BENCH-SHOW OF BEAUTIES.

How New York Society Knocks its Ashes Off the Lenten Cigar.

COURAGEOUS COPS CARESSED.

Demand for Long Haired Maids-Masic in the Air-Unfinished Heads-Big Doctor Bills in

NEW YORK, March 3 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Lent doesn't gloom society altogether. Various things are going on blithely. This week we have had a show of feminine beauty. It was for charity, of course, but the daughters of Fifth avenue were none the less on view in the multitude. The acknowledged prize beauty, among the score who posed in booths, was Mabel Wright, whose charm is largely that of perfect health. Her freshness and vitality conquer almost as much as the sympathetic expression of the pink and white oval countenance, with its broad brow, clear blue eyes, small ears, regular nose and a radiant smile that displays faultless teeth. The fair hair is worn knotted. She is a picture of pure Saxon beauty. Her voice is rich and pitched low, her manner frank and cordial, and she has a charming laugh. Her invitation beguited many men into purchasing the roses she had to sell. Since her introduction into the inner circles of New York society, people have been asking the usual question "Who is she and where did she come from?" The answer is in every respect satisfactory. This girl's mother was a member of a highly respectable family, the Peabodys, of Lowell, Mass. Her father is an architect and a designer of carpets. She is an accomplished artist.

Music isn't under taboo in Lent, and we are having a great deal of it in wealth's parlors. Professional singers are in vogue for private gatherings, but the musical activity is chiefly for Hun-garian bands. Why that is so nobody knows or cares. The simple fact is accepted. There are several genuine Hun-garian orchestras in town, composed of players on stringed instruments, and they are remarkable for good harmony and time. Three or four others are really made up of German, Italian and Norwegian players, dressed in Hungarian costumes and with beards of Hungarian trim. But on several occasions the wartrim. But on several occasions the warranted Hungarian orchestras had born New Yorkers in a majority. The demand has got to be supplied; and why should a Yankee hang up his fiddle and bow when silence and a clever make-up will turn him into a passable Hungarian. Thus society is satisfied if the leader of the band is Hungarian and the rest of it doesn't betray itself. doesn't betray itself.

LONG-HAIRED MAIDS. Speaking of humbug, a Fifth avenue belie's maid, a trim, pretty creature, suddenly disappeared recently, and it was a wonder, because the girl was well paid in proportion to her good looks---for it is deliciously swell now to have a pretty body servant. She had not seemingly been dissatisfied with her work or wages. Her employer feared that some senti-Her employer feared that some sentimental harm had come to her, and charitably went so far as to hire a private detective to hunt her up. Where do you think he found her? She was an advertising exhibit in a hair-wash establishment. There is a boom on in that industry. Phenomenally long-haired women are posed in the windows of stores where hair tonics are on sale, and competition is not. The compaty maid. competition is hot. The comely maid had luxuriant tresses which grew so heavily and rapidly that the went periodically to a hairdresser to have cut short. "How much wages do you get?" he

"Twenty-four dollars a month," she

replied.
"I can get you double that," he said,
"and nothing at all to do except be admired. O, don't be alarmed—there's no harm in it. Messrs. Blank & Co., well-known makers of Cerulian Glory. want to boom their stuff. You are just the girl they desire. You will have your head shaved close. Then they will show you freely to their customers, telling them that you lost your hair years ago by fever and have given up all hope of regaining it; you have tried many preparations in vain; they are going to experiment on on view from day to day; it becomes marvel; the fame of it spreads by word and mouth, and by the time your head has regained its usual beauty they have sold usand extra bottles of Cerulian, and you have received three months excellent

She saw; and that was how the Fifth avenue belle lost her pretty braids.

STAINED GLASS CRAZE.

