DEATH AMONG STRANGERS.

Particulars of the Accidental Shooting of Mr. S. W. Morrison.

A CAREER TO BE PROUD OF.

State Superintendent Akers Notifies Teachers of Arbor Day — The Growing Strength of the Labor Vote—Other Iowa News.

Morrison's Demise.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 10.—[Special to the BEE.]—The sudden death of Mr. S. W. Morrison, of Chicago, while hunting near this city a few days ago, deserves more than a passing notice, and illustrates anew the force of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It is one of the strange things of nature that men can go through perils innumerable by sea and land, and then meet their death in some trivial manner as he did. Mr. Morrison was only thirty years of age at the time of his death, yet his brief career had been crowded full of adventure. He entered the United States navy some time ago, and when a call was made for volunteers to go to the relief of the ill-fated Jeanette he was one of the first to respond. He sailed from San Francisco in the spring of 1881 in the John Rogers, a steamer bought by the government for that purpose. After passing through some frightful storms before reaching the Arctic ocean, the ship met its fate while in winter quarters off the Asiatic coast. One fine morning it was discovered on fire and the flames spread with such rapidity that it could not be saved. The vessel was a mile from shore. Its boats were useless in the floating ice and death by drowning or fire seemed inevitable, when Morrison offered to reach the shore in a little skin canoe and carry a safety line with him. Taking two men he started on his perilous trip. With a couple of boards he steered his canoe from one cake of ice to another, riding when possible, and part of the time half submerged in the icy water. After a hazardous voyage of nearly one hour he reached the shore, and drew after a heavy cable, by which the balance of the ship's company reached land in safety. Then came weary months spent in the cabins of Esquimaux, and the fruitless search for help, and the patient waiting till a messenger sent overland 1600 miles could reach St. Petersburg and cable Uncle Sam for relief. In due time the help came and the would-be rescuers were themselves saved. Mr. Movison's bravery, which saved the lives of the whole crew, called forth a special letter of thanks from the secretary of the navy, and the promise of promotion when the first opportunity should come. However, having had enough of the sea, as he thought, he resigned, and began business as an electric engineer, and expert and in that capacity visited DesMoines, three years and a half ago, superintending the establishment of an electric plant here. While so engaged he received notice of his appointment to a fine position in the revneue marine service, with headquarters at New York, and he once more entered the navy, and continued for a year. Then he sailed to Europe and traveled abroad for a year, then came back and went into business, and while visiting old friends here a few days ago went out for a little hunt, accidentally shot himself and was dead in a minute. After sailing in three oceans, facing death from fire, flame and famine, he at last meets his fate on solid ground by the accidental discharge of a gun while out on a little pleasure trip. It seems like the irony of nature.

ARBOR DAY.

State Superintendent Akers has appointed May 4 as Arbor day, when teachers and children in the public schools shall plant trees on the school house grounds. The code provides for having this done every year, but the practice has not always been kept up, and this year Superintendent Akers calls special attention to it and will make the event one of great satisfaction. He suggests that additional interest could be given to the exercises if the children were permitted to name the trees after distinguished individuals in groups. Thus he would have a president's group, a soldier's group, a poet's group, etc. He designates this year's Arbor day as a memorial to Horace Mann, New England's great educator, whom Iowa regards with special pride and veneration. When the fathers of Iowa were framing the school system for the young territory they secured the help of Horace Mann and he spent some time here and assisted in devising the present admirable school system which has borne such fruits that Iowa has to-day a less percentage of illiteracy than any other state in the union. It is very fitting, therefore, to set apart Arbor day as a memorial to the great educator who has done so much for the cause. It is expected that as a part of the exercises of the day there will be speeches of Horace Mann read by the teachers with quotations from his works, music, etc. May 4 promises to be a very important day for the school children of Iowa.

AN EFFORT TOWARD JUSTICE.

The governor has done his duty toward wiping out the stain of the Corning lynching by offering the customary reward for the arrest of those concerned in it, but it is not probable that the men to whom it refers will ever be known to the law. Just before the band separated after the tragedy was over, the leader solemnly informed his associates that if any of them ever made public the names of their fellows, his fate would be the fate of the man hanging from the tree before them. If the governor had been allowed by law to offer such sum as his discretion seemed best, there would be more of a chance to secure some result. But the law provides one inflexible and unchangeable reward for the detection of murderers, and no matter now aggravated the circumstances, the sum at his disposal is never more than $500.

LARRABEE AND THE RAILROADS.

