MUSLIN and SHEETING AT NET COST.

# Falconer's

MUSLIN and SHEETING AT NET COST.

## GREAT LINEN, EMBROIDERY AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE.

We will add many special Bargains to our Great Linen Sale next week. We are receiving new goods daily, and if prices will sell them, we are going to do it. Our stock of Muslins and Sheeting is now complete. Remember, we are selling them at net cost. We will also place on sale a beautiful line of Embroideries. The finest that has ever been shown in the city, and the prices are very low. No lady can afford to let this opportunity pass. We are saving you at least 35 per cent.

## REMEMBER, ALL OUR WOOLEN GOODS AT A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT UNTIL FEBRUARY 1ST.

### Fine Linens.

The second week of our great Annual Linen Sale will be devoted especially to to Fine Cloths, Fine Dinner Sets and Hemstitched Bed Linens. The volume of business at our linen counter last week was greater than we had anticipated, and the many customers it was impossible to wait on should remember that the prices on all medium goods are the same, while the prices on our Finest Table and Bed Linens have been cut almost in two.

We have classified this immense stock of Fine Goods into 4 lots, and arranged them in the centre of the Linen Aisle.

**Lot 1 at $4.95,**

Comprises all of our Napkins and Cloths that have sold from $6.50 to $10; Monday and during this sale, $4.95.

**Lot 2 at $7.88.**

All our Cloths, Napkins and Hemstitched Linen Sheets that were sold from $10.25 to $13.50; Monday and for the next two weeks at $7.88.

**Lot 3 at $9.78.**

All our Sheets, Cloths and Napkins, former prices ranged from $13.75 to $17.50; sale price $9.78, until all are sold.

**Lot 4 at $14.82.**

All our Finest Linens, ranging in price from $18 to $25; the reduced price will be $14.82.

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### Towels! Towels!

See our 12½c Huck Towels, $1.50 per dozen. They are the best for the money.

Buy our 19c large Huck Towels. They are worth 25c.

Don't pass our 25c Towels, if you want a good Towel for little money.

Our 8-4 Double Damasks at $1.00 are the best and the patterns are the newest.

These prices will remain until February 1st.

10 Pieces 60-inch
CREAM DAMASK
at 42½c, worth 60c.

25 pieces 62 and 66-inch
CREAM DAMASK
at 49c, worth 75c.

15 pieces 64-inch
CREAM DAMASK,
very fine, at 65c, worth 80c.

12 pieces 60-inch Scotch Turkey Red Damask, the best in the world,
**At 75c.**
Worth 95c.

15 pieces 68-inch Scotch Turkey Red Damask;
**At 95c.**
Reduced from $1.25.

60-inch plain Cardinal Damask,
**At. 65c.**
Reduced from 80c.

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20 PER CENT DISCOUNT!

### 20 PER CENT DISCOUNT!

ON
Colored Dress Goods,
Black Dress Goods,
Cloaks,
Shawls,
Comforts,
Blankets,
Flannels,
Fur Robes,
Fur Rugs,
Hosiery,
Underwear,
Knit Goods,
Smoking Jackets,
UNTIL FEB. 1.

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT!

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT!

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### Embroideries.

Hamburg Edgings..... 5c; worth 8½c
Hamburg Edgings..... 8½c; worth 12½c
Hamburg Edgings..... 10c; worth 13½c
Hamburg Edgings.....12½c; worth 16½c

**At 15c.**
We are showing an elegant assortment of patterns, all new designs; worth 25c.

**At 20c.**
A beautiful assortment of Swiss and Nainsook Embroideries: worth 30c.

**At 25c.**
We are showing over a hundred different designs of Swiss and Nainsook Embroideries; worth 37½c.

### Flouncings.

At 75c, 85c, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2, $2.50 and $3. These prices are 25 per cent lower than anything offered.

### Muslins —AND— Sheetings.

Our whole stock will be offered during this sale at net cost.

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### Muslin Underwear

SKIRTS. SKIRTS.

At 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50. These are all beautifully trimmed and very cheap.

### Drawers. Drawers.

At 25c, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c and $1.00. These are all made of extra fine muslin and nicely trimmed.

### Chemises.

At 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 and $3. These goods are well made, and come plain and beautifully trimmed.

### Gowns. Gowns.

At 65c, 75c, 85c, 95c, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2 up to $3. These come in all styles.

**Irish Point Flouncings.**

We are showing a beautiful assortment of patterns at $1.85, $2.50 and $3.

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## SHE'S A FEMALE LOCHINVAR.

