[illegible] AND FLOWERS.

A [illegible] of Beauty and Wealth in the Sanctuary.

EASTER SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

A Gotham Preacher's Opinion—Some Able Sermons—Talmage's Two Watches—Society Gossip—Dramatic Notes.

NEW YORK, April 2.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—No place in the world has Easter Sunday been celebrated with a higher appreciation of the spirit of the day than in this city. For the rich it was a day of new bonnets and fine trappings; for the poor, a day of hard-boiled eggs and pretzels.

There is but one New York, one Fifth avenue, and one such sight in the world as this famous street presents on Easter Sunday. Yesterday the weather was perfect until the grand promenade was over—a crowded pavement of moving humanity, bright with new raiment, gay flowers and glad countenances on both sides the avenue for nearly two miles. There were many handsome and some beautiful women; but why do so many females powder and rouge their faces? By this repellant fashion they neither excite the envy of their own sex nor the admiration of the other. This non-deceptive artificiality was a blotch upon the beauty of the living panorama.

Hardly had the sun climbed up the eastern sky when the altars of Christendom twinkled with lights and the sweet breath of flowers mingled with floating incense before the tabernacle of the risen Saviour. All the sorrowful wailings of Golgotha were hushed, and the dark trappings of woe were stripped from the temples. Through her thousand aisles and chancels went the rejoicing church in wonderful processions of scarlet and purple, and white and gold. The bells clashed joyously in the steeples, the choirs burst into wild chants, the lamps burned high in the sanctuaries and gleaming chalices were uplifted before the kneeling multitudes.

A cloudless summer sky greeted the Easter dawn and New York turned out of doors arrayed in the splendors of fashion. The parks were crowded, the streets were pageants of variety and the windows bloomed with flowers. Everybody seemed to take on the spirit of the day. From the godless man who had eaten hard boiled eggs at breakfast and ventured forth in search of frolic to the meek girl returning from mass there was something suggestive of brightness in every face. He was a tough pagan who did not wear a sprig of some sort.

That Easter is a social event no man could doubt who saw the cafe lions sauntering to church, prayer book in hand. Men whose greatest joy is to sit in the window of a club house and talk society scandal all the year round, deserted their impious haunts and knelt before the uplifted cross. Men of finance, bilious with greed, sat in the front seats of the churches.

WHERE THEY WENT TO CHURCH.

The families of the fashionable world, as a rule, attended their own churches in the morning. At Grace church were Mr. and Mrs David Wolfe Bishop, who inherited most of the Catherine Wolfe millions; the Hon. and Mrs. John Jay, who have one of the first pews in the center aisle; Hamilton Fish and the Hon. and Mrs. William M. Evarts.

"We have some of the oldest families in town in our church," said the sexton of the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. "Easter I saw here Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor Johnson and their two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. William Butler Duncan and Mr, and Mrs. Paul Dana. Mrs. Griswold Gray, the beautiful widow of Washington square; Mr. and Mrs. Ames Van Wart and Miss Van Wart, the heiress, you know, and Mr. and Mrs. John Minturn."

Old Peter Stuyvesant is buried in old St. Mark's church on Ninth street near Second avenue. Among notable people who attended worship in old St. Mark's were Mr. and Mrs. Beeckman de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. William Remsen and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Remsen, Mrs. Killean Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the historian.

One of the most interesting congregations in town was at St. George's, further up Second avenue, at Fifteenth street and Rutherford place. The Hon. and Mrs. John Bigelow had one of the front pews; Colonel and Mrs. Willie Jay and their two pretty children were there, also Mr. and Mrs. William Schieffelin, and a hundred pretty girls, who delight in hearing Mr. Rainsford intone the service.

St. Leo's church gathered the most notable congregations of fashionable Roman Catholics downtown. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Colonel and Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mrs. Julius Reyneal and Mr. and Mrs. Cordoba. In St. Francis Xavier's one night have seen Colonel George M. Bliss, who is a convert to the faith since his marriage, and his beautiful bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Seward Webb were seen in St. Bartholomew's, on Madison avenue, corner of Forty-fourth street, and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy M. Depew worshipped at the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt went to the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth avenue, above Forty-fifth street.

"The millionaires' church," as the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, on the corner of Fifty-sixth street, is called, had an exceptionally interesting congregation at the Sunday morning service. Mr. Munro, the publisher, and his wife; Robert Bonner, Mr. Willian Jaffray, the millionaire dry goods merchant; Mrs. Josephine Ayer, the widow of the patent medicine manufacturer, her sons and her daughter, Mrs. Preston.

