BUCHANAN'S BAD BREAKS.

How the Old President Attempted to Stop a Big Parade.

SICKLES' STALWART SPEECH

Though a Democrat the New Yorker Stands by the Union—Adam Badeau's Interesting Reminiscence.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1887.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Daniel E. Sickles was a member of congress, and of the democratic party—young, but already prominent, extremely intimate with President Buchanan, and holding social and political relations with his cabinet, and with most of the prominent southerners, men and women, who at that time controlled the politics of the capital. He was at the core of that brilliant, intriguing, and really aristocratic society which governed congress and had governed the nation for at least a quarter of a century. I was in Washington a year or two before the war, and saw much of Sickles. I breakfasted and dined at his house, and was introduced by him to many of the people of distinction of that day. I well remember the intellectual conversation at his table, the powerful circle of statesmen and

POLITICAL WOMEN

among whom he lived. My own sympathies were entirely in accord with his, in favor of the south, and opposed to abolition, and I can vouch for his influence with the representatives of slavery in the old ante-bellum days.

He had been a secretary of legation at London when Buchanan was minister there, and had preserved an intimacy of a peculiar character with his former chief. The president stood godfather to Sickle's child, and Sickles went in and out of the executive mansion with a facility and a freedom allowed to no other but an inmate. Cabinet ministers went to him to get favors from the head of the state, and the clever women of the south, who knew so well how to dispense their courtesies to the best advantage, were lavish of invitations and compliments to the favorite of the president.

Yet against all these inducements and blandishments, Sickles was firm when the time came in the stand he took for the union. Neither the overshadowing authority of the executive, nor all the wiles and charms of social and feminine cajolery could seduce him from his patriotic integrity. He was willing to do almost anything that the southerners asked within the union, but he always declared he would be their enemy if they left the union. As the crisis came nearer, and state after state seceded after the election of Lincoln, he remained at his post and showed his colors.

MR. BUCHANAN.

was less derelict to the country than has been supposed. Weak and vacillating doubtless, and with principles and sentiments that led him to a course which did much to encourage the south and precipitate war, he nevertheless did not intend wrong. He was not a traitor, though his acts hurried on treason. The man who called Dix and Stanton and Holt into his cabinet after the trouble came can hardly have intended harm to the union. During the weeks immediately preceding the inauguration of Lincoln the president authorized the assembling of a large military force in and around Washington, so that he might hand over the government loyally to his successor, and enable Lincoln to enter upon his duties with security and dignity. The number of regular troops collected in the vicinity of the capital was greater than had been in Washington since the war of 1812. This was arranged, of course, with the counsel of the cabinet, and of Scott, then general-in-chief, and at the suggestion of Scott a parade was ordered for the 22nd of February, in celebration of Washington's birthday. It was thought that this display of force would have a beneficial effect upon wavering minds who would see that the government was at least able to protect itself. When the announcement of the parade was made, people from Alexandria, Baltimore and even from Harrisburg and Philadelphia prepared to witness it, and on the day appointed the streets were crowded with throngs, 20,000 or 30,000 at least in numbers.

On the 22d Sickles was with Mrs. Stanton and other cabinet ladies on the steps of the treasury building, waiting for the procession to appear, when Jno. C. Kennedy, superintendent of the census, approached the party and announced that

THE PARADE HAD BEEN COUNTERMANDED.

Sickles knew the effect that this would have, not only on the expectant crowds in the streets but on the country at large, and he at once left the ladies to inform Mr. Stanton, the attorney general, of the the news. Stanton's office was in the treasury building at that time, and he was soon to be found. He had heard nothing of the change in the arrangements, but agreed with Sickles that the step was injudicious in the extreme. The two went at first to confer with General Dix, the secretary of the treasury, who proved equally ignorant of the countermand. Both he and Stanton thought it was the work of Jeremiah Black, the secretary of state, whose sympathies with the south were known. The cabinet ministers agreed to go at once to the state department and ascertain the facts, and then proceed to the president to protest against the change; but Sickles, as the intimate and confidential friend of Buchanan, was desired to approach him in advance, and prepare the way.

