

de floor, fur dey was painters, an' had evidently been on a strike an' were makin' up fur lost time. De nex' feller dat cum in seemed ter be a misfit, fur dey called 'im Little Billy. Wen he cum in I saw der wuz ter be sum actin', fur he looked as if he had a pain an' kept snappin' his fingers. He held his conk in his paw, an' kind o' moaned like, and I tot der wuz trouble, but it seemed ter be love dat wuz preyin' on his vitals. Some one hollered 'Milk below!' 'Wot's dat,' says I ter Chimmie, 'de milk train comin' in?' 'Naw,' says 'e, 'dat's Trilby!' In cum a blond beaut wearing de uniform uv de First Regiment, wid no stockings, but a pair o' skates a mile too big. Gee, but she wuz a doisy! I wuz clean paralyzed. I'd seen nothin' like'er since Louise Montague rode de elephant as de ten thousand dollar beaut. But she could give Louise cards an' spades an' beat her hanes down, an' Louise wuz a rowbred. 'Her handle's Miss Crane,' said Chimmie. I tot he wuz trying ter string me wid de Lincoln Park avery joke, an' said: 'Crane be blowed. She's a bird o' paradise.' Well, me heart wuz tumpin' terribly, but de play went on. Nobody ever has heart failure in de gall'ry; but goodness knows, der's reason 'nuff. His whiskers put wood on de fire an' Billy kept on havin' growin' pains, an' de Laird kept paintin' pictures to a dry finish, an' makin' cracks in his own peculiar style. Den de music kinder brightened up a bit, de door opened and a big beak, followed by a man wid a laugh cum in. Dat's Svengali, said Chimmie. 'To 'ell wid 'im,' said I, 'fer he's a dead bad mug.' I wuz onto his curves in a minnit, but it took de audience tree acts ter get de tip. Svengali's got a voice as big as Bob Downing, but he don't pad his head like dat tra-gedian. He's got wot dem critic bokes call modulation. Oh, but his mug! To tell de truth, it's a wonder, wid a 'normous beak, snaky whiskers, an' glims dat stick out like doorknobs. As ter his laugh, it's mild compared ter a riot in a drum factory, an' its wonderfully endurin'. He needed a bath powerful bad, but 'e's an actor from way-back, an' don't yer forget it. Well, wen he gets on der stage de monkey an' parrot ain't in it for trouble he kin make."

I have been a raving lunatic for a week, writes a young Chicagoan, and my wife is sick in bed, all because of a party of "forfeits" at our house one evening a week ago. We compelled a young man to pay his forfeit by repeating a verse of poetry. But I don't think he will repeat it any more. Here it is:
 Antony and Cleopatra stood on the burning deck,
 Their feet were full of blisters
 She put her arms around his neck,
 While a Kyrle Bellew through his whiskers.

Some of "The Merry World's" advertising material consists of miniature gas balloons bearing the impress of the attraction on the bag. Hundreds of them are sent up daily from the roof of the theatre where the performances are given, and attached to the balloon is a ticket for admission to the theatre, good only on presentation of both balloon and ticket. Being inflated with gas generated by a combination of sulphuric acid and zinc, the balloons ascend to great heights, and are carried by the wind currents long distances. One of the lot that was sent up from the New York Casino, where the attraction is now running, landed somewhere in Dakota. A few days subsequently Manager Lederer received the following missive:

BISMARCK, DAK., July 20, '95.
 Manager Lederer:—Sir: The balloon and ticket came down here all right, but how in — am I to get to New York to see your show? Respectfully,
 W. F. DANGBURN.

The Creighton theatre, in Omaha,

opened this week, is a beautiful play house. The acoustic properties of the theatre are excellent, a conversational tone carrying perfectly to the topmost seat in the gallery and the loudest sounds from the stage creating no unpleasant echo even with an empty auditorium. The horseshoe curves of the balcony and gallery are brought unusually close to the stage, a feature of construction agreeable alike to speaker and hearer. The stage space, forty-one by seventy-six feet, is all available for the purposes of dramatic representations, none being taken up by the dressing rooms. These apartments, thirteen in number, are furnished with a completeness seldom found even in the best appointed theatres. The four allotted to star performers are just off the stage behind the boxes. They are tastily carpeted, and fitted with gas and electric light, hot and cold water and individual closets. The remainder of the dressing rooms are on the two floors of the little annex adjoining the stage westward and reached by the stage entrance on Harney street as well as the door from the alley and the archway leading from the stage. These rooms are of good size, and each is provided with an outside window. They are carpeted, well lighted, plentifully supplied with shelves and each has its hot and cold water bowl, with a closet on each floor. The fact that the first floor rooms are level with the alley and the second floor windows are only ten feet above, taken with the further assurance that three exits are provided from this supplemental structure, would seem to show that the danger from fire has been as well guarded against here as elsewhere. From the foyer, uninterrupted save by the pillars of the graceful arches overhead, a view is had of stage, parquet and circle. A drop curtain from the pen of William Grabach is perhaps the most striking single object in sight. Departing from the usual custom, the artist has produced not the shocking daub which too often stares theatre audiences in the face and harrows up their artistic souls, but a representation of drapery, severe in disposition and in tone harmonious with the dominant tints of the interior. This curtain, the sombre beauty of which will grow upon the public, is reinforced by another, a massive structure of sheet iron, braced and riveted, and so accurately balanced that a minimum of force, rightly directed will move it in its appointed channel. By means of this ponderous wall of metal an impervious barrier may be instantly set up between a fire on either side of the footlights and the other regions of the theatre; and the entire construction of the building, both in point of materials employed and in respect to the number and convenience of exits provided in all parts, has been wrought out to the end of assuring absolute safety, so far as might be, to audiences and players.

Augustin Daly's company is taking a vacation after a short season in London. William Farren, of celebrity in England as an actor of old men, will come here with Olga Nethersole. The London Garrick Company, to come with John Hare, contains Fred Terry and Julia Neilson. A new American play will be used by William H. Crane when he begins his next New York season. William F. Hoey gives up "starring" and goes into a farce called "The Globe Trotter". Louis Harrison, not forgotten as a droll comedian, will be in "The Stag Party." Richard Mansfield will shorten his season in New York to about six weeks, and devote the rest of the winter to a tour. Chas. H. Hoyt has three bran new farces ready. Minnie Palmer and Mrs. John T. Raymond will return to the stage. The old minstrel, Dan Emmett, author of plantation melodies, writes that it is true enough

that he is poor, but he isn't dependent yet on anybody but himself and will join a troupe for next season. Rose Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore and Henry E. Dixey are members of a San Francisco stock company. Maud Harrison has left and Rose Eytinge has joined Mr. Mansfield's forces. Marie Burroughs, unable to obtain a promising play, has given up her projected tour. Sara Bernhardt is writing more memoirs. John Drew has gone to California where he will start in with "An Imprudent Young Couple." Henry Irving has chartered a whole steamer to bring his company and a great quantity of scenery to New York.

At Haltnorth's Garden Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio, recently a gentleman of Teutonic origin had two lithographic admissions and presented them to the ticket taker, "Colonel" Will Moxon, for himself, wife and son. The son was about 15 years old. Moxon pointed to the boy and said he would have to get a ticket for him. After considerable discussion on the subject Moxon announced emphatically:

"If you want the boy to see the show you will have to get a ticket."
 To this ultimatum the boy's mother replied:
 "Dat's all right, mister. He von't look! he von't look! He yust wants to listen to the music. Let him in, mister, von't you?"
 The colonel let him in.

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