The contest between the governor and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad develops the fact that the executive of the state is very strongly determined to bring the railroads to a strict accountability. He insists that they have been violating the law for several years, and have never been brought to time. He proposes that they shall now, and if the present railroad commissioners do not assist, it is hinted that he will dispense with their services and appoint a commission who will. He is thoroughly in earnest in this respect and has fortified himself with a large amount of facts and figures in support of his claim.

THE GRANT CLUB.

The Grant club of this city is making preparations to celebrate General Grant's birthday on the 27th by appropriate ceremonies. This was the first club in the state to take the name of the great republican leader, and it is composed of the leading republicans here at the capital. Colonel Hepburn and several other orators of acknowledged reputation have been invited to make addresses, and an inspiring and patriotic occasion is expected.

IOWA'S PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITE.

Senator Allison, whom so many regard as the strongest man for the republicans to nominate for the presidency, is home for the summer and quietly engaging in his regular work. He is making no trips through the south, nor attempting to attract any special attention to himself, but, all the same, he is constantly growing in popular favor and proving his fitness for a nomination to any high office the people may have to give. Blaine has still the warm regard of Iowa republicans and if he will consent to be a candidate there is no doubt that Iowa will stand, and if he is not a candidate there is also no doubt that the state will shout enthusiastically for Allison, and be prepared to support him with a determination to win.

SONS OF TOIL TO THE FRONT.

The growing strength of the labor vote in so many cities is the talk of the hour. When the laboring men captured Dubuque at the recent city election they surprised no one more than themselves. It is the new factor—this labor vote—that is going to play a very important part in the politics of the future. So far the labor vote has drawn largest here in Iowa from the democrats. Several more surprises are expected in the fall elections.

The Rahway Mystery.

RAHWAY, N. J., April 10.—Ex-Chief of Police Yates, of Elizabeth, telephoned to Mayor Daly to-night that he could positively identify the murdered girl.

Call and see the Peerless Vapor Stoves at Morehouse Bros.', 602 N. 16th St.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

Reports From the Winter Wheat Belt Show Damage By Drought.

CHICAGO, April 10.—The following is the weekly crop summary of the Farmers' Review of this city: Complaints of drought come from all parts of the winter wheat belt, and are especially numerous in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri. In nearly every county of Illinois the reports indicate that the ground is dry, and together with the prevalence of cold winds, has retarded growth and caused some injury to growing grain. In Johnson, Wayne and White counties the grain is looking poorly. In Champaign, Clay, Clinton, Crawford, Effingham and Gallatin counties the crop is described as in fair condition, while in Brown, Fulton, Greene, Hardin, Hamilton, Hancock, Kankakee, Madison, Pulaski, Stephenson and Wabash counties, despite the need of rain, the prospects are still excellent. In Knox and Montgomery counties, of Indiana, the crop shows injury from drouth and cold winds. In Carroll, Clark, Clay, Crawford, Elkhart, Fountain, Gibson, Jay, Lagrouge, Monroe, Morgan and Vermillion counties the prospects are still regarded as favorable. In Ashtabula, Delaware and Hancock counties of Ohio the wheat fields show injury, but in Coshocton, Crawford, Darke, Hocking, Huron, Jackson, Lucas, Montgomery and Sandusky the outlook is favorable for nearly an average crop. In Ellis and Lyon counties, of Kansas, considerable grain has been plowed under, having been winter-killed. The crop is reported looking badly in Ellsworth, Jewell and Pawnee counties, but is still in fair condition in Anderson, Butler, Cherokee, Cowley, Crawford, Jefferson, McPherson, Miami and Washington counties. Winter wheat in the southern tier of counties of Michigan continues to look poorly. Reports from Missouri, while describing the need of rain, are nearly all of a favorable tenor. Spring seeding has commenced in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, but not under favorable conditions, owing to the dry weather. The fruit prospects in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri are poor, peaches especially having been injured and will be a short crop. In Ohio and Wisconsin the fruit prospects are considered good.

"PARALLEL PILGRIMAGES."

The French War Question and General Boulanger's Shrewd Strategy.

PARIS, March 18.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Despite M. DeLesseps' pacific pilgrimage to Berlin, General Boulanger has commenced opening "parallels." He inveigled the ambassadors to dine with him, and drove them into—ecstacies, not only by a Lucullus divine—but a wittily composed bill-of-fare, which served as Attic salt. Among the ancients, a repast was a religion; men had no other sign of union more expressive than to eat in common. Many a man who abstains from church-going will accept with alacity an invitation to a dinner; he may reveal the "Seven Sleepers" at a charity sermon, but will reserve his forty winks till he has feasted on the fat things. Boulanger is the shrewdest of strategists, knowing that great events depend on a good or bad digestion, he put on the whole strength of the kitchen to captivate, not capture his guests. Charles IX rose one day from table with a colic; he believed the protestants had poisoned him, and he ordered their massacre at once. Carlisle's digestion made him anything but an "angel of the household"—at least it is believed that was his wife's opinion. Rosseau was most misanthropic after his dinner, and it was due to a burnt mutton-hash, that he decided to send his children to be reared and educated by the state—in the workhouse. It is only the boa constrictor which is most dangerous after meals, hence, why it is avoided.

