THE OMAHA DAILY BEE SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1890 .-- TWENTY PAGES

. FALCONEF KIRKSAL ЮĮ

"We have been busy the last three days cleaning up our basement, and the Dam-aged Goods we found there will

PUT ON SALE TO-MORROW.



Most of them are much less damaged than those we had upstairs, and which we have already disposed of. Many of them are only slightly touched with water, and most of them have only the very slightest smell of smoke. But the same reductions will be made as before.

WE GANNOT ENTER INO PARTICULARS BUT THE GOODS CONSIST OF

Silks, Velvets, Dress Coods, Laces, Drapery Nets, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Underwear, Challies, Sateens, Linens, Table Cloths, Napkins,

Towels, Blankets. Muslin Underwear, Cloaks, Jackets, Jerseys,

And a lot of lace curtains which have got wet in the case and will be sold for half price, although not spoiled at all for immediate use. A case of blankets, wet, \$3.50 goods, will be sold for \$1.50. Two cases of ginghams, some of the pieces slightly wet, will be sold for 5c. The price was 10c yard, and two cases 12 1-2c Sateens; very beautiful goods, slightly smoked, will be sold at 6 1-4c. They are in our west window.

N.B. FALCONER.

"All right, old boy, we know-you've been there," rendered my favoritism among these

TERRIBLE AUDIENCE.

Joe Jefferson's Experience With Ticket-of-Leave-Man in Australia. Kean acted in the "Lady of Ly

McGinty, so long been dramatized and

Ideal Sovereigns Omiha Teachers Would Have Govern Them

KINGDOM OF HEART AND HOME lovely for large, mountini, blue eves shaded by long dark lashes. He has the thin, delicately chiseled nose of a Greek god. A long, silky blonde mustache droops over a mouth of womanly sensitiveness. His work should all be done by his agents and he should spend his time in his grand old library meditating upon the infiniteness of the which ness of the what the infiniteness of the whichness of the what and adoring his adored with an adoration that is terrifying in its intensity." There is in one of the rooms in the Pleasant school a demure little miss to whom some irreverent mortals would apply the adjective "cuddlesome." She has a pretty figure, dark hair and eyes, and wears the neatest of garments. She gave a description of the orthodox ideal man as he appears in the books, and, growing confl dential, intimated that he might be all right s an ideal, but he was considerable of a chestnut. "Now, what I like," she continued, "and you mustn't print it for the world, is one of these big, red-faced, two hundred pound men. They have big voices, big hands and big hearts. They stride through the world with a laugh on their lips and all the little worries and petty troubles of life are brushed away like cobwebs by their brawny hands. chestnut. know they drink lots of drinks and are bad n a good many ways, but there is nothing small about them and smallness I despise. Then, you know, to most women it is some satisfaction to know that their protector is big enough and strong enough to elbow his way anywhere. It does not make so much difference about his brains so long as he is not a fool. I don't want him to be a he is not a tool. I don't want him to be a philosopher nor a poet nor a musician, but I really would like him to know how to drive horses and train dogs. Something like the typical English 'squire, I think, is about my ideal." A pessimistic view is taken by one of the

N. B. FALCONER

umseif. There was no hypocrisy, no ef feminacy in his character or disposition, be cause in her eyes these weaknesses would cause in her eyes these weaknesses would easily have stood revealed. In a word, he was an angel without wings. He might one time have appeared upon the scane. He might a so, he had failed in his dress parade or turned to other mortals whose reception admitted him to more immediate if less blissful communion of soul.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY OUT SHORT.

A Hundred Lines at One Fell Swoop-Mysterious Disappearance of a French Composer-Lester Wallack's Neglected Grave.

