BELLE'S

Studying the Lines on the Inside of Hands, at Ten Dollars a Hand.

PALMISTRY A TRANSIENT FAD.

The Terpsicherean Fashions-Buffalo Bill's Matince-A Swell Crowd-The Feminine Vanity of a Beautiful Complexion.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25, - | Correspondence of the BEE. |-Society has this week been active chiefly with its hands and feet, Heads and hearts may have been used as usual, and stomachs have no doubt been called on to yield the customary pains and delights of high gastronomy, but the finger and toe extremes of anatomy have been excitedly interesting. Ed Heron Allen, an adroitly exploited Briton, has caught the hands of our Fifth avenue girls, and they pay him \$10 each for doing it. He is a palmist, who pretends to study lines on the insides of hands and thereby delineate the character of the owner. Society happens just now to have time for an ephemeral bit of nonsense, for the real season of gayety has hardly set in, and so palmistry becomes

A TRANSIENT FAD.

Heron-Allen's own palm has first to be crossed by a coin of the magnitude of ten dollars, or its equivalent in paper money. Then he takes the customer's hand, gazes at it in a monomaniae sort of a way, examines its lines through a magnifying glass, draws its outlines on cardboard, and then dictates five hundred words or so to a shorthand secre-tary about the person's supposititious good qualities. Several seances at fash-ionable residences have been given at \$50 a piece. Heretofore the belle who consulted fortune tellers has made an adventure of it—putting herself into a semi-disguise of plain clothes, driving to the place in a close carriage by a circuitous route, and there buying for a dollar the ignorant mumblings of an ugly old witch. To be served by a neat, polite, palayering fellow strikes her as a divert-ing novelty, and he is getting rich very fast, besides having a good time cud-dling dainty, exclusive hands that would recoil in resentment if his freedom were social instead of professional

As TO SOCIETY'S FEET, they have not begun to dance for the winter yet, but they are under assiduous tuition. Terpsiehorean fashions change from season to season, and it is necessary every November to learn how to waltz in December, when the balls and receptions commence. Some of the girls take a few private lessons, but most of them are able with a little practice by themselves, to accomplish the modifications de manded. Moreover, they watch closely all the public performances that may give hints as to new grace. Thus we have had "Vienna waltzes," a ballet in connection with opera at the Metropolitan, and it was easy to see that the fair spectators' eager scrutiny of the stage waltzers was with a view to imitation; and hundreds of feet were mildly motioning, in the seelusion of long skirts, in imitation of the pedal gymnastics which the footlights illuminated as object lessons. Then, again, we had a somewhat astounding illustration of how not to do it. This was given by the students who acted the Greek comedy before a modish audience at the Academy of Mucic. In their conscientious representations of the Greeks, they were their own unembellished legs, without so much as powder or rouge to cover them, and the display of unsymmetrical awkwardness was dreadful. I farcy that a series of instantaneous photographs, after the manner of Leland Stanford's camera views of the trotting horse at successive instants of a rapid gait, would be wonders of disenchantment as to the waltzing beau.

It may be that fashionable girls are unly hard to please in of masculine grace. the poor fellows do the best they can under natural disadvantages. There was plenty of laughter in the sleeves of the toilets at the steeplechases last summer and autumn, when the dandy ama teur jockies humped themselves in the saddles; and yet, when society assembled in a considerable quantity the other night to see some uncivilized poetry of motion by Indians, the fun was still greater. The ceremony of burying the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace was performed by a band of

BUFFALO BILL'S HIRED INDIANS for the entertainment of about a thousand spectators. All New York was there; that is, the people who imagine they are the personages of New York, the remainder of the inhabitants being classi fied as the populace. When they are at Newport, there is positively nobody in New York. Berry Wall, ex-king of the dudes, came in with three of his subjects, all wearing spick-and-span new hats with very high crowns. Weary slims from Murray hill stepped in on their way home from the theatre and dropped limply into chairs. Pelham steeple-chasers, Tuxedo club men, delegations from city clubs, real and imitation British of stolid aspect and other members of swelldom presented cards of in-The showmen had artfully piqued their curiosity by saying that the scene would be entertnining even to this blase community. The Pawnees and Chey enneshad been at war for many years and before they could camp together they must larry the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. The ceremony was necessary to keep them from going on the war path right here in New York and scalping each other. They might, any how, get loose in the arena and produce of premature baldness before light ing up the pipe of peace. The lecturer, on the spot, declared that it was going to be a solemn ceremony, and he ex-horted the clite of New York not to indulge in unusual merriment. Some tifty or more Indians in red blankets en-They yowled like a pack of covotes. They were Pawnees and Sioux inviting the Cheyennes and Crows to come off the warwath and take some thing. The Cheyennes could be seen

