Latest Society Mandate in the Matter of Bustles and Coat-Tails.

/ 12

FADS IN FICTION AND FENCING.

May Fortescue Helps Abbey Out of Trouble-Shamrock Gloves-High Hats Won't Down-The Giddy Bernhardt,

NEW YORK, March 24.-[Correspondence of the BEE.]-Young Mrs. Waldorff Astor has set a new fashion for the belles of high society. It is based on an resthetic, intellectual, exquisitely cultured idea, and all the women in that particular circle are already obeying it. "Show no consciousness of your bustle." That is the mandate. In other and more explanatory words, do not betray the fact that you are in the least anxious about that sbnormally developed and easily displaced appurtenance of your costume.

"How do you know he isn't a gentleman?" asked somebody of Mrs. John Bigelow, as that eccentric wife of an exgovernor commented on a chap at a recent reception.

"Because he parts his coat-tails when he sits down," was the reply.

What she meant was that a true gentleman should appear so unaware of his clothes that, in taking a seat, he would not spread aside the skirts of his coat to save them from getting wrinkled. That is the doctrine embodied in Mrs. Astor's innovation. The belle must not adjust the draperies of her tournure so much as by the slightest pat or the most obscure adjustment. The amended rule was first observed in operation at the big dinner given at Mid-Careme by Mrs. Astor, and by the time Easter brings out new toilets it will be in full force among our swells.

FORTUNES IN FICTION. Who shall say that a minute knowledge of fashion's changeful customs is not worth while, when Agnes Fleming got rich by that means? She died a year or more ago, leaving a fortune, over which a fight has just arisen in the courts. She was a writer of stories for one of the cheap papers. I asked a publisher in that field how, when morbid fiction is so plenty, Mrs. Fleming accumulated plenty, wealth.

"Principally by making a study of the ways of rich and fashionable folks," was his reply. "She had a knack of conceiving good plots for stories calculated to interest women and girls; but so have hundreds of amateur novelists, whose work may be had almost for the asking. Different from them, she took the pains to learn accurately and fully how women in 'the best society' behaved, and she made her swell heroines conform thereto. In that way she produced im-aginary ladies who were true to realism. She kept them right up to the times. I have even known her, in re-casting one of her old stories for fresh publication to alher old stories for fresh publication to al-ter not only the costumes of the heroine, but to change her tricks of manner to but to change her tricks of manner to suit new usages of society. Some of her readers may not have appreciated this, the editors did, and it vastly enhanced her in their estimation, and boomed her along to popularity." "And how much pay did she get?" "At the time of her death she was un-

der contract to write ten stories for \$75,000. They were to be produced at the rate of two a year, thus making her

ncome \$15,000 per annum." How many hundreds of women with a literary bent will take up their pens, with convulsive enthusiasm, on reading those figures?

FAIR ONES WITH FOILS. "The Ladies' Fencing class of the Fencer's Club" is the long name of the latest association of New York fashion-able girls for purposes of exercise. It is sort of inside organization of the

TOUCHING THE TOURNURE. will agree to entertain the people 'twixt acts." sots." She did, with a vengeance. She wore white fluffily, and carried an immense fan of the same color. That made her conspicuous, for it is not the custom in New York to don such clothes for the drama, though it is done elaborately at the opera. She seated herself at the front of a lower proscenium box facing the audience, and proceeded to impersonate a vivacious, ingentous maiden. It was as bold an undertaking as anybody ever saw in a theatre; it was a marvel of demonstrative pantomime; picturesque poses and extravaga it gesticulations alternated; a bevy of fellows supported her tableaux; and the amazed and

amused spectators found that the tedium of the half-hour intervals was beguiled. But it would be a pity if the young girls present were to take pattern of Fortescue and behave in that extraordinary fashion at the theatre.

HIGH HATS WILL NOT DOWN. The efforts of mankind will never bring about the abolition of the hat in the thea-tre. There are numberless reasons each more potent than the first, why the idea ways have done to the fashion. But the great majority who patronize the ele-vated roads and the street cars, will never Bonnets that have been adjusted vield. with infinite care and patience are not going to be twitched off and surrendered to the tender mercy of a dressing room attendant to be ticketed and jammed on shelves. Then think of the rush and

crush to recover your property with an impatient husband or the other fellow, impatient husband or the other fellow, cooling his heels outside while you fran-tically struggle for an inch of the looking-glass to see whether your hat is cocked on four hairs or quite off your hand. Why, the thought is preposterous. But the one grand reason is this: Like the man who was accused of owning a Cannibal of a dog—he claimed his dog couldn't have bitten anyone, because his teeth were gone; because he was amiable; be-cause he was tied up, and because he cause he was tied up, and because he never had a dog. So, after all, the small reasons come in; the weightiest is that in the present style of woman's dress. HOW A WOMAN DRESSES.