Having had a long rest from acting, I returned to Melbourne to play a short engagement with my former partner at the Haymaket, and then sailed for Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, writes Joseph Actierson in the Century for May. This lovely island had formerly been a convict station, where life-sentenced prisoners from England had been sent. There was at the time I speak of, and is now, a most refined society in Tasmania, though among the lower classes there was a strong flavor of the convict element. I acted "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man" for the first time in Hobart Town, and there was much excitement in the city when the play was announced. At least one hundred ticket of-leave men were in the pit on the first night of its production. Before the curtain rose, I looked through it at this terrible audience the faces in the pit were a study. Men with low foreheads and small, peering eves, ferretlooking eyes, some with fist noses and square. ernel jaws, and sinister expressions-leering, flow and canning-all wearing a sullen, dogged looked, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and gut the theater of its scenery if one of their kind was held up to public scorn upon the stage. This shows the power of the drama. An author might write an article abusing them, or an artist paint a picture showing up the hideous deformity of their features-all this they could pear and even laugh at; but put one of their ilk upon the stage in human form, surrounded by the sympathetic story of a play, and they would no more submit to an ill-usage of him than they would to a personal attack upon themselves.

The first act of the play progressed with but little excitement. These men seemed to the humorous and pathetic side of the tory with great relish; but when I came ppon the stage in the second act, revealing the emaciated features of a returned convict, with sunken eyes and a closely shaved head, there was a painful stillness in the house. The whole plt seemed to lean forward and strain their eager eyes upon the scene, and Bob Brierly revealed to his sweetheart the "secrets of the prison house," there was little murmurs of recognition and shakings of the head, as though they fully recognized the local allusions that they so well remem-(bered; deep-drawn sighs for the sufferings that Bob had gone through, little smothered laughs and at of the old, well-rememsome bered inconveniences of prison life; but then, Bob was a hero, and their sympathies were caught by the nobleness of his character and his innocence of crime, as though each one of his innocence of crime, as though each one of these villians recognized how persecuted he and Bob had been.

As the play progressed, their enthusiasm Increased. Whenever Bob was hounded by a detective, or ill-treated by the old Jew, they would how their indiguation at the actors; and when he came out unscathed at the end of the play, a monument of perfect innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This perform-ince rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "lags" of Hobart Town; and was often accosted on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their barly persocutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the facenvenione that I barly caused by being poked in the ribs and and when he came out unscathed at the end

our times, says Temple Bar. For the first three representations the prompter was at his post regularly, and all went smoothly; on the last night, however, he was unfortunately called away. Claude commenced his descrip-tion, as usual, with the words: "Nay, dearest, nay, If thou wouldst have me paint the-At this moment he fixed his eye on the spot

where the prompter should have been, but found him not. The Prince of Como paused and tried back,

"If thou wouldst have me paint— I say—if thou wouldst have me paint tee——" Then he collapsed utterly, exclaiming audi-bly to Mrs. Kean, who had in vain attempted to wommt him. "It's no use, Elien ; I'm flummuxed "

His most ludicrous mishap, nowaver, oc-surred in Belfast, when he was acting Othelto. He had just heard a bogus report of the death of his intimate friend Murray, the death of his infinate friend phirray, the Edinburgh manager, which somewhat un-hinged him. He got through his first scene without difficulty, but when he came to the apology, he had barely uttered the first line, "Most potent, grave and reverend signors," when his memory left him altogether. He multimed any least to me (I was Classio): muttered anxiously to me (I was Cassio)

"What is it?" In the innocence of my heart, I responded 'What is what?'

"The word! The word!" he replied. "Which word?" I ingeniously asked. "Why, the word I want !" "But," said I, "I don't know which word you do want !" Mrs. Kean and the promptor both saw something was wrong, and they each tried to prompt him from the wings, but

in vain. At last a luminous idea occurred to me. I whispered him the last line of the Apology; he accepted the suggestion, and boldly cutting out a hundred lines "in one fell swoop"-he exclaimed : les or more "Here comes the lady-let her witness it!" Whereupon, the entrance of the gentic Des

demona got us out of our difficulty. Years afterward, when he played Wolsey in his magnificent revival of "Henry VIII." at the Princess, he suffered more from ner-yousness than he had ever done, and it was alleged (though I cannot vouch for it from my own personal knowledge) that two young girls, who followed as pages in his train, were carefully taught the words of Wolsey, so that in the event of his breaking down they

A Vanished Composer.

might prompt him.

