CONCERNING THE CARNIVALS.

General Badeau Tells Interesting Stories of Lenten Services in Different Lands.

SHROVE-TIDE SINGULARITIES.

The Celebrations in New York—Washington a Saintly City—Southern Catholic Countries—The Passion Play.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—After us, the deluge. After the carnival, Lent; and the carvival is coming. There are all the signs in the social horizon. The balls and parties grow thicker and faster, and in the little world that calls itself society in New York, people are already beginning to count the days (or the nights) before the giddy round of pleasure will stand still; or, as the elder people perhaps would say, till the tiresome treadmill of dissipation halts for a while.

New York, however, is very little of a Catholic city; there is, it is true, a large Catholic population, but this does not affect the public life of streets, or business, or shows, and the web of society is hardly more than crossed by the Catholic element. It is not Romanism that make the carnival regarded or Lenten observances noticeable. But in colonial days, the Church of England in New York was the church of the important people, of the aristocracy, and the tradition lingers among those who wish to appear as of older family, so that many who have neither religion, nor family, are glad to put on the show of both by keeping fast and festival far more scrupulously than the colonists, or the Church of England ever celebrated either.

But besides the effect upon perhaps half a thousand of dancing fashionables and their imitators, there is no appreciable observance here that a stranger would be struck with. The only carnival is a kirmess within doors, or mayhap, a ball or two more next week than last. After Shrove Tuesday, the churches, Catholic and Episcopal, will be open daily, and a few of the devout will attend morning and evening prayer; but a million of the inhabitants of New York will never know one ecclesiastical season from the other.

THE RELIGIOUS CAPITAL.

In Washington the fashionable world marks the difference more strongly than here; religion there is more the mode; more people go to church on week days, during Lent. A few even refrain, for forty days, from cards and theatres, as well as balls, and every woman who aspires to be considered fashionable scrupulously keeps her spring bonnet back till Easter Sunday. Washington, too, is a smaller town; the people who think they are the world (and in Washington they are the important folk), live nearer together and frequent for the most part the same places of worship, so that the faithful may be counted going to their devotions; one knows which women of fashion are assidunous, and which young men stand at the church doors of afternoons, waiting for the fair penitents to appear. But that is all there is of it—all that any but priests and real penitents know. Doubtless there are many truly devout who are faithful in all that a lenten season means for such; but these do not take high seats in the synagogues, nor stand at the corners of streets to be seen of men—young or old. Then too, there is no state religion. Government is not affected by Lent or carnival; and in Washington that means a great deal. The politicians, high or low, would take the communion twice a day to get a place or keep one. Perhaps they would not fast; but happily there is no need to test them.

LENT IN ENGLAND.

In England, for all its Established Church, Lent obtains less observance from society than here. Dinners are certainly just as frequent, receptions are as numerous after Ash Wednesday as before; and if there are no balls, 'tis not from scrupulosity, but because the great London season does not fairly begin till after Easter. Many of the grandest houses are not open till then, their owners preferring to remain in the country; and all those who can afford to spend but a month or two in town, defer their visit till fashion and politics return from their Easter holiday. I went to London life direct from Washington, and was struck with the ignoring of Lent by the high political and social people of England. As for the carnival, it is unknown. Even the word is not as common in England as here, and the celebration does not exist.

There is a profound political reason for all this—an historical cause; for fashion often has its basis in politics; governments have been upset by a necklace, and dynasties established by a dance. Since the time of James II., when the Whig aristocracy overthrew the Catholic king, protestantism has been de rigueur in England, and everything that smacked of popery was as unpopular until within a very few years, in the highest circles, as it still is lower down. Guy Fawkes is burned, even yet, in the streets, by the children, and Cardinal Manning's pretence to outrank the English Bishops is resented by the entire nobility. Too strict an observance of Lent was long regarded as indicating a leaning toward Rome; the aristocracy frowned on fasting, and purposely danced when papists prayed, and the result is seen in London society to-day.

WHERE KING CARNIVAL REIGNS.