The Gould family attended worship at Dr. Paxton's church, on West Forty-second street, opposite Bryant park, and here was seen Herbert R. Bishop, the oil king, his wife and a large family of children.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rockefeller went to the Central Baptist church, on West Fifty-seventh street, of which Dr. Armitage is pastor, and Mr. Charles Pratt, the other oil millionaire, was seen in Emmanual Baptist church, St. James place, Brooklyn.

The Astor family, including John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William Waldorf, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Dayton, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson went down to Old Trinity on lower Broadway, where it is their wont to assemble every Easter Sunday.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord was seen in her pew at St. Francis Xavier's on Fifteenth street.

EASTER DIAMONDS.

"Really, I'm glad I'm a Christian," sighed a beautiful woman one afternoon last week. She was not in church confessing her sins, but in Tiffany's looking with raptured eyes at the great array of flashing diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, made into flowers and birds and other pretty devices suggesting the Easter season.

The great establishment was crowded with people of wealth and fashion selecting gifts for Easter.

The Vanderbilts have expended large sums on each other and for various charities this Easter. Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt spent several hours at Tiffany's selecting some pretty trifles for his young wife. One of these was a new card case of Italian enamel leather, with a little jewelled watch encircled with forget-me-nots fastened in one corner.

These card cases are among the extreme novelties and a lady carrying one can tell the exact time without searching for her watch. This little trifle cost $250 and with it went a dainty bracelet of pearls.

THE CHURCHES.

Easter lillies, hyacinths, rosebuds and smilaxs covered the communion table and embowered the pulpit at the church of the Messiah, at the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, yesterday, and the baptismal font was likewise entwined with gracious harbingers of spring. A tender touch of sympathy was embodied in the wreath of immortelles placed upon the font in memory of the pastor's beloved daughter, who died a year ago.

The handsome new building recently completed by the Mount Morris Baptist church was opened for public worship. It is situated on Fifth avenue, between One Hundred and Twenty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh streets, and is built of brick with handsome gray stone front, in the Romanesque style of architecture. The interior is unusually light and bright, the front of the gallery being extensively gilded and guarded by a brass railing.

The lectern is an exact counterpart of that in the London house of commons. The platform was decorated with palms and shrubs, and banks of flowers around it added to the cheerful aspect.

Dr. McGlynn delivered an Easter sermon last night before the Anti-Poverty society in the Academy of Music. In the course of his remarks he said:

"If we have had sorrow, let us dry our tears and rejoice; if our heart strings have been torn, let us believe it were in justice, and if our hearts have been cleft in twain, let us live the better for it. We of this society have pledged ourselves to a doctrine that is the very essence of His, that is the very essence of all religion.

"It was not weariness that sent me from the altars of the church to preach night after night on the stage of a theater. It was my love of religion. So let us love all mankind; let us ask the Father to help us, and if there be any misunderstandings, forget them and pray for our enemies."

All bright with the beauty of sunshine streaming through radiant windows was St. Patrick's cathedral in Fifth avenue yesterday morning. Scarcely in any other christian church of the United States could so vast a throng be brought together. The police turned away from the doors enough people to fill two ordinary churches. Numbers of pew owners were unable to reach their own seats, for at the cathedral on important occasions a big crowd is never well handled. After mass had begun scores came in through the sacristy, but had to stand while strangers filled their pews. All the aisles were packed, and even the steps around the side altars were occupied. From five to six thousand people must have been within the building. The Easter raiment, the bright and tasteful costumes of the ladies served to make the picture still more pleasing.

What need was there for decorations in such an edifice? The broad sanctuary alone had a few. These were tall palm trees and brilliant evergreens, Easter lilies and groups of white geraniums, and a chaste effect was produced. A cluster of lights flanked the six big tapers on the high alter, and around the tabernacle were a few vases of glowing cut flowers. The altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were decorated with the same simplicity and purity.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Connor, S. J., of St. Xavier's.

Beethoven's mass in C is not often heard in this city, perhaps on account of the severe demands it makes on choir and orchestra. Mr. Pecher, however, is equal to anything. This sublime composition, of an essentially choral character, was rendered perfectly. The "Kyrie Eleison," a grave and pathetic choral prayer, disposed the congregation to to devotion. The low strings in the orchestra opened with a rich and subdued melody, and were followed by the soft, low tones of mingled voice and instrument. Then the clarionets and bassoons took up the melodious strain. When the "Christe" was reached the most beautiful passage in the number was finely executed by orchestra and chorus. The conclusion in unison was full of solemnity.

The music of the chimes floated out over many a large congregation in old Trinity yesterday. Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity, assisted by Revs. Henry A. Adams, Joseph W. Hill and Henry Baumann, conducted the various services. The chancel and sanctuary of the church were handsomely decorated with flowers, among which the calla, lilies of the valley and white hyacinths predominated, and the candles in the the two big candelabra at the sides of the chancel were all alight throughout the morning and forenoon.