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If, as Rousseau lays down, the character of people can be derived by the choice of dishes, the Germans ought to rank Boulanger with their own emperor, for both their paths are peace. Thus, the general served his diplomatic guests with Dutch soup—so good as to secure the succession bill passing in Holland; Sarony crusts, a la Vienna, sufficient to mollify Count Valniky; lake trout, a la German, symbol of Bismarck's clear policy and Moltke's unruffled calm; haunch of venison, a la England, a compliment to her "high" foreign policy; fowl a la Portugal; then the pheasant ragout, a la Russia, to symbolize the czar's political hash; slices of wild duck and Spanish sauce, emblem of Iberian canards; American lobster salad, suggestive of Liberty Enlightening the World, or an excellent corpse reviver. There was Roman punch to drink the health, though in spoonfulls, to the new Italian ministry. The Danes were remembered in roast plover and gelinottes, birds that never flock together, like the king and his parliament. The Athenian salad, served as rosemary to the Greeks—for remembrance. Asparagus, a la Belge, to calm the nerves of the good folks of Little Britain, who fear they will be invaded. Ices were a la Japan, the bonnes-bouches a la Chinese, and nibbling confectionery was dedicated to Sweden. The Bombe, a la parisienne, exploded, owing to a chorus of admiration from the guests—the only mellenite visible.

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The emperor of Germany is on the threshold of his ninetieth year; his dearly beloved Augusta is seventy-five. His majesty dies as often in Berlin as in Paris; a change in the wind may produce not only one fainting fit, but a succession of them, so he will continue in perfect health till some New York Herald weather signal announces the coming mortal blast. Till such arrives, the grand old man of Germany will show himself daily at the palace window to solute the regiment passing below and smile a blessing on his loving subjects, between two twirls of his thick snow moustache. Some conclude, the emperor's straight back is stiffened by stays; not a bit of it; the drill sergeant and practising his lessons during seventy years, explains the mystery. His majesty has no marked passion save to be a "sentinel without reproach;" he has no cranks, he is neither devotee nor materialist; neither a heavy eater nor a hard drinker; he desires to be a military "Lord Shepherd of Peace."

When presented to the old warrior, his first glance is to take your weight; to guess do you belong to the infantry, dragoons or artillery. He looks imposing in his uniform of black, with red braidings, a little the worse for wear; but it fits comfortably like an old slipper. From his neck falls the decoration of the "Order of Merit," not for good work alone done in the past, but for every-day labor at his desk. Like Victor Emmanuel, his majesty keeps twirling his moustache when speaking, as if a young man with the down on the upper lip commencing to harden. He only speaks in short, word-of-command style; something of the minute-gun delivery. His French is not Parisian; he is better up in English, having learned it in his exile days, thirty-nine years ago, in the headquarters of cockneydom. But he prefers shaking you by the hand than conversing, and at such official duty he would beat the president of the white house when in full swing.

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The emperor cares nothing about literature, and still less, art. He hates music and theatres; adores the opera—in its ballet parts. A pit full of officers applauding the leg business of the danseuses, acts like a fortifying elixir on the old monarch—his boys are happy, as they should be, like free-passers always. The only book his majesty reads is Sue's "Wandering Jew," he commenced it when a young man, and keeps pegging away at it still. What pertinacity! But he turns over the pages of the chief illustrated papers of every country. Neither he, Bismarck, nor Moltke, were ever known to be inside of a museum in their lives. They all devour military pamphlets, to which the chancellor has to add, for his own account, any despatches that his son Herbert, cannot deal with. When the emperor ascended the throne, he had only debts; to-day he is wealthy; his little pile is estimated 18 fr millions, and he goes on saving still. He is as frugal as Queen Victoria, and only his banker is his confidant. His savings are destined for his grand son, his pet.

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His majesty pays a tea visit every evening to the empress, who returns it next morning at breakfast time. With this exception, they live apart, trying to avoid meeting rather than to encounter. The empress is nervous and irritable. He old ladies of honor dote on the emperor they wear in their watch lockets a pellet of the shot extracted from his majesty's wounds when riddled some years ago by an assassin. It will last longer than a lock of hair and brings luck, as the dames seem fated to live as long as an annuitant, who, Byron says, never dies. The crown prince and princess are still kept in the social go-cart by their majesties; there is nothing for it but to grin and bear it. But, Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day when the heir and his resolute wife succeed to the throne. There will be a clearing out similar to what might be expected if in France the monarchists had the chance to play equality and fraternity with the republicans.