Sickles went immediately to the white house, but the president was not there: He had gone to the office of Mr. Holt, the secretary of war. Holt was from a border state, and was therefore suspected of a leaning to the friends of secession. So Sickles thought to himself; "It is Holt who has brought about the change." He walked across the executive grounds to the old wooden building then occupied by the war department. But the president was closeted with the secretary of war: the doors were locked and orders had been given that no one whatever should be admitted. Sickles, however, was young and enthusiastic, and knew most certainly, on what grounds he stood with the president. He presumed perhaps, but it was in a good cause. Besides, the times were revolutionary, and no one was sure what might occur next. So he stalked up and down in the ante chamber, and exclaimed in a purposely loud tone: "There must be some one here with authority to tell the president that I have important news, I must see him at once. Will no one let me see the president?"

This had the effect desired; the door was opened and Mr. Buchanan himself stood at the entrance. "Sickles," he said, "what do you want? Why do you make this noise? Come in and tell me what you have to say." Sickles went in and found no one with the president but Holt, seated in an arm chair, looking dark and sullen, his head bent, his hands clasped the very incarnation of plots and treason. It was plain who had occasioned the countermand.

Sickles began at once, ranting in

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY STYLE,

declaiming against the countermand, telling of the crowds of people in the streets, the thousands who had come in from the neighboring towns, the uproar that would be created, the tumult even, if it was announced that United States troops were not permitted to parade in the capital of the country, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. "Who can have advised this craven course?" he exclaimed. Holt sat perfectly still, morose and black, and uttered not a word, but the president, with charactistic weakness, was apparently convinced. He admitted that it would be better to revoke the countermand; and finally turned to Holt and said: "Mr. Secretary; I think you may direct General Scott to make the order of revocation." Holt at once arose: "I will convey the order myself, Mr. President," he replied, and left the room.

When Buchanan was alone with his favorite, he turned to Sickles and said with quite a chuckle, "Well young man, you suppose you have been berating Mr. Holt for his action, and you pretended to whip him over my shoulders. But

"I AM THE GUILTY ONE."

"I insisted on this order, and Mr. Holt was protesting against it when you came in. He was quite as urgent as you, and you have only seconded him. Ex-President Tyler, the president of the peace congress, had waited on me at the head of a committee, to represent that the show of force would have a bad effect upon the deliberations of the members from the border states, and at his instance I had directed the countermand of the parade." Sickles was abashed, for it would have been presumption to address the president as he had done, unless with the pretense of declaiming against another; and he regretted his injustice to Holt. But the president was amused at the situation and forgave his protege; just then Holt returned, and in the presence of Sickles, Buchanan told the story. The young member of congress was more embarrassed than ever; but Holt came up to him and extended both hands: "Young man," said he—they had never met before; "Young man, I thank you with all my heart. When you were admitted it is true the president had determined on this countermand, and I had just informed him that if he persisted, my resignation was at his disposal."

The giving to the rampant young congressman the news that Stanton and Dix were behind him, affected the vacilating, but perhaps well-meaning president, and the parade went on.

A STILL MORE SINGULAR INSTANCE

of the the influeuce of Sickles with Buchanan is worth reciting. After Lincoln arrived in Washington in diguise a few days before his inauguration, he was taken to the capitol by Seward who it was known was to be his secretary of state. When the historic pair entered the hall of the house of representatives the republican members of course went up and were presented to the president elect, who had been personally known to very few of them. But no southerner or northern democrat approached them. Sickles was a junior member and did not feel entitled to lead in any movement of this sort, but when he noticed that no more important person of his party stirred, he turned to S. S. Cox, who sat near him, "It is proper to pay our respects to the president elect," he said; "Will you go up with me? No one else on our side leads." Cox consented, and the two went forward and Seward presented them to Lincoln. Then a number of other democrats followed their example.

The incident made Seward feel kindly toward Sickles, and he asked the member from New York to call at his house; he had something to say to him. The same night Sickles paid the visit, and Seward then read him several passages from

LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

already prepared. The tone of that document was much more moderate than was expected, as those who knew those times will remember; it promised no interference with slavery if the southerners remained in the union or returned to it, and was universally pronounced pacificatory and statesmanlike instead of warlike or exasperating. Sickles was struck with its character, and asked if he might inform the president of what he had learned. "I thought you would be up to something like that," said Seward, and he did not prohibit the repetition. Of course, upon leaving the house, Sickles went direct to the president with his news. But Buchanan at first poohpoohed him: "Do you believe that Lincoln will say anything like that? Seward has been making game of you."

