AMUSEMENTS.

BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE

Thursday Evening, May 5, '87.

JAMES E. MURDOCH

ADMISSION: 25c and 35c. Reserved Seats, 50c, on sale next Tuesday at Pierce's.

A CLOSE CALL.

"Cabriolet" Has An Awful Experience In an Abyssinian Tonsorial Joint in This City.

A Mulatto Assailant and His Cool Desperation—An Every-Day Experience Graphically Told by a Victim and a Sufferer.

It is not offer that I respond to an encore of any one of my articles, but the following sketch appeared in a paper of which I think not a single copy is now in existence, and I tautologize it today at the request of several friends, whose names I cannot at this moment recall. It was written away back in the early days, before my name had become a household and barn-yard word. Here it is:

There were twelve men ahead of me the other day in the white barber shop where I have my features peeled and I was in a big hurry. In a moment of recklessness which will always loom like a specter in my holy past, I went into a colored shampoo joint on High street, and indicated by an expressive gesture that court was in session.

My assailant was a young mulatto of about 22, with a breath eloquent of a recent "straight" and a wild attempt at a shirt that ought to have been staked off and surveyed by an engineer under the existing land laws.

On reflection, I believe that shirt was almost unfit for publication. There was a general air about it that betokened the alien to the laundry. An embrandt sketch in ambier ornamented the bosom, a breakfast egg was blooming like a memory on the left cuff, and the sleeves were more or less implicated in a scheme to look like a war map. There hung about the garment a vague and indescribable odor in which faded smells of "goose grease," bay-rum, perspiration and other sweets of a barber shop mingled in a bewitching bouquet that would have almost turned a grindstone, to say nothing of a stomach. I don't want to speak disrespectfully of this young hair-amputator, but he stood in need of a change of linen and a bath as many as several.

I threw myself in the chair, extended my legs so that my feet were lost in dim perspective, laid back my head until the "Adam's apple" overlooked the nose, and told him to deal gently with the erring one. By the way, my face is as tender as a chicken,s, and bleeds almost if you look at it. I attempted to convey this idea to the gentleman with the superhuman shirt. He said "yassah," and fished a fly out of the hair-oil without looking at me. Then he tucked a towel with an early history down my neck, tickled a piece of yellow soap in a bowl till it frothed, and then began to lather me with an abandon that ch ra terizes a small boy, a bucket of whitewash and eighteen yards of six-foot fence. He daubed it on to my features until it got up my nose and down into my throat. Finally I gurgled "time," and decided the round in his favor. I explained to him that I did not come in to get my palate shampooed, as he seemed to think, but simply to get shaved. He liked this piece of humor. He opened his mouth to a degree such that I got a good insight into his disposition and character. He evidently appreciated fun, for he mopped me off with a napkin and commenced to encore the whole proceeding with added enthusiasm.

I said to him that I would lather he wouldn't get any soap on my collar. A moment later I regretted the speech, for it simply called his attention to that unfortunate article of my apparel. Otherwise it might have escaped his designs, and got off easier. As it was, he slapped lather upon that poor frail neck-fence until it was reduced to a pulp, and clung to my neck for protection in a way that was pitiable. Still, the young man with the remote shirt, piled soap on my pale, high-bred face. I closed my eyes, muttered a prayer, thought of my past, and resolved to die like a man and a Christian.

Finally he took hold of my nose, between his scented thumb and fore finger, stuck his inferior digit into my eye and turned my head to one side. Then he pulled out a razor, waved it threateningly over an obsolete suspender that hung dejectedly from the chair, chased a fly off my nose and into my mouth, and began to pair off my outer epidermis.

There was no referee but it was not over two minutes before first blood was declared for his side. He had paused a moment to gaze admiringly at his reflection in the looking-glass, and had sliced a cutlet off of your humble servant.

Now, if there is one thing I stand in horror of, it's the liquified conflagration known as bay rum. It sets me on fire to think of it, and its application to my skin is as pure a torture as being burned at the stake. When I saw my friend make a feint at the bay rum bottle, I came near making a faint myself, but I said with as firm a voice as possible:

"If you please, don't put any of that stuff on me. It smarts."

