



## AMUSEMENTS

Ed Church's company, after only a few days rehearsal, presented "Faust" at the Lansing theater Thursday night. It was the third time the dramatized version of Goethe's work had been produced in Lincoln this season; but notwithstanding, there was a large attendance, and the performance, all things considered, was remarkable for its smoothness.

John Griffith, *Mephisto*, has special qualifications for his part. His interpretation is forceful and sardonically suggestive. He is well chosen. The supporting company is adequate, and in some instances notably excellent. Miss Martin's *Marguerite*, is gracefully effective, with a tendency to demonstrativeness. Mrs. Van Denhoff's wide experience was manifest in *Martha*. Mr. Collins' *Faust* and Mr. Roberts' *Valentine* were most acceptably rendered. Mrs. Isabella Seaton, of this city, *Elsie*, made her first public appearance, and was most favorably received. She showed evidence of careful training, and her stage presence is good. Mrs. Seaton scored a success. The scenery and effects were in keeping with the play. Mr. Church's company in every way merits success, and it ought to prove to be a profitable enterprise.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The steamship *City of Bangkok*, which arrived in New York the middle of last month from the East Indies, brought the largest elephant ever landed in this country. He came from Rangoon in the Bay of Bengal, and is 12 feet, 11½ inches high, two inches higher than Jumbo was. His name will be Rajah. He is consigned to Lemen Bros., Kansas City, whither he was shipped last night. Although a special car had been constructed for him by the Pennsylvania railroad, the roof, which was as high as the railroad tunnels would allow, just touches his back. When placed in his car, Rajah knocked out the roof with his trunk. It was hastily repaired, and then Rajah started on what will probably be an eventful journey, in the care of five keepers. Lemen Bros. and Rajah will be in this city Manday, May 14.

Blind Tom will be the attraction at the Lansing Theatre Thursday May 17. It is 37 years since Thomas Bethune first appeared on the public platform, at the age of six years, as a performer, and in that time he has traveled in every part of the civilized world, and everywhere with unbroken success. Tom's repertoire is apparently unlimited, and his versatility astonishes all. He seems to be as much at home in the classical gems of Beethoven as he is in "Yankee Doodle."

It is a difficult matter to listen to the varied and finished performance and realize that the actor is not only an unlettered, untaught negro, but that his mental capacity is little removed from idiocy, the one talent which nature had abnormally developed, enabling him thereby to overcome other deficiencies and shine prominently among his fellows, being the marvellous sense of sound.

A kangaroo is the latest candidate for the boxing championship, and while Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson are screwing up their courage to accept the challenge, it is daily having a "mill" with its captor and trainer, Prof. Landerman, with the Great Lemen Bros.' Shows. The animal fights under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, shakes hands before starting, promptly ceases hostilities at the call of "Time," and retires generally to his own corner between the rounds, though he is guilty of occasional lapses. At a recent contest the first round opened in favor of the man, but the kangaroo, after the third round, had not turned a hair, while his opponent was in a profuse perspiration. The exhibition is amusing and interesting in its way. The Lemen Bros.' will positively exhibit in this city Monday, May 14.

## SOME ODDS AND ENDS.

What profiteth Ebright's nine to win three games from Quincy and then turn around and give them to Rock Island?

The possibility of Lincoln winning the baseball pennant is rendered doubly doubtful by the manifest inability of our boys to find a ball that moves as fast as a horse can trot.

It is urged against Jack McColl as a reason why he should not be nominated for governor, that he is an old bach. It is true he is not a married man, but there is plenty of time yet to redeem himself on that score. As an industrious husbandman, he has kept himself so busy pulling the weeds out of cabbage fields that the thoughts of matrimony have never entered his head for more than a moment at a time. Once seated in the cushioned chair of state and surrounded by thousands who could but admire his fine agricultural characteristics, the opportunity to secure a faithful helpmate would date from the time he took the oath of office to the end of four years of faithful service to the state, and he is not the man to let go an opportunity that hangs on like that. Mr. McColl is a man whose affection is as broad as the boundless ocean. He loves everybody with the guileless platonic ardor described by Plato in his peculiarly affable manner. It has been his chief delight during all his leisure hours to make the world better and happier, and how well he has succeeded is attested by the fact that in his own community there is not a man, woman or child who will not vote for him in case he is nominated.

The *New York Sun* points to Senator Hill as a model statesman. Poor in purse and having no income but his salary and no prospects for the future that are not tied up in the political lottery, he stands out against the democratic policy of taxing others who have incomes and stands up for revenue laws that shall bear equally upon all the people. It is seldom the *Sun* pays unqualified homage to the public acts of any man, but it swallows Dave Hill boots and breeches without making any wry faces over it. The country at large is under the impression that Mr. Hill is something of a traitor to his party, but as the rest of the aggregation is entirely at sea, possibly he is standing alone like a shitepoke on a bog, the last of the Michigans, the fading hope of a dying democracy.

Man wants but little here below,  
But when he doth that little get  
His next impression is to go  
And add a little more to it.

Not satisfied at any point  
With earthly gains of stock and store,  
He strains each muscle, bone and joint  
For more and more and more and more.

Old age creeps on—he heeds it not  
But keeps on at the same old stroke  
Till death comes in and scoops the pot  
And lands him over yonder—broke.

What others do I do not care,  
I pick the bones where they have supped  
While storing treasures over there  
That moth and rust cannot corrupt.

Where thieves cannot break in and steal,  
Or, getting in, steal and break out,  
And that, dear friends, is why I feel  
So happy as I skip about

What though the world seems dark today  
And cash is short and produce high,  
I know the clouds will break away  
And let the sun shine by and by.

And feeling thus, I jog along,  
Though thin in flesh and poor of purse,  
My soul just bubbling o'er with song—  
If I were rich it might be worse.