Many persons were turned away from the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in the morning. What with the gleaming altar, the wild, sweet choruses, the swelling organ peals, the rolling kettledrums, the clashing of cymbals, the twinkling tapers, the swaying procession, the clouds of incense floating up to the white, saintly statues; the sudden hushes and the solemn tolling of the bells, it would have taken a hard-hearted pagan to resist the influences of the great christian pageant of triumph.

Dr. Lyman Abbott preached in Plymouth church in the morning from the text, Romans, vi., 4—"Therefore Are We Buried with Him by Baptism into Death; That Like as Christ Was Raised up from the Dead by the Glory of the Father, Even So We Also Should Walk in Newness of Life."

To the right of the minister's chair, and forming a sort of screen to the little table, was a floral vault, on the door of which were the words, "Easter Opened Heaven's Door." A beautiful pillow of tulips and tea roses rested on the front of the platform, facing the organist. To the right and left to the very edge of the platform plants and flowers were arranged in almost every imaginable form of beauty.

The gloomy gray algorical walls and pillars of the big room in Masonic temple, where Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost preached to Unity congregation on the subject of "Lent and Easter," presented a dismal contrast to the scene of floral profusion in almost every other place of worship. There was an appropriateness about the bare and bald appearance of this assembling place, as it quite became the mood and spirit of the negative-minded preacher.

Mr. Pentecost said he didn't take any stock in either Lent or Easter. They are foolish and pretentious observances, said he, and give the unbeliever the chance to use a good deal of justifiable sarcasm at the expense of the church. For a man to smoke five instead of ten cigars, and for a girl to heroically refrain during forty days from the use of chocolate caramels and bonbons, he added, is not a procedure to command the respect of intelligent people.

"I can't see any more religion in fish than I can in meat," quoth Mr. Pentecost, with a sidelong shot at the Lenten exodus to Florida every year. "I think we are better christians for being well fed all the year round. True religion consists of moderation."

The callas, the tulip, the rose, sweet jessamines, japonicas, and almost every beautiful flower which the nursery supplies adorned the Brooklyn tabernacle yesterday. The most conspicuous object was a huge cross which rested against the center of the organ and formed the background to the preacher. Composed of callas and bordered with tulips, it was suggestive of purity even more than of suffering. Over it were the words, woven in flowers of a darker tint, "He is Risen."

SOCIETY MAKES MERRY.

A great attraction, indeed, is the fair at the new armory of the Second Battery on Broadway, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. The money made at this fair, which it is hoped will amount to several thousands, is to help to build a new homoepathic hospital and college, and some two hundred matrons and as many pretty maids have interested themselves in its success.

They have begged such nice big articles as pianos, sets of furniture and China from the manufacturers, and every kind of fancy work imaginable has been donated for the various booths. Mrs. William Tod Helmuth is in general charge, and Mrs. Henry J. Newton is the secretary.

Flags of all nations and bunting of the brightest deck the entire armory. The booths are ranged about the room and each one will be decorated differently.

Miss Belle Peabody Ward presides over the floral booth, and dresses to resemble a flower, as does also her twenty or more assistants.

Tobbacco of every form and kind occupies one entire stand, and among the fair women who sell this noxious weed at high prices are Mrs. George W. Ely, Mrs. Thomas S. Platt, Mrs. George Richardson, Mrs. Rufus B. Cowing and Mrs. Lucien R. Niles; Music each evening and afternoon is an attractive feature.

A special attraction is an eight-oared racing shell, which is to be voted to the most popular college crew.

All the swells in town gathered in Delmonico's Thursday evening. A number of prominent Catholic ladies, including Miss Leary, Mrs. Eugene Kelley, Mrs. E. La Montague, Mme. Barrios, Mrs. J. T. Gilbert, Mrs. Navarro, Mrs. Montant, Mrs. Jules Reynal and others arranged amateur theatricals and an operetta was given in aid of a French Catholic school downtown.

"It was awful funny," said the captain of I. of the Seventh regiment, in speaking of the travesty on "The Taming of the Shrew," which was given under the auspices of the company on Thursday evening in the Metropolitan opera house. "All the feminine parts were given to the boys, and you should have seen what a splendid Katherine Mr. Edward Falew Coward made.

The travesty was written by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, and most of those playing in it were Amateur Comedy club members. A large amount of money was spent for costumes and scenery. The proceeds are for the endowment of the militiamen's bed.

Hospitals and prisons will benefit by a pretty little fete to be held on April 9 at Delmonico's. There will be music, fancy booths and games, and the fete is in charge of a number of women of fashion and energy.

Every amateur in the city is interested in the Shakespearian festival which is to be begin in the Berkeley Lyceum on April 12 and continue for six evenings and two matinees. A number of plays will be given by well known amateurs, but "As You Like It" is to be the chief one.