He laughed a little and said in a pleasant, easy tone, "'Sall right, boss. Heaps o' gemmen think that it hu'ts, but it doesn't. 'S only 'magernation." Then he coolly, and with the utmost *bonhomie*, rubbed a handful of the hideous stuff into the raw wound. A cold shiver ran down my spine and transfixed me. My teeth locked with pain, and the cold sweat stood out on my forehead. But the latter was artistically lathered, and it didn't show, for which I was grateful. I felt I was going to faint.

"Does hu't you, donnit?" the barber asked sympathetically. "Yo face is awful tendah. I'll fix that in a minut, yo sell don'"—and may I never draw another breath of salary if he didn't pick up a rough, jagged lump of alumn and go to rubbing in the bleeding gash with the sharpest point of it.

I yelled right out in meeting. By this time the jugular vein or the radial artery of some of my hygienic parts had been severed and I was bleeding like a punctured porker, and the lather on my face was turning a warm, sensuous hue that made it look like pink ice cream. I said I guessed he might try a s ive or two off the other side; perhaps it wasn't so rare on that side. He smiled, rasied me up by the left ear, and did as I suggested. My head fell with a dull thud. I took particular notice of this point. it was the only genuine case of thudness that I have met this season.

We had better success on this side. My right cheek is rather tougher than my left, owing to the fact that it gets more open-air exercise. The barber scraped the fuzz off my chin and jaw, cut off a mole that he didn't approve of, shaved away such portion of my eye-brows as he didn't need at present and then commenced to lather my eye and temple industriously.

I said to him to please hurry. I had an engagement with a man who was just leaving Chicago for this city, and at this rate there was danger of his being kept waiting at the depot here. He smiled with appreciation and commenced to peel off the superior maxillary muscle.

There I drew the line. I told my assailant I believed I didn't care to be shaved that day, and anyhow it was a pity to mar the sculpturing he had already done. I got him to mop the lather and gore off my face, thanked him and feebly rose to go. He actually had the endurance to ask me as, I tottered to my feet:

"Don' you want yo hair trimmed today, sah?"

I answered no, that I didn't. I would wait till the fall fashion plates came in, to see what to trim it with—whether old point or slashed mull. He looked hurt at this sarcasm, but he got even with me, for as I staggered out and looked around for an ambulance he yelled after me:

"Better wait awhile, sah, de boss 'll be in aft' while. I'm only a man he lef' here while he went out. I just are learnin' de business. I'ster clean fish for a livin'. Come ag'in." CABRIOLET.

IN A BUSINESS WAY.

Points from the Merchants Interesting to Republic Readers.

Parrish, on Market street, received the first Tennessee strawberries this morning, forty cents a quart, but they are nice. About the 10th of May strawberries will be plenty and cheap.

The Springfield Seed company opened their soda fountain today, and disposed of over 3000 glasses of the moist goods.

McLaren Bros., the dry goods men, are doing a good business and sell goods at one price, marked in plain figures.

W. H. Schaus is now in the queensware business alone and has a splendid stock of fancy and staple goods. His store is at 44 south Market street, and his "ad" appears in today's REPUBLIC.

Mme. King's millinery store on south Limestone street is a fashionable resort for stylish ladies who wear elegantly trimmed hats. Mme. King's taste is exquisite, and therein lies her success, in pleasing her customers.

Evans, Kuntzman & Co. have put in a busy week in their custom department, and are overrun with orders. Their cheap sale of ready-made goods will be continued during next week.

The newest things in parsols, satins, ginghams and black lace skirtings and flouncings are to be had at Murphy & Bro's. They are the leaders in fine dry goods. Their dress goods department is always filled with the very latest styles.

Hamilton & Brannaman, the meat dealers at No. 47 west Main street, are selling the very best hams and bacon in the city. Their meat is always fine and fresh and can be relied upon as being first-class in every shape. This firm is well known and needs no introduction, but they are so well established that only a mere reminder of where to find them is necessary. People who deal with Hamilton & Brannaman are well satisfied with their goods and say none better can be had. Call on them when you buy your meats.

The Star boot and shoe house is now operated by Mr. Wm. Seybold, a live and energetic young man who is a practical shoe man. He has but recently placed a complete line of ladies' and gents' fine boots and shoes. The store is at 54 west Main street, and business at this stand is always good.

The Mexican secretary of foreign affairs telegraphs Minister Romero that there is not a single case of cholera in Mexico or Central America.

