GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

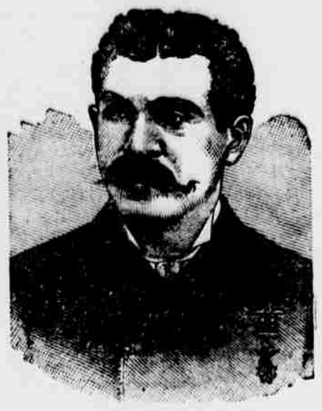
THIS SUNDAY EVENING

At 8 o'clock.

FIFTEEN DAYS ONLY. Consultations free. Diseases Cured Without Prescribed Medicines.

DR. A. E. GEISMARDO,

The Famous, World-Renowned Magnetic Healer and Electrician, of Paris France, is now



Located for fifteen days at the

MILLARD HOTEL.

Parlor floor, rooms 124 and 125.

Those afflicted with paralysis and rheumatism are specially invited.

All afflicted should apply at once. Charges moderate.

FRIDAYS only the poor are treated **FREE** at the Doctor's parlors from 8 a. m. to 12 a. m.

SPECIALIST.

Chronic diseases, paralysis, rheumatism, fits, neuralgia, catarrh, nervous disease and youthful indiscretion cured. In many cases the blind recover their sight and the deaf are cured of their deafness.

No correspondence answered unless postage stamp is enclosed.

LADIES afflicted with diseases peculiar to their sex promptly cured. Only curable cases accepted for treatment.

OFFICE HOURS—Daily for those who are able to pay for treatment, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m, including Sunday.

Dr. A. E. Geismardo has his gift of banishing pain by mere touch.

Electricity is Life—Health is Happiness and Wealth Combined.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

Speaking of his lecture at St. Louis the Post-Dispatch said: "Patients left the stage leaving their canes and crutches behind.

The Globe-Democrat of October 28, stated substantially in referring to his first lecture, "The secretary did the talking but the doctor did the healing and astonished the patrons of the crowded theatre with the instant relief he gave to chronic paralytic and persons suffering with rheumatism."

The Republican, the entire German press and Sunday papers all gave time and space to extol the wonderful curative powers of this gifted healer.

The St. Louis Evening Chronicle of the 2d inst. contains the following paragraph:

Swarms of Invalids.

The power of electricity, not only to cure ills, but to attract crowds, is only equalled by a newspaper advertisement," said a gentleman of very pleasant address, with dark eyes and sable mustache, who answered the Chronicle man's call at 2424 Washington avenue. It was Dr. Gelsmardo, the famous electric healer, and after having been elbowed and jostled by upwards of forty persons who were unable to gain admittance yesterday, the Chronicle was a fit subject for treatment himself. The marvelous success of the Doctor in treating chronic cases has begun to spread, and has entered on his books the names of 247 patients. Invalids in arms, on crutches, and from carriages swarm in his room each day and receive treatment at his hands. "Oh, that is nothing," said the doctor, with a rich foreign accent, "Wait tell I hev been here doo or three wicks and see wot I will hev done." The doctor certainly possesses the magnetic power of pleasing and making his patients hopeful and confident until he has effected their cure.

Copy of the Kansas City Times, Monday, February 8, 1886:

Gelsmardo, the healer. Some of his wonderful cures at the Music hall Saturday night.

There was an immense attendance at the Music hall Saturday night to witness the performance of Dr. Gelsmardo, the famous and renowned electrician and healer.

