## THE STATES HAN TO THE KANSAS ALLIANCE.

Buffalo Sunday News. The moon is shining on the grange, The winds are hished, the leaves are still, The patient stars look softly down, O'er town and field and Kansas hill; Then come, my horny-harded love, And wander through the dell with me,

And gaze upon the Durham bull, And listen to his pedigree. I cannot leave you long to stay: I fain would linger where you stand; Sweet hope, pray do not turn away; Come, let us wander hand in hand! We have been friends throughout the past,

We may be friends through future years. The fleeting hours flow, oh, so fast! And pray excuse this flood of tears. Once I was buoyant with succes Once I was buoyant with success, Wayward, too, as a petted child; Arrogant, that I must confess, Perhaps unjust, and never mild;

But now, but now, sweet Sunflower bloom, I know the folly and the pain; I think I'll join the farmers' boom, And on its crest arise again. Daisy Alliance, new milch cow!

Pli mix for you a change of feed; Some bonds and mortgages, and then Some things the free trade milkers need. Besides, I have McKiniey bran,
War issues, taxes, schemes that pay;
I'll coax you to the ballot box
And feed you till election day!

While Peffer holds you by the horns, And Simpson holds you by the tail, I'll safely set me down between, And calmiy fill my milking pail! How bright the moon shines on the grange! Daisy Alliance, eat your fill! The patient stars look softly down O'er town and field and Kansas hill!

#### BARNETT JOHNSON'S GHOST.

The little village of Manchester, which has stood and staid exactly within the self-same bounds for the past 100 years is at present enjoying a boom.

But the boom is not in town lots, and the enterprising individual who is creating all this stir and fever of excitement has been dead for fifty years. In short, a ghost of the most able-bodied and lively type has made the village his headquarters and is busily engaged frightening timid people out of their wits. Others, not so easily scared, he has set at work digging for hidden treasure in the dooryard of the house he is haunting.

Not satisfied with merely making his cictims toil half the night through, he persists in tearing the bed clothes from them when they do retire exhausted from handling the pick and shovel.

In all probability the shape is that of Barnett Johnson who lived in the old cabin long before the war of the rebellion. Competent witnesses swear that the apparition, in stature and visage, is an exact counterpart of Johnson, and as he is supposed to have buried a vast amount of bullion and jewels and other treasure somewhere in that vicinity after an expedition to the Indies, there can

scarcely be any doubt as to his identity.

The house that is being visited by Johnson's spirit is situated about a mile to the northwest of Manchester proper, and is known throughout the county as the old Cockrell place. There is nothing peculiar about the cabin itself, save est days of the settlement-no one knows exactly what year-and the mere enumeration of the births, marriages and deaths that have occurred there would fill a good size volume. Barnett Johnson and his brother Valentine occupied the cabin before the Cockrell family lived in it, but their residence within its walls was of such short duration that the country round did not get into the habit of designating the placby the family name. After residing there some time, Valentine became inyolved in a cutting scrape, and Barnett lost favor in the eyes of the community. either by errors or shortcomings, and

left the country. From time to time, however, rumors floated back from the southern coast that told of his doings. He had joined one of the many buccaneering expedi tions, these stories said, that were fitted out to cruise against the wealth-laden vessels that plied along the coasts of the Indian islands and Central America. For a time all hints of Barnett's actions ceased. The staid villagers of Manches pursued their ordinary vocations and talked about each other instead of "ye bold buccaneer." Then suddenly there appeared in the town a swarthy, bearded personage, who walked with swagger and swore oaths in a strange tongue. He bragged of "Captain Bar, and of a town sacked here and a ship scuttled there in such an off hand way that a secret meeting of the worthy citi zens took place and the resolve was made to arrest the braggart and clap him in jail until either his criminal or insane proclivities were looked into.

When the sheriff, armed with his legal papers, ponderous in seals, marks and rotund signatures, proceeded to ar rest the suspicious character he could not be found. All trace of his where abouts was lost. In a week or so Barnett Johnson entered the village as suddenly as his follower had gone. He had a huge leather sack in his possession, and though the inquisitive townsfolk used all their wiles of questioning and surprise, they were unable to learn the contents of the bag. It remained zealously guarded by its owner, until it was at ength missing. And Barnett disap-

peared with it.

Johnson was never seen again, but the old "aunties" of the region often discanted upon his career, and "knowed fo' shuah" that the satchel of treasure lay buried in some of the nooks or wooded ravines of the old Cockrell place, to be found some day by "de right pusson at

de right time. Thus much for reminiscence.

The narrative of the many appear ances and peculiar antics of Barnett's ghost is best told by some of the eyevitnesses. A Globe-Democrat reporter, bent on psychical research, was besieged with even a larger number than the fol lowing of "experiences" from reliable residents of Manchester and vicinity but space forbids their insertion. Al were, however, fully as startling as the appended true, and all related to the

ghost at Cockrell's farm.

