

WINTER GOODS

GIGANTIC UNLOADING SALE. ALL WINTER GOODS AT WARM WEATHER PRICES. NEVER WERE SUCH REDUCTIONS MADE IN THE DRY GOODS TRADE OF OMAHA. VISIT OUR STORE AND ASCERTAIN THESE FACTS FOR YOURSELF

Broadebaths, \$1.00. Monday we will place on sale 16 pieces 60-inch broadcloth. They are odds and ends. If you can find a boy in the lot to suit you they are the cheapest lot of goods ever offered. Monday, only \$1 yard, worth \$1.50.

Satins, Satins, 59c. Monday we place on sale 60 pieces fine satins in all the new colors. They are worth 75c. You can find a boy in the lot to suit you they are the cheapest lot of goods ever offered. Monday, only 59c a yard. Ladies doing fancy work will have money by taking advantage of this sale.

Graham's Cocoa or Oil Soap, 5c

Infant's Toilet Set, \$1.38. This infant's toilet set, as cut above, is a beauty and should be in every household where an infant resides. Only \$1.38 each, in all colors of plush.

Towel Roller, 8 Cents. 800 Towel Rollers, as cut above. They are worth 35c. On sale next week at 8c each.

Toilet Sets, \$1.00. We will offer next week 200 Toilet Sets, fine Celluloid Brush, Comb and Glass, in white and amber, only \$1 each, worth \$2.

6-Foot Step Ladder, 98 Cents. Whoever bought a step ladder before for 98c when it is 6 feet long?

Ladies' Merino VESTS, 29c. 60 dozen Ladies' White Merino Vests, pearl buttons, silk cut-stitched. These vests are worth 60c. We have too many. Take them away at 29c each.

Decorated China Set, \$10.95. A handsome Decorated China Tea Set of 56 pieces at \$10.95, worth \$20.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 25c. 200 dozen ladies' fine linen handkerchiefs, handsome embroidered edges, scalloped borders, plain white, hemstitched, fancy colored borders. These handkerchiefs were bought to sell at 50c, but we have too many and will offer choice of entire lot next week at 25c each.

Bamboo Easels, \$1.48. Ironing Boards, \$1.50. These ironing boards, as cut above, are called the "Ladies' New Found Friend." If you ever get one you will never be without one, and at the price, \$1.50 each, everyone can buy. They are worth \$2.50.

CHILD'S CHAIR, 45 Cents. This chair, as cut above, is a finely finished antique oak, and is worth and sold in Omaha at \$1.00. Our price next week, \$1.00.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, 22 Cents. 70 dozen ladies' china silk, fancy colored border, light centers, handkerchiefs, usually sold at 40c, cut price, 22c each; one-half dozen is the limit.

GROSS WAX CANDLES, 5c DOZ. 70 dozen ladies' china silk, fancy colored border, light centers, handkerchiefs, usually sold at 40c, cut price, 22c each; one-half dozen is the limit.

CENTER TABLE, \$3.95. This table, as cut above, is a finely finished antique oak, and is worth and sold in Omaha at \$6.50. Our price next week, \$3.95.

Gents' Silk Mufflers, 98 Cents. 57 dozen gents' all-silk brocaded cream Mufflers, that would be cheap \$1.35. Our unloading sale price is 98c, each.

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Plush Albums, \$1.25. The handsome Plush Album, as cut above, is the best value ever offered in Omaha. We have them in all new desirable colors. They are on sale next week at \$1.25 each.

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Gent's Blacking Case, \$1.25. You can buy next week this handsome blacking case complete with brush and blacking, as cut above, at \$1.25, worth \$2.50.

China Cuspidors, 49c. 30 elegant decorated china cuspidors, usually sold at \$1.25. Come in and take them away next week at 49c.

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PLUSH SACQUES, \$23.90. 100 Ladies' Seal Plush Sacques, 42 inches long, quilted satin lining, 4 seal ornaments, chamolli skin pockets. During this sale, \$23.90, worth \$35.