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A person carries their life in their hand when alluding to anything jubileeic; indeed the very appearance of a big J, makes one feel immediately, "not quite well, thank you." In the British colony here, the endemic has been raging in a limited, but not less intense form. Some gave way under jubilee on the brain, so far as to renounce the distribution of tracts, and of cards to collect money for the conversion of the Jews—why not let Marechale Booth tell off a few battalions, to do skirmishing duty in the rue Laffitte before Rothschild's office? There was not a coterie but rivalled the tailors of Tooley street—"We the people of England;" they had an axe to grind, counting upon a C. B-ship, or a knighthood. In the midst of this chaos came forth order, thanks to Mr. Blount, the banker, and the popular director of the Great Western railway The Blounts were always totherefore at a pinch, at least consult Shakespeare. The present descendant will secure a baronetcy, and everyone who knows him will congratulate him on the honor. Meantime the hat is to be sent round, and the collection expended on a Paris refuge for the British poor, and a slice, for that brick and motar head-centre of loyalty—the imperial institute, if a site can be found. The Americans have movable houses, as Ireland has moving bogs; why not solicit our cousins to run up a transportable I. I.

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The republic is also going in largely for building, as the erection of the Revolution institute is decided upon, and 12,000,000 fracs will be voted to run it up—this can be readily voted as, thanks to the new income tax, the treasury will be as full of cash as an egg of meat. It is not a site which is wanted, but a plan. Architects are left a free hand to submit their illustrated ideas to commemorate the 1879 triumph of popular soverignty. Monarchal architects are free to compete. The institute must contain a museum, and a valhalla palace—not for the souls, but the marble statues of the great men and martyrs of the revolution. Laid to rest in the pantheon, and set up in the hall of tombs, even if in plaster of paris as at Versailles for kings and courtiers, who could hesitate to mourir pour la patrie?

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Two men have been condemned to death within the last few days in Paris. The first was a soldier, looked to by a court-martial. He shot a comrade dead, who was continually chaffing the assassin; the punishment, however, was too heavy for the horse play. May M. Grevy be in one of his clement mood days when the soldier's petition for pardon arrives at the Elysee. The second death sentence was passed by the Assize court on a recidivist, a scoundrel, who was taken in from motive of charity, as a waiter in a wine shop. The proprietor had to put in his twenty-eight days militia drill; his wife kept the shop going; one night when she was counting up the day's receipts the waiter murdered her, tore off her trinkets, decamped to Algiers, where he was arrested. He deserves, as the Germans say, "to be put under the knife."

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This is the way Parisians at least exercise the summary jurisdiction act on gypsies who steal children. The parents of a pretty girl, aged twelve, lost her; they searched in vain for her, as did the police. One day the poor father in his disconsolate wanderings near the outskirts of the city, saw his child, and quietly followed her to a showman's van which was laid up in ordinary for the winter, and surrounded by a stockade of old planks, he peeped in, recognized the child, who fled into the van when he called her. A crowd had collected, and thickened like a snow ball. The father went up to the van door to claim his child. The proprietor, an acrobat, replied by lodging a bullet in the father's head. The crowd now broke in, pulled out the showman, and were pounding him into jelly, when two policemen arrived, and with difficulty dragged the girl-grabber to the station. The showman's wife took to her heels, the small boys spotted her, and perhaps ignorant of her being a Jewess, stoned her. The other part of the crowd, after taking out the living occupants of the van, including learned dogs, linquistic cockatoos and a monkey unrivalled for tricks, etc., put the palisading over the van and set fire to the lot, dancing around the bonfire. The police arrived to record only a pile of ashes, and a monkey that would not "move on," being on the limb of a poplar tree, though invited to do so in the name of the law.

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What was feared has arrived; the bullfight has become an institution. However, there is nothing repulsive about the display; the most peaceful of the members of the peace society might sit it out; children do, and go home promising to be good for a month. The Oller circus has an arena, which serves also as a basin of fresh water, for aquatic clowns, mermaids, naval combats, and speaking seals. This is boarded over for the pony business, the jumping through paper hoops, waltzing elephants, monkey supper parties and asses at liberty. At a signal given the arena opens, when earthquakes are flying about and thousands of people bolting from them, the vision is not inviting; a few spectators, those who have done the earthquake at Nice likely, clutch their seats. When the flooring slides arise we are in the presence of a Spanish fair at Seville, the town famous for oranges and the depot of the prettiest girls in the world—save where they can be surpassed. Next rushes in a bull with tremendous horns, bellowing and switching his tail; the animal makes a rush at picador, who seizes a horn—and keeps it; around plunges the bull—that has a nice, nut-brown hide, and said to belong to an Anglo-American race; and another picador, in self-defense, grasps the second horn, which too comes away. The matador now advances to put the animal out of pain with uplifted sword—not made of hoop iron; he is on the point of striking, when the bull bursts its sides—with laughter, as two clowns emerge with a "Here we are again!" The individual that could not scream at this, should at once make his arrangements with some economic funeral company.