Aunt Patsey Wells, called so because of her ripe age (seventy-two) and splendid memory, is the great St. Louis county authority upon subjects where early dates are in question. She has the pedigrees of all the principal families of the state at her fingers' ends, and can tell to a dot where every twig on those family trees is, whether in Maine, Mexico or Madrid, and whether living, dying or dead. Before the war she was the property of one of the branches of ex-Governor Crittenden's family, and even yet holds the memory of her old master in dear regard. Seventy-two years of labor have bent her body almost ouble and changed her kinky black hair to a hue nearly as white as snow. of the house. The first that we would Despite her infirmities, however, the know of his coming would be his step old creature gets around as spryly | sounding upon the middle of the stair-

as a maid of sixteen, and is a deal more cheerful than most at that happy age. In speaking she pauses at intervals to set her lips tightly together, as if adding weight to her assertions, and, once in a while, strikes her hands together for the same evident

"Am yoh goin' to write about de ghostis at Cockrell's place?" she queried in an awe-struck tone. "Doan' tetch it, doan' tech it! If de sperit am quiet, foh de sake of goodness donn' rile it up. It am bad enough to be kep' a guessen an' a guessen when de ghostis am right at with, 'In the name of the Lord, whence

"Certainly, Auntle: but what about the ghost at Cockrell's? We'll puzzle him with the incantation when we brace

"Yes? Well, there ain't nothin' about it. Et's jest there, an' that's all. Et's been there right long, too, a switchin' the kivers offen the beds, a sneakin' roun'de corners, an' a defyin' of the scriptures. Laws me, I ain't 'fraid of nothin', for I 'tends church, I do; but shu yoh alive an' yoh's a foot 'bove the groun', yoh can' get me to sleep in Cockrell's house no more. I slep' there once an' burned a whole candie out a keepin' awake. "That was when ole Missus Cockrell

lived in the house, after her her pahtner in life [a gentle smile of satisfaction at this point] had done died. Missus Cockrell was away frum the nouse an' I was a-cookin' for the men. I laid myself down, I did, an' had no more'n gotten my eyes batted when squar through the door walks a man. That door was shut and locked. Tramp, tramp, pound, pound, kerchung! his shoes went over the floor till he got to my bed. Then there kem a jerk an' the sheet was a-flyin' over to the corner of the room. and I looked up at—nothing. The man hed done gone an' the doo' was plumb locked. I stedded my shakin', I did, an' laid down agin. Tramp, tramp, plunk, plunk, them feet came comin' again, an' I opened my eyes wide. The door didn' open at all. That man jes' come in, he did, an' I screamed like a catamoun', which was the means of makin' him depart, [Aunt Patsey smiled again at her polished vocabulary and received an encouraging nod.]

"Thet's bout all, sah. I lit the big candle an' kept it lit all night." "How long ago was that, Aunt Pat-

sey?"
"That was in the year that Grant was firs' lected. I remember the 'lectioneer yellin' roun' the lane, and I was that glad that General Ulyssessus was given his position at the head of the gov ment that I guess I yelled, too."

Then Aunt Patsey launched forth into a description of the ghost that defies pen and paper to reproduce. He was "tall and dahk favored" and wore amazin' funny germents." She was sure he was the "livin' likeness of Bar' Johnson." Here Aunt Patsey graph-ically described Valentine's trouble with his wife's brothers at a corn husking. The boys did not like Valentine, and during the husking persisted in throwing the stripped cars at his head instead of into the heaps. After enduring this for some time Valentine stabbed one of his tormentors. was very certain that Barnett Johnson fell into disfavor in the community because he liked other people's horses too

Edward Hoch, a well-known German property holder of Manchester, was even more worked up over the weird visitant, and his account carries the more interest inasmuch as his experience and the experience of his entire family are of very recent date. Hoch has but lately moved from the Cockrell farm and in the eyes of his neighbors has been acting very queerly. Belated visitors to Belated visitors to township, when passing by the place, have been greatly frightened over the actions of a solitary digger in the yard. By the bright moonlight, or under the fitful glare of the storm-made tightnings, he has been seen at all hours of the night busily plying the shovel and pick, and upon the closer approach of the spectators would always disappear. At length this midnight workman was discovered to be Mr. Hoch. At first some believed that he wanted to frighten the tenants of the cottage, and 'tis true that this result was gained. The presence of a strange-looking excavation in the back yard that grew deeper and larger every day, without visible hands lifting the dirt, was calculated to make the most stolid quake with fear. Mr. Hoch admitted yesterday that he was seeking for buried treasure and as serts that he will surely find it if he only lives long enough.

"Of course, you'll be very careful in what you say about that place," "and not exaggerate said. story, for it would be likely to decrease the value of the property. For my own part I feel very uncertain whether I had better talk or not.

"To make a long story short however, there is something wrong about that house, and I would not live in it again for \$100 a month. If what I had had been only seen by myself alone, would not be so sure about the business. But my wife, sister-in-law and my little boys and girls have all seen and heard more than myself. We lived on the place about two years and a half, and I am ready to swear that a week did not go by without that fellow's appearance. Often we could not see him at all, and just his tramp, tramp, tramp would tell us he was near. Sometimes he would just walk about like that, and after a while would go away peaceably. But oftener he would take hold of the bed clothes and jerk them clear off. More than once I have attempted to hold on to the quiits and sheets, but my strength was nothing compared with his. My finger nails would be almost torn from their roots by the force of the tug, and the coverlids would be lying at the end of the room before you could say 'scatt.'