Plush Wraps, \$18. An elegant Ladies' Seal Plush Wrap, coat sleeve, tight fitting, long in front, short behind, trimmed all around with seal plush bell trimmings, at \$18; former price, \$25.

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BENNINGSON BROS., 1519-1521 Douglas Street

THE PROTESTANT BUDDHISM.

A Curious Phase of the Religion in the Japanese Empire.

INTERVIEW WITH A NOTED PRIEST

Prospects of Buddhism as an American Religion—A Buddhist Temple—How 200,000 Women Gave Their Locks to Buddha.

Carp's Letter.

Nov. 10.—Special Correspondence of THE BEE.—I have just finished an afternoon in the company of Mr. Akamatsu, who is one of the most noted Buddhist priests of Japan. He is one of the heads of the largest Buddhist sect of the country, and he presides over the biggest temple in the Japanese empire.

The audience room of his temple, with its money-changers and its multitude of worshippers makes one think of the scenes in the great temple at Jerusalem in the days of Christ. It covers half an acre, and the ante-rooms and chambers of the temple form a labyrinth of Japanese apartments walled with gold leaf and decorated with costly carvings and paintings by the greatest of Japanese artists.

The Buddhist religion embraces among its followers one-fourth of all the people in the world. It contains more believers than any other religion, and it is the chief religion of Japan. There are here 72,000 Buddhist temples, and Kiota, which is a city the size of Cincinnati, is said to have 3,500 temples of this religion. Still, Buddhism came into Japan 500 years before Christ was born, though it originated 600 years before that time. The Japanese Buddhists have as many sects as Protestant Christians, and these vary widely as to their doctrine and their beliefs. The priests of many of them shave their heads until they shine like so many billiard balls, and these lead celibate lives. Other sects believe in marriage, and the sect of Mr. Akamatsu is one of the most liberal of the whole. It is not a state of somnolence, as the Unitarian Protestants of Japanese Buddhism, and its theories vary so widely from the generally accepted ideas of Buddhism that my conversation with Mr. Akamatsu cannot fail to be interesting.

A GREAT BUDDHIST.

It was in one of these gorgeous gold-walled rooms that I met the great Buddhist, a short, slender, full-bearded, kind-eyed man of forty-five. He was dressed in a long black gown of a sort of silk grenadine, with sleeves which hung down like those of a Japanese lady, a foot or so below the wrist. His feet were clad in the whitest of foot mittens, and he had left his sandals on the ground outside. I had likewise been directed to take off my shoes, and thus, in stocking feet, we sat on European chairs and talked together. Mr. Akamatsu had spent two years in England about fifteen years ago, and he spoke our language fluently. He talked freely, using a great many illustrations of the commonplace order, and surprised me continually at the liberality of his views and the wide extent of his reading and information. He was very particular in his statement that all Buddhists were not as he was, and that many of the different sects did not look upon religion and Christianity as he did, but he said the Buddhists believe that they are all going the same way, and that the sects will be finally united in the Nirvana. I asked as to the

GROWTH OF BUDDHISM. Mr. Akamatsu replied: "Japan is at

deplorable state as far as religion is concerned. The people of the better classes are largely Agnostics. They believe in no religion and though the bulk of them are nominally Buddhists, they are really infidels. I believe that any religion is better than no religion, and there is at present room in Japan for all the work that both the Buddhists and the Christians can do. When the two religions have conquered the empire and the sects come together there may be trouble but not before. We have now our preachers and the Christians have their missionaries. There is a vast field before us, and there is room for both to do good. Our teachings are in many respects the same and we both aim at the establishment of a better morality and the elevation of man."

"Your idea of religion is far different from that of the other Buddhist sects, is it not?" I asked.

HIS CREED.