There is just a chance that the com-munity may be afflicted with a stained class mania before the next season. Art in stained glass is ancient enough, respectable enough, and greatly ad mired, but the craze, if it comes, will be di rected to a novelty nevertheless. Some months ago a lady who lives in one of the big houses on Fifth avenue took it into her head to have her windows decorated with portraits. She chose the library as a convenint room for experiment and oned one of La Farge's most sucsesaful pupils to execute her commission. ordered that their portraits be placed in the the windows. Three windows, In the the windows. Three windows, three children, three Dictures—the idea was lovely and it only remained to see how well art would utilize it. Alas! in spite of the fact when the artist was most faithful, that he held sitting after sitting with the young subjects, that the glass work when complete was essentially beautiful, the pictures were no more portraits than noems. The mother more portraits than poems. The mother and father looked long and anxiously at the brilliant windows, and had to turn away, admitting that they had not known that it was their children who were there represented they would not have been able to recognize their faces. Still they cherished the hope that other people might have better fortune. Alas! cellent quality of the work, its soothing influence, and the like, and not once failed to amid cauasly that he or she could not precisely remember what classic or mythologica ne was depicted in the window painting. Not one hinted that the three cher-abs might be the children playing about them. It is now a question how long the father and mother will keep the windows a place, and it the innocent queries of riends relative to the antiquity of the the library will be lighted through plain eass once more before summer. just the chance that patience may last till winter, and in that case new

GAWKING POLICEMEN The police have got into the habit of infesting the masked balls. They are usually beaded by the captain of the prewho swells around the hall, hovering near the entrance in the early even ng, and making sure that no man gets in without knowing that he is on hand.
The New York police captain is a serviceable individual, but he is not without
its amesing peculiarities. However, as is amusing he can be forgiven; his ofes are committed after the

experiments may be made and a craze

put fairly on its way.

has begun. Then he, with his hundred and more patrolmen, distribute themselves about the staring at the scenes staring at the scenes before them. The swell chappies who attend them. The swell chappies who attend these balls must feel the indignity of the officers, but they do not show it. They do not even exh bit any repugnance when a patrolman with a leer recognizes and accosts the belle who promenades on chappie's arm. But this is telerable to what happens in the course of the dance. Just when chappie by dint of patient kicking up his heels, by providing liberal potations of wine, by inducing the throng of spectators to move back a bit and give him room, has persuaded his belle to try her hand, no, feet, at a cancan; just as he has inspired her with some of his own excitement, as she has plucked at her skirts, as the music hits it up with a strongly accented rythm and the belle's begin to caper and appear; then the policeman in all the vulgar obtrusiveness policeman in all the vulgar obtrusiveness of his club, helmet and uniform, pushes through the crowd, bids the belle sternly to stop, seizes chappie by the shoulders and pushes him unceremoniously off the dancing floor. If chappie is too obstreperous he is arrested and perhaps has to pay something for his release. Recent masked balls that drew great crowds by reason of the freedom that characterized them in the past have been dulled this them in the past have been dulled this season by this interference of the police "HELLO, BLONDY."

But the guardian of the peace is sometimes hors du combat at these events.

The captain never is; he is too grand, and if he gets into temporary trouble, or in an embarrassing situation, he withdraws dignified and stately and sends a patrolman to finish the job. A case to show how the policeman's lot may be rendered unhappy is the following: It was about half past two by the clock in the wine room when a group of half a dozen, including both sexes, rose from a table and staggered towards the main hall. At the entrance to the latter was a patrolman on duty He was a tail, good looking fellow with a heavy flaxen moustache. One of the girls as she passed him suddenly slipped away from her escort, put one arm round the policeman's neck, and with the other carressed his moustache, as she said: "Why, hello, Blondy; when are we going to see you on the old beat again; it's awful dull there without you. Business going to the bow-wows." (But she didn't say the "bow-wows.") The blonde policeman seemed wofully embarrassed; it wasn't so much that the crowd made fun of him as that his cap-tain stood there beside him and heard it all. The patrolman perhaps feared that the captain might detect a suggestion of official impropriety in the words of the intoxicated dancer. Another policeman near the ladies' cloak room was annoyed by a young woman in pink stockings and a brief skirt who insisted upon falling into his arms. She was hopelessly drunk and needed taking care of, but the policeman was not anxious for the task. Again and again he pushed her from him only to receive her the next instant. He had to support her each time or she would have gone to the floor. The crowd found it good sport, and, as the poor fellow could not leave his post, he had to stand it till a brother officer happened along and took the girl in charge.