"Sometimes, looking out of the window, we could see the fellow walking round and round the dooryard the little chips and stones of the path crunching under his feet exactly as they would under mortal shoes. He dressed differently at different times. For the most part his clothes were of a queer pattern, like you see in old plays or picture books of by-gone times. had a very broad hat, and it was quite hard to get a good look at his face. Sometimes a sword dangled from his waist. At others he was dressed in dark citizens' clothes of no pronounced cut, and were a smaller hat. When his face could be seen it looked troubted At times he would shake himself angrily, and then with a determined look on his countenance, would begin his walk again. A strange peculiarity of his appearance was the fact that he was never seen or heard on the lower floor

way and his entrance into the west room of the upper floor. He always entered this room, and would come in whether the door was locked or not.

"The west room was occupied by my little children as a sleeping apartment and they were very much bothered by the ghost. Just before we left the house my little daughter Josephine, was taken and thrown to the floor several times in one night. At first she wanted blame her sister Clementina for doing it, but Clementina was sound asieep. Then he picked up my little boy Willie out of bed and took him to the window, you nose, 'thout plungin' in de face of providential by goin' an' writin.' When you see a sperit they is only one way of takin' it. Yoh mus' take et slap bang fellow. He wanted to get the money right away, and the ghost told him to cometh an' goeth thou', an' then ef et fetch a basket to carry the stuff in, 'We doan start an' move-'' havn't any good basket,' said Willie; will a stout box do?' The fellow said that it would, and Willie started to get the box, when his mother stopped him and told him to go back to bed. He obeyed her, and moaning as though he was hurt by something, the ghost

tramped down stairs again. "It appeared several times to my wife and begged her to go down into the yard and dig for the gold. She never did so, however, and I'm afraid that we ost a great many chances of getting rich. My sister in-law was pretty near scared out of her wits py the ghost ap-pearing and ordering her to get up and

lig for the money in the carden.

If I had only known as much when I used to see it as I do now, since I have moved from the house, I might have got rich. Perhaps again. however, I would have been killed by the ghost. I have heard of them over in the old country, coming to people's houses and after get ting them to dig for money hitting them on the head and burying them in their self-dug graves. I suppose they do this when the wrong person tries to get the money. If I was the right person I might get it and I believe that I am. At any rate I am going to dig some more in

"Mr. Schueler, who just moved to the place last Tuesday, said that I might come there and dig. I am sure that here is enough money there for us all and if you would like you can come

Mr. Charles Schueler and family, who have occupied the old dwelling since Tuesday afternoon, have not as yet been troubled with Barnett's ghost. The testimony of William Thomas.

who saw the apparition a few weeks ago, is even more startling than that of Aunt Patsy and Mr. Hoch. Mr. Thomas is a very respectable farmer living upon the outskirts of Manchester township.

"I have heard folks talk of spooks and ghosts ever since I was knee-high," he said, "but didn't take much stock in them. I reasoned that if I was square with the living the dead wouldn't trouble me, and I lived over forty years in that belief. A little while ago I went to do some work on the old Cockrell place and slept there over night by myself. I wouldn't do that again, though, for a right smart of money. I had not got to sieep when I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp of feet, and into the door walked a big, dark-complexioned man, wearing funny-looking clothes. I could see him like I see you now, for the moon was full and shone into the room with a strong, yellow light. The man came straight to my bed and gave the clothes a vank that sent 'em sailing to the other wall. He did this to wake me up, I guess, for as soon as I began to stir he said, 'Come with me, and dig, dig, dig! began to holler then like anything and he put his hand over my mouth The hand didn't feel at all cold, like a ghost's fingers are supposed to be, and this sort of quieted me a bit. 'Dig, dig, dig!' he said again. 'It will make you grow rich-I swear it by my sword!' and he half drew a long blade from its sheath and showed me the handle of the weapon. It was a cross, but I thought that the devil often came around in this fashion, pretending to be so good, that I at once lecided to refuse him, even if he threatened to stick the sword into me, won't do nothing of the kind!" I answered. At this he gave my foot such a terrible jerk that it landed me on the floor. When I got up and looked around the man was gone, and just a sort of moaning sound came back from the direction of the stairs. I laid awake all night after that, expecting the thing to come again, and I had my pistol ready for him if he did show up. But he didn't and I guess I'm lucky as it is. Perhaps if I had shot at him he would have killed me some way or other, and I'm pretty well satisfied to live awhile

onger. Bob Thomas, the son of the last witness, has seen the strange being pacing the yard of the Cockrell place, and tells as interesting a story as his father. Joe Massey, a near neighbor of the

Thomas family, is also said to have seen and talked with it. Nearly every member of the Hoch family has had thrilling interviews with the apparition, and are all very sure that he does not belong to the living

world. He has a peculiar way of going through a locked door or disappearing before one's eyes that at once brands im as a specter. Manchester is all agog with excitenert over his doings, and each day adds an interesting fact or detail of his personaility-or rather spirituality. Had Mr. Hoch remained in the dwelling the chances are that Barnett's visits would have remained a secret with the few. But upon Mr. Hoch's hunting for the

treasure in the peculiar manner that he lid after his removal the other witnesses found their tongues loosened, and the foregoing account is a portion of the

### BACKED UP BY A SNAP SHOT,

Mrs. Davis Presents a Photograph of

J. Charles and the Unknown. The divorce suit of Addie Cummings Davis against her husband, J. Charles Davis, formerly of Locke & Davis, theatrical managers of New York city, came up before Judge Ingraham in the special term of the supreme court, says the Sun. Mrs. Davis asked for an absolute divorce upon the statutory grounds. The most important evidence was that of the clerk on the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago, showing that in August last Mr. Davis was there four days with a woman who he said was his wife, and who registered as such. Mrs. Davis was at this time in Brooklyn. Later in the sum mer Davis was at the hotel again with the same woman, whose name is not

Another bit of testimony was a snap shot photograph taken by J. F. Emmett, jr., when he and Davis were off on a cruise in the yacht Zeno. This picture showed Davis and the unknown woman who was very pretty and wore eyeglasses, in a very domestic attitude. She was leaning agaist his shoulder and he was supporting her with his arm about her waist. The photograph accidentally fell into the hands of Mrs. Davis.