One must go to a Catholic country and now-a-days to a southern one, to find the carnival. Paris has almost forgotten Mardi Gras, though New Orleans still keeps up the fete. Even at Rome the historical mummery and masking, the races in the Corso, the illuminations at St. Peter's, are fading out like the candles that every one blew in his neighbor's eyes, or gone like the confetti that every one threw in his neighbor's face. Still I have seen a little dash of what looked like the older Catholicism, that which affected the common out door occupation and pleasures of the world. It lingers still in Spain and her colonies, a relic of other days. I was in Madrid once during the carnival and remember the bands of students in their gay, bespangled dresses, with their red stockings and red breeches, their red caps and their red shoes—dancing and singing in the streets by day to the accompaniment of castanets and trumpets and tambourines, gentlemen's sons, handsome fellows, asking for buenamano, and making good music of the Moorish, barbaric sort. Everybody listened, and admired, and paid. Then, as soon as Lent set in, the religious ceremonies became almost a part of the life of the population. All the women went to church daily, and sometimes took the men with them, of the higher sort. They got up charity concerts by day, with Tamburini or Tamberlik or some other great singer to perform, and duchesses in mantillas passed

THE LONG CHARITY BOXES,

walking up and down the aisles like vestrymen, each attended by her cavalier, some young grandee of Spain. Other women of rank sat at the entrances and solicited alms from all the elegant and fashionable sinners as they passed. Nobody, of course, could put anything less than gold upon such tables, or into the box rattled at him by one of the nobility, especially if she was young and dark eyed and used her youth and her eyes to plead. It was harder for the men than the charity fairs, and it made the Lenten season a period of penance indeed for the stingy and impecunious if there were many of these concerts: for it was de rigueur to attend them; you lost caste if you staid away.

This was for the high world. The common people and the middle sort went to the Passion Play once a week all through Lent. I went too. The play was performed in one of the largest theatres in Madrid, crowded to the utmost, pit and boxes and gallery. It was a religious function, not an amusement, but as different as could be from the performance at the Ober Ammergau. The ordinary actors took different parts, the play bills were of the ordinary sort, and they seemed to me irreverent. The programme was headed:

FIRST NIGHT OF
THE DEATH AND PASSION OF THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.
The Redeemer of the World ..... Senor Carlos Yznaga
The Blessed Virgin ..... Senorita Maria Martinez

GRAND GROUPINGS.

But there was no irreverence on the stage, and none, intended, in the audience. While the play was on the attention was rapt. The performance was very realistic, and the acting at times admirable. The grouping was copied, whenever possible, from the great pictures in the gallery at Madrid, the Murillos, and Raphaels, and Titians, and Velasquez, and to me, a stranger, who had been studying them all day, it was particularly striking to find the same characters represented—living, breathing, human—at night. The audience was evidently familiar with the originals, and applauded loudly when any famous picture was transferred to the stage. The language of scripture was used almost exclusively in the dialogue, and it was very touching to recognize in the soft yet grand Castilian accents the sacred words and passages familiar from childhood in another tongue. I had studied Spanish years before, and had a tolerable acquaintance with the idiom, but for lack of use the facility of speech, of course, was somewhat lost, and the tune of the language had been a good deal forgotten; but the well-known expressions lightened up my memory, and the sounds started back into sense, like sympathetic writing held before a fire.

As the drama went on, I became profoundly interested in the audience, as well as the play. It was indeed almost a congregation, not an audience. When Christ was brought out bound, and scourged before us all, a shudder went through the house and the man who applied the blows was execrated. "Fuera! fuera!"

RANG FROM PIT TO GALLERY,

"Away with him! away with him!"—(the very words in which the Jews preferred Barrabas)—and the moment his odious task was over the wretch had to run from the stage. Judas too was greeted with storms of hisses whenever he appeared, while the Ecce Homo evoked exclamations of pity, love and passionate reverence on every side. At last in the crucifixion scene, women were sobbing aloud all around me, and two were carried out fainting. The scence was represented with a fidelity that was harrowing, but yet with a touch-solemnity that made one feel that this was more than a theatrical performance to the devout audience of Catholics.

Still, in the entr'actes they munched their oranges and laughed, and smoked cigars; the women nursed their babies in the pit, and the men strolled about as in other theatres, to talk, and I even heard them swear. In the boxes the people sat more calmly, as if they had been impressed by the scene. The play began at seven and lasted till nearly two in the morning, but few, if any, left before the close.

I saw the same play afterward at Havana, but wretchedly performed, and to an almost empty house. The Cuban men have no religion, either in belief or practice, that I could ever perceive, and they laughed outright at inaccuracies in action or speech in those who performed the most sacred characters. Yet, there was a touch of pathos at times, and many of the audience were affected, though these were only the women or foreigners.