UNFINISHED HEADS. I was in a Seventeenth street picture store I was in a Seventeenth street picture store yesterday looking over some of the latest things in etchings when the dealer was called away a moment by the entrance of an artist with a picture to sell. The dealer made an excuse to show me the work. It was a child's head, the expression mischlevous and rollicking, and in thorough keeping with a bit of teather which the child had thrust into his hair. The copper plate from which the single proof had been printed looked almost proof had been printed looked almost bare, so faint is the impression made by etcher's lines. I thought the idea a good one, but I asked the dealer innocently enough if artists were in the habit of bringing proofs of their work before the plate was finished, as if to save them-selves the expense of finishing a work that would not find a purchaser. He smiled wearily.

to save themselves any work. The artist in this case thought his work was done.' As a matter of fact it seemed impossi ble that any one however ignorant should have made such a mistake, least of all the artist himself. The head and face were so dim in the proof that the lines were invisible at a short distance, and eross the room one could not have told that there was a picture there at all. Yes one could have seen the feather; that was done, and it stood out with odd distinct iveness in the proof. When the artist had gone, the dealer said:

"It is an astonishing fact that very few artists know when their work is done. That picture would have been absolutely unsalable in the form in which it was offered to me, and before he left the artist seemed to realize it. It is by no means an exceptional case. Day after day I have to tel artists to take their work home and finsh it. I very rarely accept an etching on its first presentation, and solely by reason of the need of more work on it in some respect or other.

BIG DOCTORBILLS. The public often marvels at the price paid by rich persons for art object. Greater surprises might be caused by the sums given to physicians, for the preservation of health. It has been said that Mrs. Wolfe, the hopeless invalid owner of ten millions, pays Dr. Wm. Todd Hel-muth \$5,000 a year to doctor her. She confesses these figures. Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart retains three doctors at an aggregate cost of at least \$40,000 and called in one of them nearly every day. She had what seemed like a system, by which she abided by the decision of two out of the three in matter of diet and medicine. Mrs. William Astor pays to Dr. Fordyce Barker per sonally an average of \$20,000--alway. sending a check for double or treble the amount of each bill rendered. Her idea s that, by rewarding his skill and vigi anceilberally, she will get the very best service of which he is capable. Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt's physician is Dr. W. S. Belden, and although her health is excallent, he is consulted often-prevention being preferable to cure, doubtless; and the belief is that the prevention costs

not less than \$10,000 annually. CLARA BELLE.

A Dress of Pure Silver. A regal robe of pure silver, once the wedding gown of a royal princess of of Prussia, and lately purchased from a court official at Darmstadt, who held it as an heirloom, was presented on New Year's eve to Mile. Marie Decca, the new American soprano. The donors were some enthusiastic friends of the charm-ing Decca. The foliage and the flowers of the embroidery are of solid bullion, and the petals of the flowers are repeated with exactitude. The original cost was

At the bob-sled races the other night at Albany, N. Y., the winning bob carried twenty one men, who, together with the machine, weighed nearly 6,500 pounds. It had new bobs, five and one-half and six and one-half feet long, with fine steel

Of five people, who on their dying beds last year confessed to great crimes, only one told the truth. In the other cases it was shown that the "confessors" could not possibly have had anything to do with

It is reported that eastern capitalists have formed a corporation in Canada for the purpose of working ten farms, each containing 19,000 acres, in the northwestern territories along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway.

STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

Without a Living Rival in Modern Romantic Drama-Her Triumphs in the Old World and the New.

NEW YORK, March 3 .- [Correspondence of the BEE. |-This month Sarah Bernhardt returns to New York. I first saw the greatest of living actresses in Paris ten or twelve years ago. She was playing Berthe de Savigny in the Sphynx, at the Theatre Francais. It was soon after Croisette had made her success and established herself for a while as a rival of Sarah, who for several years had reigned supreme on those classic boards. All Paris was talking of the competition, and of the rage of Bernhardt that any one should dare dispute her supremacy. But the fickle crowd had turned from its former idol, and the new star was nearer the zenith. Sarah paled her uneffectual

Both actresses were in the cast that night, and Croisette was certainly more conspicuous, more applauded, more the personage of the scene. The women were rivals in the play as well as in reality. One snatches from the other what she prizes most in the world. Blanche thinks for a moment of murdering Berthe; and Berthe threatens and taunts, and finally conquers Blanche. It was strange to see these two simulating jealousy and wrath and hate and fear towards each other in their mimic relations, and to know that they felt the same emotions in their actual selves. The Parisians said at the close of the play, when Berthe pardons and kisses her dying enemy, and tenderly covers her face with a veil,

SARAH TRIED TO PINCH Croisette and even to bite ner in the malicious embrace which to the audience seemed so full of pathos and pity; while the expiring Croisette could only murmur

curses in reply.