"Yes," replied the priest, "the Buddha we worship is the amita Buddha, the boundless Buddha, the chief of all the Buddhas. Amita means boundless, and we believe that Buddha is boundless in all his attributes. We believe he is a god of boundless mercy, of boundless goodness and purity, and of boundless light. We believe that his light and life are perfect, and our religion is one of faith and works. From the time of putting his feet in the saving power of Buddha we do not need any power of self-help, but need only keep his power in heart and invoke his name in order to remember him. We believe in the doctrines of cause and effect, and that the state of our present life has its causes in what we have done in our previous existence up to the present. On this account our religion forbids all prayers for happiness in the present life, because the events of the present life cannot be altered by the power of others. We may better our condition in the next life by attending to our moral duties in this, by loving each other, and by keeping the laws."

TRANSMIGRATION.

"Then you have the doctrine of transmigration?"

"Yes, all Buddhists believe in that. We believe that mind or soul is never lost. It rises from one transmigration to another, going higher or sinking lower in the scale of creation as a man's actions are good or bad. Some of the Buddhists believe in hells, and there is a theory that there are eight hot hells and eight cold hells. The eight hot hells are states of burning fire. The eight cold hells are those of freezing water. The lower classes believe these hells to exist in reality. It is with the higher classes much as with the brimstone damnation of Christianity. The blazing fire and freezing water are not made by other beings but by our thoughts alone. We have theories that the lowest and wickedest of men may spend their next state in the souls of beasts or insects. The good man by doing his best for the right in this world is born with a better soul into the next transmigration. If he goes step by step and life by life until he reaches the Nirvana."

"WHAT IS THE NIRVANA?"

"It is hard to explain this in English. I find that Christians do not rightly appreciate it. It is not a state of somnolence, as many suppose. It is not a negative state, but a positive one. Nirvana means eternal happiness, and it is the state of Buddha. In my belief that all the bad that is in man's nature is annihilated and all the good continues to grow. It is a state in which all the evil is taken from man's nature, and his happiness comes from his appreciation of the true, the beautiful and the good in its perfection. Buddhism believes in the extinction of the evil passions of man, and that when these are all out of the miserable state of transmigration ends. Covetousness, anger, vice, hypocrisy, pride, are dead, and the pure soul enters the Nirvana."

"This is a beautiful theory, but do all Buddhists hold it?"

"Not at all," replied the priest. "The nominal Buddhists wear merely the cloak of the religion, and many people of the lower classes expect to receive good fortunes in this life for their religious work."

"Do any of them worship the images of the evil passions of man, and that when these are all out of the miserable state of transmigration ends. Covetousness, anger, vice, hypocrisy, pride, are dead, and the pure soul enters the Nirvana."

"I think not. They worship them only as representative of Buddha. They do not

believe that the wood and stone has life or power." Do you think that Buddhism will ever become

THE CHIEF RELIGION

Of the world, in other words, will all the people in the world sometimes be Buddhists?"

"I hardly think so," was the reply, "though I understand there are Buddhists in America, and Madame Hlavetsky and the theosophists are treating these people as if they were. Still, I would not like to say that all the world would eventually be Buddhists."

"But the Christians claim that they will eventually christianize the whole world," said I.

"Well, as for claiming," replied the priest, with a twinkle of his eye, "I can claim as much as they can. I can claim that all the world will be Buddhists, and I can set down the day, hour and minute when this will be. But it would only be claiming after all. There are now 100,000,000 of Protestant Christians in the world. There are 200,000,000 Roman Catholics. We Buddhists at the lowest estimate number 340,000,000, and Buddhism is not at all stagnant. Before six hundred years we were not known in Japan, and we spread over this whole empire in a very short time. Some of the mikados of the past were Buddhists, and the day will come when there will be a Buddhist president in the white house who will push the faith in religion to the front in the United States."

"Do the Buddhists give largely to their church?"

"Not so much as they should," replied the priest. "Still they do very well, considering the poverty of the country. This church in which we are now talking has an income of \$20,000 a year. This is not a large sum, but this denomination is building a cathedral which will cost well up into the millions. Our people give as much as they can. We do not fix the amount of their contributions, and there is no titing among us."

THE TEMPLE.