THE CUBAN CARNIVAL,

like all other carnivals, is no longer what it has been; but there is still much that one sees hardly anywhere else in the world. The climate makes the celebration more possible and more effective. The whole population is out of doors to witness the great procession on the last three days, beginning with the Sunday before Ash Wednesday. The streets are cleared, miles of chairs are placed along the pavement, the balconies that hang from every pretentious house are crowded, and many gaily decorated, and the long column of open carriages begins to move as soon as the day is cool—an hour, perhaps, before the sunset and the transient twilight of tropical regions. Many of the vehicles are crowded with masks, some comic, others simply gay, many tawdry. Years ago the finest equipages in town turned out, their owners in them, and fell into the procession; and the show of horseflesh is still remarkable; the harness is burnished and decorated, and even in 1883 and 1884, when I was in Havana, there were women of high position in open equipages, without their bonnets, in the line. It was as if you should see a Turkish woman without her veil. The captain general and his wife, the Marquesa de Vittoria de las Tunas, drove in this way, with mounted aides de camp escorting them; and crowds of gaily dressed horsemen abounded, their steeds caparisoned in brilliant colors, hangings and jingling bells. The column countermarched, so that every one who took part saw the entire show.

At night there were masked balls at the Tacon opera house, but these were not brilliant. The domino ball at Madrid was better, and neither equalled the ball at the Paris opera house, in the carnival. Ladies of position never are present now, unless Americans, determined to see all that there is to be seen and who run the risk of being insulted.

LENT, IN HAVANA,

is very rigidly observed. All the women are religious—black and white, Spanish and Creole. They are assiduous in their devotions, and every afternoon one may see throngs of the fashion that is still left in Cuba, praying devoutly in the two or three churches that fashion affects. If the churches are very near, the women of all but the highest rank may walk, attended by servants, duennas or the men of the family; for no respectable Cuban woman is ever seen in the streets alone, and few indeed of the upper sort put foot on a pavement, except to get in or out of a carriage.

I gave a dinner during one of the carnivals to the captain general of the island. It was while I was the American representative, and I asked most of the people of importance afterwards to meet the viceroy. His wife, the marquesa, had promised to come, and had told me I might settle the day with the general; so he and I stupidly fixed on a Friday; I not thinking of the rigidity of Catholic rules, and his excellency evidently not bearing them continually in mind, for he failed to recall them to me. But madame, of course, interposed, and the captain general asked me to ante-date my dinner for Thursday; the marquesa wished to have a pleasant evening, and if she dined with me Friday she would be tantalized. So the day was changed, but even then religion threatened to interfere; for one great Catholic dame, another marchioness, told me, after my cards were out, that the ladies were all very much exercised; they wanted very much to come to me, but Thursday was the vigil of some saint's day, and they were afraid they must decline. Of course I protested, and urged; it was impossible to make another change; but I assured them that the day had been appointed by the marquesa, herself as devout a Catholic as any on the island. Their curiosity was great to see how an American had arranged his Cuban interior, and their scruples gave way. They all came; and I trust they were well shriven.

ADAM BADEAU.

DAINTY DABBLERS IN DOUGH.

Clara Belle Finds Some Tip Toppy Girls Among the Tin Pans.

SCHOTT, THE SADDLE SINGER.

An Amateur Actress Leaves the Stage — Jennie, the "Cheek Queen" — Society Sees the Sights in Masks.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The gaiety of the social season no longer runs; it drifts. Indulgers in fashionable frivolity have had just about enough of dancing, of amateur acting, of winter out-door sports, and of the opera for one season. All zest in those things is gone; laziness rules; the tired belle yawns with her jaws, no matter if she resolutely keeps her lips together, and the bored beau stretches his arms within the confines of his dudish sphere and rattles his brain for something to cause a change in the prevailing dullness.

"Bai jove," drawled a chappie, as he crawled through the corridor of the Metropolitan between acts, "y'ought t've seen Miss Myra's narrow escape from a dooced dreadful accident! She got drowzy as she sat in the fwont of the bawx, and almost fell——"

"Over the rail into the parquet?" the listener exclaimed.

"No, no, deah bawy, was the reply, "she leaned forward on the edge of her corsage—in hor sleepiness she forgot how low it was—and, 'pon me soul, if I hadn't caught her she'd have fallen out."

Several tip toppy girls have not succumbed to inertia, but have sought and found a fresh means of killing time. They have become cooks. Not at unpoetical ranges in rudely prosaic kitchens, of course, but in a dainty way in their parlors. A neat, portable gas stove and a set of the finest utensils are employed. The amateur cook does not turn her white hands to anything so substantial as steaks, or chops, but makes fluffy omelettes, French pancakes and various confections. She aims to do it bewitchingly, for there are spectators in a half dozen or more guests. She stirs the ingredients with solid silver spoons in decorative china vessels. She fries or stews the mixtures in a hammered brass pan; she serves the resultant viands in exquisite crockery; she is helped at every move by a quick, neat maid; and what eater, under such pretty circumstances, can fail to declare that he has never in his life before tasted anything half so delicious?

SHE WILL TURN BACK.