I was not so much impressed with either as I bad expected to be. Sarah did not seem to me so full of the divine fire as I had been told; perhaps she was subdued by the ascendency of her rival, and felt as only the artists of the stage can feel the hateful repression of a cooling audience; no doubt the plaudits that stimulated one diminished the ardor of the other. Croisette, however, disap-pointed me even more. She was already stout (as is known, her increasing obesity finally compelled her to leave the stage), and I saw no mark of the extraordinary ability that Paris and the Duc d'Aumale was just then extolling. For Paris, like New York, has its caprices and fashions even in art. The Duc d'Aumale had not very long before returned from his English exile, there seemed a chance of the Orleans princes recovering the throne, or of the Duchimself being elected president; and his passion for Croisette was well known. He had been able to thrust her into a position more fortunate than her own abilities could have secured in the sacred precints of the theatre Francais, a greater triumph of political and personal in-fluence than is ever achieved in America. The advocates of civil service reform should look to France; if our theatre were subject to such control, Mr. Curtis and Mt. Eaton would find greater cause for grief than now, and Carl Schurz might even stay away from the play. The next time I saw Bernhardt was at

The company of the Comedie Francaise was to perform, and the little theatre in Strand was crowded with the most distinguished people in England in rank and fashion, literature and art. The play was Phedre. I had watched Ruchel often in this role; and had been more impressed by that great tragedian in her performance of the passionate stepmother than in any other of her parts. The memory she left was still vivid. In Phedre she bade farewell to America, and the love and horror conflicting that covered her fragile frame as with a garment, the scorn with which she clutched her robe from the grasp of Enono; the stammer-ing in which she uttered

HER GUILTY PASSION for Hippolyte, the mingled meaning she infused into the two words, J' amie, and the meaning greater still with which she looked into Hippolyte's eyes-all were as present to me as if I had seen her the night before. After nearly twenty years came up vividly when the same scene and the same words were presented by another French woman, not without her

own share of the dramatic fire.

But Bernhardt was not Rachel. She lacks the statuesque grace, the air of classic antiquity, the severe and inimitable dignity of her great predecessor; she cannot bring to life as Rachel did the creations of Euripides nor the heroic women of ancient Rome. In the classic plays she only recalls memories which is unable to realize. But in the modern romantic drama Bernhardt no hving rival. She is the only actress who can throw the passionate thrill into the last words of Dona Sol; the only woman who can play L'Etangere; the best Frou-Frou on Marguerite Gautier on the stage; the only one who transcends her author and creand the theatre, forget to criticize and even admire, because you feel; transports you to the gardens of Aragon or the chamber of Adrienne; looks, moves, glances, implores, imprecates, adjures so that you think nothing of Sarah Bern hardt or yourself, but you only feel the power and passion of the situation and

the play.

She had a great triumph in London
The theatre She took the town by storm. The theatre was crowded night after night, and the blaze people of fashion discovered a new emotion. She created, some of them told me, that peculiar

SENSATION ALONG THE SPINAL COLUMN which gets rarer as you grow older, but so long as it recurs is a proof that you still can feel. They were delighted to find that she could transform not only

herself but her auditors.

They were not satisfied with admiring her in the theatre, but insisted on having er in their houses. It is a strange freak of English fashion, their whims, and enthusiasms like every body else, although they are supposed to be so stolid and impassible. Bernhardt became the mode. She was admitted to the most exclusive circles, and made much of by women of irreproachable character, though everybody knew her flaunting history. Even the wonderful barriers of rank and precedence were broken down for her; she was taken in to dinner before duchesses; Mr. Gladstone, the primmest of premiers, went to meet her at afternoon dinners, and the prince and even the princess tried to find out if she was as fascinating in pri

vate as on the stage. Then they took to having her play in society. I remember getting an "At Home" from Lady Brassey, with "Mademoisel'e Bernhardt" in the corner, just as you put "Music," or "Tea at four o'clolk." I went early, hurrying away from dinner, but found the drawingrooms already crowded, everybody seated who could find a place; and very exalted company it was, indeed-ambas sadors and royalties, and cabinet minis-ters, and no end of the nobility.

