the phenomenon which Nansen shows his audiences with his stereopticon.

The Astoria concert introduced to New York the Belgian colorature soprano "cantatrice to the court of Holland." She is indeed a pure and perfect colorature singer, gifted by nature with a marvellous facility. If ever a voice deserved the commonplace name "birdlike," which is so often thoughtlessly and ignorantly applied to singers, Mlle. Beumer's is the one.

That she charms cannot be denied, but her charm lies solely in the decorations of her singing. She is not at her best in strictly colorature passages—in scales, arpeggios, trills, and in her echo, which though a trick and ventriloqual, yet is illusive, and the most thorough and distant ever offered us by a vocalist. There is a delicious sweetness in her tone at times; there are also many notes disagreeable to the ear, and a sub-stratum of hoarseness that bodes no good for the future. In fact, the voice has never been properly nor solidly placed, and although Mlle. Beumer sings with delicacy always and often with taste, especially in dainty French songs, yet there is a lack of high and keen intelligence in every rendering and a want of that mixture of heart-fire, high aspiration, and thoughtful consideration that marks the great, true artist.

Of excellent judgment and real enthusiasm Signor Gogorza displayed more than the prima donna. He sang the beautiful aria from "Le Roi de Lahore" "*Vieux charmer mon cœur amoureux*," and received a round of applause so spontaneous and genuine as to make evident the fact that then occurred the first genuine burst of the evening. It was most flattering, but also well deserved.

Mlle. Beumer sang an elaborate song by Massé with flute obligato, "Air du Rossignol," the first aria from "Sonnambula;" "Come per me," Masscnet's exquisite "Crepuscule" and Eckert's "Echo Song." But it was not Swiss, it was Parisian. There was not a breath of mountain air or of tonic freshness in the song. It was tropical, torrid, languorous and wrongly, therefore poorly, interpreted.

Mlle. Beumer cannot please. She will sometimes astonish, but she can never cause an extra throb in the pulse nor give a new idea in the realm of interpretation.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC COMING.

Famous Orchestra to Be Here Next Spring for a Concert Tour.

It was announced yesterday by Herman Wolff, the Berlin manager, that arrangements had practically been completed by which the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra would come to this country next spring for a concert tour. This is the famous orchestra which was brought to its present condition by Hans von Bülow, and it is to-day the most notable orchestra of Europe. Its last triumphs were won in Paris, where, in spite of the fact that the musicians came from the Prussian capital as well as the capital of the German empire, their success was great. The present director of the orchestra is Arthur Nikisch, well remembered here from his connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This will be the first time that an orchestra of this character has been brought from Germany in its entirety. The appearances of the orchestra in this country will be limited to a small number.

Nobody Has Bought the Olympia Yet.

Up to a late hour last night nobody had bought the Olympia. It is unfortunate that limited space prevents the publication of the list of actors and managers who offered to buy it. Their propositions are still coming in. Oscar Hammerstein went downtown to see his lawyers, Wise & Lichtenstein. They said that there was no change in the condition of his affairs and that his schedules would not be ready for several days. It is expected that by Thursday night the future of the Olympia will be settled. There was a story about last night that a syndicate of English capitalists had made an offer for the building, and expected to conduct it in connection with a London music hall. But that was very positively denied.

Yucatan Elects a New Governor.

MERIDA, Yucatan, Mex., Nov. 8.—The election for Governor of this State took place yesterday. Gen. Francisco Canton was elected Governor by a plurality. It is the first time in the history of this State that so quiet and orderly an election has been seen. The enthusiasm has been great, and everybody, even the opponents of Gen. Canton, are satisfied, for he represents honesty, prosperity, and peace, and stands for real democracy. The American colony is very well pleased, because of its many interests in this State. Gen. Canton is one of Gen. Diaz's friends and supporters.

Bettershall—Fiero.