ON THE WAR PATH behind some of the canvas primeval forests at the other end of the garden. They were furtive in their movements, and no doubt if a Pawnee had recklessly wandered three hundred feet from his wig-wam at the west end of the circus, and got lost in the labyrinth of painted prai-rie and fret sawed wood at the east end, they would have lifted his hair, made a bonfire of him, or tied one end of his stomach to a pole and driven him round and round until he was all unwound in The Cheyennes, distinguished by blue blankets, come cautiously out and yapped at the Pawnees. The pipe was smoked and a property hatchet was impressively buried in some dirt that had been brought by a tip cart. Then the braves shucked their blankets and had a dance, attired mainly in paint and earrings Their style of dancing is varied. Some went about like Jerseymen hunting in the grass for lost coppers, and others whooped it up with all the abandon of Fourth warders at a hoodlum picule. All yelped continuously. It was very fanny, and it proved that the untutored Indian can't, any more than the dude, waltz as gracefully as the giri of high civilization

Mus. J. B. P. STILL SURPRISING SOCIETY. It is true that Mrs. James Brown Potter has gone out of the country, and the reader may think that she sought to be omitted from society columns, but she is so full of exploits that there is no use trying to get along without her. She has now given society another shock by

appending her name to an advertisement of a complexion balm that is warranted to make plain people pretty and pretty people ravishingly beautiful. The proprietor claims to have obtained the receipt indirectly from the queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, or some other prize beauty of ancient times. She sells a thimbie fall of onguent for \$1.50 and folks are surmising why Mrs. Potter is willing to publish herself as a user of the stuff. It is declared that she has no proprietory interest in the business, but society is dreadfully surprised and gossipy. appending her name to an advertiseme prised and gossipy.

THE FEMININE COMPLEXION. Many a woman would walk the full length of Broadway on her hands and head if somebody were to tell her that the feat would clear her complexion or change the color of her hair. If there is not believe to the letter of the color of her hair. anybody who disbelieves this, let him do as I have done-find out what a number of people there are in New York making comfortable livings by pretending to transform their credulous female customers into things of beauty. Let him make the rounds of these places and have enough paint put on his face to set a whole tribe of Apaches up in business for a dozen years, or his head drenched and rubbed and drenched again until it needs to be left in a funnigating apparafor the next six months; breast pummeled under

pretense of making and emaciated form plump and beautiful;" or rubbed and swathed, until he feels ready to be stowed away in the pyramids, or catacombs, or wherever it is they put embaimed people -but I am not going to tell anything more of what happened to me during my investigation, which was inspired solely by curiosity as to the profession beauti-fiers. I have some respect for my sex, and I do not propose to reveal all the un-speakable horrors they undergo in their efforts to improve on nature. But as I said before, if anybody doubts my statesaid before, if anybody doubts my statement let him do as I did, and by the time he has gone through half I endured he will shout, "Come off" and be ready to give up the matter, if he hasn't already given up the ghost. I don't pretend to know how many of these operators there are in New York. I went to a dozen or so, and I didn't find nearly all of them. so, and I didn't find nearly all of them.

Bless me, how they do talk, and what wonders they can accomplish! Every time I came out from a place or bought a box of grease, I wondered how it was possible that there should be so many unbandsome women on the street when it is so easy to be beautiful. If you take them at half their words there isn't one of 'em who couldn't change an Egyptian mummy into a regular Langtry houri with one box of ointment; and if an ordinary women will only persevere through two bottles of any of their balms—lord! how her beauty is bound to blaze, corus-cate and eclipse the sun, moon and stars! Possibly it might. I can't deny it from actual knowledge, for, as I never reached the bottom of one bottle, it is still possible to look at me through the unsmoked glass.

Generally, they give women credit for possessing little shrewdness and so put up their preparations for various purposes in different bottles with appropriate labels. But I found one complexion rejuvenator which would do anything required of it. Its marvelous powers were equalled only by the phenominal cheek of the person who sold it. 'Cund's Tears,' I think they called it; and if 'you but it on your skin you would become "tair and rosy as an infant." And the stuff wouldn't wash off either, because as soon as you put it on it would crawl down under the skin, and hide in the flesh somewhere, beyond the reach of soap and water. It would remove freckles and wrinkles, if you were bald it would make your hair grow; and it would turn your hair any color you wished, from black to golden. It would cure corns, moles and warts, remove superfluous hair, and in fact you had only to spread it over any part of your anatomy that you desired changed, and presto! 'twould be done. Actually, they are carrying on a heavy trade, a regular land-office busi-ness, and I saw more women carrying away bottles of their stuff than I eyer found in one such place before in my life. I dare say it is nothing but distilled water perfunied.