The mysterious disappearance of M. Camille Saint-Saens has lent new interest to all that concerns that eminent composer, says the New York Herald. He left Paris shortly be fore the production of his last lyric drama, "Ascanio," at the Grand opera, and, though it is rumored that he has since been heard of in Venice, nothing definite is known of his movements. According to one rumor he is wandering about in the far east. Another re-port locates him in a quiet nook near Paris. According to a third story he is in a private innatic asylum

Iunatic asylum. For some time past it has been an open se-cret that he has been painfully afflicted by the death of his mother, whom he adored and who had devoted her life to him. His Who had devoted her life to him. His deep depression had been increased by re-peated difficulties with M. Ritt and Gail-hard, the opera managers, in connection with the production of "Ascanio," and the strain upon the composer's mind at last became so intolerable that in letters to his friends he vowed he would fice Paris before the fate of his new work was decided, feeling as he did nnequal to the excitement of success or failure.

M Saint-Saens is too well known here to need much describing. For years past his works for organ, for plane and orchestra have been familiar in the concert room. None of his operas have been played here, but they, too, are partly known from the selections which have from time to time been played and sung here under the direction of Herr Seidi, Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Van der Stacken. — The future author of "Le Timbre d'Argent," "Henry VIII.," "Etienne Marcel," 'Samson et :Delitan," "Preserpine" and "Ascanio" studied at the conservatoire, where his ex-traordinary talent and prodiglous memory M Saint-Saens is too well known here to

visiting America under M. Alfred Godchaux's management. For many years M. Saint-Saens courted unpopularity in Paris by his warm defense of Wagner. He has since tempered his enthu-siasm, though there are many signs in his works of the influence of the Bayreuth been rewritten. Lilli Lehman's Norma is described as a

prophet. Lester Wallack's Grave. Lester Wallack's grave lies in an isolated spot on the side of Woodlawn that slopes oward the New Haven railroad, where it can

Dellini's music. be seen from the car windows, says the Dramatic Mirror. When an andience at a theater in Santiago No stone or monument of any sort marks the resting place of our dead prince of come-

dians. Some withered wreaths and flowers strewn on the mound but emphasizes the melancholy sense of loneliness and desertion that the sight inspires. to flee for their lives. There was loud talk of a statue to Wallnek in the Central Park not long after his death, and before the newspapers and the public had forgotten he once lived. Would it not be well

for his family, or Theodore Moss, or if need be, the profession, to place a simple ston above this grave?

Nordica's Beautiful Home.

Mme. Nordica has a beautiful home just out of London, surrounded by a large garden, says the New York World. When she is in says the New York World. When she is in it she keeps house, weeds and trims her flower-beds, entertains company, hunts, rides, sails and plays tennis. She has trophies from every city she has ever sung in, and the fit-tings of her house are filled with bric-a-brac and ornaments, the gifts of admirers and friends. She has three pianos in her house, each of which she uses every day

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

W. J. Scanlan will make a forty-five week's our next season Marie Hilforde will probably blossom out

is a star next season. Stuart Robson will spend his summer va-cation in Cohasset, Mass.

Robert Mantell expects to make a brief risit to Europe this summer.

Laura Burt has made a hit as Fatima in 'Bluebeard Jr." W. S. Gilbert is back again in England

from India. Agues Herndon has discharged her man-ager, who is also her husband, and is adver

tising for some one to look after her business affairs next season. Mary Auderson's intimate London friends

claim to have received positive information from the lady herself that, although she will soon take a husband, she will not abandon the stage. Alexander Salvini began his career as

star last week, acting in "A Child of Naples' and "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Corinne may possibly bring out a DOW ourlesque next season in addition to "Monte Cristo, jr.," and "Arcadia."

Sam Harrison says : "The sostenuto and echnique of Clara Morris' voice are below the ordinary, but her trills in the last act of 'Article 4' are equal to any prima donna's I ever heard."

Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict," with recitatives by Felix Mottl was recently given for the first time at the Vienna opera and achieved success.

This year the general breaking up of thetrical companies will take place May 10, Still another farce comedy has broached. The name os it is "Irish Whisky.

