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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th

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Oyster, Fish, Game, Salad, Berry, Ice Cream, Oatmeal, Wine and Liquor Sets.

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AND A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF

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PERKINS, GATCH & LAUMAN, 1514 Farnam Street

SOME VARIETY CHESTNUTS.

How the Good Old Rounder Finds Pleasure in the Vaudeville.

THE SAME OLD SONGS AND GAGS.

The Sylph, the Irish Comedian, the Negro and the Banjoist all Carry Us Back Like the Old Songs of Childhood.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: To the old "rounder," the man about town, the variety show is a source of never-failing delight, though he knows when he pays his money at the box office just what he is going to see and hear. He knows as well as he knows he's alive just what the grand olio will consist of, for he's seen hundreds of them. It is not the least of his pleasure of the evening when he picks up the play bill and recognizes the familiar luxuriance of the adjectives sprinkled about the names of the performers in this amusement-making aggregation which holds the boards. He takes his seat, and the whistles from the gallery gods are dear to his heart, for when he was a lad he sweated and whistled in the gallery, too, for the appearance of just such lights of the stage as he has come to see to-night. Hal the same old fat man at the bass fiddle, and the same distinguished-looking rear of the orchestra leader rosinning his bow. Like the memory of an old song learned in childhood is that, overture, the chief feature of which is sure to be the bird in the forest or the locomotive. The curtain goes up, and there before his eyes is the same old scenery which he used to see in the old theatre to which he went when a boy—the gorgeous parlor in which the aggregation comes out and presents its full force to the audience—he used to think it was such gorgeousness at this parlor that the story writers tried to tell in Arabian nights. After the grand entrance and all that he sees the scene shifted, and a sylph-like form trips out into the wood where the houghs of a majestic oak bend their majestic arches over a purling stream which runs back, narrowing between highly improbable rocks and up the sides of an indigo mountain. Can he believe his eyes? He must. It is that same charming vocalist who in years gone by sang his youthful heart clear out of his burning bosom. But no—that was twenty years ago, and it is not the idol of his youthful dreams. It is another, according to the programme, but not at all different. She smiles the same smile and walks with the same apparent propensity to genuflect every time she takes a step. She has the same pink slippers with the same high heels and the same gorgeous stockings are filled out to the same phenomenal aptitude. The dress has not grown longer in twenty years, nor has the wear and tear abated one jot or tittle of its starchiness or glitter. The bust is as remarkable as ever, the paint on her cheeks as red, the ochre of her hair unthickened—the tout ensemble is the same. It is the change in things about a man that makes him feel old, but there is no change; it's all just the same as it was in the good days, and no wonder the old rounder applauds. It's all the

same—only different, for he enjoys this now on a different basis than then. He beholds this witching sylph an unchanged type of one of the joys of his earlier days. He settles back and waits for the subsidence of the applause, and her song. He notices now the same cute look at the audience over that fan of red and green and ivory and gold—the same office to the orchestra leader, and starts into interest at the first tentative note of the song. Why, he remembers it as well as he does that supper years ago, with her prototype, who spurned his heart and made him stand musing desperately next day before the great display of pistols in a pawnbroker's window. The very same old song. "It's 8 o'clock and I am here, Down by the shady dell, To hear him whisper in my ear— Those words I'll never tell, Oh! he'll be always true to me, And I'll be true to him. His coming fills my heart with joy, My own, my darling Jim. The boys who were going with him the night he first heard about "Jim" are all gone now. Some are dead and some are in jail, perhaps, and some so rich that they have discarded long ago the variety show and go in their own carriages to the opera at \$5 per seat. But the grandest lights of the queens of song bring nothing like the recollections of the old times which this song does to the old rounder. He applauds until his hands are sore, and she comes out again and shrieks out the strains of "White Wings," that never grew weary and are carried by her cheerily over the sea, but Old Rounder is being carried back into the olden time, and is aroused from his reverie by the silence which indicates the lapse before the next "turn" on the programme. Can Old Time have turned back in his fight and made him a youth again, just for this night? It would seem so, for there are the two Irishmen he saw on the stage the first time he played hokey, to take in the matinee on money obtained from his mother under the false pretense that he had to buy copybooks. There are the same plug hats, brushed the wrong way, surmounting the same tierce "mugs," framed in the scrubby brick-dust whiskers, the same Irish dialect that was never spoken in any part of Ireland or any place on earth, except on the variety stage; the identical high-water pants, the identical shillalaws. After they have black-guarded each other and beaten each other, and raised Cain, he waits for corroboration of his eyesight by his hearing. Here it is: "Pat, what's good for rats?" "That's good for rats? Mike, pison's good for rats." "Yer a liyer, it's not good for 'em; it'll kill 'em." "Bosom, bosom, bosom goes the big bass drum and the fiddles screech in agony at the joke—this old, hoary, paleozoic joke. Then these "refined Irish comedians"—to quote the play bills—quarrel, and they spit in each other's faces and do other refined humorous things which amuse the audience, and then they sing one of the songs of their own composition. It runs thusly: We came not long ago, From that dear old little isle across the say; The land you know it well, Old Ireland we must tell, We sing and dance both every night and day. Each succeeding verse is of a higher order of poetic genius, until the culmination is reached in the last by the most remarkable rhymes the language can be tortured into. These comedians are always in their song going right back to Ireland after they have accomplished