ALBANY, Nov. 9.—Miss Maude Goodrich Fiero, daughter of J. Newton Fiero, now of this city but formerly of Kingston, and Fletcher Williams Bettershall, son of the Rev. Walton W. Bettershall, rector of St. Peter's Church, were married to-day. The bride was given away by her father. Dr. Frederick J. Cox was best man. The ushers were William Barnes, Jr., Harry Roy Sweny, R. V. De Witt Walsh, Henry Stevenson Walsh, Clifford B. Fiero, Dr. Henry S. Pearse, and Fletcher Williams, Jr. No reception followed the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Bettershall leaving the church immediately upon their wedding tour.

Sallinger—Hoffman.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Nov. 9.—The wedding of Albert Sallinger of New York and Miss Minnie E. Hoffman of Walden, Orange county, took place in the parlors of the Pallatin Hotel here this afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Stephen M. Wise, rabbi of the Madison Avenue Temple, New York. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the hotel.

Fiske—Ryder.

Miss Jennie Lawrence Ryder and Alexander Mott Fiske were married last night at the home of the bride's father, Dr. Thomas L. Ryder, Lexington avenue and Sixty-fourth street. Father Taylor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament performed the ceremony. Miss Grace Irene Ryder, the bride's sister, was maid of honor. There were no bridesmaids.

Designs for the Academy of Design Building Submitted.

The competitive designs for the proposed new building of the National Academy of Design, at Morningside Heights, were filed yesterday in the office of the academy, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. The competitors are George B. Post, Henry J. Hardenburgh, Babb, Cook & Hilliard, Carrere & Hastings, Edward Pearce Casey, and Ernest Flagg. Each of them will receive $500, and from the designs the committeemen will select the successful competitor, although they may not adopt the design he submitted. The committee will meet on Thursday afternoon to consider the six designs and make a selection.

THE WRECK OF THE SOCIAL

MISS MARIE HOWE THROWS LIGHT ON THE PURPOSE OF HER TRIP.

Capt. Lord, She Says, Took a Theatrical Party on a Trip to Spanish-American Ports—He Sailed on Sept. 29 and Miss Howe Expected to Join Him at St. Thomas About Dec. 10.

If it be true, as reported at this port on last Saturday, that the schooner yacht Social was wrecked off the island of St. Croix, West Indies, in a gale on Oct. 23, then the story told yesterday by Miss Marie Howe of 36 Van Siclen avenue, Brooklyn, is not uninteresting. Until Miss Howe told her story, little that was satisfactory could be learned about the passengers, officers, and crew of the yacht. It was known that the yacht had been bought of Capt. Charles C. Terry, a dealer in scrap iron at 41 Railroad avenue, Brooklyn, by a man who said his name was Lord, and that he was a native of Connecticut. The sale was made early in September, and the price was $100. At the time Lord acquired the boat she was lying dismantled on the beach at Port Jefferson, L. I. She had been condemned and Terry having taken everything of value from her, he had hauled her upon the beach to rot.

After Lord bought what was left of the Social he refitted her and sailed for the West Indies in the latter part of September. According to one report, Lord took with him a crew of five men, according to another only two were in the crew, and according to a third story, Lord was a friend of a revolutionary party in one of the Central American republics, and had sailed from Port Jefferson with a cargo of arms and ammunition for the revolutionists. That was all that was known about Lord or the cruise of the Social until the Brooklyn woman came forward with her story.

Marie Howe is a skirt dancer. She prefixes Miss to her name, although she confesses to having been married and to having two grown sons. She says she has reached a time in life when an engagement with a regular theatrical company entails harder work than she cares to undertake. She therefore confines herself to dancing at such times and places as suits her convenience. To a SUN reporter yesterday afternoon Miss Howe said:

"You want to know something about the Social, which, you say, has been wrecked. How do you know she has been wrecked? What I know about the yacht is this: Capt. Lord bought her for the purpose of making a trip through the West Indies. He wanted to take a congenial party with him. He invited me to go along, and I accepted. I have known the Captain for years, you know. We were talking one day about the stage, and Capt. Lord said there was money to be made in the theatrical business in Spanish America. I didn't see why, if there was money to be made down there, why we shouldn't make it, and told him so. Then he proposed that we take a company down on the yacht.