One of Baltimore's foremost commission merchants, Mr. W. Edwin Chipchase (*of Chipchase Bros.,*) writes:—A few days since I sprained my left foot, the pain was so severe that I could hardly work at all. I saw your Salvation Oil advertised, so determined to give it a fair trial. A few applications relieved me entirely and my foot is now as strong as ever. For the relief and cure of sprains and inflammations I regard it as a preparation of great merit.

Abandoned breweries are being converted into canning factories in Kansas.

"Time is money." If you have a bad cold, don't mope around and half do your work. Get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; take a dose at night and get up next morning—cured.

The winners of Friday's races at Memphis were Sam Harper, jr., Favor, Phil Lee and Biddy Bowling.

Situations Wanted.

Wanted, 632 men and women who are suffering from Backache, Lame Side, Crick or Sore Chest, to apply a *Hop Plaster* and get instant relief. Sold everywhere 25 cts.

The pope's terms for reconciliation with Italy are given.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

The Italians have had a battle with the Abyssinians, and were presumably defeated as the Rome government has ordered reinforcements forward.

To Dislodge the Enemy.

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully combatted in their incipiency with this benign medicinal stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.

The house of commons went into committee on the crimes bill, and Healy's joint amendment was defeated—157 to 120.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

Schnaebels, the French commissary arrested by German officials, has been released.

"HACKMETAC," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

Bee Line Notice.

All persons desiring to visit the famous gas wells at Muncie and Anderson should remember the Bee Line (C. C. C. & I. Ry.) is the short line to these points. Train leaving Springfield at 6:20 a. m. (city time) has free chair car to both the above points without change, arriving at Muncie at 9:35 a. m. and at Anderson at 10:06 a. m. Returning, train leaves Anderson at 5:15 p. m. and Muncie at 5:48 p. m., with free chair car to Springfield without change, arriving at Springfield at 9:45 p. m. This gives passengers seven hours at Anderson and eight hours at Muncie, making the entire trip in one day.

G. H. KNIGHT, Agent.

Men's seamless congress shoes only $1.50 at Rouse & Parsons's.

A TEMPEST.

Dominic was a negro servant who had been a sailor the most part of his life; a constant use of salt provisions had given him the scurvy, in consequence of which he had lost his teeth. When he laughed it gave one the illusion of a black trouser leg torn at the knee. The comical effect was irresistible for the spectator, but threw a kind of ridicule on the masters of Dominic. He knew that his infirmity depreciated his value, and accordingly he worked for a moderate salary. For this reason Madame and Monsier Lahuche had hired him. After all they had a negro, and that flattered the vanity of ex-merchants and manufacturers of rice, macaroni, sago, etc., living in a country residence, far away from the tempests of the world and vermicelli.

They were there for the last two months hearing no other voices but three—first, the one of the parrot; second, the one full of bitterness of their female cook, rendered sad by the absence of any garrison; third, the one of Dominic, the negro that they hired as a jack of all trades, and who after all could not do anything without breaking this or that.

Those frequent accidents had caused Mme. Lahuche to hate the black man, and without his color that lady would have discharged him long ago. She made believe she kept him through deference to M. Lahuche, who liked the negro.

"I do not know why you retain that imbecile," said she to her husband.

"I do so because he is a sober, gentle, easy going fellow, who eats anything."

"Yes, and he wheedles you."

"What? He wheedles me?"

"Does he not repeat without ceasing, 'In all I take monsieur as a model?'"

"Well, that is flattering for me, but it seems to me that as a man"——

"You are irreproachable."

"As citizen?"

"You vote well."

"As husband?"

"Oh! for that."

"What for that?"

"I say so."

And she was saying so because it was Sunday, when the Crouzillons, their successors in the macaroni business, were coming to dine with them if the weather permitted, and because she had bought provisions of every description; and now it was pouring.

"That will be nothing," said M. Lahuche; "it is only a passing shower."

"One has seen a shower like that passing for six weeks," replied the lady.

The cat that lay on her lap rose and slowly rubbed its ears with its paws.

"That ends it," said his mistress, and she threw the animal on the floor.

At this moment the noise of broken glass was heard through the open door.

"What is the matter? Dominic is at work again."

And she went to see what had been broken, when the negro entered, walking on his knees, pursuing a bullfrog which from an adjacent room had jumped into the dining room. "Madame, monsieur, I am knocking on the glass bowl to make the bullfrog come up for the purpose of bringing us a fine day."

"Imbecile!" cried Mme. Lahuche.