the purpose of their long voyage over the "say"—namely, to sing and dance for the populace. They were going back years ago, but they haven't gone. Like more celebrated, but certainly not more pretentious members of the profession, they never make their farewell appearance. They have three songs and five jokes to work off every night, and they work them off. When they disrobe they go out to the nearest beer saloon in the neighborhood and tell how they gave Ed Harrigan all his best gags and "most o' do business," talk of Barrett as Larry and of the Anderson as Mary, and of McAllough or Raymond as poor John, and impress themselves upon some poor dude, who pays for their beer, just as the old rounder did for them under the same circumstances, when he was young and giddy. When they have disappeared from the stage, and the dust they have raised has settled, their places are taken by another familiar figure, a gentleman in full dress with a very dirty shirt and a copious flow of polysyllables, from the pouring out of which it is gathered that he is a musician, and he has advertised for a competent assistant for a public performance. There is a ring at the bell, and then the door of the room opens and in walks a very dilapidated negro. He hangs his hat on the wall where there isn't a nail, so it drops on the floor, and he still has a little toyt hat over his eye, which hat is attached to his head by a rubber band, so that he can pull it off and let it fly back. He has a pair of pantaloons reaching up to his chin. His coat is ripped up the back. He has a valise which is empty, and a stuffed bulldog and an umbrella. Everybody knows what's going to happen. This caller is to be very funny. He is to spit in the other fellow's hat, fall over chairs, strike at his dog with his umbrella so that the cloth may fly over in the audience, persist in untying the gentleman's necktie, and be as uproariously funny as he can be—in the same lines as 3,000 or 4,000 others just like him, have been every night for years, and will be every night for centuries, apparently. Finally, he is to develop the most phenomenal musical talent, playing on all the musical instruments in the other fellow's stock, and finally extending music from the chairs, the table and his stuffed dog. The old play-goer has seen him a thousand times, and he knows every move and every time he plays by heart. He knows it's all a chestnut, and has been back in his chair, roaring with laughter, just as hearty as that of the gallery who are only looking on it for the twentieth time. The girl who sings while she dances with a skipping-rope dates away back to the flood. There are pictures of her in the pyramids. She simpers and blooms perennial, and she sings most delectably some unintelligible words about a bench where the honeysuckle grows. She generally winds up with an exciting juggling exhibition, the objects of which is to tire out the audience, where there are whispers that she's liable to die of heart disease. Just about the time they all expect her to topple over dead, a martyr to duty, she comes to a stop as fresh as a daisy, and retires with her rope over her shoulder amid thunders of applause, in response to which she appears again and sings, "When the Robin Nest Again." After her comes the roller-skating act, with its ridiculous beginning in a representa-