There is a cynteal saving by some of the sterner sex which insinuates that every woman thinks she is beautiful. On the contrary, there is no woman, however beautiful, who does not have mo-ments of confidence with her mirror when she fears she is absolutely ugly. Then she rises from the ashes of despair goes out to consult the beautifier, and comes home with balms, pastes, face masks and such, and the delicious consciousness that she doesn't took so badly after all, and that she is going to look a great deal better. Men have never given women much credit for courage, but do you know a man brave enough to go to bed looking like the ghost of a circus clown? I don't. Not one. And that is exactly what a woman resembles with a toilet mask on. I wouldn't wear one unless alone in a house with the doors bolted, the windows nailed down, and he mirrors all taken out and buried.

Nine FASHIONABLE WOMEN out of every ten are undergoing martyr-dom half the time in hope of making themselves look a little better the other half. I know one who has slept every night for the last six months with her hands tied to the head-board of her bed just as far up as her arms would reach. What for? Bless you, she imagines it makes her hands less flushed. Every other woman you meet on the streets of New York limps on account of tight shoes, past or present. And there is a secret my dressmaker told me one day When the woman-and she if numberless -who is very particular about the fit of her sleeves tries on her dress she takes off her undervest and makes the expert fit the sleeve to her bare arm, just as tight as it can be done, and then, you see, when she puts it on it looks as if her arm had been melted and poured in. The effect is stunning, but how do you suppose it feels? I had a dress of that kind on once just five minutes and the sensation is something that would have enabled Dante to add another book to the "Inerno." Oh! we are a sex of martyrs, and sometimes fear that we don't make terno. ourselves look so very pretty after all

CLARA BELLE. A Frog Farm on Seneca Lake. The steadily increasing demand for the edible frog has for some time caused attention to be directed to the possibility of meeting it by increased supply. This idea has at last taken tangible shape and resulted in the formation of a company at Rochester, N. Y., which has leased for fifteen years at a nominal rent, a large stretch of marshy ground lying on the borders of Seneca lake. The services of a gentleman well versed in natural his-tory, who has made the little vactrian a special study, has been engaged by the company, which is prepared to carry out its object on a liberal scale. The land just taken up has long been a favorite resort of the frog, but the company propose to augment the large natural supply by artificial production, and for this purpose houses will be at once crected for propa-gation, and these will be further supplemented by the building of factories for packing and canning.

A Montreal doctor who had an account with a job printer agreed to take his pay in work. After he had all the printing done that he needed there still remained a balance, and, as his wife was very sick. he decided to have some blank funeral notices struck off with her name on them. He locked them in his desk, his wife got well and found them, and now she talks of getting a divorce.

MOTHER! STOP YOUR CHILD'S COUGH! Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm will give immediate relief, is agreeable to take, and a positive cure. 25

GENERAL BADEAU'S LETTER.

Arthur's Funeral, a Greek Play, Patti's Return, and Buffalo Bill's Opening.

A WEEK OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

Burying the Hatchet in the Wild West -A Much Discussed Artist and His Picture-Patti in Semiramide.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-New York has returned to town. This city has been full of events and interests for a week, enough to fill a three-volume novel of the olden style, or a Sunday newspaper of to-day. Arthur's funeral and a Greek play; Patti's return and the arrival of Buffalo Bill; "Christ before Pitate," in Twenty-second street, and Pawnee Indians "burying the hatchet" in Madison Square-one hardly knows which theme to turn to first.

In this crowded metropolis even the tuneral of a citizen who had reached the presidency was only one of the passing circumstances in the great procession of events; another effect of the kaleidoscope as it turns. It east a momentary shadow which flitted by almost before it was recognized. The courts adjourned, but the shops and the theaters were not closed. The flags were hung at half-mast, and some of the public buildings were draped in mourning; but the obsequies themselves were simple, and only the throng in the street and the number of notable men in the church made the ceremony in any way different from what it would have been six years before.

Among the official mourners was ex-

President Hayes, whose action in remov-ing Arthur from the collectorship of New York was the first step in the chain of circumstances that made the expelled officeholder president.

HAYES AND ARTHUR
hardly a year ago sat in the same carriage at the funeral of Grant, and a little
before all three had followed Garfield to
the tomb. On Monday the solitary survivor walked behind the pall of his own essor and subordinate.

