

ment and the bitterness of exile.

"War hath three daughters,—Fire
Famine and Death,—and yet the na-
tions grovel before her, and kiss the red
dust at her feet."

I like to think of Pierre Loti, soldier,
sailor and artist, sailing among his
green seas and palm fringed islands,
through all the tropic nights and orient
days. Anchoring at white ports and
talking with wild men, now on the high
seas and now on the desert, which the
ancients quaintly called a sea. We see
too much of civilization, we know it all
too well. It is always beating about our
ears and muddling our brains. We
sometimes need solitude and the desert,
which Balzac said was "God without
mankind." Loti is a sort of knight
errant to bring it to us, who gives to we
poor cold bound, sense dwarfed dwellers
in the North the scent of sandal wood
and the glitter of the southern stars.

Maurel, they say, is Verdi's favorite sin-
ger. I can well believe it. There are great
singers on the stage today, like Jean de
Reszke, and great actors like Tamagno,
but the two together are so hard to find.
Maurel is both. He is the only man I
have ever seen to whom I felt that I
could apply without reservation that
much abused word, "Artist." Verdi has
the dramatic instinct almost as strongly
as the musical one. I suppose that Vic-
tor Maurel more nearly embodies the
old man's ideal heroes than any other
living singer. No wonder he is dear to
him, since he makes the dreams of his
youth live before him.

There is war across the border and
there is weeping and gnashing of teeth
among certain of the actresses in New
York. And its all because of Daly and
his great enthusiasm for Miss Rehan.
One of the eastern newspapers ventured
to remark that the buxom Ada is grow-
ing just a little too mature and matron-
ly for some of the sportive roles she as-
sumes. Now Mr. Daly considers that
there is only one greater than Shake-
speare, and that one is Rehan. She is
the product of his hand and all his self
love is concentrated upon her. He
thinks that New York and Boston and
Chicago are permitted to exist only that
they may make up Miss Rehan's audi-
ences, and that Christopher Columbus
discovered America and the Pilgrims
landed at Plymouth with Miss Rehan
as their sole end and aim. To Daly
Miss Rehan is ever young, a sweet young
thing, too unsophisticated to play any-
thing but expurgated versions of Shake-
speare's most antiquated and harmless
comedies. So when this gentle remark
about Miss Rehan's age was put, Daly
angrily retorted that Miss Ellen Terry,
who still plays emotional roles, is old
enough to be Miss Rehan's mother.
Well, so is Bernhardt old enough to be
Lillian Lewis' mother and Cecil Spoon-
er's grand-mother, but what of that?
But Mr. Daly's remark got abroad and
the press got hold of it. Now to Sir
Henry Irving Miss Terry is all and more
than Miss Rehan is to Daly. Irving is
in town this week and they say that he
intends to interview Augustin upon the
matter of Terry's age. There will prob-
ably be an interesting session. But all
the knighted thespians on earth could
not convince Daly that the sacred and
lofty Ada is no longer young. Rehan is
great and Daly is her prophet.

So Mr. Wm. Nye has been too many
for himself at last. The last time Mr.
Nye was here he was "indisposed," and
Mr. Burbank had to do most of the work.
But at Patterson he was alone and he
had to speak in a church pulpit without
any friendly dressing rooms in which to
conceal his efforts to pull himself to-
gether, or any friendly stage manager to
set him clear seltzer from the next drug

store. In a few minutes after Mr. Nye
ascended the pulpit his audience knew
what many audiences have suspected,
that Mr. Nye was gloriously drunk. It
was particularly exasperating on that
occasion as Mr. Nye's services had been
secured by the young men's class of the
First Baptist church, and it reflected on
their taste. Mr. Nye drunk is even
worse than Mr. Nye sober, and that is
saying a good deal. The people of the
First Baptist church had an embarrass-
ing time of it, but the good citizens of
Paterson had paid their \$250 and they
were bound to have some fun. So they
took it out in eggs and groceries. As
Mr. Nye was stumbling down the depot
platform they pelted him with eggs un-
til he jumped aboard his train. Mr. Nye
has richly deserved this, and it may
teach him to respect his public if not
himself.

Marguerite Tamagno, the daughter of
the great tenor, is studying for the
stage and will join Duse's company. If
there is anything in heredity the daugh-
ter of that fiery tiger of the desert ought
to be able to act. Her father has the
soul of tragedy and the heart of passion
in him.