tion of a poor skater on ice, and a sudden development of the skater into an expert. This is the most wearisome of all the antiquated things on the variety stage. Next comes the infantile musical prodigy. Never was a variety show complete without one of these, and never was anything more execrating put upon the stage. The children cannot sing, and their sole chance of making a hit rests, in almost every instance, on their vulgarity in speech or action. This prodigy business on the variety stage is one of its most disgusting features. The prestidigitator usually appears next, with a full line of tricks that have been possessed for years and years, but he generally makes an interesting show, and if he don't he winds up his part with a pie-biting match between the two boys from the audience who are called up to see that everything is done without the aid of machinery. The song-and-dance man is an old institution, and is ever new. He steps out with his face set in lines of desperate determination, and stands stiff and straight while the orchestra tunes up for him. Then he sings—and such singing. Every song-and-dance man for fifty years has sung the same tune, and the variation in words of their songs has never been so great as to entirely remove the suspicion of plagiarism. The song is always about a "lovely girl," who is "the only one I ever loved," "so charming, young and fair," which in the nature of this kind of verse, must have an immediate and direct relation to "her wealth of golden hair." After meeting "in the bright moonshine," she is asked "will you be mine?" and they're going to be married right away. The dances, just why it is, no one knows, but a song-and-dance man propels must wear a melancholy expression, hold his hands down at his side as if he was a corpse dressed up in tights and tinsel, and glare at the audience with that "far-away look" of which the novelists prate. He goes through his part like a wooden man, and once off the stage turns up in front of the theater like a clothing store dummy, in the loudest checked suit the broad land can furnish. The banjoist is another of the old-time features. He is in burnt cork, and appears on the stage dragging his chair behind him with one hand, while he holds his banjo with the other. He sits down on his chair and exposes a great big shoe to the audience, and then he strums his banjo incidentally to tell what wonderful things happened to him when he was "comin' in down de street." He rattles them off as a parrot would Shakespeare. He runs one story into another as though he had just so much to say, and wanted to get through it. When he has rattled it off, he plays on the banjo, and sings a topical song about the prize ring, politics, anything and everything, just so there's a line here and there such as "I can't tell you why it is."

The two negroes who rush in dressed in white clothes put on rear end foremost, and fall around all over the stage and club each other with stuffed clubs, never fail to catch on, though their act is as old as the presence of negro business on the stage. They have songs, too, all alike. They have just come up from "de old plantation," and they're not going to stay long, for they have to get right back to "dear old massa" and "de fields of yellow corn," and watermelon and magnolias, and hoe cake, and all that, but they will stay just a little while to sing and dance. They may, perhaps, sing an alleged religious song, but if they do it's sure to be as vilely rendered as it is sure to be ancient.

THE OMAHA SMELTING WORKS

The Largest Establishment of the Kind in America.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED EMPLOYEES.

How an Establishment Which Began on a Small Scale is Now Doing a Business of \$15,000,000.

From a manufacturing point of view Omaha possesses many features of interest, and one of the most important of these is to be found at the smelting and refining works situated between Douglas street and Capitol avenue. Here the small establishment originally started by Messrs. A. L. King, C. H. Downs, C. W. Mead and General W. W. Lowe in 1860, has gradually advanced with the city until at the present time the works have far outstripped in growth and magnitude all other establishments of the kind in America and in conjunction with the Grant Smelting works of Denver, (which are owned by the Omaha firm), the company can lay claim to the proprietorship of the largest smelting establishment in the world. Whilst the Denver establishment, however, is confined to smelting operations only, the Omaha shops both smelt and refine. The large quantities of ore which daily find their way into this city for treatment are principally brought from Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Dakota and Arizona. Base bullion is also shipped to the works on a large scale from the different smelting works throughout the country, for the purpose of refinement. About 40 per cent of this latter substance comes from the Denver branch of the firm. An idea of the magnitude of the company's operations may be gathered from the fact that they employ over 500 men and have already \$3,000,000 invested in the enterprise. The annual business done by the corporation, too, is in the like proportion. During the last year upwards of \$15,000,000 has been "turned over." Progress is the motto of the firm, and it is worthy of note that the work done for each year since the works were established shows an enormous advance from that of the year preceding. The company receives on an average 200 carloads of ore per month, and over 200 cars arrive monthly laden with base bullion consigned to them. When the ore or bullion arrives at the works the first thing done is to make an assay from which the company is enabled to measure the amount of lead, silver, gold, antimony, or other metals they will severally yield per ton, and so accurate has this process become that by treatment of a comparatively small portion the furnaces will disclose, almost to a dollar, the net value of a large shipment. Cash is then paid according to the prices for the time being ruling in New York. The ore is now treated on the larger scale. As in the assay this is effected through the medium of reverberatory furnaces so constructed that by means of a dome, or low arched roof, the flame, in passing through the fire