"Madame," replied Dominic, "I have seen monsieur doing so, and as in all I take monsieur as a model."

He was excusing himself without interrupting his hunt.

"For heaven's sake, catch it!" exclaimed the nervous woman, addressing her husband.

And he, like Dominic, fell on his knees and joined the negro in the pursuit of the frightened Catracian.

"Never you will catch that horror without me," said Mme. Lehuche; who in her turn knelt, and the trio continued the chase.

They did not notice that the cat, his eyes widely open, had followed the jumps of the bullfrog and had advanced slowly, crouching and moving his body, a signal of the spring of the cat on a living prey.

Surrounded on three sides, the bullfrog executed a sharp movement toward the way left open and was caught by the cat, according to its strategisic maneuver. Pussy ran with all his might, carrying the aquatic barometer in his mouth.

"Brigand of a beast!" cried Monsieur Lahuche, livid with rage; "my little bullfrog that I liked so much."

"That's good enough for you," answered madame; "you want cats."

"I? That is too strong! It is you who asked the Crouzillons for that cat."

"It was to please you?"

"To please me? Have I ever said a word about cats?"

Mme. Lahuche followed her thought without answering, as all true women who do not want to admit their wrongs.

"Ah! they may give us a cat," said she; "they owe us $80,000, of which we shall never touch the last cent."

"What are you singing? In the first place, they have paid us already $20,000; balance, $60,000; they have just inherited $150,000, and you know that even better than I do myself."

As if the good man had said nothing, madame continued:

"To give a house like our own to penniless people."

And she pulled the bell cord feverishly.

M. Lahuche cried: "Then you do not comprehend what I said?" and he recommenced his late phrase, but he was preaching in the wilderness.

"Will you be so kind as to answer me? Did you, yes or no, understand my words?"

"What answer are you expecting from me?" Again she pulled the bell cord.

"If you have nothing to answer, why, then, are you speaking evil of the Crouzillons?"

"Ah! you bother me."

Dominic entered at that moment. Mme. Lahuche saw him.

"I hope you will have enough of judgment for stopping your abuse of me before the servants," she said to her bewildered husband.

"I abuse you? I?" replied M. Lahuche on the eve of bursting.

In order to calm himself he went to drum on the window panes.

"I have rung that bell at the least twelve times," said the irritated lady to the stupefied negro.

Lahuche exclaimed, "Oh, twelve times!"

And madam answered bitterly:

"That is very polite, call me a liar before the servants."

"If that is not enough to cause a man to hang himself," roared Lahuche.

The negro, habituated to plagiarize monsieur, repeated:

"Twelve times!" If that is not enough to cause a man to hang himself!"

"Do you hear?" yelled the woman, now frantic. "He mocks me. He is not satisfied with infecting the parlor with the smell of his dirty tobacco."

"I must respectfully inform the lady that I do not smoke," answered Dominic.

She continued: "With his abominations of clay pipes."

"But he said to you—" risked Lahuche.

Madame cut him short: "You open the window to let off that smell, and cease your drumming; it drives me crazy."

Lahuche opened the window, took his journal, The Sun, and began to read.

Dominic replied: "In all I take monsieur as a model. Monsieur does not smoke, I do not smoke; monsieur reads The Sun, I read The Sun; monsieur"——

The favorite phrase of the negro exasperated Mme. Lahuche. "Go away!" she cried, "go away! the sun, the sun! Ah, yes, let us speak of that after."

Lahuche burst out laughing. "Well, yes, let us speak of the sun," said he.

Dominic had a convulsive laugh.

"Go away! Did you hear me?"

"I do, madame," and Dominic departed.

The departure of the negro was followed by a long silence. Lahuche read his newspaper; madam, seated in an armchair, one foot over the other, was biting her nails, thus betraying the agitation that possessed her.

Suddenly Lahuche broke the silence by asking what they would have for dinner.

"Oh, you shall not die of hunger," answered madame. "You ought to comprehend that, having invited the Crouzillons to dine with us, and that they will not come."

"Finally, what have we to eat?"

"Fricassee, fish, vegetables, roast chicken, salad, cheese, fruits, claret, liquors, black coffee and brandy," answered Mme. Lahuche. "Is that not enough for you?"

Of course; and as soup?"

"Green turtle soup."

"Ah! bravo."

"Bravo! bravo! because you like it."

"I did not ask for it. Why, then, did you have it made?"