Sidney Booth, son of Mrs. Agnes Booth, has joined the Nellie McHenry company. Mme. Patti will carry away with her about \$250,000, the wages of her season in America. Corinne is growing so that she is scarcely

recognizable. She weighs 138 pounds loveliness and is tall at that. Jessie Milward has been selected by Augus-tus Harris to play the heroines of Drury Lane melodramas for the next three years. It is quite probable that Emma Romeldi, of

the Boston Ideals, will return to Europe, the scene of her former successes, next season. The latest invention of Musical Germany is chanical conductor, a figure which beats

Cienfuegos, who hails him as a great tenor W. G. Wills' blank verse play of "Juanna," which was produced originally in the Londor

wonderful performance, much more effective, even, than the characterization of Brunhilde

and other Wagner heroines. Her action is said to be superb in its art and its variety,

and she seems to revel in the vocal ceauties of

mas, and that of the third in the west.

which he himself set to music.

be brought out in Albany.

popular on both sides of the sea.

Isles.

vears.

mans speaks.

MEN NEITHER STICKS NOR MONKEYS. Court theater with Wilson Barrett and Hel ena Modjeska in the principal characters, has

Faced Man and Lady Who

There is a molder of youthful ideas in the Dodge school who has mentally painted to her own satisfaction an ideal man. She has fully her own share of the good looks of the city; is noither a blonde nor a brunette neither short nor tall, young nor old, but she has a pair of fine, expressive eyes, beautiful hair, a white, well-shaped hand and a slender, graceful figure. She does not want a hus band and has no intention of getting one: but for the clinging-vine specimens who must have an oak to cling to she recommends some thing like the following :

monkey with a cane and an eye-glass. He must have some brains in bis head and know how to use them. He must have money, because he is not a man among men in this age of the world unless he has. He must have position and independence and nerve. He must carry the purse himself and not bother his wife with his financial difficulties, if he has any. He must be polite and attentive to his wife, and in public and at home treat her as any gentleman would a lady. But, above asi things, he must not be a 'softy.' He must attend to his business and not make a Miss

man that he might remain at home or go away and his wife would always feel that he was at all times and would always return to her the same an elegant, well groomed, well poised and well regulated gentleman."

wife-hunter who has a different ideal. She

straight-laced old sticks and I hate weak-minded, driveling idiots who can't look aten beer sign without getting drunk. I want a man who can keep himself and his wife without borrowing money or buying furniture on the installment plan. I want him to take a drink when he feels like it, smoke a cigar when he wants one and if he feels like it 'have a time' with his friends. I want him to have a had be seen to his smoke to be the time. save a bank account big enough to buy new clothes for emergency occasions and I don't want him to spend every minute he is not at work in dawdling around the house.

drone of the schoolroom, the laky fingers and chalky dresses and the unutterable wearing as of a day-in-and-out drudge for daily bread. of a day-in-and-out drudge for daily bread. Her ideal is a wooden man who would love her alone, and spend his time how and where he saw fit. He nust give her liberty, riches and oceans of time to loiter under the trees southed by the breath of the flowers and the music of the birds. He may be a statesman or a brewer, it makes no difference to her so that he surrounds her with runais Ira Aldridge, the colored man who used to

A serious-faced girl in the same building thinks that a man to make an ideal husband should be true and contant as steel. The bread and butter side of life is a minor con-

teachers of the high school. Nature never intended her for a cynic. She is far too bright, rosy and altogether interesting. She has blonde hair and wears all the flowers she can get. She says: "Anything with the least semblance of

manhood is supposed to be the schoolma'an's ideal, isn't it? Well, it doesn't make so much difference after all. If I map out my journey down the years with a life companion who is of the Augusta J. Evans order,

who poetizes and rhapsodizes and yearns and all that, the chances are that I will some time find myself linked to a clod who sums up the good things of life under the heads of eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. I have an ideal, but I have not the remotest idea that he over lived or ever will live. He is perfectly honest, trustworthy and constant. He is neither a namby-pamby Miss Molty nor a thick-headed brute. He may take a drink if he feels like it, but he is so far above his appetites and passions as to lead people to think that he has none. Physically he is perfect. His breath is sweet, his teeth are white, his nalls are clean and well trimmed, and his linen is spotless. He is neither sanctimonious nor vulgar nor ane, though I think there are occasions when forcible expressions are to some extent justi-fiable. He may have genius, but he must not be a crank. He must have refinement