The Doctor has been located in New York for some time and has been making astonishing cures before thousands at the wigwam. The result was that his fame preceded him, and long before 7 o'clock hundreds of people had assembled at the hall clamoring for admission, and when the doors were at last thrown open it was not fifteen minutes until every seat was taken, the gallery jammed and scores were compelled to remain standing. He was introduced by a man who acted as manager and spokesman, who announced that he did the talking while the Doctor performed the actions which speak louder than words. The speaker said that the Doctor does not claim to be a cure all, or to have the power to cure at one treatment diseases of years' standing. After these few preliminary remarks the Doctor pulled off his gloves and said he was ready for business. He asked first that a committee be named by the audience, to whom all who applied for treatment should be submitted. A. J. Burnett, Col. Henry Starr and Capt. Rogers were named as such a committee. The first person submitted by the committee to be doctored was an old, gray-haired gentleman named Graham, who has frequently been seen on the street during the last fourteen years, walking with two crutches; he is paralyzed from the hips down, and his feet dragged along the floor lifeless and powerless. The doctor saw at a glance that the old man would not be able to ascend to the platform, so he went on the floor, picked Graham up as if he had been a child, carried him up the steps and deposited him in a chair. The doctor then questioned the man, so that all could hear, and Graham stated that he had not walked for fourteen years. The doctor then announced that it would be necessary to undress Graham, and the patient was taken into a small canvas room at one end of the stage and within five minutes the doctor appeared at the door of the canvas walking backwards and exclaimed in a sharp, decisive voice, "Walk sir, walk, sir," and to the astonishment of all the audience the old man came hobbling out without cane or crutches. He walked up and down the platform a number of times as proud as a boy exhibiting a new toy, then the doctor told him to walk down the steps from the stage, and he did so, being merely steadied by the doctor's hand. When on the floor of the hall he walked about for a short time and the doctor mounted the platform and called out for someone else. To his evident surprise and amusement the old man Graham, without assistance, stepped quite briskly up the steps of the stage, advanced and took the doctor by the hand, while the crowd loudly applauded. The man who had been so long afflicted said he had been greatly benefitted and that he was confident the doctor could do all that he claimed. Several persons who were not so severely afflicted were then treated. All experienced almost instant relief. Then the doctor said he wanted a chronic case. "Gentleman, go to the hospital," said he, "and bring on a stretcher a man or woman who has not walked for years and I shall make him or her walk." There was none such at hand, but the committee found a woman whose left arm was so completely paralyzed that she could not raise her hand above her waist. "Come in here, madam," said the doctor, "and in five minutes you can take off your hat with that hand. The woman went into the room. To the astonishment and excitement of the audience, she appeared in three minutes, and in response to a command from the doctor, she raised her hat easily and afterward put her hand on the back of her head and seemed to have her former power regained in that arm. A man sorely afflicted with the asthma and who could scarcely speak above a whisper, was next treated in sight of the audience, and in an incredibly short space of time he was able to speak clearly, and declared he felt no feeling of smothering or dizziness, and was greatly relieved. The audience applauded the Doctor with thundering clamoration and all seemed deeply interested in what was going on, and after three hours of experiments there were as many present as at the beginning.

CONSULTATION FREE

DR. A. E. GEISMARDO.

Now located for Fifteen Days at THE MILLARD, Parlor Floor, rooms 124 and 125.

☞ Do not look for any more advertisements after my Theatre Exhibition.

AN UNPOPULAR MANSION.

The A. T. Stewart Palace and Its Weird Dwellers.

JOSEF HOFMAN AT VANDERBILT'S

A Judge Who Makes Tin Images—An Unfortunate Woman—P. T. Barnum on a Pleasure Trip—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—What a white elephant the famous Stewart mansion seems likely to become! Within the past twelve months rumor has placed half a dozen tenants in it, yet none has taken possession, and it is uninhabited. It is too formidable—positively appalling in the light of liability. There is little reason to suppose that the latest rumored tenant, the Manhatton club, will ever get there. There is money in the organization, but the day for Tweed investments in the club line has gone by. Clubs go it rich nowadays, but they go it cosy, also; and "imposing" is too much like "imposition" to be an unalloyed attraction. Besides, there are ghosts about Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. The spooks of both Alexander T. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart are to be materialized in court. If appearances go for anything, ex-Judge Henry Hilton is losing confidence in his own ability to maintain intact, upon its merits alone, the will of the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart. A tremendous battle over the vast property is to begin in March. The broad shoulders and towering head of Roscoe Conkling will appear in the front rank of the eminent counsel engaged in defense of the document. He is a new acquisition, and Lord Roscoe's fees fly high in these later days. Society is wild with stories and rumors about the Stewarts and their forty millions, and there will be astounding revelations, it is expected.