No testimony was offered for the de-fence. Judge Ingraham will announce his decision in a day or so.

## FASHIONS, FADS AND FANCIES.

How the Fair Sex Will Be Arrayed this Spring and Summer.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR THE LADIES.

Walking Sticks to Become Eashionable for Mountain Climbers-Cycling Growing in Favor-Collecting "Journey!" Spoons,

In the spring a young woman's fancy not only turns to thoughts of love and Easter councis, but drifts on to the coming summer days with their endless fads and fancies, and the woman who can see the beautiful tints and tones and artistic combinations displayed in city shops, whose heart is not filled with the longing for possession, is not normal and should consult a doctor.

Fasnion, like history repeats itself, and could Katherine de Medici, of unholy memory, look down or up rather, on this nineteenth century world, she would behold the self same fashions, modified of course, that she introduced at the dissolute court of Henry II, worn by the maids and matrons of today, But because our fashions are imported from France is no reason why we should import French morals also.

The Medici collar comes this season in all fancy metals, and the newest conceit is to have a jeweled collar and girdle. The high puffed sieeve is still higher, though some-

what longer, and so snug about the hand as to require a couple of buttons.

The Louis XIV jacket is to be seen with the triple skirts overlapping one another and often of different colors; for example, the middle skirt of pland contrasting with the others. To be de rigueur, the dress skirt must be very close and plain over the hips, the foot trimming of the least artistic of all decorations—the gathered flounce—has reappeared after a long absence, which has not appeared after a long absence, which has not been regretted. Then, too, the back breadth is made in such a manner as to delight the street cleaning department.
April, with its varying moods and changes

orings in her wake the early summer modes brings in her wake the early summer modes, and among the best changes is the entire absence of the wash dress. No matter how pretty and fresh a lawn frock may be in one's own home, it is never so appropriate for use elsewhere as the wool robe of very lightest weight, and these woolen fabries come in all shades, and as they are not warm are especially adapted for midare not warm are especially adapted for mid-summer wear. The newest shades are pom-padour blue, rush green and parma violet. One of these summer gowns is of ecreu chal-lie on which are scattered the timest bunches of forgetmenots in their natural color, the gown being trimmed with narrow vervet rib-ben of the same shade as the flower, and the

whole dainty effect crowned by a delicious bit of millinery in ecru and blue. A word on trimmings. Passementerie outrivals all others. First, we had the Jane Hading veil and now the Hading waist garniture in gilt, silver, steel and crochet, and even imitation jewels are woven into the meshes of the n t, where they glitter like a swarm of fire flies tangled in a silver braid. As these trimmings are put on the market at early strawberry prices they are in eager demand.
With Bernhardt's impersonation of Sar-

With Bernhardt's impersonation of Sardou's "Cleopatra" comes no end of fads. The latest and most unique is the serpent girdle, modeled after the one worn by the divine Sara. This is of braided gold or silver interwoven with jewels and is wound thrice around the body till the glittering eyes are uplifted just beneath the bosom. With a Cleopatra gown this is simply perfect.

The newest fancy for taunis players is a leathern belt with a class of two tennis racquets crossed and two faunts balls. No girl's mountain outfit is complete for the summer without a walking stick, to which, before the season is over, is tied a souvenir of each conquest. So this fad souvenir of each conquest. So this fad promises to distance all former throphics of

the chase.

The fad of collecting "journey" spoons is as much in vogue as ever and now collector have a new one, "the orange spoon," to add to their harlequin set.

Cycling becomes more popular among ladies with each season, and since Dame Fashion pronounced it "the thing," every woman wants a "safety," and today there is hardly a city of any size but has its woman cycling club and club house. Washington, with its miles of asphalt pavement, is a veritable paradise for cyclers.

The newest creation in parasols is the delicate all over pattern in gold colored silk embroidered on black crepe, finely shirred to the center, with a deep flounce scolloped and embroidered, the crepe showing a yellow lining of twilled suk, and the bamboo handle is finished with a gold band and Dresder mount.