THURBER'S BIRDS OF SONG.

The Arrival of the National Opera Company by Special Trains.

OVER THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE.

Treasurer Jaffray Talks—The Attacks Upon the Company—"The Flying Dutchman" To-Night—The Stage and the Scenery.

The National Opera Company.

At 10:45 o'clock last night the leading members of the great National Opera company arrived at the Council Bluffs transfer. They were cosily quartered in the Wagner sleepers, Missouri, Geneva, Oscoda and Traveler. Their baggage was carried in three cars of the West Shore line.

The arrival of the train was anticipated by the BEE representative. When it came to a stand it was boarded by the scribe. Mr. Locke, the manager had gone out to attend to some matters while a corps of U. P. employes busied themselves in inspecting the running gear of the sleeping palaces. Mr. C. D. Jaffray, the treasurer of the company was found reclining in the sitting room of the Traveler. He was pleased to meet the BEE's representative and took occasion to tell how greatly had been appreciated by the management the efforts the paper had made to bring the National opera company to Omaha, as also to entitle this city to rank with the largest places in the country in establishing a school for the cultivation of operatic music.

As the cars rolled from the transfer over the bridge to this city, Mr. Jaffray spoke of the malicious attacks which had been made upon the company. He detailed a number of instances wherein hirelings of the press, avaricious managers, and creatures whose will was compelled to yield to the rules of the organization, had done everything that seemingly lay in their power to compel the venture to result in failure. "So great and numerous have been these attacks," said Mr. Jaffray, "that there is now nothing left for them to do, to attain their malicious end, but to burn our scenery or theater in which we play or tear up the track and run our train to destruction. Nothing less than this can have any effect upon us. We are not endeavoring to make money. We are simply striving to pay our expenses and that we are doing handsomely. To do even that is something great when you consider that everything we attempt is carried out in a style of splendor and perfection heretofore never attempted. Our costumes are the finest that the pieces will allow, our scenery the best that can be painted, while our singers, dancers, chorus and orchestra are such as have not yet been approached in this country. We have abolished the star system, or rather we have not in practice the star system. We have artists, notwithstanding, and every part is filled to perfection. I met Mr. Rosewater in New York several times last season, and appreciated the efforts he made to induce the company to come to Omaha then, but we were so engaged that we could not make an engagement at that time."

By this time the train had rolled across the bridge, and Miss Emma Juch came into the parlor with buoyant spirits, bursting into a rapturous exclamation of delight over the aspect of the Missouri, tipped as it was with the radiance of the brilliant moon. Miss Juch is a beautiful woman, with a wealth of flossy hair and possessed of vivacity which, with her wonderful vocal powers, will undoubtedly conduce to strengthening the favorable impression which she has already made upon our people. The management in deference to this gifted lady ought to abolish the paper mache alleged likeness of her which appear in some of our store windows. They are libels, making the famous songstress look more like an idiot than the beautiful and intelligent creature she is.

The Union Pacific management allowed the train to roll into the middle of the depot on this side, instead of on the track adjacent to the platform. As a consequence, the visitors were compelled to walk along the dirty tracks until they found an opening in one of the trains which enabled them to reach the carriages.

The principals with their husbands and wives were driven to the Millard, where they registered in these names:

Mr. Hock and wife, Mr. Pierson and wife, C. D. Jaffray and wife, Miss Fabris, C. E. Locke, Miss Juch and mother, William Ludwig and wife, Miss Van Zanten, Pauline l'Allemand and William Candidus.

The following registered at the Paxton: William H. Fessenden and wife, M. W. Whitney and wife, Miss Phillipps, Arthur Mees, Gustave Hinrichs, A. E. Stoddard and wife, A. W. Hilienthal, O. Schitz, F. Volker, R. Schliewen, G. Niccolini, G. Muller, H. Bahrs, J. Jaeger, W. H. Lee, W. H. Hamilton.

The second train, containing the ballet and chorus, arrived at 12 o'clock. The parties on board remained in the cars.

The third train, containing all the baggage, arrived here at 1 o'clock this morning. The scenery required for the three operas to be presented here will be put in place this morning.