This week the excitement upon Murray hill, however, is about

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

It is said that in the absence of her sister-in-law, the much gayer Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, she meant to entertain and dazzle society. But there was doubt about it, for she had never seemed to care about social effulgence and had busied herself instead with liberal charities and domestic pursuits. The first mentioned expectation is what has been realized and so magnificently that no previous occasion of the kind will bear comparison with it, not even in the always brilliant light of recollection. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's entertainment was a musical. Many hostesses had previously followed the English fashion of employing professional performers to come in and sing, recite or do something else in their particular lines. Now the unreasonable adulation of Joseph Hofman, the ten year old prodigy, pianist, had made him the desirable thing for this purpose. Nothing like the furor over Hofman has been musically known here since Jennie Lind. Manager Henry E. Abbey is his lucky possessor and with him is much more than balancing the loss entailed by the management of Wallack's theater this season. It happened that the afternoon of Mrs. Vanderbilt's affair was one of which a Hofman matinee was to have been given at the Metropolitan opera house. So when Mrs. Vanderbilt sent to Abbey for Hofman the reply was that the rental sum of a $1,000 and the probable profit of $1,500 would make it necessary to demand at least $3,000 for that particular half day of Hofman. Why should that price make any difference to the wife of eighty or ninety millions? It didn't. Mrs. Vanderbilt is by no means a splurger. But when she wants a certain thing that money will buy there is no reason on earth why she shouldn't have it. Therefore she paid $3,000 for Hofman. Not only that but she hired Lili Lehman, the principal prima donna of the opera, at $500, to sing two songs, besides several minor vocalists and musicians. I calculate that her little variety matinee cost her not less than $4,000, merely for the talent employed. As the Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion was on this occasion for the first time wholly opened to guests and it was turned into a garden of exotic flowers from garret to basement, to say nothing of such new embelishments as a new

GOBELIN TAPESTRY,

purchased at $30,000, and two expensive orchestras, it is hardly possible to count up the outlay. We Americans are accustomed to estimate values by dollars and I don't suppose that less than one hundred thousand were spent by Mrs. Vanderbilt to show to society what she could do. When I add that good taste characterized all the expenditure, you can be safely left to your imagination for the details of splendor.

How did the ladies dress? Well, beautifully. The novelty was that many wore gloves two sizes too large. That is now a freak of fashion. Such gloves are long, buttonless, and of a size to be easily drawn over the hand. As to the gereral toilets, they may be described by a bit of actual dialogue.

"What do you want the girls to wear at your reception?" asked a prospective guest of a vivacious leader in society.

"I want nothing but the most exquisite dressing," was the reply, "and mighty little of that."

Police Justice Maurice J. Power, the present boss of the county democracy, is naturally a well-seasoned political bird, and can stand any amount of personal hot-shot. But he is also a connoisseur in art—or prides himself that he is, which goes about as far nowadays—and this is his vulnerable point. Since prosperity marked him for her own, the judge has purchased several good pictures, each labeled with a distinguished artist's name, but his hobby is the bronze fine art foundry which he owns, he having been the first to introduce that industry into New York. A few evenings ago Boss Power was surrounded by friends in the reception room of his home, when the front door bell rang. The servant announced a woman who insisted on seeing the "jedge." The great man whose heart is as large as his rotund person, issued forth to the hall, where waited an ancient Celtic dame with a shawl over her head.

"Jedge, yer honor," said she, "me boy Jimmy got thirty days this marning fer sthrikin' me whin he had a drop too much, an' now I'm sorry an' I want ter get him out right away, an' I don't know which jedge it were, sor. Kin yer tell me, was it you—it was at Essex market, yer honor."

Now; the judge remembered the woman perfectly as one who had appeared before him as complainant against her son, but his punch was getting cold and he didn't want any more business for that day.

"Can't you remember the judge's name, my good womanb"

"No, your honor, but I might know it if I heard it. Sure I asked a policeman and he told me to come here."

"Was it Duffy?"

"Oh, sure, I know Jedge Duffy well."

"Maybe it was Murray, or Smith, or Gorman?"

"I can't jist tell, your honor. But he's a little fat man. (The boss prides himself on his figure, but sits on his shoulder blades in court). "An' he's got round eyes an' wears glasses, an' he makes thim tin images up in Twenty-fifth street."

"Oh—ah—yes—just so. All right, my good woman, you come to court in the morning, and I'll see if I can fix it up for you."

The boss went back to his fine art friends. But the "tin images" was too good to keep within so small a coterie.