In millinery this is a season of flowers and metal. One bonnet has an open crown o seed pearls and is finished in front, with a high stiff knot of silver vissue and violets another of black gauze, the crown dotted closely with gilt beads and in front a half wreath of tiny yellow flowers, above which is poised an immense gold dragon fly which vibrates with every movement of the wearer; the whole being a dream of a bonnet—except the bill which is substantial,

The latest wrinkle in table decorations is the center cloth and doylies done in "shadow work" on white slik mull, in leaves of some pretty graceful design, both center cloth and doylies to be laid over some delicate tint and edged with long colored silk tassels. The effect is charming. Another scheme in em-broidery of center pieces is a mass of buttercups thrown carclessly on white linen, the napkins being embroidered with only three or four flowers arranged gracefully in the

The Dresden is, as the name suggests, in imitation of the china of that name and con-sists of tiny sprays of pinks or some small lower scattered loosely over the center of the cloth and smaller and closer in the broad hem. To the thrifty housewife who saves her bits of colored silks this may prove a

Anther cloth in cut work design consists of a linen damask square with grape leaves ar-ranged as a border and just touching each other. The edge of the leaf worked in white ranged file-floss in button-hole stitch, simply lines the stems and veins and fills each with a different stitch in filoselle. For in tance the corner leaf with the honeycon pattern, the next with Queen Anne darning and a third with cross stitch; when complete, cut away the cloth from the outer edge. pattern is beautiful in any color, but a little

fore exquisite in white sile.

If there is a nation on the globe who clings to old furniture and old clothes, because they are good and useful and does not search the earth over and even consult the heavens for something new wherewith to deck them-selves, that race of people is yet to be discov-

Within the last century France sought by force of steel to win a universal empire. Failing in that, Paris with the more subtle weapons of taste and skilled modistes, has acquired the desired result. Now the turban of the descendants of the prophet roll in the dust before the hat of the in-Even the Chinese wall has been scaled and the South Sea islands invaded; all bow before the mighty autocrat-Paris fush-

In the early days of this century, after the decadence of the towering head-dress, came the age of simplicity. This was due to the the age of simplicity. This was due to the story of "Paul and Virginia," in which St. Pierre clothed his hereine in simple white consulate David attempted to revive the classical toga, but its success was transitory, owing to the severity of the Parisian climate, which was not favorable to bare throats. I had almost written bare backs and limbs. Talleyrand said of these dresses, if such they can be called, "that they began too late and ended too early." What with rheumatism and satire this classical ardor was soon extinguished, but while it lasted gave rise to many assurdities. Josephine, afterwards empress, and Mme. Tallien were a dress a la sauvage. The latter arrayed hera dress a la sauvage. The latterarrayed her-seif in transparent costumes in imitation of

the syren of the "Natatorium."

As the Mohammedan turns to the east to pray so the eye of fashion's votaries looks with giddy delight toward Paris, the Mecca of the fashionable, where he may feel confident that all hopes for the future will be fully realized.

May Day.

### PROSCENIUM AND FOYER.

Minna Gale will be one of the prominent stars next season. Miss Dis DeBar has quitted the "Out of Signt" company for parts unknown. Creston Clarke will not be a member of Julia Marlowe's company next season.

Florence Ashbrooke, with Barry & Fay, has been engaged for "The County Circus" next DMrs. J. M. Chretien has resigned as dramatic critic of the San Francisco Examiner.

And now it is said that Jerome K. Jer

sn't his name at all, and that it is J. W. Lotta says that Mary Anderson has had nore pictures taken than any other actress she knows of.

"Lady Tom" is the title of Maggie Mitchdi's new play, which will not be produced until next season. It is no cock-sure thing that Mary Anderon Navarro will not be seen again on the boards next season.

"The Tar and Tartar," McCaull's new opera, which had its premiere at Chicago on Wednesday, is said to have been written in four weeks. John Ernest McCann has sold his comedy,

"A Lesson in Acting," to Robert Mantell. This is the play which Lawrence Barrett read shortly before he died. Miss Racbel Booth has joined the Donnelly & Girard "Natural Gas" company, which, by the way, has made more money this season

than any since it was written. Miss Marie Wainwright has received an offer to take "Twelfth Night" to Australia, but her coming production of "Amy Robsart" has compelled her to decline the pro-

A song and violin recital was given at Central Music hall Chicago last evening, the 24th by Reichmann, the eminent baritone lately with the German opera company, New

York, and Ludwig Marum of Chicago. "Thou Shalt Not" was too immoral for the New York public, and the Union Square theater, where the play was given, was closed last Friday evening. The manager says he is going to produce the play in Philadelphia. Emil Fischer, the basso from the Metropolitan opera house, has been engaged as professor of the opera class of the National Conservatory of Music. Romundo Sapio is also a recent addition to the faculty of the institution. institution.

It seems after all that Sardou is not to be so foolish as to sue the Comedie Francaise, which certainly could not be biamed because "Thermidor" was interdicted. More than that, the play may be all the more profitable owing to the notorlety it has received.

The will of Lawrence Patrick Barrett was filed in the Norfolk county, Mass., probate court, last Wednesday, Deceased bequeathes to his wife all his furniture, pictures, clothes, plate, china, watches and jewelry, where the court is the statement of the court of the wines and household stores, and nil the rest of his property is left in trust to his three daughters.

Sarah Bernhardt in an interview says: " have seen an American actress for whom I predict the brightest future. I mean Miss Julia Marlowe. She is a maryelous and interesting artist, refined, subtle, sympathetic and expressive. In five years she ought to be one of the few really grand dramatic artists on the stage."

The first performance of Massenet's new opera, "Le Mage," led to two interesting incidents. The composer got into an alterer tion with Lasalie, the bass, and the latter challenged him, and Marion Crawford lodged some sort of a prohibition against the per-formance, claiming that the work was based on his novel, "Zoroaster."