One of our girls has decided to get out of public focus. She is the Miss DeWolfe who is playing the heroines of amateur comedy just now at our most intensely fashionable entertainments. She is treading the path that Mrs. Brown Potter trod, but has positively made up her mind to turn back instead of keeping straight on to the professional stage. She is the daughter of a New York physician and well within the lines of that portion of society which describes itself as exclusive. She is dark, slender and stylish, with teeth as white as her eyes are black, and a vivacious manner. She really has talent as an actress, and she has become the star of a series of entertainments for charities. But she will forego fame and retire at the end of the season. "I like to act," she said, in response to your correspondent's query, "and I wish to do all I ought to for good benevolent enterprises, but I find that I am becoming quite a public character, and I have no ambition of that sort. My decision to act no more in public after this season is sure and final. It is certainly no fault of Miss Wolfe's, though it may have influenced her to desert the flootlights, that her brother Harold has long figured at the stage doors of theatres. It was he who deserted a wife to elope with Bebe Vining, the little actress whose pathetic death commanded public pity two years ago.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Who can blame a modest woman for shrinking from a public gaze that, inevitably, she must share with women whose garment hems she wouldn't like to have swish against her own in the streets. Just now for example one Jennie Marshall is getting a lioness' share of low yet general regard. She is about the most successful and brazen of New York's adventuresses. Her house of entertainment is remarkable for its many rooms fitted each instinctively and gorgeously in the style of some particular country. That has served as a potent advertisement. Again, her face is almost an exact counterpart of the statue, Liberty Enlightening the World, which towers in our harbor. Put her on a pedestal, pose her with an uplifted torch, costume her properly, turn her metaphorical brass into real bronze and she would be a wonderfully close counterfeit. That is not saying she is beautiful. The Grecian profile, so admired in statuary, with its high-bridged straight nose and severe mouth, is not admirable in a live woman; but Jennie Marshall has been eager to advertise herself by means of it. She is hardly enjoying her new notoriety, however, for it arises from the theft of many thousands of dollars in her house. The loser's identity has, at this writing, been successfully concealed, but that he is rich and influential is clear, else the police would not serve him so complacently.

SINGING IN THE SADDLE.

Listlessness is settling down upon the world of fashion and riches. The beaux and belles dance languidly, and at the opera they are fairly somnolent. Perhaps Anton Schott, the stalwart German tenor, had observed this. So he resolved that his re-entrance on the stage of the Metropolitan, after a year's absence, should not be lazily regarded. His device for rousing the weary audience was ingenious. The opera chosen for his experiment was "Rienzi," Wagner's earliest success. It is full of imposing effects, and as popular in London for its scenic effects as for its music or libretto. But it cannot be believed that Wagner himself ever dreamed of quite such realism as that introduced by Schott on the Metropolitan stage. The climax of spectacle comes in the third act where an army of warriors appears and marches and is addressed by the leader, Rienzi, who comes upon the scene horseback. The tenors of the past have been mighty glad to get a gentle family horse, blind and deaf if possible, guaranteed to stand still under any provocation to serve them in this trying scene. The libretto requires that a battle song, one of the gems of the opera, shall be sung from the saddle. According to tradition, when this has been successfully accomplished, if the horse is not too frisky or hasn't died from old age, the chief remains quietly in the saddle while the cohorts march off, and as the curtain comes down the warrior tenor, if he is particularly brave, just

TURNS HIS HORSE'S HEAD

to follow his troops, and it may be depended upon that as soon as the curtain is way down the chief is helped from his perilous perch with as much speed as possible and proceeds to thank goodness that his life has again been spared. But Schott it seems is not that kind of a warrior. He is an expert horseman and feels perfectly at home in the saddle. And he thinks that a general going to battle should lead his troops rather than review them. So when the army had marched in upon the stage, he astonished the house by pounding in at a full gallop. It was no ancient cart horse he rode, and the effect of the battle song was tremendous, as everybody was on the qui vive lest the steed should take it into his head to come prancing over the foot lights. But it was a firm hand that held the rein and no serious accident marred the effect. And when the song was finished the audience was thunderstruck to see Schott put the spurs to his horse, gallop furiously to the front of the great stage, wheel to the right and go cantering up the incline to the Roman gate and disappear through it, waving his sword on high and apparently shouting "Come on boys" in classical German. The applause was spontaneous, general and long continued, and Schott's reappearance in America was a circus and tenor success.

H' ENGLISH 'ELP.