She can no more put on her hat with her corsage buttoned, or take it off, than she can stand on her head. The next article can stand on her head. The next article that goes on a lady, after her skirts, is in-variably her bonnet. After a dress waist is buttoned, you can no more put your hands to your head than a trussed turkey can scratch its wish-bone. The poky little dressing room of a theater would have to be an undressing room of immense capacity to enable a manager to enjoy a bare-headed audience. The only women in favor of the innovation are wardrobe women. What a heavenly only women in favor of the innovation are wardrobe women. What a heavenly time they would have trying on hats! No, dear men, your superior scientific attainments level tremendous obstruc-tions; the rocks on Manhattan Island hide their diminished heads; vast forests fall at your command; the flags of your enemies lie in the dust; great opposing forces that rear themselves against you give way; but the hat of woman proudly flaunts at the mast head, and it will fly there till the end. William, the bald and John, the baldist, will have to take their John, the baldisi, will have to take their glimpses of Md'lle Passeul's tantalizing toes through the waving feathers of Matilda's bonnet and the meshes of Maria's millinery. Women will never sit bare-headed and expose their well matched locks to such hairpins as the dear men, while they have an ounce of sense in their nordine.

noddles. AGED BUT GLDDY SARA.

It is a curious study to see the rapidly aging Bernhardt play the young, giddy and fascinating girl. Even in the heydey of her youth she could not have been in any sense prepossessing. A large nose, lantern jawed, colorless face, carroty hair, and a figure which justifies all the extravagant jokes about its leanness;

these must have been as strange to look at as they are now, but years have added to them the marks of old age that the actress takes no apparent pains to con-ceal. So far as facial make-up is concerned Bernhardt comes upon the stage without any except when feigning mortal sickness; then the natural pallor of her cheeks is heightened by powder to a ghastly, morgue-gray. In dress she dis-plays an infinite variety within well de-lined limitations. That is, in texture and combinations of color she has the world to draw from and never fail to give a vision of something new and beautiful; but in style her garments are almost always distinguished by a cut that does as much as art can to disguise the attenuation of her shape. She rarely confesses in her dress that she has a confesses in her dress that she has a waist, and perhaps if the truth were known she hasn't any. And as for bust, that also is an unknown quantity. Her young girl, then, if placed in the corner as a wall flower would only excite ridicule. There are many successful ac-tresses who are interesting if they but maintain a graceful repose on the siage. Bernhardt is not one of these. The critics have told over and over again the meas ure of her success, so I am not concerned with that; maybe they think her success is negative, even failure; whatever it may be, I have been interested simply in observing how she attains it. IN "FROU-FROU," IN "FROU-FROU," as all theatre goers know, she has to play the part of a light headed, excep-tionally fascinating girl. When she first burst upon the scene she has on the con-ventional riding habit. She dashes to a able, seizes a newspaper, crushes it in her hands, tears it and throws herself upon a sofa panting and laughing. She remains but a few minutes, and during that time is in almost constant action. She never allows her face to be passive. Her features are always expressive of some emo-tion, if nothing more than a smile of gaiety. When she has gone one has not recovered sufficiently from the vivacious impression of her entrance to realize just how she gained her effect. To show how she makes the evident old woman disappear throughout the play it would be necessary to follow her from scene to scene, from line to line. For the sepret seems to lie in her ceaseless activity When she agreed to accept Sartorys as her husband and the happy man had been summoned, there is a moment when one can watch without being bewildered by her rapid changes of position and ex-pression. It is a time when she must ap-

THE DEBUT OF THE DIVA. Adam Badean's Recollections of the Life of the Queen of Song.

PATTI'S PEERLESS PRESENCE.

Appearance in New York Twenty-Five Years Ago-Honors Shown by Crowned Heads-Received by Napoleon.