OUEEN OF THE MINIC WORLD

A little stage was built at one end of the largest room with hardly space enough for the people to move about on it; no chance for tragic stalking and gesticulation. Bernhardt was playing at the theatre the same night, and had to change her dress for the new can be company wasted an hour or role, so the company waited an hour or more. Finally, she came in at the ordin-ary door, for there was no "behind the scenes." The stage was a mere platform between the windows. She was to play the part of a boy of sixteen, in love, and was dressed in the costume of Louis XV's time—long hair, long coat, breeches, and low shoes. As she made her way through the fashionable throng, her tall slim figure and not always graceful bearing were very consequence. ing, were very conspicuous. The dress, of course, was not at all becoming; breeches — as everybody who has seen her knows—are the last costume that she should ever choose. But she stepped upon the stage before us all, and every-body laughed a little, and wondered that

WILLING TO SHOW HER LEGS.

But the play began, and she conquered both her audience and her natural disadvantages. You forgot the tall, ill-made woman in man's disguise, and saw and heard only the awkward, earnest boy, fighting a passion he hardly understood, uttering sentiments that frightened himself, but carried away their object, and the listeners. It was a downright triumph of genius, and worked the cold and critical audience into genuine warmth. I saw more than one of the worldings wipe their eyes, and the cynics breathe short, and the great and the little people for a time forgot themselves. After it was over, she walked among her audience in her breeches, and received her compliments.

The rage lasted through all that season. Nothing like it had been known for twenty years; and at that time the English world of fashion had not taken up with players as it has since. The greatest actors and actresses were not received in society. Irving, perhaps, had begun to make his way a little, but I remember how people talked when he was invited by a bishop. But Bernhardt went everywhere. You can do things with French people that you could not with yourselves you know inst as you with yourselves you know, just as you can say things in the French language that in English would be impossible. Apropos of which I WILL TELL YOU A STORY.

About this time, a year or two before or after the Bernhardt craze, another French woman came to London, Madame Chaumont, who sang with the exquisite expression and eri, but had the most attenuated slip of a voice imaginable, and who sang, and said, and suggested the most daring things I ever saw or heard on the stage. Judic was nothing to her. She, too, was immensely the fashion—on the stage. The greatest ladies in Lon-don went regularly to see and hear things which, if one of their acquaintances had repeated to them, there would have been an end of the acquaintance. All at once, people began to say it would be charming to hear Chaumont in private. Now, there was an aspiring Jewess going about a little, rich and handsome, who nad been noticed by the prince of Wales, and it occurred to her that Chaumont was her opportunity. Accordingly the Frenchwoman was engaged to sing her most risque chansons, and perform her most impossible pantomimes before a very select company, and to make it more piquant still, on a Sunday evening. The most ultra-fashionable people were asked, and had determined o go; and it was supposed that the Jewess would secure her position in the highest society.

But the best concocted schemes of women of fashion, as well as mice, "gang aft agice." The duchess of West-

minster determined to sircumvent the intention. After the Hebrew cards were out for Sunday, the duchess asked all the same people for Saturday, and hired Chaumont. Of course, the world went to the duchess, and was satisfied, and the Sunday was a failure. But to return to Bernhardt.

cial success was not perennial. She re-turned to London, and The audiences were perhaps as crowded ind enthusiastic as ever, but her noble friends now had other favorites, and had

suddenly grown moral. No prince nor prime minister, in her second season, were found to pay her homage, and the this year the piccadilloes which the summer before had beed quite ignored. She played at no private houses, and dinners were not made to meet her. Yet she was the same Bernhardt. When she came to New York her genius was recognised, and somebody

thought that, perhaps, she might repeat her original London experience. A numer of invitations were sent out to meet her, but no ladies accepted them, and though there were many men of literary, or political, or fashionable reputation who were glad to make her acquaintance they did not introduce their wives. Still, the private life of an artist, if it is not obtruded upon the public, need not de-tract from the pleasure that genius af-fords. What players do off the stage may be correct, or the contrary, according to their caprice or character; it does not affect the play. Bernhardt's history all the world knows; it is not very different from Rachel's; and whether the fine ladies visit her or not, she will give us Phedre as no one else aive can do it; she personates Dona Sol as Victor Hugo himself said no one else had ever done it she affords the most splendid representa tions of passion and art combined that neither the French or the English or the American stage presents to-day ADAM BADEAU.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The preachers of Chebovgan, Mich., have lecided not to perform the marriage cere-mony for any person who has been divorced. A man down east says that he doesn't see any particular fun in tobograning. Since the fact has been developed that he went tobogganing with his wife