But Sickles then told the president of the peculiar terms on which he stood with Seward. The New York senator was at that time virtually ostracised in democratic society which was the principal society of Washington. No southern persons invited him to their homes and when some of his constituents had asked him for invitations to a ball at Mrs. Slidel's or Mrs. Gwin's or at the house of seme other important southerner, Seward had told Sickles of his embarrassment. The democratic member was intimate at these very houses because of his politics and his place in the president's favor as well as his own graces, and he instantly offered to procure the invitations. Seward at first accepted the favors, but then declined them; for he said he could not obtain invitations for one and not for another; and he would be obliged to explain his disagreeable social position. But Sickles offered in any case when he was sufficiently intimate to continue his applications; and Seward of course was especially obliged. Sickles told this to the president, who agreed with him that after such relations it would be impossible for Seward to make a dupe of Sickles for any political purpose. "But," asked Buchanan, "did he know that you would tell me?" Then Sickles recounted the adroit reply of Seward to his own inquiry, and Buchanan came to the conclusion that the message was in reality meant for himself. It was a contrivance to let him know that the tone of Lincoln's inaugural was to be much more moderate than violent partisans on either side expected or desired. He said at once: "This is different from what I supposed. It is wise and patriotic; I will go to the inauguration which I had not intended to do." He kept his word. There were rumors and threats and possibilities of

DANGER TO LINCOLN

and to any one who stood near him when he was inaugurated; but Buchanan accompanied him to the capital, and stood by his side while the inaugural speech was delivered; and when Lincoln repeated the passages that Sickles had disclosed, the retiring president looked around with his cross eye at his young friend and pressed his hand. "Thank God," he said; "that means peace."

ADAM BADEAU.

A Curious Lawsuit.

The famous Blue Grotto of Capri has given rise to one of the most curious lawsuits which have ever been heard of. Some years ago an American became possesser of that part of Capri under which the Blue Grotto is situated, and the owner asserts now that as the surface of the ground belongs to him, he is also the owner of everything below it, which in this case happens to be the grotto, which, however, at present is the possession of the little town of Capri, the administration of which had not the slightest inclination of giving up what is its own to the Yankee. The latter, on being informed of this, has begun a lawsuit, the consequences of which, whether he wins or losses the case, may be very serious. In the former case he may permanently injure the grotto by making a hole through its ceiling, by which the marvellous reflections in the interior will be lost forever. If he wins it, the chances are that he will close it to the public.

Miss Madeleine Lemaire is winning unbounded praise for her admirable painting of still life. As a fruit and flower artist she is pronounced unrivaled.

FIXING FEMININE FACES.

Women Who Do Not Like Moustaches on Their own Lips.

LILY LANGTRY'S LATEST LOYAL.

Thespians in Lenten Time—Cold Assuming Coachmen—Labor Newspapers and Libraries—Fifth Avenue in Rain.

NEW YORK, March 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Bishop Potter is one of the most dignified of Episcopalians and is socially potent besides, for he was rector of Grace church for fifteen years before succeeding his uncle in the bishopric, but his self-poise must have been nearly destroyed for an instant by the eclesiastical question suddenly put before him his week.

"We have called to ask you, Bishop," said one of the four fair daughters of wealth, "whether it is right for a woman with a suggestion of a moustache on her lip—such as dark brunettes are liable to—to have it removed."

Brother Potter gravely decided that nature might be thus thwarted, and beauty intensified, but he at the same time cautioned the enquirers against the sin of vanity. The maidens were serious enough about it, and why shouldn't he, as he did, treat the subject in all soberness.

The stories told of artificial improvement in faces are often lies, and of course no great amount of painting and powdering can be done deceptively, but it is a positive fact that science has applied itself to the removal of hair from feminine faces. No less an authority than Dr. Shrady, who was one of Grant's physicians, put me in the way of gratifying my curiosity. He said that, O yes, women had their moustaches destroyed by electricity; that an illustration of the process was to be given within a few days before a class at the Women's college and that, if I desired, I might for that occasion become a student. I went. The class had seats in a small amphitheatre

BEFORE A SURGEON'S CHAIR

which resembled a barber's chair suggestively. The demonstrator was an expert in electricity. He first brought in a battery, attached to which were wires, one ending in a needle and the other in a handle. Then he introduced a girl. She was French and could not speak much English. I presume he had hired her for the purpose, though she might well desire to submit to the ordeal, for on her upper lip was a decidedly unpretty growth of hair. She was a neat, nice looking creature, with olive skin and piquant features. The operator placed the handle of the machine in one of her hands and told her to grip it steadily. That was to keep up a current through her whenever he touched her with the needle. He fixed a magnifying glass in his ege, bent over her as she lay back in the chair, stuck the needle along down the course of a single hair to its root. "Ouch-h-h!" exclaimed the girl. But she thought that she could stand it—that the hurt was not much; and so he went on gently stabbing the hairs, the electricity each time removing one of the hirsute offenses. Fifty were thus done away with. The man explained that they could never grow again, but that the process must be careful, in order not to make tiny scars.