"I agreed to the proposition, and then we began to advertise for members of the company. We got in answer to one advertisement a little Spanish lady, whose name I have forgotten, and who lived in Thirty-fourth street. In answer to another advertisement we got another woman who was a song and dance artist. These two were selected with my approval. I was going to teach each of them a specialty. The one who was not Spanish was a little woman, and she was to impersonate Cupid in an act with me. I was to take my calcium light machines and all the paraphernalia of a skirt dancer along with me. In selecting the crew the Captain made the particular point that each man should be able to do something on the stage. He finally found at Port Jefferson four men who could sing or play, and these were to furnish the music at our performances.

"The sailing date was fixed for Sept. 29. The plan was to visit the principal cities of Central America and play one or more nights, according to the number of Americans in the town. The more Americans, the longer we intended to stay. In the spring we were going to sail up the Pacific coast and fetch up at St. Michael, Alaska. On Sept. 29 I had a date to dance up the State. I could not well cancel it, and so I told Capt. Lord that I would join him later. He told me that he would wire me when to join him at St. Thomas.

Capt. Lord and the rest sailed away and I went up the State. I expected to join the yacht about Dec. 1. I have just returned to Brooklyn. I wanted to make this public, because I didn't want the public to think that Capt. Lord is a filibuster. He wouldn't sneak away with munitions of war. If he wanted to help a country struggling to throw off the yoke of oppression he would do it openly, the same as I would."

"Now, tell us something about Capt. Lord," suggested the reporter. "Where did he come from, what's his first name and what's his business, if he isn't dead?"

"I always called him Capt. Lord," was the reply.

"What was his baptismal name?"

"I never asked him."

"How did he sign himself?"

"I never saw any other signature than 'Yours truly, Lord,'" replied Miss Howe. I think I have seen his name printed, though, as Richard Lord and, possibly, John R. Lord."

"Where was his home?"

"Really, I couldn't say. I think, though, that he had spent a good deal of time around New London, Conn."

"What business was he in?"

"He hadn't been in any business for some time. He had, until about a year ago, been engaged in the Central American trade. He had been down there most of the time for ten or eleven years. He traded principally in coffee and made a large amount of money."

"When he wasn't in Connecticut, where did he live?"

"In New York, but I don't know where. He went down to Port Jefferson early this summer. He wanted a pleasant place to stop for the summer."

"When you advertised for members of your troupe did you specify what each one would be expected to do?"

"We first advertised in August for a woman who could speak Spanish who would take a trip on a yacht. The woman who lived in Thirty-fourth street—I can't remember her name, or whether she lived in East or West Thirty-fourth street, except that it was away out—answered the advertisement. She told me she had ridden a bicycle in the streets of Havana. I thought if she had cheek enough for that she would do to go on the yacht. I promised to teach her a specialty. The other woman—I don't remember her name or where she lived, other than that she lived in New York—answered an advertisement which simply called for a woman to go south on a yacht. I learned when I met her that she could do a song and dance. She was small, I remember, and light, and that's what I wanted, as the other woman was dark."

"Did Capt. Lord have any family or relatives?"

"I cannot speak of Capt. Lord's family. If he is dead it will all come out. He left a will, and I suppose his relatives, if they care to, will come forward to claim his estate. Until then I can say nothing."

"How do you know he left a will?"

"Oh, surely a man would not go off on a trip like that without making a will, would he?"

"Was he a man of large means?" asked the reporter.

"He was very well off. He made a great deal of money."

"Why did you question the loss of the Social a little while ago?" Miss Howe was asked.

"Oh, because Capt. Lord was a very good sailor. I don't believe he is drowned."

"Where were your engagements to dance that called you away from Brooklyn just before the Social sailed?"

"Away up the State, it doesn't matter where. But I have talked too much already. If you write anything just say that I couldn't remember anything about Capt. Lord. That's the best way to do."

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 9.—There is only one Lord here, an attorney, who does not know of Capt. Richard Lord or Capt. John R. Lord. James Lord, a retired mariner, is now a farmer near Stonington.

NEW YORK GARDENERS' SHOW.

A Splendid Exhibition of Rare Flowers to Be Given at the Astoria.