NEW YORK, March 24.-[Correspond] ence of the BEE.]-The return of Patti to New York suggests to me many memories. I was at her debut at the academy of music more than a quarter of a century ago. I was present at the rehearsal, when she sang Lucia in a bonnet and shawl, and even then extorted applause from a critical and invited audience of connoisseurs. Earlier than this she was a musical prodigy, and used to sing at her brother-in-law's, Strakosch's, concerts, traveling about the country, but not, as now, in a palace car. It was uncertain then whether the young voice that promised so much would ever be developed, and her elder sister, Carlotta, the lame one, was thought by many a finer artist than|Adelina. There are so many blossoms every spring on every tree from which no fruit is ever matured. At the beginning

the future prima donna

COULD NOT ACT. They said she might become a vocalist, but that was all; she was awkward and nervous like other novices. Who can fancy to day that Patti was over awkor nervous?-that model of selfward ward or hervous?—that model of self-poised, self-possessed, executive art! the opera queen, who is equally at home as Marguerite and Semiramide, the Assyrian monarch and Goethe's maiden; Amina and Linda, Carmen and Lucia? In London, however, they praised her acting as much as her singing; they thought the cathedral scene in "Faust" thought the cathedral scene in "Faust" as fine as anything on the lyric stage, and the wild tremolos of Lucia equal in tragic power to the utterance of Rachel in "Phedre," or of Grisi in "Norma." The London Times of ten or fifteen years ago bepraised her till one almost doubted the sincerity, or at least the spontaneity of the plaudits; and most of the other journals followed suit. But the English have their fashions in art to a English have their fashions in art to a greater extent than Americans imagine; partly, perhaps, because they have so little appreciation of what is great or genuine in art; for the English genius is ex-hausted in literature; there is neither power nor taste of the highest order left for painting or architecture or the drama to-day. Witness Leighton and Gilbert Stott and Irving—all learned, elaborate, artificial, second-rate executants. Naturally the English thought Patti a great actress. They could not perceive that she always simulates and never feels; they could not detect that she was cold and hard in whatever requiried expres-sion or dramatic quality. They had not the sympathetic chord themselves and could not know that it was not touched by a master hand. Accordingly Patti was for a long while the fashion in London. She had

MARRIED A GENUINE MARQUIS, and was received at court; so of course

she was a great actress as well as singer. I have been at court concerts many a time at Buckingham palace when the prince, aye, and the princess of Wales, went up and complimented her upon her singing, and Madame Marquise la her singing, and Madame Marquise in Caux made a courtesy as graceful as she ever performed on the stage, and as cor-rect in etiquette as any of the prim peer-esses about her could execute. After that you may be sure everybody else thought her charming. She was invited to little dinners at Richmond Hill by ambassadors, and taken out on drags by noble lords with noble ladies by her side. She was very pretty in those days. She retained her freshness of look and voice a long while and her toilettes were rayishing. Her manner, too, was agreeable, although she was rather too conscious off the stage as well as on, but very captivating all the same. And she sang deliciously. If you did not care for soul there was nothing else to ask for. Vocalism, execution, facility, truth of tone, purity, sweetness, exquisite quality—something like the flavor of pate de foi gras, after champagne— the inest perfection appreciable to the most cultivated taste, and yet a sim-plicity in result which is only attainable by the highest art, and that taught her to touch the popular fancy in "Home, Sweet Home' EVERYTHING BUT SOUL. But never could she reach the power of infusing a sympathetic quality into that wonderful, flexible, tractable, elastic, cxtensible organ which in its own peculi arities is unrivalled in our time. ably Malibran may have equalled her; but I said in her time. For all I know, there were singers before the flood with purer and higher soprano notes, and who could execute the floriture passages of the "Traviata" or "Lucia" with greater taste or skill, but don't go back so far I have heard all the great prima don-nas for thirty years, and in that time no one has rivalled Patti in her own domain of exquisite and artificial art. And certainly no one has shared her triumphs. Every capital in Europe, from Madrid to st. Petersburg, has witnessed them; Rome, Naples, Milan, Paris, Berlin, Vienna have welcomed her. She has been petted by more monarchs and had presents from more millionaires than anybody of this or the last generationexcept Tom Thumb. The bracelets and "rings and things," as Petruccio says: the golden as well as laurel crowns that have been lavished upon her; the emperors that have sent for her after the opera or visited her between the acts; the empresses who have ALLOWED HER TO KISS THEIR HANDS: the students who have dragged her car riages (it is always students who drag the carriages; will any students who drag the carriages; will any student of human na-ture tell us why?); the crowds that have risen when she appeared; the managers that have quarrelled about her engagements; the bouquets that have nearly buried her; the salaries that have been showered upon her-would require an especial number of the BEE to enum erate. Brought up to suppose she was a sor of Wilhelm Meister's sweetheart; petter of Wilhelm Meister's sweetheart; petted by fine ladies; singing at concerts when she was four years old; then suddenly leaping into the position of the very queen of opera, in the days when opera was still the fashionable amusement of the great world. The English fash-ionables have forgotten that they ever had boxes at Convent Garden or Drury Lane; they now affect the play, and run after Irving or Kate Vaughan, or Nellie Farree. Opera houses with them are an Farren. Opera houses with them are an old story; while ours, and the people old story; while ours, and the people who frequent them, are nouveaux. But in the days of Patt's prime, duchesses and grand duchesses, as well as grand dukes, still looked and listened, both in Germany and Britain. SHE WAS AN ESPECIAL FAVORITE at the Tuilleries, while the Tuilleries ex-isted; the second empire admitted her to its exclusive circles. The Marquis de Caux was a member of the imperial court. One lineage was as long de scended as the other, and Patti's royalty lasted later than that of those who pat ronized her. This success, you may say, was all very well, for a court like that of Napoleon II., as much of a sham as that of Gerolstein; but almost the same thing occurred in England. Patti was not only asked to court concerts to sing, but to court balls to dance; her name was placed on the court circular,