THE FAIR LILY.

The mention of beauty reminds one naturally of Mrs. Langtry, whose highest charm is her perfect skin unblemished, and there is social news in her, to the effect that she has chosen a man to marry—or has let one choose her. Fred Gebhard has been jilted, and Arthur Dasent is the new favorite. He is a tall, dark, good-looking fellow, who came to town awhile ago from the south. He is something of a literary character, and intended to go into journalism here. He had been here only a few days when he was knocked down and run over by a street car. He was taken to St. Luke's hospital, where it very soon transpired that he and Langtry were sweethearts. She ordered flowers sent to him every morning, and as soon as her theatrical engagement brought her near town she visited him assiduously. It seems that they had met six months ago, become mutually enamored, and were just ready for betrothal when the accident, by evolving her sympathy, brought the courtship to a speedy climax. She owns considerable property in New York, and means to settle down here, so far as her stage employment will permit. She is to become Mrs. Dasent soon, and her husband is going to take a place on the Star.

Society is well known to keep its eyes closely on the beauties of the theatre, no matter how much the actresses may be under taboo. There are always several models of manner and style on the New York stage, who are astonishingly potent in influencing the deportment of Fifth avenue's maidens. One of the foremost of these now is Virf Virginia Dreher, of Daly's company. She has small talent, but is one of the loveliest of imaginable creatures in the demure, dainty, lady like line. Swelldom has been full of stories of her romantic career; and now all of them are spoiled by the authoritative disclosure that she is the staid widow of a Louisville German music teacher, and that the twelve-year-old girl seen with her is not her sister, but her daughter.

CHEEKY COACHMEN.

Of unadulterated impudence and cold assumption the coachman of the millioned upper thousands in New York provide the most nearly perfect specimens to be found in the United States. They appear to think that common vehicles and people on foot have no rights in the street. So they halloo at pedestrians who are about to get in the way, and rattle across streets with indifference as to who or what may be on the crossings. The average democratic New Yorker does not mind being whistled at by car drivers and will make lively jumps over a crossing to get out of the way of a milk wagon or a coal cart; but when it comes to having a carriage drawn by prancing horses, with banged tails and silver mounted harness, bear down upon him with a "Halloo, there" from a liveried driver, he feels more like cracking the horses' noses with his stick than clearing a passage for them. He usually does nothing restrictive, however, and Anna Dickinson is therefore all the more a heroine. It was at Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, in a recent rain storm. The avenue was crowded with vehicles, and crossing was difficult. Anna had dodged in and out successfuly, but she found when near the farther sidewalk that she had to wait a few seconds for a wagon loaded with long pieces of lumber to pass. As she stood there, a carriage containing the wife and daughter of a ten-millionaire came dashing up, and some inarticulate whoops from the driver warned her to get out. But she didn't. She stood as resolutely as if she had been on the lecture platform, and Jehu had to slacken the pace of his horses, though he let them walk up almost against her, and it looked as if it was his intention to run over her. But she shook an umbrella in the faces of the beasts two or three times, and apparently made them believe that she would stick the end of it into their eyes if her rights were imposed upon much farther. And they, looking very much disgusted, stopped short. But a look of triumph spread over Anna's features as she stepped upon the sidewalk.

"BRAKES" IN THE BOXES.

The most startling thing this week in the world of intense fashion was the appearance of Mrs. Westinghouse on Bernhardt's opening night. Mrs. Westinghouse is connected by marriage with the Westinghouse brake and you can understand how rich that can make her. She lives in Pittsburg and is a social power and pride there, but is not familiar in New York—or was not before this occasion. It is unfashionable here for ladies to sit in evening toilets in the boxes at theatres. That is confined to opera. Modest ones do not even take off their bonnets at a dramatic performance, and the few who uncover their hair—in deference to the request of managers—are usually cranks, notoriety seekers or foreigners. Well, the audience at Bernhardt's reappearance was tremendously stylish, but the clothes were dark and quiet—until into a lower proscenium box came a stately lady clad in white satin and lace. It was an elaborate ball toilet, immensely puffed over the shoulders and upper arms, and as odd as it was sumptuous in design. The curtain was up when she entered, and Bernhardt was in the early agonies of Fedora; but every eye turned in astonishment to the handsome occupant of the box, and hundreds of glasses were focused in amazed inspection. Two women that evening fainted in the heat of the crowded house, an usher had a fight with an unmanageable attender and a chandelier fell, but none of these distractions turned so much attention away from the stage as did Mrs. Westinghouse, so gorgeously singular was her costume and so daring her debut.