Three dollars a ticket seems a good price for a Pass fete, which is nothing but a Dutch Easter fair, but several hundred people paid that amount willingly. The fete given in the studio of Mr. Louis Tiffany, in the great house on Seventy-second street and Madison avenue, every one anxious to see the studio and at the same time benefit the infirmary for women and children. Pretty girls, including the Misses Minturn, Hoe, Porter, Lambert, Villard, Doremus and Mitchell were dressed as Dutch maidens, and they wandered about in their full skirts and peaked caps selling flowers and fresh eggs. There were also many booths, containing all sorts of Easter novelties. There was also music and dancing.

Of the new engagements, that of Miss Banks, the daughter of Mrs. Lenox Banks, to Mr. Charles H. Marshall, is one of the most romantic. The young people met on the old wall of the fort at St. Augustine and fell in love in the good old-fashioned way. Both are young, handsome and rich.

A most interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Edyth Newcombe, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Victor Newcombe, to Mr. Reginald H. Ward, a wealthy young bachelor and banker of Boston. Miss Newcombe is a very pretty girl of twenty and will have a large fortune running into seven numbers some day. She has only been in society a little over a year.

VANDERBILT RETURNS.

Anticipating the return home of William K. Vanderbilt, at his Fifth avenue palace a staff of servants have been preparing the house for his reception, but the general appearance of things will not have altered very much from what it was before his departure. Numberless boxes have arrived, but they are not opened, and the priceless treasures which they contain—the laces, the bric-a-brac and the pictures collected abroad—will remain hidden until they are opened under the supervision of their owner.

In the meanwhile Maitre Josef and his two assistant chefs have not been idle. The batterie de cuisine has been unpacked and the implements of the cuit placed in their proper places. Josef has ransacked the markets and declares himself fairly well acquainted with their resources and ready at a few moments' notice to begin operations. He is disappointed in our markets he says. Many kinds of fish which are common, or much prized abroad are not to be found here, for instance the tarbut and the sale. Our mutton, he admits, is good but our beef and our fowl are superior to those abroad. To the Blue Point oyster he renders all praise. Josef had last night tried an American dinner, which was not satisfactory. He did not like buckwheat cakes.

Yesterday President Depew of the Vanderbilt system of railroads, sent a special Lake Shore car to Brunswick. It was W. K. Vanderbilt's private coach, carefully provisioned with everything likely to comfort the hearts of such ancient mariners as Vanderbilt and those sad old sea dogs P. O. Beach and W. L. Hoy when taken away from salt water.

They had a pretty good cruise. They talked of three years when they started. People said then that they would get tired of each other's company in one year and that if they stood it for three they would have murder in their hearts.

A certain famous traveler described an old time sailing voyage as developing human nature in this ratio:

First week—Gentlemen, has anyone seen my hair oil?

Third week—What blankety blank rascal has lugged off my tooth brush?

It may have been this weariness of each other's society that cut short the Vanderbilt trip, and it may have been the gastronomic hopes raised in the Vanderbilt stomach by the seductive $10,000 cook, M. Duquot, that turned the Alva's prow homeward. Who can tell?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S DEPARTURE.

With the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and their two sons and three daughters on the Cunard steamer Umbria for a several months' tour abroad, the annual spring exodus of Americans for foreign shores commenced and the ball was set rolling in real earnest.

The distinguished family arrived on the steamer's wharf an hour before the sailing time on the steamer, and when the huge vessel swung out into the stream upon her long voyage their costly rugs, chairs, ulsters, newmarkets and all the paraphernalia of a millionaire's family en voyage were snugly stowed away in the staterooms.

MOVING 8,000,000 POUNDS.

Everything is ready to start the big Brighton Beach hotel on Coney Island on its wonderful journey. Eight or more powerful locomotives will begin to snort and pull, and it is expected that 8,000,000 pounds of hotel will follow them. The sight of a building 460 feet long by 130 deep, with numerous long extensions, and with its four stories augmented here and there by lofty towers and cupalos moving in one mass along the ground will be at least interesting and novel. The moving of such a structure in its entirety was never undertaken before.

The engineers have taken great precaution against any racking or wrenching of the walls or floors, and assert that if the powers of the locomotives can be applied equally and very gradually the great great structure will be moved easily and with perfect safety.

It is proposed to give the hotel a ride of 600 feet inland. At that distance, it is thought, it will be safe from its old enemy, the sea, which year after year has been knocking the sand out of it, or rather from under it. The waves have worn away its foundation until only a few spiles stand between them and their long for prey.