English has invaded the millinery stores. Not the English goods, and English styles, they came long since and established themselves as firmly as possible in rivalry of French goods and styles. Between them domestic invention has little chance for recognition. Now the native language is banished, and in its place is introduced what purports to be English as it is spoken in the queen's dominion. The young women who attend to the wants of customers are trained in articulating the English accent and in using English phrases, so that now the casual visitor at one certain millinery establishment may fancy herself in London at hearing such barbarisms as: "Fourteen and a 'awlf," "it is all eout of style neow," and "doncha kneow" introduced at every possible pretext. The aim is to give the impression that the clerks are English as well as the fabrics and in the majority of cases the ruse succeeds, perhaps, though it is a problem how much financial benefit results from the innovation. But there are times when the imported clerk gives herself away, revealing the fact that she is an importation but from a very different quarter than

THE REALMS OF COCKNEYDOM.

Such a case was that of a girl in a Twenty-third street establishment whose flaxen hair, stolid face and blue eyes gave one a strong impression of beer gardens, gutturals and pretzels. She was arguing a customer into the choice of a bonnet. The customer inclined one way, the London clerk another, and the first words I heard were quite English: "Ah, deon't think seo." But when the lady replied with some further objection, the clerk lost her accent partially in the excitement of barter and exclaimed: "But eet looks particularly nice in nahsty vetter!" She could say "nahsty" without fail, but weather betrayed her. Another importation showed that her education in queen's English had not been begun early enough when in a similar emergency she insisted to a customer. "This is thought vahstly well of in Lonnon, ye know; I niver hurred the loikes av anybody in Lonnon —." She got no further; the proprietor happened to be standing near and caught the clerk's eye in the midst of her relapse into lingua vernacula. Alas! poor Erin! I am afraid that imported clerk got her walking papers that very night.

NEW KIND OF SLUMMING.

The reader may be inclined to think that a good girl who goes under mask to see the sights of a public masquerade is inexcusably venturesome. May be that is so. But the fact remains that one of the most fashionable of the February diversions is to go, in small and well chaperoned parties, on these exploits. It is a new form of slumming. Some of the views of life thus obtained may be valuably instructive, in a deterent way, and anyhow fashion finds the amusement spicy.

It was 3 a. m at a ball. Across the table was a young man who was taking his first lesson in metropolitan masquerade. His partner was conscious of this fact and was doing her utmost to ensnare him. The poor creature thought that to do this she must appear to be endowed with a sense of the proprieties. Accordingly she kept her mask on. The young man was bashfully desirous that she should remove it, but she persisted stubbornly, under the impression that she was coquetting. About one per cent of her words and actions might charitably be construed as coquettish; the rest were sui generis. Watch the scene a moment—it is perfectly proper; that is what people go to a mask ball for.

TOUGHY TALK.

Young Man (pouring out the last drops from a wine bottle)—"You will surely give me just one glance at your face, won't you?"

Young Woman (hitching awkwardly in her chair)—"Not much. Let me tell you I ain't the kind of girl to go making an exhibition of myself in such a place as this. I ain't no snoozer."

Y. M. (embarrassed, disgusted, but ignorant how to get free)—"Perhaps another bottle of wine will make you more kind."

Y. W. (giving him a violent push, supposed to be playful)—"Oh, go 'long; d'ye want ter git me full, huh?"

Y. M. (painfully conscious that he is observed)—"Oh, I assure you, no! I only, er—thought—"

Y. W. (catching sight of a typical tough who passes): "Hello, Bill! Bill! Say, Bill, where's yer ears ol' fel'? How are ye?"

Bill (shaking hands with her and glancing with a wink at the young man): "Wull, blow me if you ain't doing the peek-hole act. How's biz? Seen Dell?"

Y. W. "No, is she here?"

Bill. "You bet and full as a goat. Wull, so long."

Y. W. (complacently as Bill exits): "He's the manager (she meant the bouncer) of the Home Circle cafe. Him an' I are great friends. Say, George, I thought you was going to set up some wine?"

BEFOOLED AND BEFUDDLED.

The waiter was instantly commissioned to procure another bottle for the bashful maiden, and the scene proceeded in similar style.

It was yet an hour and a half before the time to bring the ball to a close when a dazed young man, his light colored overcoat reaching not quite to the bottom of the skirts of his under coat, approached a gentleman in the corridor and said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but can you tell me the way out?"

"Go right back the same way you came and out of the door by the mirror where the policeman stands."

"There! Now I've been round and round this corridor six times and never dared to try that door for fear 'twas all mirror and I might make a fool of myself trying to go through it. All the other doors led to nowhere. Thank you a thousand times."

And when the dazed young man got opposite the policeman he paused to reconnoitre. He had forgotten directions and was looking at the wrong door. He might have stood there debating with himself till daylight had not the omnipresent sergeant of police taken hold of him for obstructing the passage and put him out. He went through the door as if shot from a cannon, but when he realized that he had been assisted thus to regain the outer world, he turned round to the retreating sergeant, took off his hat and said gratefully:

"Thank you a thousand times."