The cabinet officers of the late head of the state of course were present. On Sunday I chanced to call on Lincoln just after I came from a visit to EDWIN BOOTH,

and the coincidence of the names so awfully connected in men's memories reealled the striking illustration of the way in which all our lives are tangled and in-terwoven without our will. Booth and I were intimate friends twenty-five years ago, and Robert Lincoln in the late winter of 1865 joined Grant's headquarters as captain of volunteers. He left college for the army, and on his way from Har-vard to the front to assume his new duties the youth passed through New York. It was late on Sunday night when he reached the station at Jersey City to take the Philadelphia train. Edwin Booth was also there, but had never met young Lincoln. He noticed, however, a man in front of him who stepped on a car that proved to be the wrong one as the stranger was getting off, the train moved on, and he slipped and feil between the cars and the platform. Another moment and he must have been crushed and doubtless killed. No one else seemed to notice his danger, and Booth, who held his valise and ticket in his hand, dropped his valise, put the ticket between his teeth, and then rushed up and snatched the stranger by the collar, dragging him out of the interstice and out of peril. The man turned to thank his preserver and recognized the tragedian whom he had often seen on the stage. "That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth," he ex-claimed, as he uttered his gratitude; but even then the actor was ignorant that he had saved the son of the president.

YOUNG LINCOLN went on to City Point, and knowing my intimacy with Booth he told me that his life had been saved by my friend, and I wrote to Booth to let him know who he had served. For the great actor was staunchly loyal to the union; the only vote he ever cast was for Abraham Lincoln at his re-election three months be

In less than three months after the father of him who was rescued fell by the hands of the brother of his savior. But life is full of these contrasts and contin-

gencies. One of the most salient contrasts I have lately observed came under my notice on Friday. I was at the opera house where the women were in their glory, for the night was a gala one. A ballet was announced for the first time, and 1 never saw the boxes more crowded or the costumes more resplendent. But a friend asked me te go to a show of Indians un-der the auspices of

BUFFALO BILL AND STEELE MACKAYE. There was to be a genuine rite of pacifi-cation celebrated between tribes that were still hostile. Such a sight in the eart of New York was more novel than the ballet, and we left the Metropolitan for Madison Sqgare.

The arena in the great garden was sur rounded by two or three thousand men. di invited to witness the pact. Members of congress, the mayor-elect, judges of the highest state and city courts, were scattered in the boxes and galleries, be-sides literary, dramatic and sporting celebrities by the score. N. ladies were admitted, for the ceremonies were to be peculiar, and nobody knew exactly what

might occur. The Pawnees and Sioux and Cheyennes whom Buffalo Bill had brought to per form in New York had never made peace, and before they could act together it was indispensable to ratify a treaty in the In dian style. Steele Mackage explained in advance the circumstance. He assured us of the reality of the situation, and that the Indians looked upon the event as solemn in the extreme; however grothe rites might seem to us he implored us to manifest only respect or sympathetic interest.

The tribes came into the theater from four different directions with their war paint, with blankets and feathers and shields and arrows and tomahawks. They saluted each other with extraordinary shrill and dissonant, and then squatted on the ground in four corners of the immense arena. Then Rocky Bear, the great medicine man of the Pawnees, opened the ceremonies with a speech What he said was translated to Mackaye, who repeated it to the audience. A chant and a dance were followed by a procession of all the Indians in a singular hop ping movement, in some instances not devoid of grace, which was accompanied by discordant vocal music, more difficult to appreciate than the song of the Walkure by the uninitiated.

Next two squaws appeared in the uncouth throng, it was announced that no Indian man ever humbled himself to dig. and therefore only women could make the hole in which the hatchet was to be buried. The squaws then squatted on the ground and scratched with their hands until a hole was formed in the earth, into which the hatchet was thrust, and soon the symbol of war was out of sight, covered with the soil of the arena. At it disappeared the wild cries went up again on every side, and the Pawnees and Sioux were friends. Then the braves smoked the pipe of peace in the presence of the tribes, lighting each other's fire and exchanging calumets; a sort of com munion service among savages.

And now the Indians all threw off their

THREE HUNDRED NAKED RED MEN smeared with paint, their long hair

streaming down their backs, feathers on their heads, and nothing to cover them but a strip about their loins, joined in the wildest, strangest dance that has been performed in New York since the Dutch arrived in Manhattan 280 years ago. No antic in the ballet was ever more extrava-gant, no figureante more exposed. A succession of extraordinary actions fol-lowed. One chief displayed his wounds, like Coriolanus, and went through the representation of the battle in which he had been nearly killed, crouching, stealing stealthily, striking, retiring hiding, rushing up again; and
the man who had saved his
life was brought out and presented to us,
He too repeated his part, and how he
dragged his chief out of the clutches of enemy. We were invited to applau this brave man especially. The chief-themselves were as proud of their pasrformances and as earnest in portray ing them as any player on the modern stage or after dinner orators; they thrust their sears before us and told their stories as Homeric heroes may have done, and were not deterred by any foolish modesty, physical or moral, from earning all the plause they felt they had deserved. Then came