Did you ever encounter a demonstratively drunken woman in a street conveyance, where you could not relieve yourself of her presence within a certain time without inconvenince? I did, the other day—or rather the other night, for I was on my way to a down-town theater. She was a young woman—perhaps twenty-five. Her dress was neat enough, but tawdry, and she carried a pretty babe in her arms, which could not have been more than six months old. The car was well filled, but not so well as she was.

Suddenly she removed a stony stare from a fat man in the corner, and endeavored to look out of the window behind her, maintain the upright and hold the baby, simultaneously.

"Won'er where we are?', she said aloud. "Guess we'll be late home, baby. Do you hear, mamma's pet? Who cares! Hoop-la. Everything goes—don't it, baby, hey?"

Three or four whisky-laden kisses here attested the mother's affection.

THE LADIES SHUDDERED,

the gentlemen scowled, and the young man who was smoking a bad cigar on the rear platform grinned; while a newsboy engaged in stealing a ride, peered through the glass and tried to flirt with the infant. For a few moments the exhilarated female seemed lost in thought, during which time the little one was only saved from a descent to the floor by a kindly disposed neighbor. Then she made a sudden dive for her pocket.

"Hullo—ain't got my night-key. I say, baby, what you think 'o that. We've lost the key. Well, everything goes, and I suppose we've got to make a racket to get in—whoop! It's all right anyhow—ain't it baby? Say conductor—"

Here she glared at the man with a bad cigar, and he stopped grinning and looked another way.

"Hello, this a bobtail. No conductor on bobtail—forgot all 'bout that—ha! ha! Well, that's funny, too, ain't it, baby? But everything goes, so's all right. Whoop! Say, Mister, where's Houston street? I wanter get off Houston street. This it—that's all right. Come along, baby. Won'er where that key's gone, anyhow. 'Scuse me."

Here she nearly sat down on the fat man. The ladies present drew back as she passed them and the men looked the other way. The man with the bad cigar said, "Where yer gettin' to—brace up," when she staggered against him and nearly dropped the baby. The newsboy got off the step, seized her arm and piloted her to the curb, whistled at the baby, and waited for the next car.

Barnum is to open his circus here in March. Robbins has his circus open now. Barnum doesn't mean to let the New Yorkers forget Barnum through thinking altogether of Robbins. Hence the Barnum boomers are hard at work. And he takes a hand at it himself. I was seated in an elevated train on the Sixth avenue road when a stout, genial-lookiug man boarded it. There was something familiar about his face, which struck nearly every occupant of the car in which I was, and he received considerable attention as he made his way to the center. He sat down on one of the side seats, between two much smaller and slighter men, and sat there for a moment with his brows creased. He seemed to be thinking very hard. There was an air of exceeding good humor about him, and he surveyed the other occupants of the car with a fatherly, patronizing air. It took me some moments to recognize him as

P. T. BARNUM,

and by that time the train had reached Twenty-third street station on its way down town. Mr. Barnum unbuttoned his overcoat and threw it back. Then diving his hand into an inside pocket, he drew out a big bundle of of letters. There must have been at least a dozen in that one bundle, and they were held together by a rubber band. He pulled off the rubber, and began to assort the letters in his lap, arranging them in rows of three in such a manner as to enable all the persons in his immediate vicinity to see the words "P. T. Barnum" written in different styles of writing upon the envelopes. At the next station the gentleman to the right of Mr. Barnum got up, and then Mr. Barnum took all the letters and arranged them carefully on the now vacant seat. Everybody in the car who could at all see him had by this time become interested in his operations. Two stations below, the gentleman at the left got out, and then the great showman took another bundle of letters out of another pocket. The rubber was removed from this in the same calm, deliberate manner, and he laid out the second batch of letters on the seat to his left in the same precise and careful way. Then he took up one letter after another, and carefully removed the envelope and deliberately spread the letter before him, so that everybody could see again whom it was addressed to, and rnad it through slowly. It took some minutes for him to get through the two dozen letters and, by this time, the conductor, all the brakemen, all the passengers of the first car, and some in the second car, were aware that the illustrious showman was on the train. The engine was puffing into the Park Place station when Mr. Barnum gathered up all the etters as deliberately as he had distributed them, and carefully replaced them inside the rubber bands, ahd again placed them back in his pockets. Then he got up, stretched his legs and buttoned up his overcoot, and remarked to the conductor that it was a fine day. The conductor deferently admitted that it was.