"ASHEN" ACTORS.

There has been this season a great irruption in swell society of English actors who recite in the Lenten entertainments and sometimes direct amateur performances. Whatever they are, and however they succeed, they are alike in one thing. They are determined to impress upon every one they meet a sense of their social importance in England. They have usually been in the British army. O, the friendships, the intimacies, of which they can talk in the most off hand, matter-of-fact manner imaginable! A fair sample is a low comedian. He goes about with a supernaturally solemn and superior air, occasionally perpetrates a ponderous witticism, and is vastly more suggestive of a grave yard than the comedy stage. In private life he has a soul above the grape-vine step, and a deep and unsatisfied yearning for people to understand what a favor he has bestowed upon this beastly country by coming over here in any capacity whatever. A diamond adorns his shirt front. He never misses a chance of deftly turning the conversation in the direction of jewels, and then remarking: "Now this diamond of mine isn't a very valuable stone in itself, though it does pretty well as diamonds go; but it is priceless to me on account of its associations. (Impressive pause.) It was a present from the prince of Wales." He has numberless little tricks by which he induces people to notice a cane which he carries, and the next thing always is: "You like it? Yes, I think myself it is rather neat. I was at Marlborough house one day, and while talking with Wales I unconsciously took up this cane. He said, 'So you like it, Harry? Take it right along with you.' Just like the prince, you know—so generous with his friends."

A WOMAN DESTROYER.

Anna Jackson is a woman who has set out to destroy capital and capitalists. She has long been a woman's rights agitator. Now she has opened a school of socialism. It is an institution that I have never seen mentioned in print. Indeed, that is not its name; and few New Yorkers know anything about the place, unless they happen to have some acquaintance with the people who call themselves the social labor party. The workingman's library is poor, modest and diminutive, but it is a unique place and a sort of center for workingmen whose minds have been set in motion by new ideas of some kind. A "walhalla" of cranks is what a disinterested observer instinctively called it, for its most striking feature is a long table littered with journals bent on reforming the world. There are hardly a dozen reform or labor papers published that are not to be found there. Frequenters have before them the greatest imaginable variety of theories for making a paradise out of this world. They have only to read and take their choice. "Labor Advocates" from Maine lie side by side with "Labor Sentinels" from Tennesee, "Le Cri du Peuple" comes all the way from Paris to fall into the arms of some German socialist paper. There are two or three from Paris and a half dozen in the German language. There are "Laborers" and "Labor Newes" and "Labor Advocates" and "Labor Agitators Gazettes," labor papers the north, east, south, west from

BIG CITIES AND LITTLE TOWNS,

"One advocating what another condemns, one calling loudly that this is the way out and another declaring that it isn't, but all united that there must be a radical change. As for the prints that aim to upheave the world, their number and insistence are enough to bewilder. Here is "The Wedge," and there "The Million," here "The Commonweal" and there all the way from Oregon. "The World's Advanced Thought" which talks much about psychology and philosophy and the higher sensibilities and is determined to pull all the rest of the world up to its own plane immediately. Numerous copies of the "Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" glow and glitter, in English not of the the best, even the wonderful prosperity and happiness to be found in A. K. Owens' colony at Topoiobampo, where paradise is to be united to earth by allowing no man to sell or to buy of his neighbor, but compelling him to carry on all his dealings through the company. It certainly will be the paradise of the middle men, whatever it is for others. There are papers to reform the world religiously, some by letting everybody think just as he likes, and others by making him think just as does the editor. Others think the centre of trouble lies in the laws and some would abolish trouble by abolishing law and some would suppress trouble by piling more law on it.

LIBRARY SHELVES.