among those of the marchionesses; after those that began with B, and before those that began with D. And this was all the stranger, because at that time the English treated artists de haut en bas. I have often been at concerts at private houses, where the great people of the stage were hired to perform, and were kept rigidly off from the great people who came to listen. Perhaps a duchess might condescend to go up and say how pleased she was to be pleased; but the sungers must keep their places and wait to be spoken to, not move about as guests. Their supper was always served guests. Their supper was always served to them apart. Patti was not treated in this way.

EVEN NILSSON NEVER

achieved the same position. I met the Swede soon after 1 went to London, at the house of the countess of Essex, but that noblewoman had herself been a public singer, though the stain of genius was covered by the coronet, she did not forget her origin, and always treated ar-tists as ladies and gentlemen. At that very dinner, Nilsson sat next the present Lord Rothschild, who seemed to admire her vastly, and people were wondering whether he would offer her his hand or his handkerchief. But 1 thought the his handkerchief. But I thought the prima donna laughed too loud, and opened her mouth too wide (she sat op-posite me); her manner suggested that she had, indeed, been a Mignon. She bared her arms and shewed the sinews that proved she had been a circus player. She was not the artist off the stage that Patti was, and could not play so well the role of a grande dame, to which she was not born. ADAM BADEAU.

ADAM BADEAU.

WONDERFUL CASE OF JAMES HARNEY

"I had been a medical student at R--college for about two years," said a grayhaired doctor who was one of a party around the cabin stove,"when I met with a singular adventure. It was forty years ago, and only a few lines concerning it were ever published. The state prison was located in the same city, and although there was no law to that effect, as is the case now, all bodies of dead convicts not claimed by friends were turned over to our college for subjects. It somtimes happened, however, that we did not want them, as we drew from other localities, and the classes were much fewer in number than now. At the time I speak of we had three or four subjects, and would not want any more for wee ks.

"One dav-it was in June-1 received a note requesting me to call on a convict at the prison named James Harney. He was a man only twenty-eight years of age, and had escaped the gallows by a scratch to be sentenced to solitary continement for life. Judges still sentence men to solitary confinement, but it is well known that the sentence is not carried out. After a brief period in a dark cell the convict is set to work with the other prisoners and treated just the same. At that time, however, solitrry confinement was a dungeon darker than midnight with leave to walk in a corridor lighted by lamps half an hour every third day. Harney was a stout, robust fel-low, with a constitution like iron, and had been in prison over two years when he sent for me. Some influential friends of his had interceded with the governor, and Harney himself had saved a keeper from being killed by an insane convict, and in consequence the terms of his sentence had been modified and mitigated. He was permitted to have the run of a corridor, an ordinary cell was allotted to him, and a part of the time he carried the meals to the men still in the dungeons. There was no possible chance for him to escape, and, as he had apparently resigned him-self to his fate, no one suspected him of such an intention. He had got a note to me on the excuse that he had some important matters to reveal regarding a robbery perpetrated on my father, then **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.