The floral exhibition of the New York Gardeners' Society, in aid of the Loomis Sanitarium for Consumptives, will be held at the Astoria on Nov. 12 and 13. The officers of the society are John Shore, Harrison, N. Y., President; Robert Angus, Tarrytown, Vice-President; William Anderson, Mamaroneck, Treasurer, and John M. Hunter, Hempstead, Secretary. The list of patronesses is headed by Mrs. Astor, and includes Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Flower growers from nearly every State in the Union will be among the exhibitors. Green roses, a novelty from England, will be exhibited for the first time in this country, and there will be plants, trees and shrubs from South America, Egypt and India. The exhibition of orchids will be especially fine.

The judging will be based upon the society's rules. The regular prizes will be, first, a silver medal, and second, a certificate of merit. A number of special money prizes have also been offered.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

New Works of Art in Sculpture and Painting.

There are not so many people as there ought to be in this town who know what a fine place the Metropolitan Museum is. On Sundays it is crowded with sightseers, but there are few among them whose knowledge of art is more than of the most elementary sort. As for the well to do, who buy pictures sometimes themselves, they do not generally appreciate the fact that the collections in our museum compare very favorably with those in some of the most celebrated galleries in Europe. They go abroad to see things that are no better than those we have here, and those they see abroad they remember and talk about. It would be good for our progress in all art matters if not only a select few, but all our people, understood how excellent are the things that may be seen any day at the museum. The autumn reopening this year shows some very valuable acquisitions made since last spring. One of the bronzes presented by Henry G. Marquand may be safely set down as one of the finest things of its kind in the world. It is a four-wheeled chariot drawn by two lions, bearing the goddess Cybele enthroned. It is shown in gallery 25 along with the interesting bronze statue of the Emperor Publius Septimus Geta and the statuettes and other art objects in bronze presented by the same generous donor. The chariot was found in the neighborhood of Rome. The whole group is about three feet long and is in a good state of preservation. The color taken on by the bronze in the lapse of centuries is beautiful in the extreme. The figure of the goddess Cybele may be criticised, for it is rather squat and clumsy, without distinction of bearing. But it is well proportioned in its relation to the rest of the group and fills well its important part as an element in the composition. The chair on the chariot and the wheels are admirable. They are conceived and executed with an art feeling that shows individuality and the genuine stamp of a period as well. But the chief beauty in the group lies in the lions. These are magnificent. Their splendid heads and manes, conventionalized after the manner of the period to which they belong, their strong and stately bodies and their long tails give an impression of power and nobility that is only received from great works of art. It must be borne in mind that the group is decorative, not naturalistic, and it is in this sense that the comparative weakness of the figure of the goddess counts for less than it would were the figure the sole motive in the composition. All things considered, here is a bronze group that is as fine as anything else in its class to be seen anywhere and one that by its own merit ranks as one of the most interesting possessions of the museum.

It is a good thing for us that the Boston Public Library people were so blind to the claims of art pure and simple that they decided that they could not with propriety place "The Bacchante," by Frederick Macmounies, in their courtyard. Mr. McKim has presented it to the museum, and there it stands on its handsome pedestal to please and educate the visitor. It may be very well seen in its present position, and there is no fault to find on that score. It is pertinent to remark, however, that this particular figure was modelled by the sculptor with a decorative emplacement in view. If it could be set up in a pretty courtyard or at the end of a formal alley its beauties would appeal more directly to the spectator than they do in the cold hall of sculpture where it now stands. The first Bacchante was exhibited at the Salon six or seven years ago, and was promptly gobbled up by the French Government with the purchase money that is annually voted for the acquisition of works of art. They know what is good, do the buyers for the State in France. The Bacchante now stands in a niche in the west façade of the Luxembourg, and as you walk through the garden you may see it there. The replica, or the second Bacchante, was modelled by the sculptor exactly like the first one, except that the treatment is a little less concise, as befits its decorative purpose, and there is the same charm in the lithe figure, the same merry, healthfully gay expression in the head. The figure is not at all strongly sexual, and with its graceful lines and delicately modelled contours produces an impression of refined simplicity. It is delightful art and good art. Let us hope that the commotion raised about it in Boston will not long be remembered, and that it may be seen and judged here by unprejudiced eyes. No one who cares for what is spirited and beautiful can fail to be charmed with it.