One of the most interesting events of the present dramatic season in London has been the revival of "Charles I." at the Lyceum theater. Neither the lapse of twenty years nor the repeated blasts of criticism to which it has been exposed have availed to detract one whit from the fascinations of Wills' beau-tifully written though historically inaccurate Eight American plays have been produced

in New York this season and all of them worth serious consideration have been successful except Belasco's "Ugly Duckling Ten English and French dramas tried in the same time and all have proven failures. Abbey has secured one of these disasters even with Bernhardt in the chief role, "Cleopatra." "Alabama" is sustaining the promise of its

great career at the Madison Square theater. The southern contingent, visiting and resident in New York, has given the play its warmest acclaim as truly representing south-ern life. Mauager Palmer has provided Mr. Thomas' drama with a cast that brings out is every shading all its sentiment and humor and passages of intense action. The Harvard boys gave an amateur theat-

rical performance the other night, and the giddy New Yorkers who raved over the exmisite skirt-dancing were horrified after vard to learn that the pretty dancers in the cast were only horrid boys after all. If the anti-tights legislative cranks become too numerous the country must look to Harvard to save the comic opera from oblivion.

Next season will probably be the last of the professional partnership of Joseph Jeffer-son and W. J. Florence. Mr. Jefferson has to liking for long seasons and has determined to take the rest to which his years of hard toil entitle him. In 1892-93 he will play for a few weeks only and in none but the larger cities, returning to his favorite impersona-tion of "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Florence vill again take the road as a star on his own account.

Richard Mansfield's stock company for his next season, which begins at the Garden theater, New York, in May, will be a strong one. He has engaged W. H. Fergueson, Daniel Harkins, W. H. Crampton, Vincent Sternroyd, Alf. Fisher, W. G. Andrews, Percy Marsh, Miss Beatrice Cameron, Miss Ada Dwyer, Miss Minnie Dupree, Miss ginia Buchannan, Miss Maggie Halloway and Miss Maud Monroe, "Mrs. Macaroni," the new farce-comedy in

which Manager E. B. Ludlow stars Mr. George F. Marion, who, by the way, is also its author is finished and ready for the copyist. "Mes. Macaroni" is of a much higher class than most of the farce-comedies how pefore the public, and with a comedian like Mr. Marion at its head, who is acknowledged to be without a peer, there can be little doubt of the artistic and financial success of both Manager Ludlow and his stars Macaroni and Minna Gale, late leading lady of the Booth

Barrett company, will star next season. Mis-Gale is a very handsome woman, and is said to be one of the best educated women on the stage. Her long connection with Barrett has somewhat hardened her in mannerisms which were never accepted in him, so her career will be watched with some interest to ascer tain how much talent Miss Gale may have and how much of her success was due to that careful coaching which Mr. Barrett was so

Rudolph Aronson of the Casino theater recently said to a New York reporter: "The people of the United States are becoming more classical and musically inclined every year, and the day is not far distant when we shall see not only American grand operas, but American comic operas, firmly estab-lished on a paying basis. It is my intention to organize a thorough school of training for good American voices, and before another five years have rolled by to have a larger theater than the Casino, where performances of both grand and comic operas by American composers will be given at alternate periods,"

New York Tribune: Mr. Barnum's energy was exhaustless and his pluck indomitable. He lost several fortunes, but he was never within halling distance of ruin or despair.

the Olympian goddesses. This, even in the modern Gomorrah, was hardly "the thing," Holy writ teaches us that "cleanliness is next to godliness." No girl's education is complete until she has learned to swim. Her tathing dress is an elegant, though not quite as plentiful, as her ball costume. Thus the squalling infast in the "tub" has grown into the syren of the "Natatorium."

As the Mohammedan turns to the east to

The storm scene in Fanny Davenport's production of "Cleopatra" is said to be the most effective piece of realism ever seen on the modern stage. The effect of swaying and toppling trees, seen by vivid flashes of lightning, is said to be produced by means of a huge moving paperson, while showers of huge moving panorama, while showers of peobles drop from the flies and give the effect of heavily falling rain drops. Through the whole act runs the weird strain of the Egyptians' voices as they call upon Tiphen, the god of storms, to overwhelm the pursuing host which threatens Cleopatra.

The breaking up of Lawrence Barrett's company has emphasized a fact which many who have watched his career have before this who have watched his career have before this noted—the inefficiency of his company. That company, idle now, is finding the greatest possible difficulty in getting engagements. In spite of the fact that for the past year most of them have been supporting the greatest of American actors, and have had the advantage, which all actors crave, of an extended annual hearing in New York—the actors. hearing in New York-the actor's Mecca-no one seems to want them. This scarcely sur-prises those who have watched the company and know Mr. Barrett's method, but it is sad

It is pleasant to record the growing popularity of American plays by American playwrights. Of the recent productions in New York city the great hits have been made by American plays. Among these may be men-tioned "The Henrietta," "Alabama, "Shen-andoah," "The Senator," "Men and Women" and "Reilly and the 400," Gillette's adapta-tion of foreign plays has been found a most successful enterprise. "All the Comforts of Home" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" are among the deservedly popular and profitable productions. This gratifying fact is bound to have its effect upon amusement caterers, and we may look for a lively demand next season for American plays by American playwrights. The rise of Henry C. De Mille has been owug in some measure, to the fact that he has found materials for good plays right here in this country. As he said recently in a public speech, it is not recessary for the American dramatist to go back to Ancient Greece for models and ideals. He can find them and all the material necessary in this country.