But the long table piled with newspapers is not the only interest the room contains. There are well filled bookshelves, mostly the gift of the Manhattan Liberal club, which donation was the germ from which the library sprang. On the shelves are many books in the Russian language, for among the frequenters of the library are a number of that nationality. There is a complete set of the works of the French Proudhon, the founder of anarchy, which is said to be the only full collection of his works outside of private libraries in this country. Volumes of fiction are more numerous though there are a few, but writings upon science and social questions and often recognized authorities, form the bulk. A piano is in one corner; on the walls are engravings of Lincoln, Wendell Phillips and Henry George, and some glaring chromos, apparently the gifts of friends of the institution more enthusiastic than critical. Musical entertainments, to which a small admittance fee is charged, are given in these rooms every Sunday evening for the support of the library.

Unique as the place in itself is, the types of men who frequent it are even more interesting. The German-American face is by far the most numerous. Women seldom go there. The men gather for a part of the noon hour when they are on a strike; in the evenings and on Sundays; and every minute that they are here they are usually absorbed in a book or a paper. Here is a man, his hair standing out straight all over his head, with the face of a scholar and the eyes of an enthusiast. He is pouring over a volume of Spencer. If you enter into conversation with that discouraged looking chap, who is pulling over the papers, you will find that he has had a long search for work, doesn't know what he is to do, and is almost hopeless here. But as a general thing the men look like laborers who are getting on fairly well and who have revolutionary ideas in their heads.

CLARA BELLE.

THOMASON & GOOS' ADDITION

Lies just south of Hanscom Park, only 2 miles from the court house, on high and sightly ground. 176 beautiful residence lots.

27 LOTS SOLD, 27

Events are shaping that will make these lots an investment of SURE PROFIT.

$800 to $1,000 will Buy Lots Now, but one Year from Today You will Pay $1,800 $2,000 and $2,500 for Them

Ten months ago we told you there was big money in SOUTH OMAHA property. You were skeptical and waited, and what did you miss? Some people say, "Oh! its all luck, this making money." Luck to the dogs. Its

Foresight, Judgment and Sand.

These are the elements that go to make up the sum of prosperity. Take a square look at the case of Thomason & Goos' addition, who own the 600 acres adjoining it on the south.

A RICH AND POWERFUL SYNDICATE

Who, without any further effort, could peddle it out in the next two years for ONE MILLION DOLLARS. Do you suppose they are Idiots enough to do this?. No! They will either build or subscribe to A CABLE LINE and realize three millions from it.

TAKE A TUMBLE!

to yourselves, do a little investigating and figuring and you will see that there are the "Greatest Bargains on Earth, in lots in this "Key to Omaha and South Omaha. Remember, that this is no washings of the Missouri River, nor farm lands diverted from their natural uses, years too soon, but choice suburban residence property, situated on the everlasting Hills, midway between two cities, that are fast closing in to one solid mighty metropolis.

M. A. UPTON & CO.

Pharcmacy Building, South Omaha and 1509 Farnam, Telephone 73

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

George C. Dobson played the banjo lately in Portland, Me., to an audience of 2,000.

"Excuse me, I'll Tell You No More," is the title of Kate Castleton's most successful song.

It is said that Lawrence Barret's eldest unmarried daughter is to become the wife of Edwin Booth.

Newton Gotthold is to pose as a star next season and the question is, will he "get hold" of public favor.

Mrs. Ammie Ltitiae Schiller, mother of the well-known pianist, Mme. Madeline Schiller, died in New York March 8 of pneumonia.

The Breslau Orchestra society, whose first conductor was Dr. Leopold Damrosch, has lately celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Marie Decca, of Washington, has been singing in London before the duke of Cambridge and other persons of distinction with success.

William Davidge, who has been on the stage fifty-one years and is seventy-five years old, will have a benefit from his friends at an early date.

Tracy Titus, a well known theatrical manager, died a few days ago at Sierra Madreville, Cal. He was formerly the husband of Alice Oates.

James W. Foshay, the deceased ex-president of the Broadway (New York) surface railroad, was the treasurer of Sand & Nathan's circus up to 1870.

"Jim the Penman" is in the fifth month of its career at the Madison Square theatre, New York, and it shows no signs of losing its hold upon the public favor.

Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, is married to a daughter of Mr. Moore, of Moore & Burgess' London minstrels. Fred Vokes is also a son-in-law of the wealthy minstrel.

Ed Harrigan's plays will be introduced to the San Francisco publish in May. Four plays will be given during the six weeks stay of Mr. Harrigan's company on the Pacific coast.

Some of the salaries in the American Opera company are said to be as follows: Theodore Thomas, $1,000 per week; Manager Locke, $800; M. M. Whitney, $600 per week, and Candidus, $5,000 per month.