chamber is reflected or reverberated off the ore. Whilst undergoing this fiery ordeal the metals are separated and the attendant at the furnace secures them in the form of base bullion or unrefined metal. Lead, silver, gold and antimony are thus extracted from the same ore. The bullion is then moulded into bricks which are in due course sent to the refinery. Here they are again placed in reverberatory furnaces and all existing dross and foreign substances are extracted until nothing remains but the pure metal. This also is moulded into bricks. The gold brick made by the company weighs 250 ounces and is worth \$5,000. Silver is turned out in 1,000 ounce bricks which are worth about \$1,000 each. This process of reducing ore is, of necessity, of the most technical nature, and a thorough knowledge of metallurgy and chemistry is necessary for a proper appreciation of its intricacies. To enter into an elaborate dissertation on the inner workings of the process, however, would be outside the scope of this article. The greater portion of the gold and silver is forwarded to the United States mints, at New Orleans and Philadelphia, where it is purchased by the government. The refined silver sells at prices ranging from 94 cents to \$1.15 per ounce, whilst gold brings the uniform price of \$20.67 per ounce. For the half year ending July 1 of the present year, the works have turned out 4,283,204 ounces of silver and 49,640 ounces of gold, whilst they have placed the enormous amount of 28,514,000 pounds of lead on the market during the same period. For the last named metal the ruling price is about 44 cents per pound. The company is also extensively engaged in the manufacture of bluestone, of which they turn out sixty barrels per day. This substance is principally employed in the working of electric batteries. The works cover a large area of ground and comprise a series of solidly constructed brick buildings in which the seething flames of upwards of one hundred furnaces are constantly at work. The present officers of the company are: Guy C. Barton, president; G. B. Grant, vice president; E. W. Nash, treasurer and secretary; and Edward Eddy, general manager. Charles Balbach is the superintendent of the works. This gentleman has a large experience of the several processes employed in smelting. W. T. Page, too, is an experienced man, and ably superintends the furnaces. The refining department, with the exception of silver refining, is under the supervision of Herman Garlock. S. A. Barrow is the chemist in charge of the laboratory and superintends the assaying. Fred Simeier is superintendent over the silver refining and bluestone manufacturing. The foundry and construction department is ably managed by L. G. Heybrock. Richard Remington is the "boss" in charge of the yard. All the above named gentlemen go to make up a force, that for sound, practical knowledge in their several departments, is second to none in any smelting establishment in America. Boston Corbett, now living in Topeka, Kan., who killed Wilkes Booth, has been committed to the state asylum. Last winter, it will be remembered, he summarily adjourned the Kansas house of representatives with a shotgun. A new college course in "scientific temperance" has been added to the curriculum of the Grant Memorial university at Athens, Tenn. It is the first of the kind in any collegiate institution.

Married in a Barber Shop.

The barber shop of George Fitzberger was the scene of a marriage ceremony about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, says the Baltimore Sun. A man entered, and calling Mr. Fitzberger aside, asked the would allow a couple to be married in his place. The request was readily granted, and the stranger went out and returned with a young woman and a man who was to perform the ceremony. Mr. Louis Lehman, of Lehman & Heilmann, was being shaved when the trio entered, and Mr. Fitzberger got through with him as soon as possible. Messrs. Fitzberger, Lehman, and George Rosenheck were pressed in as witnesses, and the ceremony was rushed through. The groom puckered up his lips to kiss the bride, but she threw up one of her arms and said: "Oh, no! Not now!" They then went out, the bride whispering as she passed Mr. Fitzberger to keep the matter secret. None of the parties were known, but the names of the couple were given as John J. Cochran and Ida Shaw. The minister was not recognized nor his name learned by the gentlemen assisting to tie the knot. It was learned that the couple had previously asked at a store on Bank street, near Ann street, to be allowed the use of an apartment to perform the ceremony in, but were refused and ordered out.

He Married a Squaw.

An Ashland, Wis., correspondent writes: Louis Richter, son of a St. Paul minister and until recently telegraph operator in Chicago, went to the Odanah Indian reservation six weeks ago as an operator at the Lake Shore station. About the same time Marie Geary, a young squaw, returned from the Milwaukee Industrial school and the two quickly fell in love with each other. The result was a wedding, which has caused a great commotion among the Indians, who have made it so unpleasant for Richter that he has been obliged to resign his position and leave the reservation.