"The amount of nerve displayed by some newspaper men when they are sent to interview women of the stage is beyond comprehension," said the leading lady of one of the New York stock companies the other afternoon to a Telegram man. "If an evasive reply is intentionally given to an impertment question so as to avoid incurring displeasure they seem to take it as an axiousl of truth they seem to take it as an avowal of truth and press the subject to unendurable limits. I recall a recent question when a young re-porter called at my house estensibly to ask me about the illness of a member of our company. Almost before he had got fairly seated in the reception room he began to ask the most shocking questions. Finally he told me that he was gathering the material for a special article on the various appliances used by actresses for supporting their hosieiv, and supplemented this by asking me if I wore my garters above or below my knees. I rather surprised him by asking if he would dare make a similar inquiry of Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Astor, and when he admitted that such a thing would be a little inconsistent, I endeavored to impress upon his mind the fact that all women of the stage are not skirt dancers or figurantes, and that actresses are entitled to as much consideration from a gentleman as any of our leading society women."

#### SOME FAIRBROTHER THINKS. He Intimates, That a Rolling Stone

Gathers No Moss. DURBAM, N. C., April 15 .- To the Editor of TE BEE: I saw the other day in THE BE an article, or rather a few paragraphs, perhaps twenty, under the head of "Oid Omaha Scribes," and after reading what the cold types had said I thought awhile to myself. Most all, and I think all of these scribblers, some renowned and some famous, at one time or another, held a place on Tue Bre. Mr. Feil used to get the vellow envelope ready for us on Saturday; we used to write our little write, imagine that we were doing great things, and blow our salary in and it was forgotten. We used to be there on wet days and on fair days; some of us did one one thing and some of us another,

Once I remember that I left THE BEE and nonkeyed in Europe. I left it several times. and even after I had gone it always appeared regularly, and it was always brighter than it had been before. And I think, as I write here in my southern home, that those few paragraphs which Tae Bee published furnish an excellent theme for young men to think

Doubtless others felt as I felt-like all mer feel who play a distinctive part on a great newspaper, that without them there would be no issue. But the same Rosewater, the same individuality always impelled THE BEE: Mr. Rosewater was there and no matter

about his hirelings.
The Bee today is better than The Bee at any other time, and it grows better and stronger with the years. But that one central fact-the fact that the nomadic creature crept their little paths; wrote, scowled, growled and finally went again, made no difference, and I see now that it will make no difference. Colonel Rosewater is in the saddie, and the unhapy employe who feels that his services are rated as indispensable is simply a misguided feel.

But this article I write, possibly for publication, was to point a moral, and the moral is this: Why will young men prance around and attempt their little clog dances on the surface of all the earth! All those fellows, for the most part bright, have gone from Omana; some are south

come are north, some are west and some are east-and what are they doing! Nothing more perhaps than they did in Omana—each one grinding and grinding hard for his weekly stipend—each one wishing, as in truth they always wished, that hings were different. And as to THE BEE!

Why, it goes along, too; it is stronger in regulation and influence than it over before has been, and new men, many of them, leav ing some other paper have come to help make the paper. Somehow I feel that in this natter, if all could see that while there i much for all to do, no man is of any vast im portance; that men die, and that men leave, and that still the wheels turn on, I would write something which might do some young nen good.

Omaha, I remember, was once a very young

and a very small town. The old politicians who erst and erewhile paddled their little and light canoes have gone down the stream of time-other men have taken their places and so other men will run the world.

Take for instance the fact that old Dave Butler, once the governor and once one of the men of Nebraska, has for ten years been walking in his shroud, and that a man Hlo Burrows has tried to fleece the corpse-why such things as that, even, would cause to

reflective mind, reason to ponder.

But to take it still on. Lorenzo Crounse has just been offered, by Mr. Foster, whom I knew well in Ohio, an honorable job, and he will accopt. Well, I say again, that you cannot tell. Suppose that Crounse had left the state when the collector's office knew him no more forever. But he didn't. He remained at Fort Calhoun, and one day, just the other day, a little bird flew in his

path.

And so if the young men would go at it, if they would shun the alluring temptation of the bigger salary that is held out just over youder: if they would knuckle down and work hard; remain on the paper where an able editor gives them room, the day would certainly come, and it would come some time, when reward would be for all of

Enderstand that I am writing no regrets, for I came here as a sacred duty, and my friends will be pleased to know that I am oling well. But I do write just as a mat er f fact, a matter of fun, and then beyond that I see that I have thought a grand moral, no matter whether I have made it plain or AL FAIRBROTHER.

# SATURDAY'S SPORTING SALAD,

Quips and Quibbs from All Over the World.

TICKLING THE FANCY IN THE RIBS.

The Turf and Stable-The Pugs and the Wrestlers - Wheeling Notes and Doggry News-Interesting Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charley Marvin is boasting of his 1891

Colonel Clark has been seriously ill of in grippe at Louisville.

Tennessee "bookies" are uniting to fight he new pool room law.

There are 356 "eligibles" in the nine stakes f the Kentucky association The Memphis Jockey club will give a rac-ng matinee next Saturday.

C. W. Williams, Axtell's owner, is critically iil at Independence, Ia. Flyaway won the great Portland stakes at

e Leicester spring meeting. The Chicago Jockey club's new race course in the West Side is under way. Jockey Carr had his hand broken at Glou-ester by the recent fall of Gilt.

