

We have been busy the last three days cleaning up our basement, and the Damaged 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 CANNOT ENTER INTO PARTICULARS BUT THE GOODS CONSIST OF

Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Laces, Drapery Nets, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, 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. N. B. FALCONER**

**HAD A TERRIBLE AUDIENCE.**

Joe Jefferson's Experience With Ticket-of-Leave-Man in Australia.

**OTHELLO'S APOLOGY OUT SHORT.**

A Hundred Lines at One Fell Swoop—Mysterious Disappearance of a French Composer—Lester Wallace'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 Haymarket, and then sailed for Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, writes Joseph Jefferson in the Century for May. This lovely island had formerly been a convict station, where life-sentence 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 eyes, ferret-looking eyes, some with flat noses and square, cruel jaws, and sinister expressions—leering, low and cunning—all wearing a sullen, dogged look, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and put the theater of its scenery if one of their kind were 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 bear 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 enjoy the humorous and pathetic side of the story with great relish; but when I came upon 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 pit seemed to gasp, and my strain their eager eyes upon the scene. 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 remembered; deep-drawn sighs for the sufferings that Bob had gone through, and little smothered laughs at some of the old, well-remembered 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 in each one of these villains recognized how persecuted he and Bob had been.

As the play progressed, their enthusiasm increased. Whenever Bob was wounded by a detective, or ill-treated by the old Jew, they would howl their indignation at the actors; and when he came out unscathed at the end of the play, a moment of perfect innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This performance rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "legs" of Hobart Town, and was often accorded on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their early persecutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the incongruity that I had caused by being poked in the ribs and

winked at now and then, as much as to say, "All right, old boy, we know—you've been there," rendered my favoritism among these fellows rather irksome.

**Kean Forgo His Lines.**

During an engagement at Liverpool, Charles Kean acted in the "Lady of Lyons" three or four 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. Charles commenced his description, as usual, with the words: "Nay, dearest, nay. If thou wouldst have me paint thee—"

"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, saying: "If thou wouldst have me paint thee— I say—if thou wouldst have me paint thee—"

His most ludicrous mishap, however, occurred in Belfast, when he was acting Othello. He had just heard a bogus report of the death of his intimate friend Murray, the Edinburgh manager, which somewhat unhinged 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," that his memory left him altogether. He muttered anxiously to me (I was beside him): "What is it?" "In the innocence of my heart, I responded: "The world!" "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 prompter both saw something was wrong, and they each tried to prompt him from the wings, but "in one fell swoop"—he exclaimed—"I whistled him the last line of the Apology; he accepted the suggestion, and boldly cutting out a hundred lines or more of the play, he went on to the end."

**A Vanished Composer.**

The mysterious disappearance of M. Camille Saint-Saens has long been a matter of interest to all those who are fond of music. It is now reported by the New York Herald 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 desert. Another report locates him in a quiet nook near Paris. According to a third story he is in a private lunatic asylum.

soon made him famous. He was for some time organist at the Madeleine, and has long been a distinguished pianist and a keen musical critic.

In a private letter which has been shown me, he announces that he has closed his career as a virtuoso and for the present, at least, has abandoned his original intention of 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 renounced this enthusiasm, though there are many signs in his works of the influence of the Bayreuth prophet.

**Lester Wallace's Grave.**

Lester Wallace's grave lies in an isolated spot on the side of Woodlawn this slopes toward the New Haven railroad, where it can be seen from the car windows, says the Dramatic Mirror.

No stone or monument of any sort marks the resting place of our dead prince of comedians. Some withered wreaths and flowers strewn on the mound but emphasizes the melancholy scene. The loneliness and desertion that the sight inspires.

**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 it she keeps house, weeds and trims her flower-beds, entertains company, hunts, rides, and plays tennis. She has trophies from every city she has ever swung in, and the things of her house are filled with bric-a-brac and ornaments, the gifts of admirers and friends.

**MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.**

W. J. Scanlan will make a forty-five week's tour next season. Marie Hilford will probably blossom out as a star next season. Stuart Robson will spend his summer vacation in Cohasset, Mass. Robert Mantell expects to make a brief visit to Europe this summer. Laura Burt has made a hit as Fatima in "Bluebird Jr." W. S. Gilbert is back again in England from his tour in Australia. Agnes Herndon has discharged her manager, who is also her husband, and is advertising for some one to look after her business affairs next season. Mary Anderson'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 a star last week, acting in "A Child of Naples" and "Don Caesar de Bazan." Corinne may possibly bring out a new burlesque next season in "Monte Cristo, jr.," and "Armadilla." Sam Harrison says: "The sostenuto and technique of Clara Morris' voice are below the level of all other operatic voices. The notes of her 'Article 4' are equal to any prima donna's I ever heard."

time with mathematical accuracy at any rate desired. After Sarah Bernhardt in song, has been dramatized and his sufferings are now visible to the naked eye.

A Spanish soldier of twenty-three years, named Vanti, has been found by a manager at Cienfuegos, who hails him as a great actor.