"That was a big fire up at Bridgeport a while ago," said Mr. Barnum.

"Yes, it was," replied the conductor.

"That Barnum's a great fellow," said Mr. Barnum; "I wonder what he is going to do now. That's an awful large amount of money for one man to lose. He had a big show, the best I ever saw. I think it was better than ever this last season."

"Yes, sir; so it was," said the conductor, trying to check his laughter.

All the occupants of the first car and some in the second craned their necks again to listen to the conversation, and smiles were general.

"It must have been a terrible sight," continued Mr. Barnum, "to see those snakes wind themselves around lamp-posts, and hyenas and leopards howling around the streets at midnight."

"Whew! It must have been terrible,', said the conductor.

"Well, I understand," said Mr. Barnum, "that Mr. Barnum has got agents out all over the world already with their pockets lined with gold and checks and greenbacks to pick up new curiosities, new attractions. Guess he'll have a bigger show than ever."

"Shouldn't wonder," assented the conductor.

"Well, this is a country where enterprise and brains are recognized and paid for," said Mr. Barnum. "I think he'll succeed, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the conductor, and then the train steamed into South Ferry, and Mr. Barnum with the rest of the passengers walked out on the platform. As Mr. Barnum moved toward the street his smile was very broad.

CLARA BELLE.

SINGULARITIES.

A farmer at New Garden, Pa., has a sheep whose wool made nineteen yards of cloth a yard wide.

Andrew Sisson, of Swan Creek, Ill., while digging a well found at a depth of forty feet a petrified orange.

Mrs. Moses Grimm, of Rondout, heard a dog howl Monday night and said to her daughter, "My time has come." She died an hour later. She was in good health, but superstitious.

At the mouth of the Congo there is a remarkable submarine valley. Just at the mouth of the river it is 1,426 feet deep, and it can be distinctly traced for a hundred miles out to sea.

Mrs. Wesley Ray, of Marshall county, Kentucky, presented her husband with four brand-new babes—two boys and two girls—on Christmas day. Mother and little ones are reported to be all doing well.

Berry Bowden, a twelve-year-old colored boy of Macon, Ga., has the largest mouth of anybody, big or little, in those parts. When he opens it wide the corners of the mouth are less than half an inch from the lobe of each ear. He can put his fist in his mouth, can hold two eggs in it without difficulty, and his last triumph was to take in a toy balloon and then inflate it to its full size. Berry is very proud of his mouth.

In Sierra Valley, Cal., an artesian well-borer struck a vein of hot water. The owner of the place piped the boiling water through his house for heating purposes. The water when it cools is soft, pleasant to the taste and very healthful. The water from the well makes quite a little stream, flows half a mile over the sandy desert, cools while flowing, forms a little lake several feet in depth and sinks in the sand. Some weeks ago it was found that this little lake was teeming with fish.

Count Joachim Pfell, the German African explorer, says; "We often saw an animal in the water, along the coast of the Ulanga district, that we first believed to be a serpent from the movements, and from the fact that only now and then it appeared on the surface for a few seconds. Once, when we shot at it, we were surprised to see it rise out of the water and fly away. Afterward we succeeded in obtaining one of the creatures. It was about the size of a large tame duck, with black plumage and a metallic luster. On the wings we noticed a few very light yellow feathers. The neck was very long and thin, and ended in a long, pointed beak, at the end of which were two rows of sharp teeth. At first sight no head was visible, and the neck appeared to end only in a beak. The whole of the bird is under the water while swimming, only the long neck being seen. If it was frightened it disappeared altogether under the water or flew rapidly away. Another peculiarity we noticed was that when the bird had left the water it lay down on a bush with the outstretched wings to get dry. The flesh of the creature had an unpleasant, oily flavor."

HOME DECORATIONS.

Rope embroideries and rope fringes are stylish and costly for wall decoration.

A pretty fancy for light curtains is to drape them with narrow scarfs or half-handkerchiefs of their own materials.

For dinner table decoration nothing can be more artistic than ruddy bramble leaves overrunning white chrysanthemums.

Yellow Madras curtains, so much in vogue for summer, may be made warm and wintry-looking by touches of crimson here and there.