Most notable among the new gifts of pictures is the portrait of Mr. Marquand by John S. Sargent. It is hung in Gallery 13 to the right of the large picture by Lerolle, "The Organ Rehearsal," and forms a pendant to Bonnat's portrait of the former President of the museum, John Taylor Johnston. Comparison between the two portraits is invited by these positions, and a comparison is not entirely to the advantage of the French master. But it must be remembered that when the representative of the trustees of the museum asked M. Bonnat to paint Mr. Johnston's portrait he refused on the ground that he was too busy and was at the time compelled to have sittings beginning at 7 in the morning in order to keep up with his promised work. The Duc d'Aumale was one of his sitters then and had to take his turn at the matutinal hour. But when M. Bonnat heard that the portrait was for our museum he said he would find time to paint it anyhow, and he did. But it is not one of his best works nor even a representative one. The Sargent, on the other hand, is one of the cleverest canvases he has ever painted. It is a remarkable likeness and it is painted with astonishing freedom. The sitter is dressed in black and is seated on a chair with the left arm resting on a table, the head resting on the hand. The right arm is thrown over the back of the chair. Back of the figure there is a grayish-green curtain. These are sober notes, but what has this wonderfully gifted painter done to give a distinctive note to his color scheme? He has done something that no "official" painter of Presidents or other dignitaries would ever have thought of doing. He has seated his figure on a white chair! If it sounds queer in the description it does not look so in the picture. We are convinced as we look at it that no other kind of a chair would have served the purpose. Though it has a back of striped silk, it is as sober as the quiet coat of gray-black. To point out the skilful painting of the head and hands, to mention the characteristic expression of the eyes and mouth, to extol the art that has made everything in the picture keep its relation to every other part, is but to say that in certain particulars the portrait is worthy of the highest praise. But after all, the best praise is that it is the portrait of the man as his friends see him, and that it could not be better. Over and above this, as a piece of painting it is a very remarkable Sargent.

The friends of the late Homer Martin, an individual and sympathetic painter of landscape, have made an excellent choice in the work they have bought to present to the museum. It is hung in Gallery 2 and is called "View on the Seine." It is a synthetic composition and was painted in 1895 from studies made in the region where the motive of the picture is placed. The color scheme is in the main a harmony of blues and tawny yellows. The elements are a sort of bluff on the river bank to the left, a row of very tall, slender trees in the middle distance, reflected in the water, and the sky and the river itself. It is a most satisfactory example of the painter's work and a beautiful picture. The children of the late William Hart, another well-known painter of the American school, have likewise made a good choice from among the pictures of landscape and cattle left behind by the artist. It is in Gallery 2 and bears the title "Scene at Napanoch." The painter was a native of Scotland. In the same room is a new Gilbert Stuart, lent by the owner, not a purchase or gift. It is a fairly good one, and is a portrait of Commodore Isaac Hull.

The Catherine Wolfe collection contains many good pictures, but not a few are by painters who are out of fashion for the time being, if not for good. With the funds accumulated in the past year the trustees have purchased a picture which has been added to this collection and fits in well with the others. It is "The Sheepfold," by Jacque (Charles Emile), and was painted in 1867. Jacque died three years ago, and it is well to have in the museum an example of the work of a painter who won a high reputation in his field of art. It is not one of his pictures which are painted in a cool key, but is decidedly warm both in lights and shadows. It is not the sort of Jacque that figures in most collections, but it is a very good one, and in itself a pleasant picture without much positive individuality.

A TALE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

MME. SEBELLOTTE'S STORY OF HER MARITAL WOES.

One Husband Now in New Caledonia for Abducting a Young Girl from France—The Second Put Under Bonds Yesterday by Magistrate Hedges Because He Tried to Kill Her.

