

near Council Bluffs. The preponderance of evidence is in this direction. Entomologically considered he is a species of the genus *Odynerus* found in all parts of the world, and differs from the *Eumenes* in having a sessile abdomen. Some men are that way. Others of the *Eumenidae* have an abdomen sometimes pedunculate, with posterior segments contractile; some have bifid claws on their tarsi, with mandibles elongated and forming a kind of rostrum. This is not that kind. Mr. Rhodes the discoverer of the metallic insect says that the exigencies of a precarious existence compelled him in infancy to a diet of juicy caterpillars. These his parent stores up in a fresh state, merely paralyzing them as a precaution against their errant proclivities. He is a provident soul. He, or rather she—since the male insect opportunely dies when his mission in life as regards posterity is performed; you can tell the difference because the male has thirteen joints in his antennae, and the female twelve, or vice versa, I forget which—arranges in close proximity to the lying-in place a large store of paralyzed *Lepidopterous* and *Chrysomelous* larvae as food for her carnivorous offspring. The latter, when his sessile abdomen has arrived at such a stage of development as to have that gnawing feeling, simply reaches out and gets a hunk of the nearest caterpillar. It should also be mentioned that the ladder is so arranged that the nearest caterpillar is always the one farthest in point of time from a state of absolute freshness. By such careful forethought is the youthful grub protected from the evil effects of a change in the condition of his diet before he is capable of making a wise selection since by the time he has picked the bones of the first ration the second has reached the proper state of ripeness. The retaining valve chamber forms an excellent fortified castle and storehouse. It is proposed however, to bar the enemy's entrance by substituting a narrow slit for the quarter-inch hole.

Remember the Whitebreast Coal and Linn Company is still furnishing its customers with best grades Penn. hard coal at \$3 delivered.

First publication Feb. 27.

#### SHERIFF SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Eugene H. Pearson is plaintiff, and Badger Lumber Company, et al., defendants. I will at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), four-teen (14), nine-teen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), and twenty-four (24), in block forty five (45), of the original plat of the city of Lincoln, in said Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said lots twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), and twenty-four (24), being otherwise described as lots "A," "B," "C," and "D," of Strickland's subdivision of lots twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), and twenty-four (24), in said block forty five (45). Also beginning at a point four hundred thirty eight (438) feet east of the north-east corner of block twenty-two (22) in Lavender's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, thence east twenty-two (22) feet, thence south one hundred forty-two (142) feet, thence west twenty-two (22) feet, thence north one hundred forty-two (142) feet to place of beginning; also the north half of lot three (3) in block twenty-two (22), in the city of Lincoln, all in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of February, A. D. 1897.

John J. Trompen,  
Sheriff.

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## RANDOM NOTES.

At the fag end of the season after a long-drawn-out torment of vaudeville variety and tawdry melodrama, with hardly anything of real value or merit, comes a flash of power that sets the theatrical world of New York agog and causes an outburst of unanimity among the professional critics that is fairly paralyzing. And for once the critics and the dress circle are of one opinion. The season seemed doomed to end in a fatal glimmer of dull mediocrity, with no higher achievement in dramatic production than Gillette's "Secret Service," in which the author stands for hours on one spot and talks through his teeth—always excepting the visions that from time to time flit across the consecrated stage at Daly's—but, suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, a new light appears and there is a brilliant illumination. New York is enjoying a real triumph of art over rasping song and the smashing of scenery.

Years ago Minnie Maddern was one of the petite favorites of the stage. She had a certain faculty that never failed to please. Nobody thought she was great, but everybody agreed that she was amusing. Then she married Harrison Gray Fiske, the editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, and disappeared in matrimony. A year or so ago she floated to the surface and in a more or less spasmodic way impressed herself anew on the theatre-going public—this time as an entirely different sort of actress. She had difficulty in finding a play to suit her, and tried many experiments. She did not make a great success, but she showed the discriminating few that she had undergone a wonderful development. There was a feeling that some day she might knock conventionality to smithereens and rise to a very respectable height. She has vindicated that feeling, only she has gone at one bound higher than anybody thought she would go.

When it was announced that Mrs. Fiske had engaged the Fifth Avenue theatre for a production of a version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," the wisecracks chuckled to themselves and the prophets of evil emitted grim forebodings. It was a dramatization of a novel, and dramatizations of novels are prejudged and foreordained to damnation by the elect. Occasionally one of the damned manages to break through the judgment, as, for instance, "Trilby," but that only made it hotter on those that are to come. Mrs. Fiske didn't care. She brought out the play, the handiwork of one Lorimer Stoddard. That was a week ago last Tuesday. Today the wisecracks and prophets are dancing in a circle around the new star, and Minnie Maddern-Fiske has taken her place as a genius, born into full flower with Byronic swiftness. There are few people but know Tess as Hardy painted her. Imagine, then, a wisp of a woman, as slender as a willow wand, with a tuft of shaggy auburn hair, venturing to assume that role. It was a daring experiment, but that is not the only experiment Mrs. Fiske makes in her new play, and she comes out triumphant. The Tess that fascinates a Broadway audience is an intellectual, spirituelle, acute, vibrant personality, altogether and astonishingly different from the heavily handsome heroine of the book. And she casts a spell over the audience that is never broken until the curtain comes down on the last act. When the pure woman who is betrayed into dishonor, whipped into adultery by the cries of a starving family, and finally goaded to murder, offers herself

up a willing sacrifice to the law. No such powerful representation has been seen in many a day. The power of the artist is shown in the dramatic fervor that breaks through the unusual repression which is the characteristic feature of Mrs. Fiske's acting in this play. Her methods are as simple as Duce's. She discards the time-worn traditions of the drama and gives a new meaning to the word acting.