The Stage and the Scenery.

The exposition building has been transformed into a mammoth opera house to accommodate the army of artists who take part in this musical festival. The stage proper is 78x64 feet in dimensions, built of the best material and equipped as completely as in the largest opera houses in the country. Dressing rooms for 300 people have been provided in the rooms in the east end of the building and in the annex. The musicians have been provided with a separate dressing room under the gallery. A space of sixteen feet between the stage and the orchestra rail will furnish room for the renowned Theodore Thomas orchestra. The appliances for manipulating the many changes of scenery have been carefully arranged, and the opera will be presented with every care to the mechanical and scenic effects.

To-Night's Programme.

The initial performance of the National Opera company will take place at the exposition building this evening. Wagner's brilliant opera, "The Flying Dutchman," will be presented with the full strength of the company, and will be followed by the grand ballet bal costume. Especial attention has been paid to the arrangement of the scenic effects in the production of this opera. In one act a huge ship is seen approaching in the distance. It gradually increases in size and finally lands at the wharf with sixty sailors aboard. The delusion is perfect, the scene being one of the finest ever presented, and alone worth the price of admission. In the cast of "The Flying Dutchman," Charles Bassett, tenor; William Ludwig and Alonzo Stoddard, baritones; Myron Whitney, basso; Emma Juch, soprano, and Jessie Bartlett Davis and Mathilde Phillips, contraltos, will appear. In the grand bacchanal ballet will appear such principal dancers as Marie Ginri and Felicita Carrozi, assisted by a splendid corps de ballet.

Tuesday afternoon Leo Delibes' grand opea, "Lakme," will be given, with such leading singers in the cast as Pauline L'Alemand, Alonzo Stoddard, Charles Bassett, William H. Lee, Amanda Fabris, Rose Ritchie, Matilde Phillips, Jessie Bartlett, Davis and William Fessenden. In the second act the grand ballet of the "Bayaderes" will be given, in which will appear such queens of the ballet as Mlle. Carrozi, Mlle. Theodora de Gellert, assisted by all the coryphees and twenty advanced pupils of the ballet school, the whole to conclude with a grand march and sacred dance.

Tuesday evening Richard Wagner's grand opera "Lohengrin." In this splendid opera will appear Myron W. Whitney as Henry I, of Germany, assisted by William Candies, Bertha Pierson, William Ludwig, William Merton and Cornelia Van Zanten.

Omaha has had a great many notable musical events, but none that will compare with the feast of song that will be presented during this festival. An awakening in the higher class of music is incated by the interest that is being taken in this festival, and the exposition building will doubtless hold the most cultured audiences that have ever assembled in Omaha. That the audiences should be the largest that have ever assembled in Omaha, the promised excellence of the performances will more than warrant.

ROBBERY OF THE OFFERINGS.

Trinity Cathedral Visited by a Sneak Thief Who Steals $60.

While Easter services were in progress at Trinity cathedral yesterday morning, some enterprising crook was calmly appropriating the morning offerings. Dean Gardner carried the contribution of the early morning service to his study and locked the door, placing the key where it was customarily hidden, just above the door. When he returned the door was still closed and the key was where he had left it. The offering, however, was gone. The amount was about $60. It was not a serious loss to the church, but it was a despicable theft nevertheless. The thief must have obtained access to the vestry through the church, as all of the outside doors were locked. He escaped before knowledge of the theft, by the door.

The offerings of the day amounted to about $500.

HISTORICAL HISTRIONICS.

How the "Queen's Favorite" Takes in Important English Events.

BOSTON, Mass., April 5.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—In my last letter I made some mention of the play called "The Queen's Favorite," which was being presented at the Park theatre in this city by Miss Genevieve Ward and her company. The play is so full of historic and literary interests that it will certainly warrant a more careful exposition.

To the thorough student of English history, the period of the reign of Queen Anne is an interesting one. At that time there was a constant and bitter struggle between courtiers and unscrupulous attendants for the favor of the poor, weak queen, and it is with these intrigues that the play deals. Besides the queen herself, the most important personages are Sarah Jennings, duchess of Marlborough, and Henry St. John, who afterwards becomes Lord Bolinbroke. As is well known the duchess was Queen Anne's groom of the state or mistress of robes, and was, therefore, very intimate with her. Her power over the queen was so great that it was a question which was the queen and which the attendant. The duchess not only exercised a rigid authority over matters of dress and the charge of the royal household, but often dictated to her upon affairs of great importance to the state. The influence of the duchess at the court of Anne was not only well understood at home, but it was recognized by the continental powers of Europe. When Charles III, of Spain, was on his wedding tour, he went to England to pay his respects to Queen Anne, who received her royal ally with great courtesy and entertained him with royal magnificence. All kinds of people crowded together to see the young king dine with the queen in public, and the deportment and appearance of Charles excited much admiration among the spectators, especially the fair sex, whose national beauty was highly extolled by the comely young monarch. The duchess was there. Though no longer young