Mrs. Langtry has arranged to open her season of 1887-8 at the Fifth Avenue theatre in New York, where she will play a seven weeks engagement, beginning October 1. This sets at rest the story of her remarriage and retirement from the stage this fall.

It is explained that Dion Boucicault's daughter, Patrice, was not hissed in Boston because she was disliked, but because the audience wanted Adah Richmond to come out and sing some more comic songs before Miss Boucicault began her reading.

Boston Times: An item of interest (?) is going the rounds that Zelie de Lussan is to receive a $100 basket of flowers every evening from the manager of the "Ideals." What rot. Whoever first penned that item must have thought the public a parcel of d. f's.

Hereafter no actor playing "Monte Cristo" can say "One!" "Two!" "Three!" as his victims are killed, except James O'Neill. They belong to his particular version of the drama, which is the Fechter version, and no infringement on the patent will be permitted.

Mr. Amberg, manager of the Thalia, New York, intends to erect a theater at no distant day, the seating capacity of which will be 2,000. There will be thirty boxes and all the stage improvements. The theatre will be devoted to both operatic and dramatic performances.

Owen Fawcett, the comedian, comes of a theatrical family. He is seventh and his daughter eighth in a direct lineage of players. No. 1, John Fawcett, was in David Garrick's company; No. 2 was the original Dr. Ollapod, and No. came to America and acted at the John Street theatre.

It is said that when the handsomest man in San Francisco heard the handsome baritone, Sig. Migrila, of the Patti company, sing, he was so disgusted with fate that it did not combine beauty with voice in him, that he considered himself henceforth a nonentity and committed suicide.

Madame Modjeska is delicate physically, and the fatigue of a new production exhausts her, but no one about the theater knows anything of her feelings until the crisis is past. She says she cannot afford to waste her strength in nervousness. She is a quick study, and is always "dead letter perfect" early in the course of rehearsals.

Wm. Terriss, the London actor, who made such a hit in this country with Henry Irving lives in a nice rural home at Bedford Park, one of the suburbs of London. His wife is a woman of taste and refinement, and his little daughter, Ellaline, plays the banjo and dances a hornpipe with rare ability. Mr. Terriss' real name is Wm. Lewin.

Concerning the suit of an actress for $10,000 damages for accident a desperate property man who works night and day for a museum combination and who sleeps in depots to save enough to pay for his bed, says he'd fall off a house and take the chances for that much money. He says there is even a pleasure in imagining that he could be damaged to that generous extent.

There is but one thing an actor dreads more than the "first night." It is the "second night." Then is the time if ever when things go wrong; when scenery sticks, when every one makes the stage wait, and lines are conspicuous by their absence. The strain of the first night is relaxed; habit has not bred familiarity, and disaster is the consequence. But there are no critics on hand then.

A king of Spain, fancying that he had a taste for music, liked to take part in Baccherini's quartetts, but he never could succeed in keeping time. One day, when he was three or four bars behindhand, the other performers took fright at the confusion caused by the royal bow, and were about to wait for him. "Fiddle away," cried the enthusiastic monarch, "I shall very soon get up to you."

Old stagers suffer the most in the prospect of a new performance, strange as it may appear. Quite recently a very good and experienced leading man gave up an engagement because he got into a fright when called upon to play for the first time the Chevalier in the "Two Orphans." I need not have said that he was experienced. No novice would ever do any thing of that sort. "Them as knows nothing fears nothing."

Howard Paul, the ex-actor and singer, has been compelled to shell out $500 for stating that George Dolby was brought to this country by Charles Dickens to eat and drink for him at public banquets and save wear and tear on his digestive organs. Mr. Dolby, who pockets the $500, denies that he was engaged by Mr. Dickens as a deputy feeder or as a reservoir, and says that Mr. Paul made the narrative out of his own head.

This is the way the contemplated debut as a star of Mrs. James Brown Potter strikes the average chorus girl, as reported by the New York Herald: "Oh, she makes me tired. It's so kind of her not to give the princess of Wales a cold cut, now that she's going on the stage, tra-la. I should think she would shake the princess. Will she wear tights? That's the only way to begin a professional career. I think she would make a hit in them."

Mr. Wallack is quoted as saying: "We do not see plays nowadays that equal those of even twenty-five years back. Take Tom Taylor's "Plot and Passion," Reade and Taylor's "Mask and Faces," "Still Waters Run Deep," "Pavable on Demand," and so on, and where can you find plays to-day so interesting, so tersely written, so well constructed? They were not thought great works in their day, but compared to modern plays they were as wine to water."