On these spiles immense beams were laid and regular railroad tracks built to get the hotel out of the wet. The tracks number twenty-four, and on 110 iron flat cars run in under its floor the hotel will make the excursion. The building does not rest directly on the cars but on great timbers, which, as the tracks are only about nineteen feet apart, make a firm bed. It is, of course, absolutely level, as an unevenness would imperil the whole structure.

The tracks, except two, run out about two hundred feet, where, if the scheme works, the hotel will take a brief rest before it sits down and laughs at the sea. The two center tracks run out to the main track of the Brooklyn & Brighton Beach railroad. On them the locomotives will do the pulling. On each track there will be four iron horses, or more if necessary, bound securely together and attached to the iron flat cars under the hotel by heavy chains. These chains will not lead directly from the cars to the engines, but will run from the cars to iron pulleys at the ends of the respective tracks and back again to the cars, where they will pass through another pulley, and thence to the locomotives. Thus will each flat car be pulled along its own track as if attached to the locomotive itself.

DR. TALMAGE'S TWO WATCHES.

At the close of the service yesterday morning Dr. Talmage pulled out of his pocket a magnificent new gold watch. He had just received it from one of his congregation for an Easter gift. "The story is interesting," said the doctor, "and I meant to tell it to the congregation, but I changed my mind. Last Monday night, when lecturing at Louisville, Ky., I lost my watch. I had placed it on the table to measure the length of my remarks. When I finished speaking I forgot to pick it up. In the morning it could not be found. While mourning the loss of an old and honored friend which had done good service, and which to me had many sacred associations, I received this watch from a member of the church, who knew nothing of my loss. While admiring the new watch the bell was rung and an expressman handed me a package containing the old watch."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"Monte Cristo, Jr," received its first representation in this country, at Dockstader's theatre on Monday night. The rehearsals of this burlesque have been progressing for the past three weeks. Elsie Gerome has been especially engaged for the part of Fernand, and Harry Brown for that of Noirtier. The burlesque was considerable of a success when it was produced in London, where it had the advantage of a cast which included some of the cleverest singers and comedians known to the London stage. Little Corinne is to play the part of Edmund Dantes here, which Nellie Farren created in London. It had been arranged that the Gaiety burlesque company during its tour of this country, whice was to begin at the Standard theater in September next, would give an elaborate presentation of this junior "Monte Christo." What effect upon their plans this production by Corinne will have is not known. New scenery and handsome costumes are promised for the production at Dockstader's.

Clara Morris will introduce "Renee De Monay" to Broadway audiences at the Fifth avenue theater. It ought to be a very good play, for it is nothing more or less than a translation of D'Ennery's "Martyre," which was produced in London by the Kendalls under the title of "A Wife's Sacrifice," with Mrs. Kendall in the role which Miss Morris will assume in her version of the play.

The Casino is the scene of great activity at present with the preparations for the production of "Nadky." A staff of scenic artists, dressmakers, stage carpenters and property men are engaged on the new production.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is estimated that Booth and Barrett's profits from their tour will be upward of $600,000.

Miss Mary Davis, the well-known oratorio vocalist, has for many years earned $25,000 per annum.

Marie Roze will make a concert tour of the United States the coming autumn season. It is seven years since she was here.

Mme Jane Hading sails on May 9 to begin her engagement with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, to appear in North and South America with MM. Coquelin and Damala.

Herr Elmblad, the second basso of last winter's Metropolitan Opera company, is to give Berlin audiences a taste of his quality. If palatable his engagement is to become permanent.

Miss Paddock, a daughter of United States Senator Paddock, possesses dramatic ability and longs to become a professional. Her parents are trying to curb her youthful ardor for the stage.

Rosa Sucher, the famous Wagnerian soprano, is to join the operatic forces of Berlin. This is the only prima donna that Adelina Patti has ever spoken of with something like genuine admiration.

London musical critics have come to the conclusion that Otto Hegner is even more remarkable as a musical prodigy than Josef Hofman. But there should be no rivalry between the two boys. In fact, they are even now play-mates.

Lilli Lehmann, of Wagner opera fame, has worn blond wigs so continuously on the stage that two-thirds of her admirers think she is a blonde, but she is an uncommonly dark brunette, with hair turning becomingly and prematurely gray.

A dramatized version of Emile Zola's "Germanal" is soon to be produced in Paris. Every seat for the first ten nights of the performance has been taken. Paris proudly considers itself the most civilized city in the world. Sardou and Zola are the high priests of Parisian civilization.

The Ladies' Amateur orchestra, in New York, was organized by Miss Hewitt, daughtet of Mayor Hewitt, and modelled after Lady Folkestone's orchestra, which has become such a brilliant feature of London society, the members of which are titled women, some of high rank.