Jack McAuliffe, now a pool-room keeper, as been remanded to Brooklyn's grand jury. La Polka, a famous old brood mare, sired Lexington, has just died at Elmondorf

Nuntherpe wen the city and suburban andicap at Epsom. There were fifteen

Ed Corrigan's stable, which has been winering at Bascombe course, near Mobile, is now at Memphis.

Ragimunde won the great Metropolitan stake at Epson. That colt is owned by the tuke of Beaufort.

Mulatto, the big brown sired by Aberdeen, is one of the animals at Duhme's stock farm that easterners talk about. The New Orleans spring meeting has closed and there will be no more racing in the Cre-scent city until next winter.

Bookmaker, Roy and Fitzgerald are to trot a sweepstakes match, \$500 a corner, at Gut-tenburg next Monday morning. Ironmy, the well-known English stallion,

died at London yesterday. He was retired to the stud in 1883 after a brilliant career on the The famous broodmare, Beautiful Bells, 2:20%, dropped a bay colt by Electioneer re-cently at the farm of Senator Stanford, Palo

Alto, Cal. Silverado is now a promising candidate for the Memphis Derby. He covered the distance in practice in 1:58%, beating Roseland's time

Phil Dwyer has buckled on his armor and will fight the pool-room keepers. He de-clares that he will allow no information wired to them from any of his tracks.

The Charter Oak driving park at Hartford has renewed the \$10,000 guaranteed stake for :10 trotters and the insurance stake for 2:19 pacers. Entries will close May 11, The Guttenburg winners were: Experience (3 to 1), Prince Edward (9 to 1), Benjamin (7 to 5), Prince Howard (9 to 2), Rush light (7 to 2) and Blackthorn (4 to 1).

Kitty Cheatham is to be retired this spring. The daughter of Blazes and Kate Fisher has not broken down, but she is described as being very "dickey" in her forelegs.

Endurer was the first horse Jockey Hamil-ton rode after his honeymoon. He landed e animal an easy winner and his bride ined heartily in the evation he received. Clear-the-Way, the celebrated Irish racer has arrived at New York. He won the Irish

national race in 1888, beating Maroon. E. E. Morgan of Westbury, L. L, has purchased the famous animal. The Michigan Breeding and Trotting association has appointed delegates to attend the national meeting at Chicago, April 22. A resolution was passed recommending the purchase of the Wallace register for \$100,000. That the influence of the owners of the Guttenburg track, which enables openly violate the law, is very powerful is be-yond question, and officers of other tracks in

he State of New Jersey are wondering how all comes about.-New York Sun. William Donohue is rated as the wealthiest ockey in America. He has virtually retired, and although he donned the colors on forty two occasions inst season, be did not win a race. Denohue has been riding since back in the sixties and lives in style in New York. Another jockey has mounted the horse be the celebrated flat and steeple-chase lockey, who rode many fast flat and steeple-chase horses, including Post Guard, Disturbance, and the celebrated Sam Harper, died at the

New York hospital this week of la grippe. The Coney Island jockey club has issued a circular announcing that the value of realization to be run on June 1 next will be 838,250. The race will be the greatest three-year-old event of the year, and among the colts eligible to start will be Potomac, Strath-meath, Bolero, Monterey, Masher, Surplus and other cracks.

A meeting of seventy-five horse breeders was held at Louisville, Ky., yesterday, looking to the organization of a saddle horse association, corresponding to the trotting horse association. It is proposed to keep a register and have a standard as with trotting horses The association is to have \$50,000 capital. Other meetings will follow.

Thomas Regan, the former superintendent of "Lucky" Baldwin's stable, who disap-pears so mysteriously last December, was committed for trial without ball yesterday for the larceny of two valuable horses be-longing to Mr. Baldwin. When Regan disappeared he had upward of \$6,000 in his possession. It was rumored that he had met with foul play, which rumor was denied at a later date by a gentleman who recognized him in Philadelphia. Some time after his him in Philadelphia. Some time after his disappearance it became known that previous to his departure he had sold for \$1,700 two of Mr. Baldwin's racers. The horses were Costa Rica and Lijero. Mr. Baldwin instructed his attorneys in New York to prosecute a search for Regan. He was apprehended recently by Sheriff Walters of Montesuma. Ga. Regan offered no objection to caming to New York. He reached the city coming to New York. He reached the city Mr. Baldwin has determined to make an example of this man. To this end he has in-structed his attorneys to assist the district attorney to the fullest extent in their

Flashes from the Diamond.

Big Bill Brown is seriously ill. Con Dailey's throwing is great. Mayer's bride is just sweet sixteen. This ought to be Jerry Denny's year. Dave Footz's finger is all right this year. Brooklyn bas had bad weather for practice

Denny is showing up excellently in prac-Lynch will ampire the first New York Sanders is not a lazy man, only always

Joe Hornung played in Buffalo as far back Jerry Denny was the last of the Giants to

Hemming has regained good control of Columbus papers are abusing Reilly like a pleapocket. Columbus has two left-handers in Madden

Whistler made the first home run for the The Phillies have a good man in Thornton Apparently. Visuer and not Dunlap will captain the

and Knell.

Washington team. Core ran seems to suit the Philadelphians,

The Philadelphia papers are kicking on the ment appointing either Wood or Lar-