It is said that somnambulism is on the in crease in this country among married women. The only way to break 'em of it is to hide your wallet outside of your bedroon A young woman Buatrstem, who has been married for only five months, has applied for a judicial separation because her husband will not cut his toenails, which are of abnormal length, and she complains that she is scarred from head to foot by them.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in one of her passion beens, portrays a touching little connubial pisode when she says: One lies awake in the night to ween: other drifts into a sweet, sound

If the theory was true that Eve was created because Adam was lonely and wanted some one to talk to, how disappointed our first ancestors must have been when he realized how difficult it was going be for him to get a word in edge ways. Philadelphia Record: In Boyertown on Tuesday James A. Beard & wealthy cattle raiser of Nebraska, married Miss Elizabeth Wise. They had only known each other by correspondence until Mr. Beard arrived in Boyertown a few hours before his marriage.

We think that Gilroy can claim the oldest married couple in California, Mr. and Mrs. Blodget, Mr. Blodgett being ninety-nine and his wife ninety-seven years old. They have been married seventy-nine years, are both in good health, and the happy guests of their son, Mr. Blodget, who resides near that city. A Sheboygan, Mich., widow, after mourning ten days for her dear departed, sough consolation in a second marriage. She didn't find it, though, for it is said that ever since the wedding the ghost of the dead hus-band has been msking strings lively for the

honeymooners, who have already moved sev-eral times, but are unable to escape the spirit, which rattles windows, groans, shakes the doors, and makes himself generally very disagreeable. The demand for the recent published edition of the Chinese testament, revised by Rev. Griffith John, averages about 1,000

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The tenor Sylva is now engaged at the St. Petersburg opera.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" took splendidly in Kansas towns.

Anna Kribel, a Norwegian cantatrice, recently made a debut in Paris.

The Paris conservatory concerts are in the sixtieth year of their existence. Stuart Robson's favor'te poem is said to be Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane."

most exclusively worn by homely ladles. Richard Mansfield, it is said, will occur the Madison Square theatre next summer. Excise Commissioner Andrews, of New York, is an ex-scene shifter and prompter. Augustin Daly's company will begin its engagement at the Boston museum, May 17. Kyrle Bellew was, twelve years ago, re-porting for the Melbourne (Australia) papers.

The demand for photographs of Mary Anderson has fallen off very greatly in Lon-Mrs. W. H. Courtney, a Brooklyn amateur has decided to become a professional act, "Sophia" has passed its 200th night in Lon

It proved a failure at Wallack's, New Frederick de Belleville has been offered a two-years' engagement at the New York Ly-

Robert L. Scott will take out a new play next season. It is called "A Chip of the Old Block." Ernesto Vanuccini, the maestro of vocal art, died recently at Florence. He was 92

years old. Kate Tierney made her first appearance at the age of eight as the Duke of York, in Richard III. A Texas youth, after buying his ticket wanted to know if Booth appeared in trag-

edy or opera.

The Baltimore Oratorio society will produce Max Bruch's "Lay of the Bell" at the Candidus, the tenor, it is said, receives a bigger salary than did Brignoli in the prime of his career.

Lady Colin Campbell contradicts the state that she intends to become a profes sional vocalist. The "Vice Admiral," Millocker's latest suc-

cessful operetta has been secured for America by M. Conried. Bernhardt gave ten performances in the City of Mexico, and it is claimed that the receipts were \$47,000.

Mme. Marchesi has written and published a book on the voice, entitled "Methods et Critique de Chant Theorique." Lucca is engaged to sing three times as Carmen at the Royal theater, Copenhagen, during the coming month of May. The latest social craze in Europe is the mandolin. The instrument has captivated the society people of Washington and New York.

"The Private Secretary" has made such marked success in English that it is being played in Boston in its original version in Marcella Sembrich is likely to succeed Bianchi at the Vienna Court opera. She is said to be negotiating for a permanent en-

gagement there. The chorus girls in the Metropolitan opera-company are bound by contract to give the managers two weeks' notice before they rush Irene Curry is the name of a musical won-der in San Francisco. She is only six years old and her performance of piano solos is

highly spoken of. The first score of Verdi's "Otelio" has arrived at New York from Milan, and was addressed to Mme. Fursch-Madi with the composer's compliments.