Patti has reached Buenos Ayres. She begins an eight weeks' season there, opening in "La Traviata." Manager Maurice Grau is with the diva. He will remain until the arrival of Marcus Meyer, who leaves in company with Mr. Henry E. Abbey for South America next Saturday.

In t hespectular drama "Nero," which will be produced on Staten Island in June, Imre Kiralfy proposes to employ 2,000 participants. The stage will be 300 feet deep, and all sorts of wild animals, including lions, tigers and elephants, will be in the cast, so to speak.

Ellen Terry celebrated her fortieth birthday, and declared to a reporter: "I was born in 1848, in Coventry, in Shakspere's shire, thank God. My father and mother were born on the stage. They married when both were under nineteen years of age." Miss Terry says she has now but one wish, "It is to help Mr. Irving in his great and beautiful work, for it is a grand work he is doing.

Herr Ludwig Barnay, the distinguished German tragedian, will begin a two weeks' engagement in New York next week and present a redertoire of Shakespercan plays, including "Julius Cæsar," "Othello" and "King Lear," in each of which Herr Barnay made a distinct impression at the time of his former appearance in the great metropolis. The eminent tragedian will also present an original version of "Kean" and "Uriel Acosta."

Two years ago a man named Bernard was singing at his carpenter bench, in Paris, when M. Hartmann, the music publisher, chanced to be passing. Mr. Hartman stopped and learned that the singer did not know one note from another, but he had a beautiful voice, and M. Hartmana sent him to the best schools. That poor carpenter is now M. Bernard, the favorite French tenor at the Paris opera house, and is making more money in a week than he could saw out of pine boards in a year.

M. Coquelin, being in search of a new part for the French provinces and his American tour, that of Ragabas in Sardou's play of that name was proposed to him and the statement made that this nineteenth century French political figure would be a great card on this side of the water. But in Ragabas M. Sarnou, it is said, intended to sketch Gambetta, who was the French actor's friend. So Coquelin would none of it, and still searches for a new part. He makes his farewell appearance at the Comedie Francaise April 25.

Lawrence Barrett is a remarkably strict disciplinarian, so far as rehearsals are concerned, and takes an active interest in even the most minute parts. He is also very observant, and will often make radical changes on short notice. He instructed a member of his company one day in certain "business." The next rehearsal he wanted it altered. The actor remonstrated, saying he had been told to do it differently by Mr. Barrett the day before. "I know that," replied the tragedian, good humoredly, "but I have lived twenty four since then, and this is an age of improvement."

The National opera company played to large houses at the New York Academy of Music during the past week. The date definitely set for the production of Verdi's "Otello" is Friday, April 13. The new and elaborate scenery, by Magnani, of Milan, and sixty suits of armor, besides all the properties, were landed from the Zealand on Thursday. The chorus will number seventy picked voices. After the six New York representations of "Othello," the company will visit Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago.

Harry Lacy, the energetic fire laddie hero of that lurid melodrama, "The Still Alarm," takes particular pride in the success which he has had in training the stallions Pegasus and Bucephalus that are harnessed to the "real" engine. From the first the intelligent Arabian equines took kindly to their training and were wonderfully intelligent about the "hitching up" part of the performance. They are now full-fledged actors, for they answer to the "cue" which is given by the hero, and leave their stalls without any persuasion whatever.

When Mme. Adelina Patti took leave of the Madrilonos at the royal opera house, flowers, wreaths and presents were showered upon the stage. Six gigantic bouquets were offered to la diva, each measuring over two yards in circumference, the gifts of the leading members of Madrid society. The call on the fall of the curtain made up a series of triumphs, and formed a fitting termination to a memorable event in musical annals. The receipts at the farewell prrformance were 50,000 pesetas. Mme. Patti appeared in selections from "Crispino," "Lucia," and the "Barbiere," and sang "Il Bacio."

IMPIETIES.

Orthodox epitaph for Bob Ingersoll:

Hic jacet a man,
His life cord untwisted,
Who has gone to a place
Which never existed.

A Michigan woman, who wears false teeth, has lost faith in christian science because it failed to restore to her a natural set of teeth.

"Papa, how old was Methusaleh when he died?" "Nine hundred and sixty-nine years, Rollo." "And what was his business?" "Boy preacher."

"How do you like our pastor?" "Much indeed. Like good wine he improves with age." "Yes, and his sermons are also like good wine." "Why?" They are extra dry."

"A clergyman is accused of being seen tying a tin can to a dog's tail." Well, what of it? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect that because a man is a minister he ought to tie silver goblets to dogs' tails.

A priest is called in to see a poor old hackman who is on his death bed. The priest (solemnly)—Have you been in the habit of going to church? The hackman (faintly)—No, but (his face brightening) I've driven lots of people there.

