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VACANT LOTS In all Parts of the City, at the LOWEST PRICES, 1513 Farnam St.

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Have moved their office to 1513 Farnam St., to the office formerly occupied by Paulsen & Co.

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This beautiful addition is in the northwest part of the city; is high and dry, overlooking all of Omaha and Council Bluffs: is built up all around it; has good Schools, Churches and Stores within 2 blocks of it, and is the most desirable Property in the city. Is cheap and is sold on such terms that any one can buy.

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This is the best property in the market for the money. The Northwestern depot will be located either on this property or very close to it. Don't let this slip. Lots only \$275 to \$350 each; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for BARGAINS

Remember the Change of Location, 1513 Farnam St.

Three lots near Saunders St., one mile south of Plainview, only \$1,200 cash; easy terms. This beats any body's snap.

THE MOTTOR Real Estate Agency.

Three lots in Reserve add, cheap; only \$200 cash on each lot, balance easy.

New York, Feb. 23.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—The scene of the triumph of the home of fashion twenty-five years ago, the resort of the cultivated taste and artistic excellence of New York is to be closed; converted into a beer garden, perhaps, or a German theatre; given over to purposes of which its projectors and owners never dreamed.

GRISI AND MARIO have left their memories in Irving Place. There the "Huguenots" and the "Trovatore" were first produced in America.

KELLGROVE MADE HER DEBUT in Rigoletto, while Colonel Stebbins, her friend and patron, looked down from his box and shared with his family and the audience the pleasure of that artistic success which he had done so much to render possible.

PICCOLINI REIGNED HERE for a season; not the greatest of singers, but surely one of the most delicious of actresses. In her hands, the exquisite copy with Rodolfo in spite of her love for Elvino, in the "Sonnambula"; the malicious archness of Rosina, all through the "Barber of Seville"; the bewitching naughtiness of the Batti-Batti, and of the minut in "Don Giovanni"—were brimful of womanly wiles and artistic genius.

Even the music is forgotten that inspired them—another sign of the change that has come over New York. Not only the stage, and the style of the music, but the people and their manners that are different.

WENT TO THE CHARITY BALL; for this was one of the events that made the old academy of music notable. People then were certain to be in company, and not afraid to walk, or even to dance, on the floor of the opera house.

side by side with anybody who pays. If the side, if it walks, society is muffled, has on its hats and high bonnets; at the theatre or Delmonico's, though it shares the amusements of the unfashionable, and sometimes sits on the same benches with them, it is passive; amused, not amusing; at church, if it prays by the side of sinners of another set, it is, of course, in separate pews, just as it listens (or laughs) at the opera in exclusive boxes.

TOUPEES AND BALD HEADS in the procession to-day; or, perhaps, it is other heads; those that were gray or bald when I was a child; those that are now bald; the chaperones of those times have gone to their last ball, the social queens have entered a kingdom not of this world.

Twenty-five years ago the charity ball was an event. There were no "assemblies," no "patriarchs" or "matriarchs"; then nobody dreamed of dancing at Delmonico's; there were no other opportunities for fine a floor or so large an assemblage, and nearly everybody went, because it was the only chance in the year of seeing so many of the fashionable world together at once.

IMPORTANT MEN OF NEW YORK are in society. Society is composed not of people whom society wants, but of people who want to be in society. There is infinitely more wealth and display, and infinitely less that attracts cultivated and refined men and women.

It is a paucant at which those who dance and dress and dine sumptuously congregate for their own purposes. There are, indeed, as many charming people scattered about New York as elsewhere, or even, but the elements are rarely crystallized. You find one interesting or distinguished man at this house, one fascinating or clever woman at another, scarce any hostess has the art to bring a room full of them together.

There are crowds of women in New York society to-day, old habits and new comers; of the Knickerbocker families, and interlopers so equal to any; but the bright men are rare; they won't go to teas or to balls, and they don't care for a dinner every night, no matter how sumptuous, unless the company is as choice as the cuisine, and the talk is as good as the wine.

REGISTER FRIENDS. Men Who Are Always Looking at Hotel Registers. "What did that man want to find in this register?" asked a BEB reporter of Clerk Davenport of the Millard, yesterday.

Can consumption be cured? Yes. One man only, discovered the laws of gravitation. One man only, discovered the virtues of vaccination. And one man only, after years of study and reflection, has discovered the cure for consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is his specific. Send two letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on consumption. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"VIVA VERDI! VIVA VERDI!"

Triumphant Reception of the New Opera "Otello" in Milan.

MAJESTIC AND MASTERLY MUSIC. Superb Scenery—Perfect Costumes and Chorus—A Great Orchestra—Indifferent Cast—Unprecedented Honors.

MILAN, Feb. 6.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—The grand opera house of La Scala has never before contained an audience that assembled last night in honor of Verdi's new opera, "Otello." From tip to dome the immense auditorium was filled with eager faces, sparkling eyes and brilliant toilettes.