THE FEATHER DANCE greatest solemnity of all. At this awful crisis the entire audience of men who until then had worn their hats were re quested to uncover out of respect to the ceremony, so sacred in savage eyes. So we all took off our hats and remained profoundly silent. The feather is stuck into the ground and represents the enemy. The naked Indians dance around it, but Rocky Hill stands guard, and no brave is allowed to touch the feather unless he has killed his man in battle The yells and leaps and gestures of the crowd were now more frantic than ever. The Indians rushed around the feather, they brandished their weapons and flung up their arms, they ran and hopped and danced backward and forward around among each other; they laughed a oud, their eyes flashed, their faces gleamed, their hair hung wildly; their bodies were streaming with swe the paint dripped from legs and backs and arms. Every now and then one whose presence had earned the right dashed in among the throng and struck the feather amid the shouts and gestion-lations of his fellows. It was all very barbarous, of course; still, those who had seen what is called civilized could recognize many traits common in other armies, and more than once the antics of these savage soldiers, as they fought their battles over again, recalled the grim delight in blood and the pride in their own achievements that the veterans of Grant and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson still sometimes feel.

After a white Buffalo Bill himself came

on and the chief of the Indians desired formally to shake his hand. Harangues were exchanged; the Indians put on their blankets and the treaty of peace was concluded.

All this was more striking to me coming direct from the fashion and splendor of the German opera. Yet I thought I saw a certain likeness in the observances at both houses. The Indians were painted, but so were many of the ladies

we had left. THE BEAUTIES BARED their arms and the sayages their legs. Both wore feathess, for the panache of the belles this winter is high as that of the Pawnees; but the braves have the longest hair I should say, and theirs is all their own. At both places the eti-quette was rigid; the medicine man is the most important of the Pawnees, and at the opera it is high priests and priestesses of fashion who parade. Then the shouting it is at least as loud of Siedl Kraus and Niemann as that of any of the Sioux; the dancing in the ballet as in-decorous as that of the braves. One point of difference I must own; no la-dies are admitted to the show in Madison square, where men are exposed, but if men were not present at the Metropolitan I fear there would be no bare arms. After all, sayage and civilized are very much 'alike; if the Cheyennes had gone to the Walkure they would have wondered at the noise in the orehestra and the petticoats in the ballet as much as we who gazed on their unmaimed rites, while the headresses in the boxes and the decollette gowns would have surprised and shocked Rocky Bear, I fancy, even more than his followers did the audience in Madison Square.

It is very hard for the uncivilized to understand the civilized. I was at a ball n London given to the Shah of Persia ten or twelve years ago. It was at the Guidhall, and the royal family attended, out of compliment to the oriental potentate. The Princesses danced a quadrille immediately before the dais where the august but tawny sovereign sat in his jewelled fez and wonderful collar of diamonds. He was highly delighted with the spectacle, and supposed it was all for his edification. At the close he commanded a repetition s he would have done at home with the ladies of his harem. For eastern grandees never dance themselves; they have people to dance for them and before them. and the Persian supposed all these princesses were at his beek. It was even said he ordered his attendants to dis pense purses among them; but for this part of the story I cannot vouch. I should very much to know what Rocky Bear and his friends would have said imong themselves, however, had they been taken to a box at the opera, and which they would have thought the

audience and which the performers.

The other peculiar show of the week ias been the picture of the Hungarian

artist, Munkacsy. "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE"S as theatrical an exhibition as any at the opera or in Madison Square. A former church has been turned into a showroom, the auditorium darkened, and in place of a stage the picture is exposed, with stage lights and similar accessories. lickets were issued to 2,500 people for a private view, descriptive pamphlets com-paring the artist to Raffaelle and Michel Angelo, very much to the disadvantage of the Italians, were distributed, and the crowd of supposed distinguished people filled the theater or marched by the canvas. Anything more in the style of the charlatan has seldom been seen here connected with art; though the artists of he brush do sometimes rival their brethren of the stage in their adoption of such

appliances. The picture itself cannot fairly be judged amid these false lights and meretricious environments; and one doubts at once the tone and character of a work of art set before him under such auspices. Still there is merit in the production and of decided character; fine grouping, good drawing, dramatic treatment figures; and as far as one could judge, a certain excellence of color and tone; but of course under the glare of the gaslight, it is peculiarly impraticable to pronounce upon these latter qualities. But as might be supposed, a man who could allow any picture, above all one on such a theme, to be exhibited like a circus or a clownsutterly unable to embody the lofty sentiment of the gospel story. The fig-ures might represent characters in profane history just as well as those they stand for; while the Christ is a failure, entirely without divinity or majesty, or even the sublime humanity of the Ecce

The artist has been heralded and advertised in the noisiest and vulgarest way newspapers lauded him to the skies; he found clubs to offer him entertainments, a distinction hardly accorded to the greatests artists before: the style of the invitations was fulsome in the extreme, and this demigod was placed in a salon surrounded by his own works, as if noth else was sufficient to honor him. Doubtless his paintings are worthy of study, and some of them of admiration; but this thrusting a man, or trying to thrust him, into a place much higher than AHLQUIST BROS..