And still Dumas' "Route de Thebes"
appears not, and he says now that it
may never appear at all. He has been
working on it for years and years,
and he has said that if he cannot make
it vastly better than all his other plays
he will destroy it. Let's see, that means
that it must be stronger than "Le Demi
Monde," more moving than "Camille,"
more artistic than "L'Etrangere." Heavens,
what would happen if Dumas
should turn such a play loose upon the
world? I am afraid it would be like
that painting upon which Balzac's mad
painter worked a whole life time, and
which was so perfect that untutored
eyes could see in it only a figure defaced
by innumerable lines and curves. Un-
less Dumas can make all he desires of
"La Route de Thebes" I almost hope
that he will never produce it, that he
will destroy it and not break the illu-
sion; let it be a sort of dim ideal perfec-
tion like the lost nine books of Sappho.
Dumas says that Guy de Maupassant
once said to him that if he were rich
enough to do just as he pleased he would
work all his life on one book
and then have it burned at his
death. There is a great thought
in that, though its thoroughly
an artist's thought and as impractical as
the Sultan, who killed his favorite wife
before he died rather than that any
other man should see her beauty. For
the great artist creates for himself, and
not for the world. He does not care a
rap for the world one way or the other,
nor does he desire to share the respon-
sibility of running it. He knows that
evil is necessary in the world, just as
shadows are in a picture, and that if
God had wanted the world to be good
he could have made it so without Park-
hurst's assistance. As soon as an artist
becomes a philanthropist, he is lost.
Philanthropy has made Tolstoi, the
greatest novelist of modern times, a
laughing stock. It is as impossible for
a man to love art for the good of the
world as it is for him to love a woman
for the sake of humanity. Scientific
pursuits may sometimes be philan-
thropic, artistic pursuits never are. In-
tellectual passions are personal, intense,
selfish. They are more violent than the
loves of Helen, more lasting than the
spell of the rare Egyptian. They come
upon a man when he is in his cradle,
they fill and possess his whole life, all
the crude, erratic fancies of his youth,
all the maturity and richness of his
manhood, all the loneliness and depen-
dency of his age. They are not to be
acquired by any labor, any worth, any
effort, and once possessed they are not to be
lost. Fools say they will live for art and

they never know its face. Artists say
they will live with men, and they go
back to their shadows, which to them
are real.

A wise and witty and tender man is
dead. A man whose pen was as just, as
generous as himself, whose work was
full of manliness. Eugene Field was
only a journalist. The American news-
paper was his task and his curse, as it
has been of so many brilliant men.
Journalism is the vandalism of litera-
ture. It has brought to it endless harm
and no real good. It has made it an art
a trade. The great American newspa-
per takes in intellect, promise, talent; it
gives out only colloquial gossip. It is
written by machines, set by machines
and read by machines. No man can
write long for any journal in this coun-
try without for the most part losing
that precious thing called style. News
papers have no style and want none. A
newspaper writer should have no more
individuality than those clicking iron
machines that throw the type together.
Eugene Field had been bound to the
press from his youth, the bond slave of
that great, roaring, grimy, *deus ex ma-
china*. For a man who was compelled
to write so much it was wonderful that
he wrote so well. He had the true gift
of sympathetic rhyming. "Wynker,
Blynken and Nod" and "Little Boy
Blue" are not great productions, but
they are quaint and tender and in their
own way beautiful. I don't know any
child's poem more beautiful than that
about the three little fishers who went
to fish for the stars with nets of gold and
silver in the river of crystal dew.

Mr. Field had just reached the period
of his life where his good work should
have begun. He was just a little be-
yond the poverty which had for so many
years driven him to hasty and unfinished
work. In the next ten years he should
have done good things. The labors of
his long apprenticeship were over and
now there had just opened for him a
career of rest and thought, of earnest
effort and tranquil toil, of higher prom-
ise. But the grim Lord Death takes no
note of promise, and his measuring rod
is so large that to him one man is not
more useful than another; not a priest
or poet, merely an individual of a spe-
cies, that is all. He has heard the mu-
sic of the spheres, indeed, and the songs
of the morning stars, and the feeble
utterances of mortal tongues are to him
as nothing. He shuts down the doors of
life and locks them fast and seals them
with his seal forever. Unless, indeed,
an ancient tale be true and he brings in
his gaunt hand the key of loftier por-
tals, and takes away the broken lute
of the old dead, only to give to the new
living the golden harp of heaven, with
its strings as strong as thunder, as light
as flame, as many and multitudinous as
the fancies of the changeful heart of
mar. Perhaps this singer and all his
stronger brothers are not silenced after
all, perhaps they have only passed into
the higher music, which is God's.