CLARA BELLE.

Indigestion results from a partial paralysis of the stomach and is the primary cause of a very large majority of the ills that humanity is heir to. The most agreeable and effective remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25 cents a vial.

John W. Norton, of St. Louis, who is reported to be hopelessly ill, is one of the most popular managers in the profession. When his theater in St. Louis was burned thousands of dollars were sent him. He was intimately connected with Mary Anderson's first seasons of success, and certainly steadied her first steps in art. He is a good romantic actor.

BRISBIN IN HIS BOYHOOD.

The Genial General "Retreats" Forty Years Before the Enemy, Time.

MEMORY'S MIRTHFUL MIRROR.

Worth of the Warming Pan—Cording the Bedstead—Knitting Tournaments — Husking Bees — On Horseback to Church.

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., Feb. 11.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—It is becoming fashionable again to write of the good old times of long ago and such reminiscences cannot be otherwise than healthy as well as interesting. Let me contribute my quota to the BEE. Few of the younger people of to-day know what changes have taken place in the manner of living among us in the last fifty years. Even forty years ago every family owned its warming-pan. These, on cold nights, before retiring were filled with hot coals and passed up and down in the bed between the sheets until the bed was nice and warm and the temperature of a most endurable nature. I have often thought on cold winter nights the discontinuance of the use of the old-fashioned warming-pan was a great m stake. My father would never sleep in a room where there was a stove. He said a hot room to sleep in was unhealtny. He lived to a ripe old age, as did nearly all of the old warming-pan fellows, but whether the warming-pans did it or not, certain it is that our people of to-day do not live as long as their fathers. So obsolete has the old-fashioned warming-pan become taht recently a lady from Philadelphia visiting an aunt at an old-fashioned farm house in the country was astonished to see one produced. She begged permission to buy it, that she might add it to her parlor ornaments at home. The old farmer's wife positively refused to part with it and it was not until the lady had made a silver warming-pan for her aunt that she would part with her old one.

THE FAMILY BED OF 1840

was twice as high as the bed of the present day and usualiy sustained the bed by a rope or was corded, as it was termed. Who of us old fellows has not in his time helped to cord a bed? or who of us has not been startled by the breaking of a cord or the jumping out of a cord peg just as we were going to sleep? Furnaces or heated bed rooms in 1840 were not common and going to bed was a martyrdom for many. The old fashioned beds were built high enough to admit of a childrens' or trundle bed, as it was called, in which the children were stowed and then pushed under the big bed. How many of us still remember the fun of the trundle bed, how we snickered and how the old folks over head scolded and threatened to thrash us if we did not keep still. Nor were the scoldings always confined to threats for occasionally the trundle bed was unearthed and a sound spanking administered.

There was more family silverware forty years ago than there is now and it was real silver heavy and genuine. It was not until many years afterwards that plated ware—as it is called—came into use. Wedding rings in those early days were made out of "Guinea" gold, and diamonds were almost wholly unknown except among the very rich.

THE FAMILY RAG BAG

was a regular institution in every family and all rags were saved and thrown into the bag. When it was full they were cut up into narrow strips and rolled into big balls attractive to the infant eye through their variegated colors. When enough had been gathered to make a carpet they were taken to the local weaver and made into a rag carpet. Who that is now fifty years old has not seen the beautifully hued rag carpets of his mother? I remember well when they came home how proud we all were and how we admired them. The domestic rag carpet was certainly very beautiful and very durable. It resembled very closely and suggested in appearance the popular Turkish rugs of to-day. So we come back to the old fashions of our fathers and mothers. I have seen a good rag carpet last a dozen years or even a generation so that in point of durability they were fully equal to the best Turkish rugs and fully as pretty.

Forty years ago the spinning wheel was an article of furniture in every farmer's house in the land. The wool from the sheep was often carded, rolled into rolls and spun into yarn for the winter stockings and mittens and it was all done at home by the wives and daughters and often the men and boys assisted. I can still cast on a stocking, widen a narrow rib, turn a heel,