The Rev. Leonard W. Bacon last Sunday threatened to call the police on disturbers of the services in his church at Waterbury. Mr. Bacon comes of the stock not to be trifled with. He not only believes in hell, but in giving the wicked a taste of it here.

Walt Whitman, in an alleged poem, says: "Nothing is ever lost, or can be lost." Evidently the author of "Leaves of Grass" doesn't believe in the scriptures, wherein we read something about "lost souls." He never played the sinful game called "poder" either.

A woman who keeps a little store at the quiet hamlet of Brockton, Ill., is on trial for selling cigars, pop and lemonade on Sunday. It is sad to find in a rural village where naught but virtue and innocence should exist a depth of depravity that would even shock St. Louis.

A pious citizen of a western city, who contributed a stained glass window to the church, is said to have fallen from grace when he read in the local paper that "our fellow townsman, Seth Schemerhorn, has placed a stained grass widow in St. Joseph's church," etc.

David probably reached the conclusion that all men are liars by reading alternately the articles in the government organs and the opposition press. Other men since his time, after such a course of reading, have very nearly arrived at the same opinion, only they were too polite to blurt it right out as he did.

The Germany sausage meat must be officially examined before it is sold. A dealer was recently arrested for failing to comply with the regulation. He gave as an excuse the fact that he always sent some of his sausage to his pastor first and if the pastor was not made ill by them he concluded that they were all right without an inspection.

An actress of the People's theater, Lincoln, lately attended church in that city in a new bonnet, the crown of which was adorned with a beautifully worked advertisement of the company. This is a novel way of advertising, but an excellent one to attract the ladies' attention. It might make the preacher envious, but what of that.

St. Peter (consulting credentials of applicant)—Always lived in Philadelphia, always shut the door after you, never asked any one whether it was hot or cold enough for him, never wrote a spring poem? Front, show this gentleman to Row A. Hold on a minute! What's that stain on your fingers? Applicant—I—I used to smoke cigarettes. St. Peter—Front, show this gentleman to the chimney.

Frontier population has about all it can attend to in the "here" without giving much attention to the "hereafter." Denver, however, is giving some consideration to matters that pertain to the beyond. The News of that city says: "An audience of 2,000 men crowding the seats and standing room of a house of worship is an inspiring sight in any city, but especially so in a frontier capital like Denver, where, in the general estimate, but little thought is given to the things of the future.

Mr. Cyrus Foss, son of the eloquent and learned bishop of the M. E. church, was introduced to an eminent minister of that church at a recent reception at Minnapolis. "Ah," said the minister, "you are the son of Bishop Foss, are you? I know him very well and am glad to know you. I suppose you are going to be a minister, too?" "No, sir," replied the young man, promptly. "I am going to earn my living." Then they both meandered toward the lemonade.

A Desirable Location.

New Haven News: One of the bright spots in existence is spot cash.

Between Two Fires.

Detroit Free Press: The watched pot never boils; but then the unwatched pot boils over.

PEPPERMENT DROPS.

"I won't last long at this rate"—as the surplus remarks when it gazes at the twenty million river and harbor grabs.

Matters are becoming so dull in Washington now that the American hog is called in to stir up a little warm personal warfare.

Boston, Ga., has more than five hundred acres planted in melons. There will be no negro exodus from that neck of woods before fall.

A Boston woman who used to spend $75 per year for kid gloves now gets along with three bairs. Her husband bought her a diamond ring.

Archæologists have just discovered that the ancient Egyptians used umbrellas. They must have come handy during the long reign of the Pharoahs.

"Waist not," said the kind father from a front upper-store window to the young man who, at the front gate below, had his hugging arm around his only daughter's waist.

Look at her waist! I notice that the ladies generally are wearing high-necked dresses this year. "Yes," said the old fox-hunter; "they seem to have been driven to cover at last.

A Wheeling lady took up the bandbox containing her best bonnet last Sunday, then dropped it with a shriek and fled. The mouse had got in his work, however, and the bonnet was ruined.

According to the supreme court the new "married person's property act" does not compel a married woman to hold her tongue at her own peril. She can slander her neighbors as before, at her husband's expense.

"You, Billy," called a Bloomington mother to her son, who was playing in the street, "run right along to school and stop throwing stones, for you are almost certain to hit one of those candidates and spoil your pa's chances for getting an office.

The oldest convention on record will undoubtedly be that of the life prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary, which is to be held shortly. There will be no going out between the sessions for refreshments and no trouble about arranging excursion rates on the different railroads.

"Who was that young man here last night?" asked a father to his only daughter. "Why, papa, that was my accepted lover." "Your lover, child. Why, I never saw him before! What does he do?" "Do, papa, do?" she replied in amazement. "He doesn't do anything; he has a government position."