and culture. He knows a good poem or piece of music when he hears it and he loves, honors, protects and defends his wife with the devotion and chivalry of a mediaeval

the devotion and chivalry of a mediaval knight. "Now, isn't that nice and isn't it impos-sible. I never met such a man and never ex-pect to and, consequently, I am resigned to a life of single bleasedness or misery as the case may be till my days are in the sere and yel-low leaf. You think I will marry somebody some day. I see _Woll woman we sell feed

some day, I see. Wel, women are all fools, and there is no telling what I may do. Down at the Pacific school, that relic of by-gone days and prehistoric architects, is a stately maiden. There is a mellowness in her stately mater. There is a mellowness in her voice, a heartiness in her laugh, a brightness in her eye and, withal, a comeliness in her face which readily attract as they deserve consider-able attention. Could she have had an idealy queried the scribe. And yet sho must have had, because who has not one in the class of her discuss who has not one in the class of intelligent women whose broad is carned in the education of youth! It was a difficult a clergyman and loved and respected by everybody. She does not look for genius, but for sound common sense and a certain degree of refinement. A vivacious instructress in the Park school, whose flock seems to adore her and who really

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The watteau fans might pass for heirioons, they are so similar to those carried by our grandmothers; of lace in antique pattern, with inserted medallions hand painted in watteau effects and colors.

A novelty is the Blucher. It is made on the Piccadilly last which gives that slim effect to the foot now so much sought after in the best grades of fine wear.

Mrs. Cleveland is scholarly enough to read understandingly and enjoy the English ver sion of Homer.

The sacrifice of widows on the funeral pyre The sactime of whows on the inheral pyre still goes on in Bali, an island near Juva. They are burned along with the remains of their husbands. The latter's slaves also share the same fate if he be of high rank. A short time ago three wives of a chief were cremated.

The servants and mistresses of Vienna have to manage their affairs under the superintendence of the police. The latter keep a "servants' book" in which each girl's dismis-sals and re-engagements are recorded, together with copies of character given by sach employer.

Some lisse fans have sticks of carved wood, colored shade of the lisse, and a fringe of pendant metallic beads along each fold others have very full, narrow ruchings of finely plaited lisse along the folds, giving a very feathery and dainty effect.

The prettiest feet on record were those of Napoleon's sister, the Princess Borghese, who after her bath, used to recline gracefully on a lounge in her dressing room, with her dimin tive feet, plump and perfect as those of child, and tinted like a tea rose, carefully displayed

The swagger girl is advancing. There is nothing more certain than her arrival. She will come with the chamois brown spots on her low shoes, a pork pie perched on the side of her head, a four-in-hand tied about her choker and ornamented with a mastiff scarf pin and her thumbs in the pockets of a summer blazer. Her success remains to be seen.

The lace boot is again reinstated in favor, In some boot is again reinstated in favor, but it comes back in a more ornamental form. In some instances the fronts are of patent leather, cut in scallops, and the silken laces some bright color, as scarled or yellow.

The most fashionable London shoes for very smart occasions are in silk, such a morocco, corresponding with the gowns, with contrasting heels and rands, and either ribbon tying the sides flaps together on the instep on a handsome buckle.

Since gold-bead necklaces have again come into style dealers have been placed very fre-

Into style dealers have been placed very fre-quently in a very delicate position when some lady came in to complain that the neck-lace, sold her was of inferior quality, as it crocked or blackened on her neck. Recont investigation and the experience of promi-nent storekeepers has disclosed the fact that this is due entirsly to the contact of the beads with a neck upon which face-powder has been used. The smallest amount of powder, if the necklace be continually worn, is suf-ficient to cause this.