In company with Mr. Akamatsu I next took a walk through this vast temple known in Japan as the Nishi Hongwan Ji. We walked through corridors after corridor in our stocking feet and inspected room after room carpeted with mats and lined with gold leaf. The walls were made of sliding screens and upon each of these were paintings by the old masters. Pricedless carvings of noted left-handed artist, who lived about three hundred years ago, formed the frieze work of one side of most of the rooms. This was made up of birds and flowers of life size so accurately cut that the blood seemed to flow through them. We visited the great audience room of the temple, the roof of which is upheld by immense pillars and the floor of which takes 954 yards of matting to cover it. The ceiling was made of richly painted panels bound with lacquer, and great brass lanterns, each of which would have filled a good-sized hoghead, hung from the ceiling. We went through splendid reception rooms, and this sect of Buddhists have some of the finest of the Japanese temples. The art of Japan is connected with the temples, and in them are found the finest specimens of Japanese carving and bronze work. We looked at the great bell of the temple, which is rung by a lot of wood so held up by means of a rope that its end points against the lower part of the outside of the bell, and which is rung by a man pulling this log back and letting it strike against the bell. We walked through the beautiful temple garden and watched gold fishes of about five pounds each swimming by the hundreds within the lake in its center. The priests sat behind little cage-like desks a foot high, and the crowds thronged around with their gifts and the pushing and crowding of a bank on busy day. Money has changed and gifts in kind were given, and from what I could see

this branch of Buddhism seemed far from dead. AN \$8,000,000 TEMPLE.

I was the more surprised when our government guide took us to the other temple of this sect which is now being built. It is to cost \$8,000,000 when completed, and it will be finished next year. It has already been nine years in building, and its funds are made up entirely from the offerings of the people. It is the grandest temple at Nikko, forty acres of land covered with low sheds, and in these sheds go on the work of turning the great logs brought from the island of Formosa into the best of carriages, and into the numerous pieces of wood work which go to make up a great Japanese temple. Everything is done by hand. Logs four feet thick are sawed into beams and great beams, two of which would form a good load for a team of Senator Palmer's percheron horses, are carried by a score of men in couples up a wide roadway which has been built from the ground to the roof of the temple. This temple will cover acres of ground. It will have all the temple of Japan, consist of an immense ridge-roofed building, the sides of which will slope downward in the shape of a bow, and the beams and every part of which will be a mass of gorgeous carving. Five hundred men are now at work upon it, and the work of all kinds goes on under its roof. This roof was put up on great poles before the work was begun, and the scaffolding of this building consists of tens of thousands of poles, which are like the ribs of a whale, and are fastened to the wall to that of a fishing net. These are tied together with ropes and upon these are cars of roof are built. Here can be seen better in any where else in the world, I do not think, the modes of architecture of the ancients. It is wonderful what man's hand can do unaided by machinery. There are no steam engines, no derricks and no machines of any kind. Work upon this temple has been and is being done by hand. The carvers and painters and carvers are Buddhists who come from all parts of the country to do voluntary work for the temple, and one of the most striking objects of the whole of the building apparatus is the offering of women. I speak of

THE ROPES

which have been used in hauling these immense logs, which make up the material of the temple. They are numbered by the hundreds of feet, and the largest of them are as big around as the thigh of a good-sized man. Great cables of brownish black, they hang in long strands from the roof to the first floor of the temple, making a screen many one hundred feet high and twenty feet wide, so thick that they shut out the light. And these thousands of feet of big rope are made of what? They are entirely composed of human hair. Two hundred thousand women cut off their locks for this purpose as an offering to Buddha. The whole was braided together and the thin cords were twisted until they became thick ones. The strands grew into ropes and the ropes became these massive cables. I fingered them with my hands and tried to chag them, but they were so hard that my thumbs and fingers would not meet. I pressed my thumb upon them, and they were as hard almost as a piece of wire. They were dry. All the oil had gone out of the hair and the whole looked more dead than alive. Still I could see that all sorts of lives were wrapped up in this rope. Here the hair, brows, silky locks of the maiden were twined in out with those of the white-haired woman, and long strands were braided about the ones and twined with the rope. These different locks had become loosened and they sank down like the tail of a horse, of variegated colors. One cable alone contained the hair of 2,000 women, and some of the smaller cables were worn thin almost to breaking by the immense strain that had been put upon them in the pulling of the logs. These ropes will be kept in the temple, and when this great temple is completed they will have one of the honored places among its relics. They are truly a monument of the desire of the women of the east for something better than they now have.