AND MAKE A THUMB AND FINGERS

for a mitten almost as well as I could forty years ago. I have often surprised my girls by showing them how to knit, and both stockings and mittens are still knit at home in my family for the children. I am sorry that the practice of knitting at home was ever given up in our country, for I certainly know of no more delightful occupation on a winter's evening, when the wind howls without and time hangs heavily on the girls' hands. What fun it used to be to run a race at knitting, to see who could make the most rounds in an hour or knit the most in a night. It was amazing how expert some of the knitters became. Who of even the middle-aged men and women of to-day have not sat and watched the knitting needles of the old mother or grandmother fly like lightning through the yarn. I remember going on one occasion with a party of gentlemen twenty miles to see pretty Peggy Rhodes knit a stocking in a single night. Knitting was Peggy's accomplishment and it not only made her quite famous in the neighborhood but brought her many admirers among the young men. Knitting at night then was a favorite amusement in the winter time, and sleighing and knitting parties were all the rage. At home, too, while the girls knit some one would read an entertaining book aloud or they all laughed, told stories, and at the end played blind man's buff for a while before going to bed. Those, too, were the good old days of singing schools, spelling matches,

AND HUSKING BEES.

I don't know, perhaps I am an old fogy, but I can't help thinking sometimes that these amusements and recreations were much more healthy and sensible than many of those we have to-day. The knitting bees, spelling bees, husking bees have given way to the opera, card parties, dancing and late suppers. But, worst of all, with the disappearance of the old amusements has gone the practice of reading the Bible in the family at night and praying before retiring. A few still hold to this practice, but it is evidently fast dying out and will no doubt in time become almost as obsolete in the United States as the spinning wheel or warming-pan. Surely this will not be a good thing and I am sorry to see the humble dependence which our forefathers put on our Heavenly Father depart from the people.

The dinner horn of forty years ago was almost of as much importance as the piano of to-day, and the art of learning how to blow it well was quite a musical accomplishment. Handsome Margery Dorst could almost play "Home, Sweet Home" on her dinner horn, and we heard Sallie Byers calling the men to dinner with her horn when we were five miles away on the mountains. Patty Campbell played "Hail Columbia" quite distinctly on the dinner horn, and Katie Gingrich could almost turn "Greenland's Icy Mountains." The dinner bell succeeded the dinner horn about 1850.

THE FAMILY CARRIAGE

is an invention of comparatively recent date, and did not come into general use until after the fifties. I still remember when we all used to ride on horseback to church and parties, the ladies mounted on horseback behind the men. It was a very pretty way of taking your sweetheart to church or a party, and gave the girls a chance they do not have to-day, especially if the horse was a little skittish. "Hold on tight girls and don't get thrown was the advice often given in those days by the good old mother herself."

The steel pen did not come into use until after the forties. The goose quill was used in writing up till 1850, and the pen-makers and pen-menders were a regular institution. They went about the country making and mending pens for the farmers and merchants. The school masters generally did this and it was quite a perquisite. They could make and mend the pens after their days' school teaching was done, and "mother the school teacher is coming to-night to make and mend the pens, prepare him a bed," was a common announcement among the farmers forty years ago. To make or mend a pen well was considered a great accomplishment, and the writer worked long and patiently to acquire it. I can still make a quill pen with the best of them, and you can have it stiff or limber just to suit your hand.

"BLOTTING SAND" WAS USED

and the blotting paper of to-day was wholly unknown. To fold a letter neatly was an accomplishment few possessed. There were then no envelopes and all letters were sealed with a wafer or sealing wax. A careful practice in folding and sealing letters was taught in night schools, and I remember a schoolmaster who made quite a little fortune at it. But these things have all passed and gone and sometimes I feel sorry it is so. We are progressing rapidly as a nation and many things have been invented for our convenience which were wholly unknown forty or even twenty years ago, but I doubt if we have improved much morally as a people. The simplicity of our forefathers was certainly not to be despised, and they were as happy, if not happier, than we are.

JAMES S. BRISBIN.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties will brighten pale cheeks and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty. $1.00 per bottle.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Arthur Sullivan is said to be composing a serious opera on the theme of Schiller's "Mary Stuart."

Emma Abbott's receipts were $16,000 for two weeks in San Francisco, and this in the face of advance sales for Patti.

Charles H. Hoyt's new skit, entitled "A Hole in the Ground," satirizes the nuisances of a railroad depot—a very suggestive theme.

The queen of Belgium, in her palace at Brussels, recently heard by telephone the performance of "Faust," at the Paris Grand opera.

W. J. Scanlan's latest advertising scheme is to claim that he has Tom Moore's umbrella and intends to present it to George W Childs. Mr. Scanlan makes even the chestnut boughs weary.

Richard Mansfield will soon come into absolute possession of some very valuable real estate in and about Boston which has been in the hands of trustees.

Verdi, it is said, has decided that his new opera, "Otello," shall only be performed where the normal (French) pitch has been adopted. This shuts out Philadelphia.

The New York Mirror announces the completion of its memorial monument fund with a surplus of nearly $700. Within less than four weeks $3,000 was sent in by actors.