Certain physicians have discovered that frowns can be eradicated by cutting mixeless between the bridge of the nose and the roots of the hair. So every woman who through fretting, ill-health or any other reason has ac-quired those little wrinkles on the brow can now have them skillfully removed by the sur-goon's kaife. What next' Apparently the day is not far distant when one can be entirely re-constructed from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Orders have been given for the erection of a temporary observatory on the grounds of the Catholic university at Washington. The observatory will be a wooden structure. tome will be constructed by the builders of the Lick observatory.

The Woman Who Idoilzes a Big, Red-Adores an Adonis with Perfumed Locks.

de Chili is displeased because of a change in the bill it has its own way of expressing dis pleasure. On a recent occasion, when the play was shortened, the spectators wrecked the theater and compelled manager and artists After Sarah Bernhardt appears in this ountry, Abbey and Grau will take her to Brazil, and a tour of the greater part of the two continents will be arranged to occupy two It is whispered among the cognoscenti that Colonel Ingersoll is the author of the prayer in "Money Mad," which excited so much at-tention in New York, and which Mrs. Yea-

"He must be a man, not a stick nor a It is said that negotiations are about com pleted with M. Gounod to write a grand opera to be produced in America in 1892. He will himself "superintend its production and con-duct in person on the first night." The scenes of the first, second and fourth acts are said to he laid in Mexico at the time of the Montezu-The composer Arrigo Bolto will bring out his opera, "Nerone," next year at La Scala. He has lately finished a libretto, "Maometto," Boieldieu's opera, "The Caliph of Bagdad, the overture to which was once a universal favorite, was lately revived at the Breshau Stadt theater, and received with much favor. Stadt theater, and received with much layor. Alice King Livingston retires from the "Lord Chumley" company to prepare for a summer tour of her own in Michigan and the Lake Superior country. Prior to this under-taking she will produce Mr. W. C. Hudson's recent dramatization of his novel, "Jack Gor-don, Knight-Errant." The play will probably he hemselft out in Albany. Motly of himself by interfering with the house nor the milliner's bills. He should be so self-reliant, so reliable and so much of a

In the same school there is a young lady with a snap in her eyes and a firmness in her lips which must indicate something to the Sarah Bernhardt is to play "Joan of Arc.

in London, and certain alterations will be made in the dialogue and action of the play. Six stalwart Englishmen will no longer fail Six stativart Englishmen will no longer fail like rushes before the scythe-like weapon of the gallant maid and the poltroonery of the island bulldogs (they would seem to have been toy terriers in those days) will have its pro-portions shorn a little. ays: "I hate goody-goody men. I hate dignified. The name of the great tenor Gayarre will not soon be forgotten in Spain. A new thea-ter is about to be opened at Barcelona, which will be called the Theater Gayarre; while next month another, bearing the same name, will be opened at Las Palmas, on the Canary

Annie Pixley says it is not an easy thing get new songs suitable for singing in pub c. Out of a large number of ballads se

At land school there is a lady from whose cheeks the worries and yexations of several terms of struggle with undeveloped minds has worn the first warm blush of youth and who is tired to death of the monotonous cured for her last year by her European agent, she could make use of only one, "Love's Old, Sweet Song," which is very A new star, Marie Hubert Frohman, has a new play "The Witch," which pictures life during the time of the Puritans, and borders on tragedy. One of its scenes shows how men and women were put in stocks for mak-ing love on the Sabbath.

play Othello in this country and Europe, has a daughter on the stage who has a fine contraito voice. She has been at Kroll's theater, Berlin, to sing in opera, and has been cast for the part of Azucena in "Trovatore." to her so that he surrounds her with music

The old theater at Richmond, near London, where Helen Faucit made her first appear-ance as Juliet, and was rewarded by the apance as Juliei, and Was rewarded by the ap-proval of the then dying Edmund Kean, van-ished long ago. A new play-house has now been built in the delightful old town and will be managed by Horace Leonard, a literary man, not an actor. It will be opened by Mrs. Langtry. sideration, though no good faithful man would see wife or children tack any of the conforts of life. She would like him to be a doctor or Fans are of moderate size and, except for very ordinary use, are of lisse, or lace, or a combination of both.