W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, is now in Dr. Tarrant's asylum at Darlington, says a late number of the Sydney (Aus.) Morning Herald. During the American civil war, the paragraph states, he was severely wounded in the right arm, and for the last twenty-two years he has suffered much. During the past month the pain has increased, and it was decided that the arm should be operated on. This has been done, and the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Louise Davenport), will be pleased to hear that the clever tragedian passed the ordeal in safety and that he is now recovering.

The man who swindled the Mexicans in the matter of the Patti tickets arrived in New York at about the same time as Mr. Abbey, as if he defied any prosecution that that gentleman could bring. The name of the ticket swindler is now known to be Brouton, and he had to spend some $6,000 on Mexican officials to get out of Mexico. A portion of his money went into the pockets of some one very closely allied to the president of the Mexican republic, and the rest of it into the maws of the various people who, knowing the swindler, allowed him to pass the frontier of the United States. It appears that Brouton originally got $28,000 by his swindle. He expended $6,000 to square the Mexicans and $2,000 since, so that he left last week for Belgium with $20,000 clear.

It is related that when Richard Mansfield's mother, Mme Rudersdorff, previous to her departure for America, was granted a farewell audience by the crown princess of Germany, her highness sent for the royal children, and soon Mme. Rudersdorff and the little ones were engaged in a thoroughly good romp on the floor. Suddenly the door opened and the crown prince appeared. Etiquette at the German court is very strict, but it was impossible for Mme. Rudersdorff to rise and do the proper thing unless she dropped the imperial children. Here was a dilemma. "Your imperial highness," said she, "I shall either have to drop court etiquette or drop the children." The prince laughed heartily. "Drop court etiquette, by all means," he replied.

Edwin Booth no longer undergoes the strain of playing absolutely new parts, but the first night's reappearance in any part he has not played in some time makes him excessively nervous. He smokes innumerable cigars, utterly disregarding the legend always to be seen about a stage, "no smoking allowed," and when on the boards is more than likely to become very much mixed in his lines or even to forget them altgether. He is, however, cool in such crises, and walks to the wings for an interview with the prompter with a step as firm and a mein as noble as if his errand were a less humiliating one.

A Hindoo Holiday.

Delhi correspondence Baltimore Sun: From here we drove to a point less than a mile outside of the walls of the city to visit a large Hindoo fair, a gathering for a religious purpose, but one which always results in a merrymaking. Thousands of the natives were there dressed in their best and all seemed to be enjoying themselves. It was a crush, but, no matter where we went, native policemen walked in front of us, clearing a path for our passage. The native policeman is the most numerous person in India. Dressed in a new blue uniform and carrying the regulation club, one is always in sight, and the natives obey them implicitly. Bands were playing on tom-toms, flutes, violins, etc.; children were having a jolly time in a rough merry go-round; everybody was talking, merchants were selling fruits, candies and small images of their many gods, and the devout among them were going to and from a small Hindoo temple. Here our guide was at home and wanted us to go in. But as the place was crowded, and as the priest wanted us to take off our shoes (made from the skin of the "holy cow"), we concluded to wait for a better opportunity. On our way back there was much excitement around several fancifully decorated bhalias—small native two-wheeled carts drawn by trotting bullocks, and called "jingling johnnies" by foreigners—caused by the presence of several Nautch dancing girls, who were to perform later. They were so wonderfully gotten up that I must attempt a description of their attire. A short skirt of scarlet and gold over a pair of loose gilded and embroidered red silk trousers, plaited close in and around the ankles; a tight fitting embroidered red silk body from the neck to just below the breasts, with all bare below it to to the waist; an embroidered shawl of variegated hues, spangled all over, caught up over the back of the head and draped loosely and gracefully about the body. Add to this a gold ornament stuck through one side of the nose, jeweled earrings, numerous gold and silver bells. You can imagine the effect produced by several of these girls while going through the love of cobra dance.

The "Life of the flesh is the blood thereof," pure blood means healthy functional activity, and this bears with it the certainty of quick restoration from sickness or accident. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier gives pure rich blood, and vitalizes and strengthens the whole body.

A hen in Denver, has laid a "spiritual egg." It is smaller and lighter than an ordinary one, and stands on its little end, but will not lie or stand in any other position. If stood on the large end it will quickly turn to the other, and if pushed down on its side it will jump up again. It does not appear to have any unusual weight in the smaller end to account for its strange actions.