It is denied that Mrs. D. P. Bowers will be connected with the Booth-Barrett company next season. Her manager, Mr. John G. Ritchie, is now engaged in booking time for her.

Mme. Patti's receipts average about $8,000 a night. The National Opera company's receipts average about $18,000 a week. Apparently Patti is a "bigger man" than old Thomas.

Maude Granger, who has not been seen of late upon the stage, is about to start on a tour of the west and northwest under the management of Theodore Bergeztun and Mr. Phil C. Brayton.

Frank C. Bangs has been forced to retire temporarily from his place at the head of the "Michael Strogoff" company in order to receive medical treatment for a painful affection of the throat.

A new opera founded on Shakspeare's "The Tempest" will soon be produced at Hanover. The composer is Ernst Frank, to whom was intrusted the completion of Goetz's "Francesca da Rimini."

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, the "Golden Legend," will be first sung in America by the Boston Oratorio society. It is to be produced in April next, with full orchestra, and directed by Mr. Frederick Archer.

A comic opera by Zeller, entitled "The Vagabond," which has been a great success in Berlin, ridicules official life in Russia, but the German authorities were obliged to suppress several songs referring to General Kaulbars.

A singular "want" is that of Maestro Capelli, of Florence, the composer of the new opera, "Evilia," who is anxious to find and engage a basso with a coarse, harsh and hoarse voice, for the recital of a brief musical monologue, on the strongly realistic rendering of which the composer stakes his success.

John Rogers, Minnie Palmer's business director, recently sent proposals for her appearance in New York city to six different managers, offering each one a different set of terms. To Mr. Rogers' great surprise every one of them accepted his offer, and some complications, legal and otherwise, may ensue before the matter is settled.

Colonel William E. and Walter Sinn, in a circular from Brooklyn, announce that "the Park theater stands alone champion in the city of Brooklyn to continue the prices which tend to deviate the standard of the dramatic attraction," and that the prices will be maintained. The circular is headed: "The Leading Theater of Brooklyn to Managers."

During a recent performance of "East Lynne" at the New Orleans Academy of Music by Louise Reil and her company, a number of her "sticks" stuck in their lines and remained dumb for several minutes. During the painful pause a gentleman arose from among the audience and exclaimed at the top of his voice: "Well, say something. I paid to hear you, not to look at you."

Mrs. Annie Deland Finnegan's claim to the exclusive ownership of the drama known as "The Duke's Motto" has been decided in her favor, and a new York court has granted an injunction restraining John Statson and Thomas Morris from producing the play or in any way interfering with her title to it. John Brougham, for whom the play was composed from a French adaptation, bequeathed the play to her at his death.

There is only one way, says the News Letter, in which the dream of establishing a National Conservatory of music and a National School of opera upon American soil can become possible. In this country a government subsidy for such a purpose is as vain as the desire of the moth for the star, and, of course, private means must be found to take the place of public grants. If the Mackays, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the rest of our millionaires will only contribute to a fund on a sufficiently liberal scale to make the interest on its investment sufficient to support the project of American opera, the scheme will be able to live; but not otherwise.

Shelby, Mahoney & Co.,

REAL ESTATE DEALERS,

218 and 220 S. 14th Street.

WE HAVE FOR SALE

100 of the Most Beautiful Lots

IN

SOUTH OMAHA,

Original part of the Kenealey and Lee farms, and near the new Catholic church.

We have lots also in Brown Park and Fowler Place.

We have the best of bargains in all parts of the city and surrounding additions.

Parties desirous of investing, give us a call, take a ride to the grounds and see for yourselves.

OMAHA
MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

Cor. 13th ST. and CAPITOL AVE., OMAHA, NEB.
Best facilities, apparatus and remedies for successfully treating all kinds of medical and surgical cases.
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR on Deformities and Braces, Club Feet, Curvature of the Spine, Diseases of Women, Piles, Tumors, Cancers, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Bladder, Eye, Ear Skin and Blood, and all Surgical Operations.
PRIVATE CIRCULAR TO MEN
On Private, Special and Nervous Diseases, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Varicocele, Genito-Urinary troubles. Only Reliable MEDICAL INSTITUTE making a specialty of the above named diseases.
New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power.
All CONTAGIOUS and BLOOD DISEASES from whatever cause produced, successfully treated without mercury. Medicines or Instruments sent by mail or express, securely packed from observation.
Call and consult us, or send history of case, with stamp. All communications strictly confidential.
50 ROOMS For use of patients. Board and attendance reasonable. Address all letters
OMAHA MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Cor. 13th St. & Capitol Ave., Omaha, Neb.