IDIOLATRY.

In this letter it must be remembered that I have treated chiefly of Pre-to-tan Buddhism, and that the sects of Budvists are many. Idolatry in many of the temples seems to prevail, and the superstitions which exist

among the Japanese worshippers would, in the telling, more than fill the columns of this paper. There is the Doctor Buddha here, who, if you put your fingers upon his eyes, and then anoint your sore ones, will effect a cure. Who, if you have the stomachache, and rub his wooden club upon your ribs, will have the same effect upon you of bicarbonate of soda, and who, if you have a cold in the head, will relieve you by the alternate rubbing of his nose and yours. There are little wooden gods for babies' diseases, and there are big wooden Buddhas for women desiring children. In the grandest temples at Nikko there is a sacred pool upon you may feed with holy beans at a cent a plate, and every other country temple has its stone foxes which are worshipped. I find vestiges of the worship of twenty-five years ago, which will not bear telling in the newspapers, and the Shinto religion, which has been in Japan 14,000 years, is made up of a combination of relying on the spirits of dead ancestors and of the worship of silver mirrors. Christianity in the meanwhile has, I believe, come to Japan to stay. There are 60,000 Christians of all kinds in Japan. There are many who are supporting churches, and the missionaries are, as a class, bright, earnest men whose homes are refined and whose work is enthusiastic and progressive.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

"Let's conlecco, and have less coal," said the coalman.

A man is known by the condition of the sidewalk he keeps.

There promises to be a great deal of back talk in the phonograph.

If there is anything in a name, Sioux City should be a good place for lawyers.

A pretty girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking-glass.

The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. The object can be seen through.

There are a good many cabinet makers, but the only mechanical work they can do is the boring.

An embankment caved in on some laborers near Oil City, and the verdict of the jury was: "Died of gravel."

Corn is a maize and a dance is a maze, which is pretty conclusive proof that there is bond between dancing and corn.

With a view, possibly, to overshadowing the recent Whitechapel horrors, Mrs. Ladbury, of Longport, has had a Macbeth play.

"Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?" inquired Jenkins. "No," replied the jilted lover, "it was her little brother."

The fourth marriage anniversary is now spoken of as the clover wedding. The term is probably the suggestion of some grass widower.

The have banks down in the provinces that no one fears will ever be broken into or cleaned out by dishonest cashiers. They are fog banks.

The ball car is being driven from this city, but the petroleum hotel fire still continues to find its victims here and there in the metropolis.

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay \$3 for a diamond ring for your wife?" "Not at all; you seem to forget how much I will save on her grave bill."

"How's business since election?" asked one of the best club managers of another. "Mighty tight," was the discouraging reply. "I've only sold two players this week."

It is said that when a girl gets to be thirty-five she is fond of being called Daisy if that happens to be her first name. At sixteen she insists on being called Miss Smith.

When women vote it is to be hoped that they won't be allowed to bet bets on the election. Otherwise their husbands would certainly be ruined when the time to pay up came.

A lot of young farmers in central Illinois held a corn-bussing contest a few days ago. They ruled out a chronopist who wished to compete on the ground that he was a professional and an expert.

"What must we do to attain our goal?" inquired the professor of moral philosophy

to the quarter-back of the college eleven. "Select the right man to kick it, sir," said the foot-ball enthusiast.

"I can only be a sister to you, George, nothing more." "I'm afraid you won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters already, and to tell you the truth, they are not favorably disposed towards you; they think match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace, "you may name the day."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mojiska is contemplating a farewell tour. Minnie Palmer has arrived from England, where she had a successful season.

A Lawrence Barrett-Mary Anderson co-partnership is talked of among the quidnuncs of the metropolis.