I have been trying ever since Wed-
nesday evening to find out what "The
Colonel's Wives" was about. I have not
found out yet. I give it up; it would
take a more "eagle brain" than mine. I
am very sure that the English language
does not contain such another play. I
hope not, for the language could not
stand it. It was simply a chaos of irrel-
evant people and irrelevant incidents
thrown and strung together. It
is about as coherent as a populist mass
meeting. There was so little character
work in the thing that if the people had
donned each others costumes no one
would have known which was which.
All the roles were written with disgust-
ing disregard to the common stage
proprieties. Even Mr. Chas. Sullivan
and Miss Anna Parker, two exception-

ally bright and clever young people, had
hard work to make their odious parts
endurable. If ever Mr. Brown succeed-
ed in getting off something funny he
was so pleased that he straightway
killed it with much cherishing. It was
an odious performance.

Mr. Sedley Brown, the author of
this unique play, is by some strange
misalliance the husband of that exceed-
ingly clever and fascinating actress,
Henrietta Crossman. Miss Crossman
is now getting her divorce. Heavens,
I should think she would!

\$100 DOLLARS REWARD \$100

The readers of this paper will be
pleased to learn that there is at least
one dreaded disease that science has
been able to cure in all its stages and
that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is
the only positive cure now known to
the medical fraternity. Catarrh being
a constitutional disease, requires a
constitutional treatment. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting adirectly upon the blood and
mucous surfaces of the system, thereby
destroying the foundation of the disea-
se, and giving the patient strength
by building up the constitution and
assisting nature in doing its work.
The proprietors have so much faith in
its curative powers, that they offer
One Hundred Dollars for any case that
it fails to cure. Send for list of Testi-
monials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo
O. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Rudy's Pile Suppository
is guaranteed to cure Piles and Con-
stipation, or money refunded. 50 cents
per box. Send two stamps for circular
and Free Sample to Martin Rudy,
Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa.
No postals answered. For sale by all
first class druggist everywhere. H
T. Clarke Co., wholesale agents

Purple Pansy, Her Majesty's Per-
fume, has that delicate, yet refined and
lasting odor, much desired by the con-
sumer. Riggs, the Druggist, is head-
quarters for all the latest Toilet arti-
cles, corner Twelfth and O streets.

You'll never realize what "real good
bread" is until you have made it of
Shogo flour.

Go to Clary's "Apex" Cigar Store for
your cigars and tobacco, 111 No. 11th St.

NOTICE.

Semi-annual rents are due and paya-
ble November 15. If not paid on time
10 per cent of the bill will be added
and the water may be shut off and \$1
additional fine charged for turning
same on.
J. W. PERCIVAL,
Water Commissioner.

First Publication November 2.

NOTICE.

James Doak, Mary J. Doak Joseph
Sparks, Bertha Rodabaugh, Mr. Roda-
baugh, her husband, (first name un-
known) defendants, will take notice
that on the 4th day of September 1895,
Esther E. Lewis, the plaintiff herein,
filed her petition in the District court
of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against
said defendants, the object and prayer
of which are to foreclose a certain mort-
gage executed by James Doak and Mary
J. Doak to Esther E. Lewis, plaintiff,
upon lot 9 in block 19 in Pitcher and
Baldwin's 2nd addition to University
Place, in Lancaster county, Nebraska,
to secure the payment of one certain
promissory note, with interest coupons
attached, said note dated January 17th,
1891, for the sum of \$500, due and paya-
ble five years from date thereof; said
mortgage provided that in case any of
said notes or coupons are not paid when
due, the whole sum secured thereby
may be declared to be due and payable;
there is now due on said notes, coupons
and mortgage the sum of \$572.00, for
which sum, with interest from this date,
plaintiff prays for a decree that defend-
ants be required to pay the same, or
that said premises may be sold to satisfy
the amount found due.
You are required to answer said peti-
tion on or before Monday, the 9th day
of December, 1895.

C. C. FLANSBURG,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Dated, November 2, 1895
Nov 23.