Mme. Louise Sebellotte of the dye shop at 2147 Third avenue and Berly, her fat little dog with the long ears and the short legs, are both very happy. For did not M. le Juge d'Instruction Hedges speak severely to Sebellotte, the brutal husband of madame, and tell him once, twice, and even three times that if madame once more made complaint that he was troublesome to her, pouf! and Sebellotte would go, instantanément, to the prison on the island—as he had been three times before for his shocking misbehavior to madame. This time, besides the imprisonment, he would forfeit 5,000f., which M. le Juge exacted as bonds for the good behavior of the brute. Ah! a gallant homme is M. Hedges of the Harlem Court.

Madame is not pleased that the newspapers should print the story of the wickedness of Sebellotte and of the foolish fondness of her own heart for one who although beau is so wicked.

"What is this country," she exclaimed, "that there is no law for the newspapers? True, it was in court. That which is of the court is also of public record, and so the newspapers may do as it pleases them. But M. Hedges! Ah, he is *un honnête homme*."

If the story must be told, by all means let it be told as it happened, Mme. Sebellotte finally concluded, for lies would injure the business of dyeing and cleaning, while the truth would rouse sympathy for the wrongs of madame from the monster. So let M. le reporter write her story while Berly, the dog, bounces up and down upon his stumpy legs until at last he scrambles into the lap of madame. Let François, who is no relation to madame, but merely a friend, stand in the doorway, where he may cool his anger—hot under the recital of madame's wrongs—and where, when he shakes his fists, he may break no show cases. As for Gabrielle, the girl, let her be busy with the books and packages and the customers, if, perchance, customers should come to one so disgraced as was madame by her bad husband, M. Louis Claude Sebellotte, gentilhomme. The father of madame was an officer in the army of France. A General? Perhaps; or a Captain or a sergeant or a corporal. Who cares? An officer, anyway, commissioned or not. In 1873, when madame was a young girl—ah, so very young—her father went to Burgundy with the army. There also were the rich physician, Dr. Sebellotte, and his son Louis Claude, who was doubtless a scamp then, but how was a jeune fille to know?

Here Berly yelped because his ear was tweaked savagely. François also exclaimed in anger and ground his teeth.

After some time—perhaps a year, perhaps five, perhaps a week (who cares for time when one is young and foolish; oh, so very foolish)—the father of madame went back to Paris. Thus, for that time at least, the child Louise was saved from the villian. For even then she would have married him. After all, he was handsome; he was tall, and he had a black mustache. He is handsome still, for that matter. Madame sighed at this point. But he stayed in Burgundy. Louise was as beautiful as she was young then—and it was proper for her to say so now that she was so changed. (M. le reporter must remember that he was there to listen and not to tell lies to a poor old woman who was overwhelmed with trouble.) Her father brought it about (so that she was married to Le Piem. He was another.

Berly squeaked again. François pulled at his mustache until three hairs came out, to his great concern. Gabrielle sniffed and dabbed her eyes with her apron.

Le Piem came to America. Madame came with him, for was she not his wife? And when he did not find occupation in America madame taught French in a convent to earn money to buy their dinners. M. le Piem would have made a good reporter, madame thought. He had such wonderful dreams! Ha! ha! ha! But that was only a joke. He had not brains enough in his empty head; he was not wise enough to be a reporter. Ah, no! His eyes, they were blind except to see silly girls. In a year Le Piem—his full name? really he was not worth it, but it was Eugene François Le Piem—went back to France to attend to the settlement of his mother's estate. His mother, femme fortunée, had died. Le Piem came back; of legacy he brought but little. He brought something far more precious. His friend Lazard, the Commissary of Police of Brussels, had intrusted his daughter, Leonée, to M. le Piem. She was but 15. Beautiful? Yes, but sotte. M. le reporter should hear. Lazard, so Le Piem said, desired his daughter to be placed in a convent. But to madame, and especially to her husband, it seemed that, as Leonée was so despondent and unhappy, it was a pity to put her in a convent so soon. At last madame, who was always too kind-hearted and unsuspicious, saw in the fullness the wickedness of Le Piem. She learned that it would have been far better for Leonée had she been put in a convent before she met Le Piem. It was very sad. Le Piem seemed quite distressed. Madame was beginning to be sorry for the man. She was thinking of not speaking so angrily to him, when all of a sudden he betook himself back to La France, leaving Leonée to mourn and madame to laugh.