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breath leaves 'em,' he said to me one oc-Saunders screwed down the coffin lid, but before he had finished his work he dropped his tools and ran to the door

breath leaves 'em, he said to me one oc-casion, 'and keeping a corpse around here kinder discourages the living.' "When I informed Harney that it would be three months before our plans could be attempted, he grew desperate. He felt certain in his own mind that we should achieve success, and the idea of delay made him reckless. The prison graveyard was then a part of the city graveyard, or at least separated only by a 'Bosh. graveyard, or at least separated only by a fence. A dead convict was lifted into a pine coffin, the lid screwed down, and two men with a one-horse wagon drove to the graveyard and dumped the box into a three-foot hole and filled the hole up. There was no cerego. mony and no feeling. I knew all facts, for I had seen several burials, but how Harney could know them was a puzzle to me until I learned that he got them while in jail awaiting sentence. He now proposed that he should die and be buried, and that I should dig him up and carry him off, and wait for life to come. This called for far more nerve than the other plan, and I would not give him an answer until I found a fellow enthusias answer until i found a fellow entitistast who entered into the plot with great alacrity. We rented a room, arranged for a horse and wagon, provided our-selves with an electric battery, various restoratives, wine and food, and on the afternoon of the 21st day of June I prom-ised Harney that we would be ready on the following wight. Ho was highly here. the following night. He was highly elated, and assured me that if there was any hitch in the programme it would not be his fault. When I left him I went to the doctor's office in the prison, and after

and exclaimed: "'I believe Harney is in a trance or something of that sort, for as true as I live I saw his chest heave and his eyelids flutter as I put the cover on.'

there was a flutter of the eyelids, and I put my hand on his heart and could deteet a faint pulsation. The color con-tinued to come to his face, signs of life were multiplied each moment, and at five minutes to three, Harney opened his eyes and looked full at us. We saw at once that he was conscious and in pos-session of all his senses, and I bent over

"'Bosh,' shouled the dottal "But I did, sir.' "Look here, Saunders, I shall report to the warden that you had best be re-turned to the blacksmith shop. When a turned to the blacksmith turns. "I ted him wine and food, and five minutes later he dropped off into a natural and healthy sleep, which lasted four hours. When he awoke he was ready to sit up and talk, and, after eat-ing and drinking very heartily, he was able to walk across the room. When asked for his experience he replied: "The only way that I can describe it is to say that I lay down on my back on the floor, held my breath, closed my eyes and gradually became unconscious. It was perhaps ten minutes before I lost my seemed as if I was melting away to nothing. I kept repeating to myself, 'You must awake at 3 o'clock to-morrow,' and that was the very last thing I can remem-ber. My coming back to life was like awakening from sleep, but I feel weak, and tremble as if I had just got up from a fit of sickness." "Well, Harney was out of prison, and I had such facts and points on the subject of suspended animation as would make the public believe me a liar and a fraud if 1 wrote the solemn truth. After two or three days, when I asked what he pro-posed to do in the future, he sat and re-ilected, and then answered: "Bring me a razor, some court plaster and bandages, and I will answer your question before the week is out. "What do you intend?" "Trust me and ask no questions." "That night when I went to carry him his supper, I found Harney looking as if he had been fighting a duel with knives, and his face was so covered with strips of court plaster that he was a ludicrous sight. What had he done? Well, it is sight. What had he done? Well, it is worth relating, for he exhibited wonder-ful nerve and skill. He had a nose with a very large end. By the use of the razor he made an altogether different looking nasal organ of it. He had a fat chin; he made a dimple in it. His mouth was not rally large. By making a cut at was naturally large. By making a cut at one corner, which would leave a scar, he changed the contour of it. He had heavy eyebrows. These he trimmed down and shaped in a new way. Two weeks later, when he was ready to go out into the world as William Redford, no man could have identified him as James Harney. He was a machinist by trade and he went from our room to a shop in the the went from our room to a shop in the city and secured work, and for over twenty years he was a resident of the place. As William Redford he married there, came to have a half interest in the shop, and for six years was an alderman. I have spent many an hour in his his room. I have spent many an hour in his house and have trotted two of his children on "Was he ever suspected? No, but the convict Saunders, whose time soon ex-pired, told how Harney had been buried alive and the story created so much feeling that the grave was opened. They found the body gone, but the theory was that it had been stolen for some medical college. I was the doctor called to at-tend Redford in his last illness, which, strangely enough, was typhoid fever, and not half an hour before he died he whispered to me with a smile on his face: 'It will be for good this time, doctor.' "And so it was."