"How smart you are, my dear. Now I wish to know what is keeping your negro from dressing the table?"

"It is only 5 o'clock."

"It is 6 o'clock;" and madame rang the bell.

"Five o'clock," replied monsieur, putting his watch before her eyes. "See!"

"Your watch is like you, out of order."

At this moment the clock in the parlor struck 5.

"You hear? Five?"

"Oh, I did not count."

"Naturally you would have been convinced that you were wrong."

Dominic came to dress the table when everything was ready. Madame gave him order to bring the soup.

"It is yet passing—your shower—M. Lahuche."

"Let it pass; I cannot stop it, Mme. Lahuche."

"And if you could you would not."

Lahuche laughed again.

"Will that negro bring the soup?"

"Certainly he will."

Another moment of silence soon broken by this exclamation from the lady:

"Heavens! that soup is long in coming."

"You forget that it is green turtle soup, and turtles do not enjoy a very good reputation as runners," maliciously answered Lahuche.

"That's right. I have that soup made expressly for monsieur, and he never ceases of tantalizing me with it. Ah! at last, you begin to plague me!"

M. Lahuche's patience had reached its end.

"You plague me a great deal more with your fine temper," said he, raising his voice.

"How could I be in good humor when for the last two hours you are forcing a quarrel upon me?"

"I, it is I who—?"

The cat after having eaten the bullfrog came back and rubbed his sides against his master's legs.

"Oh, you! you arrive just in the nick of time."

And he gave a tremendous kick to pass.

"Very well," said madame, "vent your anger on a poor dumb beast, because you cannot vent it on me."

Monsieur stamped. Madame continued:

"Do you think that for the last three hours I have not felt your insinuations?"

"Then it is I that—?"

Lahuche closed his fists. "You again?" said he to the cat, "you again between my legs? Wait a moment."

At that he took the cat by the back of the neck and flung it out of the window.

"Brute! savage!" yelled madame, now frantic with rage. "It is my turn," and she threw a plate outside.

"I do not care!" roared Lahuche, mad with anger. "Look and there they go!" and he hurled another plate, which was followed by a bottle thrown by madame.

And the decanters, glasses, knives, plates and forks went the same way.

Then Dominic entered, carrying the soup tureen in his hands. He remained thoroughly amazed, then rallying from his stupefaction, he threw the soup tureen through the window.

"Are you crazy?" demanded Mme. Lahuche.

Dominic answered placidly:

"Madame, in all I take monsieur as a model. Monsieur"——

Moral: A little rain falling on the tete-a-tete of the most united couple reveals to them the weight of their isolation.—Translation for New York Graphic by Guard 821, Sixth Avenue Railroad.

How It Is Done.

Omaha Capitalist—Do you call that a survey of a new railroad? Why, it looks like a pumpkin vine.

Kansas Speculator—Well, you see we had to twist it around a good deal so as to take in all the points at which we could buy land cheap.

"A road like that will never pay. It don't start anywhere or go anywhere."

"Oh! We can keep it running a while on the profits of our town lots; that's easy enough."

"But what will you do after the lots are sold?"

"Straighten it out."—Omaha World.

Standard Time in Norway.

A system of standard time, similar to that now prevailing for railway purposes in this country, will probably be adopted by the Norwegian parliament. The time for the whole of Norway will be one hour in advance of that of the Greenwich observatory in England.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

"Now, chilrren," said a country mother who was going out, "be real good while I'm away, and be sure you don't go near the churn where I hid them mut cakes."—Detroit Free Press.

A Nice Train.

Several changes in the running of trains on the I. B. & W. will be made, taking effect Sunday next, the more important of which will be a new limited train to the west. This train will leave Springfield at 7:28 a. m., city time, arriving at Indianapolis at 11:40 a. m.; Chicago at 6:50 p. m., and St. Louis at 7:30 p. m. of the same day; Kansas City at 7:30 a. m.; Omaha at 3:50 p. m., and St. Paul at 1:50 p. m. of the next day. Only one night out between Springfield and St. Paul, Omaha, Atchison, Kansas City, and almost all points in Kansas and a daylight ride to Indianapolis, Peoria, Bloomington, St. Louis and Chicago. The famous Woodruff combination sleeper and reclining chair cars will be attached to this train.

Do not fail to see that $1.50 fine, button shoe for ladies. Equal to any $2 shoe in the city: at the Arcade Shoe Store.