François now dabbed at his eyes with one corner of the apron of Gabrielle, while Gabrielle used the other corner. Even Berly looked at his mistress admiringly. Was ever any one so brave as Madame?

When Le Piem reached France, his friend, the Commissary of the Brussels police, had him popped into jail. For M. le reporter must understand that Le Piem had lied—he was always a liar—when he said that Leonée had been sent to America to enter a convent. On the contrary, Le Piem had stolen the silly child from her poor father.

Madame, who, grace à Dieu, had no children to share her misfortunes, went to St. Augustin, Canada, and taught in a school. She was so happy there! There were no men. Not for two whole months. Then to her, happy, ah! far too happy, came Sabellotte. Handsome still, he was, and with plenty of money. So, since Le Piem, under twenty sentences of imprisonment dead, she married Sebellotte. Yes, she did it. No one made her. She was just fool enough. And how was she to know that Sebellotte had proved a black sheep and been bribed by his family with an allowance to leave France? They came to this city and opened the dye shop in Third avenue.

For sixteen years they lived there until Maman came. Poor Maman! She died six months ago for grief. That is why madame is in mourning now. For poor Maman, who died of grief caused by the wicked Sabellotte. One time Maman spoke of Le Piem, who was in prison because of his dear friend, the commissary's daughter, and Sabellotte became wild with jealousy.

Madame, to save complicated explanations, had told him that Le Piem was dead. And so he was to her at least. Did M. le reporter ask whether they had been happy for all the sixteen years? No! never! never! Not for one day or one hour had he been good to her.

Always angry; always lazy; always insulting. Now, since the unfortunate return of Maman, he was worse, much worse. In September she received a post card telling her that Le Piem was to be transferred to the penal settlement in New Caledonia.

Then did Sabellotte become quite insane. He was not even handsome any longer, he was so fierce. He took the pistol, the razor, the knife, and the great club to bed with him at night, threatening to kill madame if she tried to run away from him. One night, it was Sept. 22, they tell madame now, but really she does not remember the unhappy day, he chased her to the roof. Doubtless he would have slain her, and eaten her, too, had she not slammed the scuttle in his face. She sat upon it until the morning. It was very cold, but fortunately no one saw her there.

At any rate, her life was saved. She went to the police. Sebellotte had fled to France. Since then, with her friends about her, things had not gone badly.

François lifted his chin from his breast and ceased to glare at the floor. He even smiled.

Alas! Last Sunday Sebellotte, the fiend, came back. He brought 10,000 francs and two canary birds. He gave the canary birds to madame and told her how he loved her. He did not give her the 10,000 francs and she told him to go away. He would not leave.

Then did she go to M. le Juge d'Instruction, le bon M. Hedges. He heard her story, and he told Sebellotte to beware. He was stern. He ordered that the brute be locked up until he furnished 5,000 francs bail that he would behave.

"As for the birds," concluded Mme. Sebellotte, "they are upstairs. All else that he has given me it is in a trunk, that it may be returned. But the birds—poor little birds!—they cannot be put in the trunk, ha! ha! ha! Whatever you say of me, M. le reporter, say I was good to the birds, that I did not put them in the trunk."

Senator Lodge Would Purchase the Danish West Indies.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 9.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in a speech last night before the Allston Neighborhood Club, openly expressed his hostility to the scheme to annex Cuba to the United States, but announced his intention of supporting the annexation of Hawaii. Senator Lodge also advocated buying the Danish West Indies.

"They are going to be sold to some nation before long," he said. "If we don't get them some other nation will, and then I fear the great American people will rise up and object, and then there will be trouble."

Returning South.

The Vicksburg and Shreveport sleeping car lines have been resumed, and passengers are now returning home by the Shenandoah Valley Route. Office, 457 Broadway.—Adv.

ORNITHOLOGISTS' CONGRESS.

**The American Union Meets at the Museum of Nat