Failling flowers, a table may be made beautiful with bowls of glass or silver heaped with bonbons and twined about with flame-colored silk.

Window shelves covered with cretonne and edged with a three inch frill are handy to have about a room even if you have no plot-plants to go upon them.

Maiden-hair fern without any flowers is a very favorite decoration this winter, and should always be dipped in water just before using, so as to glisten in the light.

A tall white lamp with yellow shade and yellow scarf softly draped about its foot, made a beautiful centre for festoons of holly leaves, running off to the ends of the table.

A decoration within the reach of almost any is a jar of grass and ox-eyed daisies, draped about with a green scarf, yet though so simple, few more effective ones can be found.

Straw-bottle covers painted brown and tied at top and bottom with bright ribbon, with a glass for flowers inside, are prettily hung in groups of three against the wall, or in odd corners.

Lovely bed covers are of sateen—pink, blue, yellow or crimson—veiled with lace or scrim. Others are of white and gold Madras muslin, and yet others of drawn work, with lining of pale silk.

A narrow shelf about eight inches above the mantel board, with a row of Japenese fans placed behind it as a border, serves admirably for holding and displaying the smaller bits of bric-a-brac.

Some very new lamp shades represent an enormous lily of the auratum, or tiger pattern, almost covered with pendent velvety stamens. They are the size of a small parasol and cost from $35 to $60 each.

The lamp shades of flowers—roses, chrysanthemums, tulips, sunflowers, etc.—are heavy and clumsy looking as they are costly, despite the beauty of their component blossoms, which fairly outrival nature.

Where space is an object, a pretty fancy is to have the toilet mirror long and narrow, placed upright upon a shelf across a corner about a foot from the floor, and another shelf above it, on which stands a quaint jar.

Kettle holders made of felt, covered one side with flannel, the other side with brocade, have a much greater reason for being than many more elaborate concoctions—as where tea is made at table they are almost a necessity.

A couch to be contrived out of a frame has the home-made mattress covered with cretonne, white or red and gold, with a big square pillow to match. A flounce reaching to the floor goes all around it, and the pillow has a scantily-gathered ruffle three inches deep.

HOW CHINESE NAME THEMSELVES

Their Names Change Many Times During Their Lives.

Philadelphia North American: The Chinaman's ways are peculiar, in nothing more so than in naming. According to the period of life he is in so is the name of a Chinaman, for he does not start away with a name from the beginning of his days and continue to bear it till the end thereof. At first the child hears the name of his father; but the distinguishing mark varies according to the province. At Pekin, for example, the children of the same family are numbered, and in describing Chang and his family, they would say "Old Chang," "Second Chang," etc. Thus of Chang's two sons, if the eldest be Chang-Honest, the second would be Chang-Honest-Honest, and so forth. When the Chinese child goes to school (as nearly all Chinese children do), it ceases to be known by its family name, being named afresh on its first appearance before the schoolmaster. Thus Second Chang might be called Quick Runner, Bright Eye, or Twinkling Star, and he is registered by the name thus fixed and known by no other to his master and school-fellows. When the youth is engaged to be married a fresh name is given him, and from that time forth his marriage relations designate him by that name only. Again, when the youth presents himself at the public examination for an official post, he enters himself under a name of his own choice, and for all time to come that continues to be his official name. The names of Chinese mandarins, governors and officials generally that appear in print are not names by which these functionaries are known in private life—known to their marriage connections, their own school-fellows, and their kith and kin. When a distinguished Chinaman dies, he is therefore spoken of and remembered by his posthumous name.

IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.

Waiters Who Serve Customers in a Mysterious Manner.

THE ENIGMA SOLVED AT LAST.

Strange Names for Ordinary Dishes—A Restaurant Where No Formality is Manifested and Where Poor People Live.