SHE STILL LOVED

to grace the court which she controlled. It was her duty after dinner to hold the basin for the royal hands to be dipped after the manner of the ancient lover and ewer, likewise the modern finger bowl. Charles took the basin from the hands of the fair duchess, and after gallantry holding it to the queen, and returning it to the duchess, he drew a valuable rine from his finger and placed it on that of the stately Sarah. The casual observers called it a notable piece of gallantry, but the long-headed ones set it down as a cunning bit of "snipery." Such it was. King Charles put on the bait and the Duchess of Marlborough bit. Two years later, this same duchess, and not Queen Anne, received a letter of thanks from Charles for the assistance granted him in the way of troops and supplies to help him fight the French.

The above is but one of the many historic instances going to show to how great an extent the duchess made herself the power behind the thrown. It is even admitted that the rigid surveilance of the duchess amounted in some instances to rank insolence. When once the queen, attended by the duchess, were driving through London to attend some public ceremony in St. Paul's, history records that these august persons engaged in a highly tempered quarrel which was listened to with wonder by the populace which crowded the royal procession, and that in a fit of passion the duchess peremptorily said to the queen "Hold your tongue!" This disgraceful scene was caused by the queen having refused to wear a certain dress selected by the duchess for the occasion.

But to return to the play. Henry St. John, whom our English friends are pleased to call "Sint Junn," with a marked accent on the "Sint," is the avowed rival of the duchess for the favor of the queen.

The dialogue of these two persons with each other and with the queen makes up the principal part of the play. To say that the whole thing is charming seems insufficient. To begin with, it is a delightful change from the farcical coarseness of most of our American comedies. The listener feels himself transported into a highly literary realm, where the mind can feed on intellectual bon-bons of the most delicate flavor, and where a single grain of common-placeness would embitter the whole repast. Added to the keen wit and skillful construction of the play is the admirable acting of the leading artists, Miss Ward and Mr. Vernon.

THE MINUTEST DETAILS

of the play have received Miss Ward's careful personal attention. She has spent many hours in the British museum examining old prints, to get the correct mode of dressing the hair, and the proper materials for the proper costumes. Even so small a matter as the black patches on the face had to be historically correct, as the tory ladies wore their patches on the left side of the face and the whigs wore theirs on the right.

The old picture gallery at Blenheim palace, which was begun in 1704 by Queen Anne for the duke of Marlborough, plays an important part in the make-up and personnel of Miss Ward's company. The pictures there have given the correct styles of the dresses worn by the queen and the ladies of her court. Miss Ward's features, voice, and matronly figure are such as to peculiarly fit her for the role of the duchess, while she says that Miss Kellogg was especially chosen to take the part of queen, on account of her extraordinary likeness to the pictures of the queen at Blenheim.

The most pleasing situation in the play is the incident of the cup of water. Queen Anne was receiving the French minister against the wishes of the duchess. The queen called for a glass of water, and the duchess, unable to control her temper, dashed the water on the queen's dress. This is a singular historic incident, as it virtually ended the duchess' power over the queen, and it is said to have brought about the treaty of Utrecht.

BOSTON IS ATHLETIC

To be sure it is. The ancient Athenians took great pains in training their bodies, and why shouldn't modern Athenians do the same? But New York is athletic too, isn't she? Well, rather.

The fact is that most eastern cities are thus inclined, and the result is that we have a healthy, muscular, and, physically, well-developed class of people. A wholesale clothing dealer told me the other day that the men were taller, and, as a rule, better proportioned in the east than in the west. "We sell our tall stock at home," he said, "and for a beer-drinking city like—say Cincinnati, where the men, like the jokes in 'Town Topics,' are as broad as they are long, we have to cut clothes to suit."

We grant that New York is ahead of us just now in the way of a mammoth athletic club house and riding club, and all that, but she won't keep the lead long. An athletic club has been formed at the Hub which will beat New York in every respect. Before the end of the year Boston will have the greatest athletic institution in the world. The New York club with a membership of 2,000 charges an entrance fee of $50, with annual dues of $40. Even at this price it has no tennis courts nor bicycle rooms. The Boston club with an entrance fee of $40 and annual dues of $30, offers to its members a finely equipped gymnasium, fencing and sparring rooms, tennis and racquet courts, bowling alleys, with separate alleys for ladies, and bicycle stalls to the number of 100. Besides the above, which are considered necessary to the modern gymnasium, there will be reception, smoking, reading and billiard rooms, more extensive than those of any other Boston club. The lavatory arrangements will be very complete and will include, besides regular bath rooms, turkish and shower baths, and a large plunge both. The building, to be centrally located on Dartmouth street, will be a commodious and handsome edifice, and the whole affair will add another to the many public institutions for which Boston is noted. The two important theatrical announcements here for next week are the

APPEARANCE OF BERNHARDT

at the Hollis street, and the production of "Ruddygore" at the Globe.