W. G. Wills' blank verse play of "Juana," which was produced originally in the London Court theater with Wilson Barrett and Helena Modjeska in the principal characters, has been rewritten.

Lilli Lehmann's Norma is described as a wonderful performance, much more effective, even, than the characterization of Brunnhilde 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 caresses of Dellini's music.

When an audience at a theater in Santiago de Chile is displeased because of a change in the bill it has its own way of expressing displeasure. On a recent occasion, when the play was shortened, the spectators wrecked the theater and compelled manager and artists to flee for their lives.

After Sarah Bernhardt appears in this country, Abbey and Grant will take her to Brazil, and a tour of the greater part of the two continents will be arranged to occupy two years.

It is whispered among the cognoscenti that Colonel Ingersoll is the author of the prayer in "Money Mad," which excited so much attention in New York, and which Mrs. Yeaman sang.

It is said that negotiations are about completed with M. Gounod to write a grand opera to be produced in America in 1892. He will himself superintend its production, and conduct in person on the first night. The scenes of the first, second and fourth acts are said to be laid in Mexico at the time of the Montezumas, and that the third is in the west.

The composer Arrigo Boito will bring out his opera, "Nerone," next year at La Scala. He has lately finished a libretto, "Maometto," which he himself will produce.

Bouliouliere's opera, "The Caliph of Baghdad," the overture to which was once a universal favorite, was lately revived at the Breshau Stadt Theater, and received with much favor.

Three King, Livingston, retires from the stage in London, and certain alterations will be made in the dialogue and action of the play. Six stalwart Englishmen will no longer fall from the sky in the grand finale of the island buildings (they would seem to have been torn in those days) will have its proportion thinned a little.

The terms of the great tenor Gayarre will not soon be forgotten in Spain. A new theater is about to be opened at Barcelona, which will be called the Theatre Gayarre; while next month another, bearing the same name, will be opened at Las Palmas, on the Canary Islands.

Annie Pixley says it is not an easy thing to get King, Livingston, retires from the stage. Out of a large number of ballads she chose for her last year by her European agent, she could make use of only one, "Love's Old Sweet Song," which is very popular on both sides of the sea.

A new star, Marie Hubert Frohman, has a new play, "The Witch," which pictures life during the time of the Puritans, and borrows on tragedy. One of its scenes shows how men and women were put in stocks for making love on the Sabbath.

Ira Aldridge, the colored man who used to play Othello in this country and Europe, has a daughter on the stage who has a fine contralto voice. She has been at Kroll's school for the deaf, and her name has been cast for the part of Arsene in "Trovatore."

**KINGDOM OF HEART AND HOME**

Ideal Sovereigns Omaha Teachers Would Have Govern Them.

MEN NEITHER STICKS NOR MONKEYS.

The Woman Who Idolizes a Big, Red-Faced Man and Lady Who Adores an Adonis with Perfumed Locks.

There is a molder of youthful ideas in the Dodge school who has mentally painted to her own satisfaction an ideal man. She has a full, round, rosy face, two hundred pounds of it; is neither 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 husband and has no intention of getting one; but for the clinging-vine specimens who must have an oak to cling to she recommends something like the following: "He must be a man, not a stick nor a monkey with a cane and an eye-glass. He must have some brains in his 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 let his wife do it. He must be a gentleman, polite and attentive to his wife, and in public and at home treat her as any gentleman would a lady. But, above all things, he must not be a 'softy.' He must attend to his business and not make a Miss Mody of himself by interfering with the house nor the milliner's bills. He should be self-reliant, so reliable and so much of a 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."

At a school there is a lady from whose cheeks the worries and vexations of several terms of struggle with undeveloped minds had worn the first warm blush of youth and who is tired to death of the monotonous drone of the schoolroom, the lanky fingers and chalky dresses and the unutterable weariness of the installment plan. I want him to have 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."

Her ideal is a wooden man who would love her alone and spend his time how and where he saw fit. He must give her liberty, riches and oceans of time to loiter under the trees, soothed 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 music and beauty.

A serious-faced girl in the same building thinks that a man to make an ideal husband should be true and constant as steel. The bread and butter side of life is a minor consideration, though no good faithful man would show wife or children lack any of the comforts of life. She would like him to be a doctor or 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

has as much use for a husband as for a white elephant, had a little fun with the romantically inquisitive in this wise: "My ideal, ah! he is too awfully lovely for anything. He has a tall and slender figure, and dresses with immaculate taste. He has large, beautiful, blue eyes 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 romantic sensibleness. 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 whiteness of the what and adoring his adores 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 manner of a saint. She gave a description of the orthodox ideal man as he appears in the books, and, growing confidentially, intimated that he might be all right in the rural 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 those 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 brassy hands. I know they drink lots of drinks and are bad in a good many ways, but there is nothing small about them and sure they despise 'em. You know, to most women it is some satisfaction to know that their philosopher nor a poet, nor an interesting man. They have big hearts, big hands and big ears. 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 brassy hands. I know they drink lots of drinks and are bad in a good many ways, but there is nothing small about them and sure they despise 'em. 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