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he might otherwise attain. Munkaesy is powerful in thought and dramatic in treatment, but no liner in these, his chief excellencies, than a score of others of his time who might be named; he does not equal many living painters in grace or correctness of drawing; and if he can be compared with them as a colorist he has not allowed the fact to be ascer-

tained. In the greatest of all qualities— elevated expression—he has failed.

I have left myself no space to tell of the Greek play at the Academy of Music on one night, and PATTI IN SEMIRAMIDE on another: both attractions, so widely different, crowding the former temple of

song. Aristophanes was dug up to amuse an audience 3,000 years later than those before which he first performed; and Semiramide, the theme of which was as old, seemed also a resuscitation in music after the Italian opera had been forgotten for nearly five years. Patti herself was a revival, though her voice is as fresh al-most as ever, and her popularity seems percunial. Then the NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB

held its first meeting for the season on Tuesday, and Carter Harrison, of Chicago, and Andrew D. Knight, of Cornell, discussed municipal government be-fore esthetic ladies and literary lions; hardly, one would think, the most competent judges of such a theme. But whether it is savages or classic lore, or civic institutions, or Christ before Pilate, New York assumes to sit in judgment on them all. In this the "nineteenth cen-tury" is characteristic of its home.

Prices Sixty Years Ago. National Weekly: An account book of 1826, or sixty years ago, shows some of the prices of our ancestors, and gives us food for thought in comparing them with the prices of to-day. The location was Rochester, N. Y., and the accounts were of a general character. As ladies should always come first, I will begin on their goods: Calico, 31 cents per yard; ginghams, 40 cents; flannels, 50 cents; dress hams, 40 cents; flamels, 50 cents; dress silks were from \$1 to \$3 per yard; ladies' shoes, \$1.50 per pair; men's boots from \$3 to \$5 per pair; ladies' bon-nets were then seldom changed in style of fashion, and prices ranged from \$1 to \$8. Elias Howe, the inventor of was then unbeard and tailors received for making coats from 75 cents to \$3 each. Pants and vests were then gotten up in the then prevailing style from 25 to 50 cents each. The hero of these accounts was then a bachelor of some thirty years of age, and several entries show where 50 cents per dozen was the price paid for laundry Old folks will remember "dickies.":

sort of false shirt front, which are in sev

eral places charged 40 cents each. Of building material, bricks are quoted at

\$6 per M.; clear pine lumber at \$10 per M.; nails, 12 cents per nound, class 2-10 M., nails, 12 cents per pound; glass, 8x10 light, 15 cents; I me per bushel, 15 cents; hauling with team per day, \$1.75. La-borers' wages were 60 to 40 cents per Stonemasons, bricklayers and carpenters are in several places in the book redited with work at \$1.50 per day Board for workingmen 9 cents per meal. or \$1.75 per week. Smoked hams were cents per pound; fresh beef, 4 cents; fresh pork, 31 cents; mutton by the quarter, 22 cents; butter, 15 cents; eggs, 124 cents per dozen: potatoes. 25 cents per oushel; coffee, 20 cents; tea, Young Hy son, \$1.40 per pound; rice, 6 cents; sugar 7 cents; molasses, 40 cents per gallon maple molasses and sugar were quoted at about the same prices; sait, 70 cent per bushel; "locofoco" matches, 25 cents per box, for about as many as are now sold for 3 cents, and very few appeared to be sold, as tinder and steel were relied on for fire. Why the matches were called 'locofoco' I have never understood, but presume some of our old grand sires could tell. Coal for fuel was not then used, and four-foot cord wood is in several places charged for at \$1 per cord. Cooking stoves were then just coming in use of the 'Horseblock' pattern, and cost \$18 each. Corn was 65 cents per bushel. Flour fluctuated from \$4 to \$10 per bar