Bernhardt will appear in "Fedora," "Adrienne," "Camille," "Theodora," and "Frou-Frou."

The production of "Ruddygore" is looked forward to with considerable interest by the lovers of comic opera. The charming music of this opera will be new to most of us, although some of the airs are already familiar. The first production of "Ruddygore" in New England was given in Waltham last week by local talent, and some of the music was given at the same time by the Harvard D. K. E. theatricals in Cambridgeport. "Ruddygore" will have a long run in Boston.

But one of the best treats our music loving people have had lately has been the playing of the brilliant young pianist, Fraulein Aus der Ohe. Mr. Gericke, of the Boston Symphony orchestra found out the abilities of this delightful lady in New York only a few weeks ago. He was delighted with her and immediately engaged her for one of the Symphony concerts in Cambridge. Her playing is exquisite and remarkably free from the imperfections common to so many players.

And now the city of Omaha is to be honored by a visit from that wonderful combination of musical talent, the National Opera company. It seems almost a waste of words to endeavor to describe the magnificent performances of this company. Such an effort too is unnecessary, because I know there are enough people in and about Omaha who appreciate an artistic operatic production, to give the company a rousing reception on the eleventh and twelfth of this month.

FRANZ SIPEL.

According to state superintendent of schools Lane, the new charter provides for the election of nine members of the board of education. The six now in office hold over.

The Young People's Missionary society of Omaha View gave a very pleasing musical and literary entertainment at the Hillside Congregational church on Thursday evening.

That Tired Feeling

Is so general at this season that every one knows what is meant by the expression. A change of season, climate, or of life, has such a depressing effect upon the body that one feels all tired out, almost completely prostrated, the appetite is lost and there is no ambition to do anything. The whole tendency of the system is downward. In this condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, overcomes the tired feeling, and invigorates every function of the body. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For many months I suffered greatly. My whole system seemed to be entirely run down, my ambition was gone, had pains in my back, and a feeling of lassitude which I could not throw off. I was treated unsuccessfully for kidney trouble. One day at my brother's I saw a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and determined to try it. Before the first bottle was taken I can candidly say I was relieved. I have used the medicine off and on ever since, and recommend it for kidney or liver complaints.—MRS. W. H. STRANG, 937 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. B. If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla do not take any other.

"My son suffered from spring debility and loss of appetite, and was restored to health as soon as he began to take our favorite medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. We recommend it to all our friends." MRS. THALIA E. SMITH, Scipioville, N. Y.

"I suffered considerably, being for nearly a year troubled with indigestion. I am now on my fourth bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and never felt better in my life. It has made a new man of me."—H. M. HILLMAN, Des Plaines Street Police Station, Chicago, Ill.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Two months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as an experiment, as I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several different kinds of medicine, without receiving any benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well in my life." MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease. Now is the time to take it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all dugsts. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A CARD

TO THE PUBLIC.

With the approach of spring and the increased interest manifested in real estate matters, I am more than ever consulted by intending purchasers as to favorable opportunities for investment, and to all such would say—

When putting any property on the market, and advertising it as desirable, I have invariably confined myself to a plain unvarnished statement of facts, never indulging in vague promises for the future, and the result in every case has been that the expectations of purchasers were more than realized. I can refer with pleasure t.

Albright's Annex

And Baker Place

as sample illustration.

Lots in the "Annex" have quadrupled in value and are still advancing, while a street car line is already building past Baker Place, adding hundreds of dollars to the value of every lot.

Albright's Choice was selected by me with the greatest care after a thorough study and with the full knowledge of its value, and I can conscientiously say to those seeking a safe and profitable investment that

Albright's Choice

offers chances not excelled in this market for a sure thing.

Early investors have already reaped large profits in CASH, and with the many important improvements contemplated, some of which are now under way, every lot in this splendid addition will prove a bonanza to first buyers.

Further information, plats and prices, will be cheerfully furnished.

Buggies Ready at All Times to Show Property,

Respectfully

W. G. ALBRIGHT,

SOLE OWNER.

218 South 15th Street.

Branch office at South Omaha

N. B. Property for sale in all parts of the city.