cer's club, which has its home at 19 West Twenty-fourth street, and is composed solely of relatives and sweethearts of the male fencers. Captain Nicholas, the expert, gives to them the benefit of all he knows, and on three days of the week, from 10 o'clock until 2, the prac-ticing room is sacred to feminine shricks and giggles, to skirts and Turkish trousers. In the class are some of the best known belies of fashion in the city. The names of Lorillard, Van-derbilt and Astor are among the first on the list. The limit decided upon for the membership has already been reached and the ladies have gone to work in very business like earnest, getting themselves organized, electing officers, appointing committees and otherwise making themselves into an actual club. They have not adopted a special costume, but each one dresses to suit herself. Some still along to skirts, though made fuller and orter than usual; some have falteringly othed themselves in Turkish trousers, louses and perhaps the addition of a rery much abbreviated skirt; still others have put on Mrs. Langtry's cos-tumes of jersey waist and loose trousarms. While engaged in actual exercise, all wear thick leather armor protecting the front of the body, with holes for the arms to go through and tied down the back. This addition to the costume is beginners in fencing it is highly neces-ary to save the tair form from punc-ture.

THE LATEST IN GLOVES.

THE LATEST IN GLOVES. The very latest spring glove just from Paris is suggestive of a sheet of mourn-ing paper, of a black-edged handker-chief, of a widow in the third degree of wee. In material it is of fine undressed kid, and in color it is of a graysh greenary-yallery cast, as if it had not guite recovered from seasickness. That te recovered from seasickness. That it is this hue where it isn't black. It is embroidered in black and bound with black, and there are stripes of black kid between the fingers and running their length. The effect is arque. But there is a purpose because hey are pretty. Their motive is more philosophical than that. They are put in because they make the fingers look long, lender and bird-clawish. Many of the new gloves from Paris are rather strik-

are and some of them are pretty hard, o. A pair of yellow green ones em-roldered in black, for instance, are quite qual in effect to a blow below the belt greenish tint sometimes quite decided come to have struck all the colored cloves. Green is the most frequent color to the millinery importations the millinery importations, and it be-ins to look as if fashion would make the procession from church on Easter Sunday look like a St. Patrick's day parade

day look like a St. Patrick's day parade. FLUFFILY FORTESCUE. Bome of our high society got odd in-struction and amusement from May Fortescue, the English actress and senti-mental plaintiff, just before her depart-ure this week for home. She is a beauty, be it understood, and her cleanly lawsuit gainst Lord Garmoyle has forced her into fashionable consideration. She may have failed, as they assert, in her pro-fessional tour of America, but the posi-tively last appearance before an audience was a triumph. Bernhardt is playing here. She freakishly insists upon making the intermissions between acts half an the intermissions between acts half an hour long. The people resent this trifling and Manager Abbey is seriously annoyed, because it hurts his business. Fortescue his direction. been under his direction, She told him that she wished to the great French we wished to I'll give you a box," he said, "if you wear good clothes, look your prettiest sit at the front so that the audience have something to divert them dur-"It's a bargain," replied Fortescue; "I roles.

pear

ARTLESS, COY, FRANK, bewitching and just a little timid. Ex-pecting the entrance of Sartorys, Bern-hardt stands at the left of the stage so that her profile is seen by the audience. Her shoulders are thrown back and her head slightly forward, so that in looking a person in the face, so that in looking a person in the face, she has to glance up under her brows. One hand is laid caressingly on the shoulder of her sister in the play. The other holds a rose, the stem of which she places constantly be-tween her teeth. Her lips are separated in a smile that convex the impression tween her teeth. Her lips are separated in a smile that corveys the impression that Fron Fron does not know whether she ought to smile or look solemn. Her body sways ever so slightly and alternately with its swaying she gives a nervous nibble at the stem of the rose. When Sartorys at last comes in she does not change her attude until the cue to take his hand, when, with a quick, sparkling glance at her sister, in which there is more of triumph than of fun, she withdraws her hand and extends fun, she withdraws her hand and extends fun, she withdraws her hand and extends it to her lover, throwing her shoulders still further back at the same moment; and as he holds her hand for an instant she looks up at him fearlessly under her brows, still smiling and biting at the rose stem. There is no hanging of the head to one side in Bernhardt's acting; it is always forwards and backwards. And I cannot remember that in the entire play cannot remember that in the entire play of "Frou Frou"she shrugged her shoulders once-a gesture much affected, and often

cleverly, by actresses playing similar roles. CLARA BELLE.