Telegraph Editor (to Chief)—Here is an interesting dispatch about Albert, the prince of——. Editor-in-Chief (irascibly)—Kill it; I'm sick of Albert, prince of Wales. Telegraph Editor—But this dispatch is in reference to Albert, the prince of pedestrians. Editor-in-Chief—Oh, put a big heading on it.

A Chicago man who had erected a fine residence was surprised one day to learn that a rat had been seen in the cellar. The plumber was sent for and given orders to stop up the rat hole without regard to expense. He did so and handed in his bill. It called for $1,333.35. He had found it necessary to completely overhaul and change the sewerage and drainage system of the premises to keep that rat out.

The editor of a Griggs county (Dakota) paper calls attention to the fact that Griggs county contains room enough to seat the entire population of the globe in arm-chairs within its limits, allowing each person a space of thirteen feet. Unless the Griggs county editor can offer some other inducement, it is extremely doubtful if the entire population of the globe will go there to sit in chairs. It is too infernally cold in Dakota to take such an out-of-doors loaf during the winter, and too hot for comfort in the summer.

A Most Precious Cat.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle: A lady in Athens has been training a cat for the past two years, and now he will do almost anything at the word of command. He will go upstairs and bring her hat, shawl or handkerchief by telling him to do so. He is a valuable cat for tricks, but has never been known to catch a rat.

Fine PIANOS & ORGANS

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

NEW EMERSON PIANO,

With its double frame and metal pin block and latest improved action, keeping it in the front rank without a superior, and warranted for seven years.

HALLET & DAVIS CABINET GRAND

PIANOS, now in our warerooms, have the double agraffe bridge and a recent invention in music rack for duett players which will delight the pianist,

Improved Kimball Pianos

BEST MEDIUM-PRICED INSTRUMENT IN THE MARKET.

SEE THE PARAGON KIMBALL ORGAN

The finest Parlor Organ made. All instruments fully warranted and sold on easy payments. Pianos and Organs rented, moved, tuned and boxed

A. HOSPE, Jr., 1513 DOUGLAS STREET

Come and see for Yourselves, and bring the Children with you.

Don't buy the Boys' Spring outfits until you have examined the recent addition which we have made to our stock, in the juvenile department. Nothing prettier or more desirable can be found in Children's Clothing, than the assortment we have now on exhibition,—not to mention also unusual attractions in garments suited to children of a larger growth.

Robinson & Garmon

OMAHA 1311 FARNAM

A. R. Logie & Co.

1310 and 1312 Farnam St.

Always in stock a full line of

RIKER'S

Reliable and justly celebrated

FAMILY MEDICINES, TOILET REQUISITES, PERFUMES, &c.

All of which are legally guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or they cost you nothing.

NO MERCURY, NO POTASH, NO ARSENIC IN

Ricker's Compound Sarsaparilla

The best medicine in the world to purify the blood and invigorate the system. Bottles contain nearly double the quantity of any other advertised.

Price, 75 Cents.

RIKER'S EXPECTORANT.

One bottle WARRANTED to cure any ordinary Cough or Cold or your money is returned. A swift and CERTAIN CURE for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Pains in Chest, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and all Inflammatory Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs

Price, 60 Cents.

Riker's Calisaya and Iron

TONIC AND ANTI-MALARIAL

One of the Oldest and Best Medicines known to medical science. Prevents and Cures Malaria or any diseases of that nature. Improves the appetite, Enriches the blood, Reinvigorates the system, and is permanent in its effects. FULL PINT BOTTLES.

Price, 75 Cents.

Riker's True Emulsion.

Of Finest Tasteless Norwegian

COD LIVER OIL,

With Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

NO POTASH, NO SOAP, NO MOSS. EASILY TAKEN, READILY DIGESTED.

This Emulsion contains 50 per cent of PURE OIL and may be implicitly depended upon in every instance to give entire satisfaction, and is guaranteed to be the best emulsion now made, or we return the price.

Price, Per Bottle, 75 Cents.

With PEPSIN and QUININE, at the same price.

RIKER'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE.

Nutritive Tonic. Good as Calisaya Tonic or Coca Wine. Pints, 50 cents.

Riker's Perfumed Almond Meal.

An elegant and effectual preparation for whitening softening and beautifying the skin. For removing tan, discolorations, or any impurities it will be found far superior to the numerous lotions, soaps, oinfments, etc. It is absolutely harmless, and for general use is far preferable to the finest toilet soap. It always leaves the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Put up in a large elegant metal casket, with hinge cover. Price, 50 cents.

Riker's Florida Water.

Pronounced by all to be more fragrant and lasting than any. Half pints, 38 cents. Guaranteed to be the best in existence.

Riker's Tonic Wine of Coca.

Guaranteed superior to the imported, and very far