rel, but the average was nearer the for-mer price. Tobacco sold at 40 cents per pound, and eigars appear to be unknown, at least none are charged. Whisky-not our modern tanglefoot, but good—was 35 cents per gallon. Santa Cruz, Jamaica, Porto Rico and various kinds of rum were from 50 cents to \$1 per gallon "Blackstrap," a favorite old-time beverage, commanded \$1 per gallon, and was the favorits tipple for "general training day," as the day for general muster for the state minita was called, and which in those days was a roaring farce. Among the items of the spring of 1827 is one as follows: "Rev. William Patterson, Cr.: By service at wedding, \$5," and about the same time Mr. P. is charged "One hat, \$5," from which it is presumed that these were the uling prices for these necessaries of life Money was of gold, silver and paper, as to-day, but was very scarce, and "barter or trade" was mostly used in traffic.
Only the larger cities and towns had heir own newspapers, and the news was stale. Postage on letters was 12½, 18½, or 25 cents per letter, according to the distance carried, and stamps were unknown for nearly twenty years after. At the option of the sender postage on letters could | be prepaid or not, and right here one of the most highly esteemed old ladies of this country one day received a letter with "25 cents due" that was held in the postoffice for her. Not having the money, she herself killed and skinned a calf, selling the hide to a tanner for 25

A Pretty Souveuir for a Bride. Boston Transcript: A St. Louis clergy man devised a pretty present for a bride whose marriage service he read the other day. He wrote out the words of the cer-emony in a pretty little volume in which the marriage certificate was bound, with the autographs of the bridesmaids, the best man, and the ushers.

cents to redeem the letter.

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INTENSE INTELLECTUALITY.

As Illustrated in the Performance of the Greek Comedy, "Archarians."

GREEK FASHIONS. ANCIENT Classical Entertainment in the

American Metropolis.

New York, Nov. 27 .- [Correspondence

of the BEE. |-The audience which as-

sembled in the Academy of Music to see

the performance of a Greek comedy,

"The Archarians," by students from

Philadelphia, is regarded as the handsomest ever seen in New York, because its excessive fashionableness was permeated by intense intellectuality. Inspired by a truly archaeological impulse, the managers of the show had provided costumes for the actors that were exact imitations of the ancient Greek fashions. The general cut of the Athenian garments should be pretty well known by all who have had any intercourse with art, and it cannot be presumed tha any of the audience at the Academy of Music had failed to see and admire numerous statues and paintings illustrative of antiquity. Nevertheless, when the two dozen young men of the chorus and the several solo actors scampered into view wearing archeological short upper garments and displaying fully three-fourths of a pair of archaeological bare legs each, a distinct shock passed over the theater. Its effects were immediately noticeable in the halfaverted faces of the ladies, in their involuntary betrayals of surprise, in their brave attempts to look comfortable and archieologically content. The auxiliary chorus of half a hundred men, a feature unknown to the original Greek stage, and introduced here because of the necessity of securing a big volume of sound to compete with the orchestral instruments, was arrayed in the conventional black suit and broad expanse of shirt bosom. This group of men sat in the front of the house before the performance began, and probably tended to reassure any who might have feared for the proprieties. It made the contrast all the more marked when the young gen-tlemen composing the acting chorus threw off their "Himatia," and froficked about in the most active and alarming manner, their white legs flashing and gleaming in the light, and their brief upper garments swaying and vibrating LIKE A BALLET DANCER'S SKIRTS.

It was some time before the feminine portion of the audience could accustom itself to the novel sight. But at last

archæological influence seemed to prevail, and one by one the ladies turned one to another and whispered comments and impressions of the performance, in which, if appearances are any guide criticisms on the archeological shape of some of the callow limbs may have had a part. There is no question that many of the spectators, brought face thus un-expectedly with a real leg show, felt genuine discomfort, but the behavior was excellent under the trying circumstances collegiate devotion to archaological detail met a proper reward. I was somewhat

DIFFERENT AT HARVARD five or six years ago. It was the first at-tempt to produce a Greek drama in this country in the original language and style. A whole academic year and thousands of dollars were spent in the preparations; the highest talent in the country was engaged in the several departments to make sure that all details should be as exact and realistic as possible. One day at a rehearsal in Sander's theatre the question of costumes came up for infor-mal discussion. A part of the garments were on hand that day, and it was noticed by some of the young gentlemen, who had perhaps learned their points from playing "supe" at the Boston theater, that there were no tights. Professor John Williams White, who stood by, smiled sweetly, but made no reply, for in his archeological simplicity it had never occurred to him that anybody would expect tights in Greek drama, least of al-

Greek speaking actors themselves.
"Is it possible that we are not to have tights?" exclaimed Mr. George Riddle, the selecutionist who eventually made a great hit in the role of Oedipus. Mr Riddle, five minutes before had been in formed that medal, coin, or statue had ever been discovered on which a Greek of the time of Pericles were a monstach without a full beard, and therefore his el egant facial ornament must come off He had submitted to the sacrifice, but the hought of playing in bare legs overcame him. In answer to his question Professor White said: "Of course not! The Greeks DID NOT WEAR TIGHTS.