dead. I went to the prison supposing that was the convict's sole object. I was permitted to talk with him with an iron grating between us and a keeper sitting a few feet away to see that I did not pass in any article. "Harney's boldness filled me with as-

tonishment. He began by stating that he had heard I was an enthusiastic student of anatomy, and that I had written two or three articles for a medical magazin on the subject of suspended animation and trances. This was a fact, but as they had been written and published after Harney's imprisonment, and as he was supposed to be dead to the world, I could not understand how he had become acquainted with the fact. He put his propo sition entirely on the ground of medical science, and it was no more nor less than that he should die and his body be turned over to our college. He stipulated that his body should not go into the vat where the subjects are kept for twenty-four hours after being received, and that I should personally watch over it for that length of time. It was only after a sec-ond visit that I was enabled to fully comprehend his plans. He had discovered that he could die st will and return to life at any hour not over a day and a night distant. He said that he had tried it successfully up to ten hours on severa occasions, and felt sure that he could make the time twice or three times as long. A fellow prisoner who had ob-served him while in this state had asserted that it was a perfect countefeit o death, the heart ceasing its pulsations, the limbs growing cold and rigid and the pulse being too faint to be felt. He ap-pealed to my enthusiasm in medical science to make his escape from a life sentence, and though I was at first firmly opposed to the idea, he brought forward so many arguments and put them to me so keenly, that I was won over. "Medical science must have dead

bodies to secure benefits for the living,' he argued. 'I am a practical demonstration of a medical theory you hold. You believe that human life can be temporarily suspended, and you have been ridi cuted for your assertions. Here is the opportunity to prove your theory. 1 will die. All the doctors will pronounce me dead. You shall restore me to life. The case will make you famous.'

"'But your object is to escape from prison,' I protested. "'Granted. I killed an old man, who had only two or three years to live, any how. I have been shut up two years for

how. I have been shut up two years for it. It was my first and only crime, and I have bitterly repented it. Let me out into the world and I shall be a good man

under another name. The law will sup-pose me dead and be satisfied.' "In the end he overcame my scruples, and I agreed to his plans, but we were baffled at the very outset by the fact that reaction was coming on while the colvacation was coming on, while the college had more subjects than it needed This was June, you will remember, and it would be near October before Harney's plan could be carried out. We could safely figure in this case as in all others. The prison doctor was an old quack, who had secured his pince through politics.

had secured his place through politics. It was well known among the medical fra-ternity that he was stupid and ignorant, and that the patients who took his doses were as likely to die as to mend. When a convict died, the case was nearly always reported as typhoid fever. The old fellow appeared to reason that this was a virulent disease, which he could not be expected to cure, and consumption. not be expected to cure, and consumption. iung fever, and nearly everything else went down in his reports as 'Tiefoid fever-badd case.' It was his rule to get the body out of the way as soon as pos-sible. If a convict died early in the morning, he was burried in the afternoon, on his body sent to the college in the even-ing. If he died at about dusk, his body was disposed of before midnight disposed of before midnight. 'Convicts are useless critters after the

a few general remarks, observed: "Well, doctor, is there much sick

ness?' " 'No, not much.' "

" 'We shan't want any more cadavers before October.'

before October.' "'No, I suppose not. Well, it isn't much of a job to plant em.' "I was just talking with Harney-No. 310. He's looking powerful bad, and I predict that he won't live a month.' "'Harney! Oh, yes. I was noticing him the other day. Got all the points of tiefoid, he has, and he may drop off any day.'

day.'Well, give him a decent burial, doc

tor. Good day." "I had scored a point for my man. The doctor was prepared for his death, and would make the usual record. This is what happened at the prison soon after I left: The doctor was informed that Harney was ill, and he went in to see him and found him feverish and flighty, with

his pulse way up. "Sorry for you, Harney,' said the old quack, after making a brief examination, but I'm afraid you are going to be a very