"Ruddygore," it is asserted, is a deliberate "crib" from a comic opera entitled 'Crimson Mask," written twenty years by the late Jehn Brougham. written twenty years ago Miss Eleanor Calhoun, the American actress, has returned to New York from Europe, not to marry young Hearst, but to look after a play prepared for her.

Emil Thomas, the celebrated German com-edian, is on his way to this country. He will begin an engagement at the Thalia, New York, the second week in March. "Nym Crinkle" says that he can remember the time when he used to taink Rose Cogh-ian was the handsomest woman in the world; and he adds: "I've got a son who is begin-

ning to think the same way. Miss Mary Anderson will make her re-en-trance on the English stage at Birmingham on April 11, and subsequently she will act at other provincial cities, thus failfiling a spring engagement. Mr. C. J. Abud will act as her business manager. Miss Ander-son's season at the London Lyceum will not

begin until autumn. The latest talk about Mary is that she is going to become a nun. Chas, H. Hoyt has purchased a residence in his native town, Charlestown, N. H. Mr. Hoyt will be surrounded by the scenes that he has made famous in his farces. At a near corner is the Eagle hotel, used as a background for a "A Bunch of Keys," near by is the drug store which figures in "A Rag Baby," on the street a few blocks off is the residence where it is claimed the scenes shown in "A Parlor Match" took place, while two blocks away is the denot of the Connective land.

two blocks away is the depot of the Connecticut railroad, in the station room of which the scenes in his new farce "A Hole in the Ground" are laid.

SINGULARITIES.

A gray eagle shot at Fort Pierre, D. T., had jack-rabbit in its tallons A resident of Chester, Ill., has a pet crow that talks quite as well as any parrot A Pokeron (Mich.) man found aboar's tooth in the center of a solid log recently while chopping. Residents of Vilas, D. T., by the aid of a mirage, distinctly saw wessington hills, fifty miles away, one day last week.

A domestic goose was killed by a gentle man living on Cache creek, Lake county, Cal., and in its crop was found a large quan-tity of gold dust.

A Georgia hen belonging to Mrs. News laid an egg the other day about two inches long and shape! exactly like a sodawater bottle. Wonder if the freak has anything to do with prohibition?

In cutting ice on Lake-of-the-Woods it was found that the heavy cakes contained many fish that were caught during the cold snap and frozen in the ice. On this account the ice cutting on the lake was abandoned. The other day while William Cole was driving the stage between Nevada City and

North Bloomfield he saw by the roadside six quail that appeared to be snow-blind. He jumped out of the sleigh and caught them A doctor of Odin, Ili., purchased some whisky to be used as medicine for a sick child. He left the bottle on his table for a

few minutes, when it exploded with a loud report. The bottle was broken, and the liquor falling on the table cloth burned it like One day last week a hen at Mr. Cosby's

Cuthbert, Ga., while looking around with a view of going into business, lost her foothold and fell into the well. She remained in therea day and night, and when found had appropriated a cave in the well to her own se and was making herself at home. A young lad in Kingston, N. Y., is the pos-sessor of a tame pigeon which follows him wherever be goes. On Thursday it followed

him on his way to school. As soon as he saw it he carried it back to his house. After he had been in school some time the teacher saw the pigeon making its way into the school-room, and the boy had to carry the bird home farmer living near Quincy says that

A farmer flying near quincy says that wille out feeding his chickens one morning recently, four wild geese came flying towards his barnyard, and after circling about him several times lit among his chickens. He caught one of them, whereupon the others attacked him viciously. He is all a managed to severe a second one, and inally managed to secure a second one, and after a sharp encounter drove off the other Morris Shelland, of Galt, Canada, bought a

wild goose of Mr. Harris, who had caught it eighteen years before. It has recently died. There is an uncertainty about its age, as no one could tell how old it was when caught. Casey county, Ky., is said to be overran by rats. A sort of cat cholera has killed off ail the cats, and the rats are baving everything their own way. Cats are away up above par

While the recent storm was at its height,'a While the recent storm was at its height.'a
Mrs. Rogers, who resides near Prattvile,
gave birth to triplets—one boy and two girls,
Though five or six feet of snow made it impossible to procure medical assistance at the
time, the mother and all three of the new arrivals are doing well. The little ones, though
small, the largest weighing only four and a
half pounds, are perfectly formed and full of
type and vizor.