did they, professory" addressing William W. Goodwin, the head of the Greek department The white-haired scholar agreed with

his colleague, and thereupon a lively de bate ensued. Professor John K. Paine the composer, who with the other pro-fessors named constituted the committee in charge of the enterprise, seemed in clined to defend tights, but as he had al ready bruised the archeological hearts of his associates on the committee by in-sisting that the music should be confined to the narrow limits of ancient Greek style, he could not with good grace op pose them with vigor in this matter. The students, as a rule, rather welcomed the idea of bare legs, and Mr. Riddle made no very strengous objection, merely asserting that it seemed "clearer" to play in tights. The last half dozen rehearsals

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were in full dress, each time in the prespassed off with great eclat and no mur-mur of dissent with respect to the bareness of the legs was heard. The play was picture-sque, tragic and historically correct. But, bear in mind, the ladies present at the rehearsals were in one way and another, associated with the profes-sors, with scholars and students, ladies who lived in an atmosphere of archaewho fived in an atmosphere of archae-ology, who for months had heard Greek, seen Greek, talked Greek and dreamed Greek. When the first public perform-ance was given the audience included a good proportion of ladies who had

NEVER READ A LINE OF GREEK and who were unprepared for the tense realism of bare legs. The result was a propriety storm behind the scenes, not of the theatre, but of several households, and before the next performance was given, a full set of tights had been ordered from a Boston customer. They were wonderful and fearful in their misfitness, but they had to be worn. The spirit of modern propriety had wrestled with classic freedom, and the result was a clear fall to the spirit of the spirit was a clear fall. a clear fall to the credit of propriety. After two or three performances the tights got "swooped" about so that the actors and singers had each an approach to a fit, but the play lost much of its picturesqueness, for among the lay figures in the scene, were several of the college athletes who looked mighty interesting posing in classical attitudes in the bright glow of the theatre lights

HENRY ADAM.

A Slander Nailed.

San Francisco Post: "I suppose you quit politics when you were tarred and feathered at Lincoln, Cochise county, for falsifying the returns."

The Rev. Joel glared for an instant, and said: "Who told you that lie? It was

nothing of the kind,"
"O, Theard it from a drummer," said the count, carelessly.
"Well, I guess I'll tell you about it, as

you have heard an incorrect version of the affair," said the Rev. McWhacker, his brow clouded with thought. "It was a good many years ago, and I'd almost for-gotten the matter till you spoke of it; but it all comes to my mind now. You see I was chaplain of the legislature down there, and a galoot from Lincoln county got the boys to cut down my pay from \$20 to \$10 a day. He said that he thought the Lord would answer the prayers of a \$10 man as well as a \$20 one, and if He didn't, he guessed the legisla-ture could stand it Of course I was bound to get even, and when I heard he was running for office again I went over

to take a hand.
"Ah!" said the Rev. Joel, as he reached "Ah!" said the Rev. Joel, as he reached for the count's eigar case. "It was an old trick, but a good one. Just as the count began I stepped out into the street; and, as luck would have it, an eastern drummer was passing. I pulled my gun and dropped him. Of course all the boys rushed out to get his boots oil, and before they got back I had the box all fixed, and my economical friend's name was not on my economical friend's name was not on a single ballot. He made an awfu! how and swore that he had voted at least sev enteen times himself. Some of the boys thought I had gone a little too far, so l borrowed a horse from a hitching-post and left town. That's all there is story. I tell you the life of a minister of the gospel in a frontier town is not a bed

In New York, on election day, as Ashbel P. Fitch was coming from the polling place, after having cast his vote, Henry George, in a carriage, on a tour of ob-servation, approached. "Hello, Judge I want to congratulate you. I have just voted for you, "said Mr. George, "Thank you, Mr. George, for your consideration, but I can't return the compliment," responded Mr. Fitch; "I didn't vote for

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Por the last five years I suffered dread-fully from neuralizin and nervous painting my head. It affected my face and eyes, so that at times I was unable to attend to any work. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil at once, and after the first ap-plication to the affected parts. I felt in-stant redief. I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best remedy for instantaneous relief of nervous and neuralize pains, and will hereafter never be without it. K. M. CLARK. Suffered Several Years and Cared.

Mrs. Mary K. Sheed, 1110 Maryland Ave., Washington, D. C., states, that for sev-eral years she had suffered ferribly with facial resurable and could find an resief. In a recent attack, the pair was intense, she resulted to try St. Jacobs 60. Rub-bing the parts affected three times only, all pain vanished, and has not returned.

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