"Doctor, it's no use,' whispered Har ney. 'If anybody can save me, you can; but I feel that I have only a short time to live. I've had trouble with my heart for a long time, and I feel as if I was gradually

ders, and perhaps you'll brace up; but, to be honest with you, I think your hours

are numbered." "Next morning Harney was much worse, and the doctor gave up all hopes, and sent the chaplain in to console the dying man. Harney was very penitent, and when the good man left him it was with the firm conviction that the dying convict had truly repented of all his sins. At 8 o'clock in the afternoon the hall master reported to the doctor:

"No. 310 is dead in his cell, str. "Ob, he is? Well, those that can't live must die. We will have to go the same way. Have the body put in a coffin and carried to the dead house, and it had better be buried as soon as night

comes.' "'Isn't it to go to the college?' "'No. They don't need any more just

now. "A plain white wood coffin was taken "A plain white wood collin was taken into the corridor, and the body of 310, which was already growing rigid was placed in it, and the burden was then carried to a shed in the yard which was used for a dead house. A convict named

know his business, one or the other must

shouted the doctor.

' 'But I meant no disrespect, sir.'

"But I meant no disrespect, sir." "Perhaps not; but when I pronounce a man dead of tiefoid fever—aye, when I have already made my report to that ef-fect—he is either dead or I am a cussed

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. I was probably mistaken, sir, and I'll promise that this does not happen again. Please forgive me, sir. I must have been a little nervous.' Well, I'll overlook it this time, but

be more careful in future. Have him buried as soon as it is dark. I don't like the idea of keeping dead folks around

Soon after dusk the wagon drove out of the prison yard with its burden of death, and the burial party consisted of a citizen employed for the purpose and trusty convict. They had the grave to dig, and they had not yet completed it when we arrived on the ground and carefully crept to a position within ear shot. They were in a hurry to have the job of their hands, and they had not gone down over two feet when the citizen employe

of the prison said to the convict: "That's deep enough for him or any other dead man. Nobody's to know

whether ne's two or seven feet down.' "'Correct you are,' replied the con-vict, as he got out of the whole. 'I came near getting into trouble with the doctor over this fellow.'

'How?' "'As I put the lid on the coffin I say his eyelids flutter and his chest heave, and I went to the doctor with it. The old fraud threatened to take my soft snap

away.' 'You might have been deceived.' "Never. I'm certain that we are bury-ing the poor devil alive; but that's noth-ing to you or me. He'll be dead enough by the time all the dirt is on top of him. "Right you are. He might as well be buried alive in this hole as to die by inches in the prison. Grab hold, now, and we'll do him the good turn to let him down gently.'

They made only ten minutes work of filling up the grave, and they had scarcely reached their wagon when the two of us were throwing out the dirt. When we came to the coffin we lifted it out, removed the lid, took out the body, and the coffin was returned to the grave and the conin was returned to the trace and the dirt shovelled back. In three-quarters of an hour from Harney's first burial we had him in our quarters, and had escaped any chance for suspicion of body snatching. During our last of body snatching. During our last interview in prison he had exacted of me the promise that I would make no efforts at resuscitation until twenty-four hours had passed. He intended to die for just that period of time, and he firmly believed his will could control events. After twenty-four hours had passed I was at liberty to use any means I thought

After twenty-four hours had passed I was at liberty to use any means I thought best. We undressed the body, wrapped it in woolen blankets, and laid it on a bed. On a stand beside the bed we placed water, wine and food, and then left the room and turned the key in the door. This was at 11 o'clock at night, and Har-ney had been dead eight hours. The twenty-four hours would not expire until 8 o'clock in the afterpoor of the next

d'clock in the afternoon of the next day. "We did not go near the room until half an hour before the expected time, and the moment we looked on the dead man's face we realized that reaction had set in The pallor was disappearing, color was returning to the lips, and there was a moisture which felt warm to the touch We drew up our chairs without a word and paid the keenest attention to what was to outrival any experience in any doctor's career. At a quarter of three

A rat and a cock-sparrow had a pitched battle in Oil City the other day. The sparrow was the aggressor, and attacked the rat viciously, striking at it very much in the style of a game cock and then flying down and peeking at it. Once it struck the rat in the eye, and the rat spun around and around before it could get its bearings. In the end, however, the rat got the best of the battle, and the sparrow few away, having lost many feathers.

"'Yes, I think so, doctor.' "You've got all the symptoms of tie-foid; and if the disease gets a good grip on you, it will be a hard job to pull you through.'

going to pieces.' "Well, I'll send you in some pow