Miss Emma V. Sheridan, who supported Richard Mansfield in London in "Prince Kar," is on her way back from Europe.

A M. Palmer has secured the American rights for the "Deputy Herald," to be produced at the Criterion, Chicago, soon.

The consensus of opinion among London critics is that while Gilbert's new play for the season has good stuff in it, nevertheless it is a failure.

Robson and Crane are coming from out of the golden west. They will be in Cleveland next week, Detroit afterward, and Buffalo the succeeding week.

Miss Isabella Irving, the pretty English girl whom Rossina Voices brought over last season, has been engaged by Mr. Augustin Daly as a member of his regular stock company.

Miss Patti sang in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Paris Grand opera house. It was her first appearance in the French capital for a dozen years, and she was greeted by a perfect storm of applause.

Miss Blanche Marsden, of whom so much has been written, has signed a contract with the English opera manager for three years, during which time she will visit England and Australia.

Daniel Sully divides next week between Lyons in California and Sacra. He wants to buy a half interest in the lease of the Bijou theater in San Francisco, and settle there as a resident manager.

Flanny Deacon, the well known play actor, is coming into town. He is probably playing a considerable part of her next season in one night stands, as she is more of a financial success in the smaller houses and cities than she has been with "La Tosca" in the principles.

Bonfanti, the ballet premier, looks as young now as she did a score of years ago, when she promulgated "The Black Crook." She always kept regular hours, and preferred arrowroot gruel to champagne and quail.

"Sweet Lavender," says the New York Tribune, has come to stay, apparently. The Lyceum theater is crowded to its utmost at every performance, and it is frequently impossible to secure any seat, let alone a bad one, three days in advance.

Rosa Lindt, the young American soprano, who achieved distinction with her voice at Berlin, Vienna and other prominent cities in Germany, and was engaged by Mr. Gustav Amberg for a number of performances at his new theater in New York.

Mr. Louis James and Marie Wainwright have just closed their engagement at San Francisco and are on their way here. Their New York engagement will begin in January, when they will be seen in "Virginia." The school for scandal! and "As You Like It."

Irving and Terry have been quietly rehearsing their new "Macbeth" at Birmingham this week, though the actual rehearsals do not begin at the Lyceum till next week. The production is awaited with interest, and will be the theatrical event of the winter season in London.

Charles Drexler, has bought the American rights for Vaquerie's new play "Jaisouie," which was produced at the Gymnase theater in Paris a few nights ago. Overton has also bought the American rights with all the scenery and properties of "Jack Sheppard," as produced in Paris.

European musical experts are mourning over the decadence of the art, and furnish some discouraging statistics. There is no

good singer in Berlin. At Dresden Mellen is the only good one. The Saxon chorus singers are detestable. Vienna provides nobody worth mentioning, and things are worse in Italy than anywhere, for the great operas cannot be given there for lack of singers.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

A minute repeater recently seen has an open inlaid dial, the figures of which are in red enamel.

Two cabbage leaves overlapping each other in frosted and burnished finish make a unique cake basket.

Very pretty is a lady's watch enameled on both sides with violets and sprays surrounding a vari colored floral wreath.

An odd stamp book represents a crouching bear in oxidized silver, which when turned over, reveals three gold lined compartments.

A silver clover leaf tray with fluted border and engraved Venetian center accompanies a etched water pitcher in the style of Louis XV.

A rich carving set for the holidays consists of a roast and game carvers combined with a fish set in oxidized Assyrian and Grecian styles.

An attractive center piece is a fruit holder with a cameo bowl and silver frame in Assyrian style, upheld by two mediating cupids.

Four clover leaves of three pearls each, with a single pearl between each leaf and a diamond center, is the design of a pretty brooch.

For a wedding or holiday present something new is a silver dinner set including spoons, forks, knives and soup ladle, in Armenian style and hand engraved in leaf design.

An old ring, the only one of its kind in New York, has five stones in an English setting, consisting of red, blue, brown, emerald and coffee colored diamonds, in the order named.