In the last act when, after that awful scene with her betrayer in his rooms, her husband, whom she thinks dead, appears, there is an interval of more than a minute in which there is no word spoken or a sound of any kind. The audience is as still as death. Marian, who confirmed the false story of her husband's death, is present, and is transfixed with horror. Tess, abandoned in misery and desperation, sees Angel as one from the grave. No words can express her feeling. At first she glares valiantly at the apparition. Then a realization of the terrible mistake is depicted in a look of unutterable horror. She looks at Angel and into space, then drops limply into a chair. Then turning to the girl she sums up all the terrible portent of the situation in the word "Marian!" that is at once an imprecation and a cry of ultimate despair. Marian shrieks and dashes from the room. Only that one word is spoken, but in a whole minute the audience is spellbound. It is a great scene.

But the murder of Alec is the great achievement. The brute, after cruelly taunting the woman he has twice dishonored, as a maid and as a wife, retires to an adjoining room, not visible to the audience, to sink in drunken slumber. He is awakened by the coming of Angel, and after the husband leaves he calls out: "Who are you talking to, Tess?" She answers: "My husband, Angel Claire, has been here." Alec breaks out in jeering laughter and says: "Well, I'm your husband now. I pay your bills." He piles taunts upon jeers, until Tess is suddenly seized with a desire to kill him. She takes a knife from the table, and, pausing a moment at the threshold, passes into Alec's room. Not a sound is heard. Soon she emerges with the knife extended in one hand, dripping blood. She walks as if in a trance and crosses the room. She begins to tremble from head to foot and the knife drops. She takes up her cloak, and going to the dresser, takes out a pair of gloves. She gets one of the gloves on, and mechanically takes up a hair brush. She is automatically brushing her hair and standing as if in a hypnotic condition when her husband enters, and while she calmly says, "Angel, I have killed him," continues to brush her hair. No scream, no tears, no vocal trickery, and yet the effect is almost indescribable in intensity. There is no need to be told that the actress has power. Subtly she convinces you that she has had to do the things she has done, that she couldn't do anything else, and it all seems natural enough. It is a play long to be remembered.

The following circular, a copy of which reached New York this week, ought to interest anybody. I think it will have a special interest for Lincoln people:

"WATERTOWN, S. D.,

"Friday, Dec. 4, 1896.

"To the public: It is with pleasure that I announce to the public of Watertown and vicinity that I have playing at my theatre this week without doubt the strongest theatrical company on the road this season, namely, Church's Metropolitan Company. Every play presented by this company is a realization of what is intended a perfect pro-

duction. This company are all artists in their lines and I wish personally to guarantee to any of my patrons an evening of true enjoyment. Too much cannot be said in praise of this company from the fact that we have been imposed upon so much by companies who claimed a great deal and gave us nothing.

"Mr. Lindon, who presents the Count of Monte Cristo this Friday evening, has abundance of press opinions, and, in fact, he is accorded as being the greatest Count of Monte Cristo in this country. The play will be presented with all the scenery and calcium effects, the same as done by him in Philadelphia and all other large cities. I wish to say that anyone who misses seeing Mr. Lindon as the Count of Monte Cristo will miss one of the greatest dramatic treats in this city this season.

"Rip Van Winkle," as presented by this company last night, was a thing of beauty and those who missed it were the losers.

"This company plays for the people at the people's prices—prices being only 10, 20 and 30 cents.

"Let Watertown people turn out and give this company a packed house both Friday and Saturday evenings, and show that we appreciate something good when it comes to us.

"Yours for amusement,

—B. F. Crowl."

W. MORTON SMITH.

New York, March 10.

(First publication Feb. 27)

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county in an action wherein Julian C. Gregory is plaintiff, and Rachel Hyde, Thomas Hyde, her husband, Ila C. Hyde and Edward Hyde, her husband, defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:

Lot four (4), in block one (1), in Lavender's addition to the city of Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of February, A. D. 1897.

John J. Trompen,

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Sheriff.

(First publication February 13.)

#### NOTICE.

In the district court, Lancaster county Nebraska.

George Brown, Plaintiff,

vs.

Fred Pauley, Lena Pauley, Alexis Halter, Mary J. Halter, The Clark & Leonard Investment company and James P. Walton, Defendants.

To Fred Pauley, Lena Pauley, Alexis Halter and Mary J. Halter:

You and each of you will take notice that on the 19th day of January, 1897, George Brown, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Alexis Halter and Mary J. Halter, to the Clark & Leonard Investment company, and assigned to plaintiff and now owned by him. Said mortgage is upon lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block three (3) in University addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, and was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in the sum of six hundred dollars, dated January 8th, 1892, and due January 1st 1897, now due and payable. Plaintiff prays for a foreclosure of said mortgage, and for a deficiency judgment, should a deficiency remain after applying the proceeds of the sale of said mortgaged premises to the payment of said debt, against the defendants Fred Pauley, Lena Pauley, Alexis Halter, Mary J. Halter and the Clark & Leonard Investment company.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 29th day of March, 1897. GEORGE BROWN, Plaintiff,

By Abbott, Selleck & Lane, Att'ys.

Feb. 10 h, 1897.

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