Surfeited with larded grouse, prime beef, terrapin, rich patties, sweet pastry, and all of the choice viands known to the high salaried chefs, the average Omaha newspaper man sometimes turns his back upon such dainties, and just for the novelty's sake, seeks a humbler table than that of the gilded banqueting hall so familiar to him. The resorts of clerks who only draw $150 to $200 salary per month—poor fellows—possesses an unusual charm for the lights of the press, for they are thus enabled to see in just what manner, the really poor, exist. One of the most popular restaurants, patronized by the poorer classes, is situted not far from Fifteenth and Douglas streets. Architecturally, its interior beauty would not impress the average passer by. Neither would the interior decorations bring to his mind the sumptious adornments of the Cafe Royal, the Langham, the Hoffman or the Delmonico. In fact the place is a low, dark and gloomy room with walls that may have been white about the time that De Soto discovered the Mississippi. There are few embellishments upon these walls. On either side is pasted a huge piece of paper and at the top in large letters is the legend "Bill of Fare." Then follows a list of dishes provided by the cuisine of the house, together with the important information as to the cost of each one. The prices are not exorbitant as may be seen from the following partial list:

Beef steak	5c
Mutton chops	5c
Liver and bacon	5c
Veal cutlets	5c
Pork chops	5c
Pork and beans	5c
Tea, coffee or milk	5c

Etc., etc., etc. etc., etc.

With each meat order, potatoes are served free of charge. So, for fifteen cents, the customer can obtain a square meal, for the proprietor is not stingy, but serves enough for two men on each order. The kitchen is at the rear of the long room, and the guests can see everything that goes on in that usually mysterious department. There are no tables in the house, their places being taken by a counter that extends the entire length of the room. Stools take the place of chairs, and the informality of the guests is really charming. Nearly every one eats with his hat and overcoat on, and if he chooses to pick his teeth with a fork, eat with his knife or committ other similar trifling social solecisms, there is no one to chide or remonstrate with him.

The great charm of the place, however, is in watching the waiters and listening to the unknown language in which they converse with the cooks at the rear. When an order is given to a waiter he lifts up his voice and shouts an unintelligable order to the cooks, one of whom replies in exactly the same words and with the same emphasis. For instance—a guest orders "pork tenderloin." The waiter sings out: "Motor Line," with the accent on the first syllable of the first word. One of the white capped cooks yells back the same words.

These waiters have a slang term for nearly every dish of the menu. A BEE reporter approached one of them—not the dish, but the waiter—last evening, and after having presented him with a valuable gold watch and chain, prevailed upon the "Motor Line" dispenser to give him the key to this mysterious language. Following is a list of dishes served, together with the proper definition as recognized by all the attaches of the house:

Milk Toast—"Graveyard stew."
Dry Toast—"Coffin lids."
Steak, Medium—"Midline."
Steak, with Bone—"Moonlight on the Lake."
Porter House Steak—"Brown stone front."
Double Porter House Steak—"Marble front."
Broiled Mutton Chops—"Whiskers on the iron."
Fried Mutton Chops—"Whiskers in the pan."
Link Sausage—"Cable line."
Ham and Eggs—"Romeo and Juliet."
Spareribs and Browned Potatoes—"St. Louis browns."
Liver and Bacon—"Adam and Eve."
Pork and Beans—"Brass band with leader."
Poached Eggs on Toast—"Chippies on the rail."
Three Fried Eggs—"Three on horseback."
Two Fried Eggs, Turned—"Two in the air."
Boiled Eggs—"Three drops in the water."
Oat Meal—"Summer-time."
Scrambled Eggs—"Shipwreck" or "Struck by Lightning."
Egg Omelette—"Pool table."
Glass of Water—"Turn the hose on."
Coffee and Doughnuts—"Bootleg and sinkers."
Oyster stew, ½ dozen—"Six little fish in the sea."
Oyster fry, ½ dozen—"Six little fish in the pan."
Cup of Tea—"One in the red."
Cup of Coffee—"One in the dark."
Fried Onions—"Morning dew."
Pigs' Feet—"Trotters."
Full Stew—"Drunken man."

In case the customer countermands his order the waiter yells, "Sidetrack so and so." If the guest asks the waiter to hurry his order up, the cook receives the command to "Railroad it."

Where this slang comes from it is difficult to say, yet much of it can be analyzed to show that it is based upon something more tangible than the mere vagaries of the mind that usually invents slang."

Dockyards Burned.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—The great ship yards at Granville, near Havre, have been burned. The shed and entire structure were destroyed and 800 workmen thrown out of employment.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOYD'S OPERA HOUSE

SPECIAL.

Three Nights Only, Commencing.

Monday, February 6th.