James Lyon, of Elmira, desired a photograph of his fine St. Bernard dog. When the dog saw the camera pointed at him he supposed that something was wrong and botted out of the door. He was coaxed back and posed again. Acain he took alarm, and, the door being shut, jumped out of a window, fell on an awoing, broke through, fell on two young men, smashed a hat flat, and terribly seared a small colored bootblack. The dog weighs 150 pounds. life and vizor.

dog weighs 150 pounds. After nightfall wild ducks infest the grain fields in the vicinity of Putah creek, Alameda county, California, in great numbers. They have nearly devastated 400 acres on the Curry farm, Henry Goodman, the foreman. after experimenting with numerous devices

to frighten them away, at last hit upon the project of burning candles during the night. These are protected from the wind by sacks, and the fields are kept comparatively clear of

Quite a natural curiosity was an object of considerable interest in the office of the superintendent of the poor in Chicago. It was nothing more nor less than a bright little girl, three and a half years old, who was gifted, or afflicted, as the case may turn out to be, with two tongues. A little tongue about half the regular size had grown on top of the natural organ. This did not in any way affect the child's speech or prevent her eating a hearty meal.

Some Ohio parties while fishing at Dixon's pond one night last week left their guns at the mill. During their absence a couple of dogs entered the house, and dog like, engaged in a fight. During the scuffle one of the guns was knocked down and the contents discharged into the hindquarters of one dog. The other, though master of the situation, fled incontinently, leaving poor Tray to the mercy of the ishermen, who were soon on the spot to ascertain the cause of the report.

One-fifth of the entire population of Eugland Wales are stated to be in Sunday shools. being 600,000 teachers and 5,200,000 scholars. Lord Wm. Cecil, second son of the mar-quis of Salisbury, is about to be ordained to a curacy at the parish church of St. Nicholas,

The Rev. Frank Russell, of Oswego, N. Y., a talented minister, elegant speaker, and classical gentleman, of the Congregational church, is in the lecture field.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will attempt to evangelize Chicago, and to that end they will erect a building in that city to cost \$250,000 for the training of Christian workers.

The American board of commissioners for foreign missions has rejected the application of R. C. Morse, of the theological school, who has recently been licensed to preach. The reading of the "Lives of the Saints" caused Ignatius Loyola to form the purpose of creating a new religious order, which pur-

pose eventuated in the powerful society of the Jesuits. The two copies of the bible used at Queen One is a heirloom in the family of the late Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and the other is preserved in the cathedral of Nor-

Mich.

It is reported that Father Charles Turner, lately professor of theology at Bishop Bagshawe's Diocesan Seminary of Our Lady and St. Hugh, Nottingham, has seceded from the Roman Catholic church, and has been received into the Church of England. The Universalist club, of New York, is en-

gaged in perfecting plans looking towards holding, next winter, in the large hall of the Cooper union, services at which prominent Universalist preachers shall expound in a imple and popular manner the principles of

The old family bible that belonged to "Mary, The old Tainity objection," is still in exist-tence, and is kept in a branch of the Wash-ington family in Virginia. It contains the family register, recording the birth of George Washington, February 22, 1782. The binding has a cover of cloth woven by the hand of his

By the stern array of facts and figures, at By the stern array of the same the end of this boasted century of missions, while nor 3,000,000 converts, nominal and real, have been won by christianity in pagandom, heathen and Mohammedan are 200,000,000 more than they were at the behinning of the century. The votaries of these faiths in-crease seventy times faster than the follow-ers of Christ.

A sermon both short and good is perfect and needs no apology. A short, poor sermon has an apology for its poorness in its brevity. A long good sermon has an apology for its length in its goodness. But a long, poor sermon admits of no apolozy and the attempt to make one makes it both longer and poorer. Pherefore, proceed to business without

apology,

By the death of Bishop William Mercer Green of Mississippi last Sunday, the Episcopal church lost her oldest and one of her most venerated prelates. He was born in 1708 and was ordained to the episcopacy in 1820. It was his conclusion was seriou at the opening of the general convention of 1863, that went far towards healing the breach made between the northern and southern church by the war. apology. church by the war.

The English society for the propagation of The English society for the projugation of the gospel in foreign parts is arranging for observance on August 12, 1887, of the 160th anniversary of the consecration, in Lam-beth palace, of Dr. C. Inglis, who was not only the first bishop of Nova Scotia, but the orst bishop of the Church of England in for-nigh parts. Of course, therefore, this is at event in which the American Episcopalian