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By Iago represents the Moor's wish that the city rejoice. "Every man takes on a merry mood; some begin to dance, some to make bonfires, and each man goes to what sport and revels his addition adds him, Cassio and Montano take these instructions literally, and the duel follows. Montano wounded, Otello attacks. Cassio delivers up his sword, and the people exult. Desdemona appears, and a tender love duet finishes the first act.

GRAND SINGING. In the second act, we have Iago's solo and great scene, with a short speaking part for Cassio and Iago. Desdemona is seen at the back of the stage receiving visitors from women and children who are singing a chorus that forms a most original accompaniment to a duet with Iago and Otello, both of whom stand well to the front.

DEAD END. In the third act, there was more of the same sort of thing. Iago's solo and great scene, with a short speaking part for Cassio and Iago. Desdemona is seen at the back of the stage receiving visitors from women and children who are singing a chorus that forms a most original accompaniment to a duet with Iago and Otello, both of whom stand well to the front.

BOITO'S LIBRETTO. Franco Faccio's appearance in the conductor's chair, which he has filled so long and so well, is a signal of thunder of applause. The orchestra at once struck up a few glorious chords representing a tempest, which was followed by an instantaneous rise of the curtain.

power and inspiration which he has never before surpassed, perhaps never before equaled. The orchestra for the tempest chorus, the chorus itself, the bristling and the duet paranti or vocal speaking form one succession of sublime pages, rich, not alone in genius and style, but fraught with that superior excellence of technique which the mechanic's hand, after years of practice alone, knows how practically to set forth.

THE PUBLIC HEART; he knows every musical variety of light, shade, and effect to the nicety of a hair, and to the nicety of a hair weighs them. Perhaps in "Otello" he has shown less respect for the feeling of the public than ever before. Divine bars of melody are cut by so-called philosophical trifles; surprise follows delight, and incredulity succeeds desire. Verdi has not sacrificed Verdi as he has so often done. Verdi remains Verdi; an Italian and a composer who is not only a musician, but a statesman and a revolution in modern music, has written a work intensely Italian, and an opera which only an Italian could write.

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ODDS AND ENDS. Stray Leaves From a Reporter's Note Book. "Well, when in the name of all that is celestial, are you going to die?" asked A. D. Jones of John M. Clark, two days ago.

SUNDAY NIGHTS IN OMAHA.

Scenes in The Various Dance Halls of the City.

THE PEOPLE WHO GO THERE.

A Motley Throng and How it is Composed—Liquid Refreshments—The Tongs who Go There to Fight—Scenes.

The Sunday Dances. A nocturnal visit to the numerous Sunday dance halls in this city would disclose the fact that however well the Sabbath day may be observed in Omaha, the Sabbath night is not as rigorously regarded as strict Puritan ideas would require.

There are three or four of these dance halls in this city, all of which throw their doors open to the public on Sunday night. One of the most largely patronized is a hall in the southern part of the city, several blocks below the Thirteenth street bridge. Promptly eight o'clock the music begins to play in this resort. The crowds of men and women, boys and girls begin to flock in. In a very few moments the initial waltz is commenced by the orchestra, which is composed of a violin or two, a cornet, clarinet and bass violin. The feet begin to fly, and it is not long before the floor is full of a jostling, jolting, but merry throng of dancers.

All kinds of people can be seen tripping on the floor of this hall. There is the staid laboring man of Swedish, Danish or German nationality, who is there regularly every Sunday night with the healthy, rosy-cheeked damsel, upon whom, as his best girl, he lavishes his affection. Dancing in the same set with him, perhaps, is a gambler, who has left the faro-table long enough to enjoy the pleasures of the evening, with a female friend. Opposite him you can spy the brawny form of a man who can be seen any day in the week driving a coal wagon. A giddy youth who sells coal in a Farnam street grocery store completes the male part of the set.

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There is another hall also in the southern part of the city which is a very popular Sunday night resort, especially for Germans. From the beginning to the end of the evening the pleasures of the dance are enjoyed, to the music of a really good orchestra. These dances are attended for the most part by the Germans, although a dancer of the Swedish or Danish nationality may occasionally be seen gliding through the crowd. Beer and wine dispensed during the intervals between the dance numbers, serve to keep the throng in a happy mood.

THE CROWDS WHICH attend these different dance halls are made up of substantially the same elements. The woman, or the most part are respectable, though several notoriously fast characters are always to be seen in the crowd of dancers or spectators. It must be said that many of the dancers are young girls scarcely in their teens, whose morals, alas! are as loose as their parental restraint. And it is by no means an uncommon sight to find small misses of seven, eight or ten years of age, dancing at these places, to what extent these children must be influenced by such contaminating associations, let the moralizing reader determine.

ODDS AND ENDS. Stray Leaves From a Reporter's Note Book. "Well, when in the name of all that is celestial, are you going to die?" asked A. D. Jones of John M. Clark, two days ago.

Mr. Jones is seventy-four, and Mr. Clark seventy-five years of age. "You are five years older than I am, and yet you do not care a damn for it, you ought to have this stick of mine, and I ought to be running even more lively than you are. But I ain't."