America's Greatest Actress,

Clara Morris,

REPERTOIRE—

Monday Evening, Feb. 6:
"Rena de Mcray."
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 7:
"L' Article 47."
Wednesday Evening, Feb. 8:
"The New Magdalene"

The sale of seats begins at the box office on Saturday morning, Feb 4, at 9 o'clock.

A Prize Word Puzzle!

I WANT THE Omaha Weekly World

1st Prize—A $400 Upright Piano.
2d Prize—A $100 Elgin Gold Watch.
3d Prize—A $65 No.5 Union Sewing Machine.

The Omaha World will give the above prizes no the following terms and conditions.

THE FIRST PRIZE

Goes to the person who sends the World a list having the most words constructed out of letters used in the santence enclosed in the above square.

THE SECOND PRIZE

Goes to the person who sends the World a list having the second largest number of words constructed with the letters of that sentence.

THE THIRD PRIZE

Goes to the person who sends the World a list having the third largest number of words constructed out of that sentence.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1st.—Each competitor must enclose $1 as a subscription to the Weekly World for one year, being careful to give his address.

2d.—All answers must be received by the World between January 1, 1888, and March 1, 1888.

3d.—No word will be counted unless found in Webster's dictionary, no geographical, historical or proper names will be counted.

4th.—No word of the prize sentence itself will be counted.

IN CASE OF A TIE.

In case of a tie between two or more competitors the one whose list and money were received the first will be awarded the prize.

REMEMBER

That every list must be acompanied by a subscription to the Weekly World, which is one dollar in money, stamps or postal note and must be received on or before March 1, 1888, and the sooner the better.

EXPLANATION.

No letter can be used twice in the same word unless it appears twice in the sentence. For instance the word "nine" cannot be used because it contains two letters "n" and there is only one letter "n" in the sentence. But the word "wee" can be used as there are two letters "e" in the sentence.

If you do not want to take a Weekly paper you can have the paper sent to one of your friends.

Address,

THE WORLD,
Omaha, Neb.

DIME!

EDEN MUSEE

COMMENCING

Sunday, January 22

A Sweeping Change in All Departments. By all odds the

Biggest and Best Programme

We have ever presented.

In Curiosity Hall we present a startling novelty in

"DEL MOZART," A Disciple of "Hypnotism," a wonderful man who can at will control the action and minds of all who compose the committee to detect any deception.

WM. H. PEAK, the Renowned Harp Soloist.

GARCIA BROS. Famous Salterio Players from Mexico.

BOBBY EMMET, Representative Irish Comedian.

FRANK and MABEL HALL, Society Sketch Artists.

WM. L. MARSH, Gilmore's Famous Trombone Soloist.

MILLER BROS., With their Wonderful Diaramas.

BABY BELL, A Precocious Juvenile in Clever Efforts.

CODY, Cattle Ranche Pianist, Untutored Child of the Plains.

LEVIS FAMILY, Colorless People, Madagasgar Descendants.

CHAS. and OSCAR ZULU From Barnum's Famous Congress of Nations.

All of the Above Will Actually Appear on Sunday, January 22.

10c Admits to All. Chairs 5c

Musee Open Daily from 1 to 10 p. m.

Wm. Lawler, Manager.

EDEN MUSEE

DIME!

Boyd's Opera House,

Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25th and 26th.

THE GORMAN'S Spectacular Minstrels!

33 ARTISTS, 33

Under the management of

FRED. E. WRIGHT.

(Seven years manager for Haverly) Comprising ALL the OLD members who for years constituted Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. Presenting a program of new and novel features never before attempted by any rival company.

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ONE NIGHT ONLY.

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The Renowned Electrician and Magnetic Healer from Paris,

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Will give an interesting review of the magnetic and mesmeric power he possesses.

Paralytics and Chronic Cripples

CURED!

In full view of the audience. See Sunday papers. Admission 25c and 50c.

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Three Nights and Saturday Matinee, Commencing,

Thursday, Jan. 26th,

Engagement of the Charming Little Soubrette,

CORA VAN TASSEL.

In an entirely new dramatization of the Famous New York Ledger Story,

The Hidden Hand

Supported by an excellent company. New and elegant special scenery. Novel and wonderful mechanical effects. A superb operatic orchestra of twelve solo artists. Regular prices.

Seats now on sale.

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