A Brave Little Maiden Takes Her Lover to the Parson.

THUS OUTWITTING PAPA M'GEE.

A Dramatic Story from Virginia—How an Evangelist Got a Wife—Raised Her Husband from a Child.

**Little Romances.**

Talk about your female grit—your plucky girls—your fair heroines—but for genuine enterprise and cast-steel determination, Miss Nettie McGee, living near Timmonville, S. C., is entitled to wear the laurels. Nettie is the daughter of Farmer Picasant McGee, and is only fifteen, but she is well developed and true blue from the ground up.

One of the nearest neighbors of Nettie's father is H. J. Jolley, whose son Joseph is about sixteen years old. For a long time Joseph and Nettie have been fast friends, and latterly their friendship ripened into true love. Both loved ardently and they agreed to marry, but the young man's father objected. On a recent occasion they thought to creep up on the blind side of the old man by meeting at Sardis church and getting Rev. Mr. Hicks to tie them up. He found it out and forbade Mr. Hicks performing the ceremony.

Shortly after this there was a cotton-picking at old man McGee's, and young Jolley attended. During the day Nettie proposed an elopement, and Joseph consented. That night, after the veil of darkness had spread over the face of nature and quieted all about the premises, Nettie stole away to her father's stable, and, catching the horse, harnessed him to the buggy. Mounting the vehicle, she grasped the reins, and soon drew up at a spot near the residence of old man Jolley. Three long, shrill whistles, which was the signal previously agreed upon, soon brought her lover to her side. The girl bade him mount the buggy without delay, as she feared their absence would be detected by their parents and their plans frustrated. Joseph obeyed the command, and Nettie drew up the reins and applied the whip. The steed plunged off through the darkness, and soon drew the happy pair up in front of the residence of Rev. M. Russell Hill. Calling the parson out, Nettie told him to make her Joe's wife. "Get down and come in," said the good-natured parson. They alighted from the buggy and went in, and Mr. Hill struck a light, polished up his spectacles and tied the connubial knot.

Here is a story which has all the dramatic interest of Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," with a tragic denouement added. The Lavelles removed from Augusta county, to Roanoke, Va., about ten years ago. Their condition seemed to be one of contentment and happiness until George, Amelia and a younger sister entered the public free school. A cloud then overshadowed their cheerful existence. The charge was made by the other children of the school that they were "part negroes." The Lavelle children, through their father, appealed to the principal of the school for immunity from the insults to which they were subjected. The principal entered upon a patient investigation. His inquiries elicited responses that the family were held in high esteem at their old home, but left the impression on his mind that there was a ghost in the family which would not down. Thoughtless people continued to keep up the taunts, which originated as above described, until eighteen months ago, when George, seemingly unable to bear them longer, fortifying himself for desperate work by intoxicants, went to the residence of Charles Reynolds, called him from the parlor to the hall, placed a pistol to his head and fired. The wounded man fell to the floor apparently lifeless. Lavelle glanced down at him a moment, placed the muzzle of the pistol to his own temple and sent a bullet into his brain. His death was instantaneous, but Reynolds recovered. The motive could not be discovered for his shooting Reynolds, the latter asserting that he and the suicide had been confidential friends. The other day Amelia went out shopping. She relates that while in a store making some purchases she was called a "nigger" by a young lady. She immediately returned to her home and began clandestine preparations for self-destruction. The following day she attempted to carry these plans into execution, shooting herself in the left side. She is still living, but expressed the wish that she may not recover. Her younger sister threatens to follow her.

Gossips in Flushing, N. Y., are having an exciting time discussing the secret marriage of Evangelist E. W. McComb to Miss Lizzie Young, a wealthy girl of the village. The story became generally known to-day. Two months ago McComb arrived in Flushing and began a series of revival meetings. Miss Young was one of his converts, and two weeks ago was consecrated in the faith. The meetings were very successful, and people encouraged McComb. It was not noticed, however, that Miss Young was falling in love with the preacher. On Sunday she told her parents she was going to marry him. They protested, but she promptly informed them that she was of age. They warned the ministers in town not to perform the ceremony. The couple visited several clergymen, but they all refused to act. The young people met and went to Corona, where they were married. Mr. McComb afterwards conducted a revival meeting in the tabernacle. His wife was on the platform with other converts.

Among the passengers who arrived at San Francisco from Oregon the other day was a stout, rather masculine and weather-beaten looking woman, with silver-gray hair and a determined and independent look on her face. She was a woman with a marital history that will be hard to beat, for she married six husbands and, one after another, buried them all, and now in her declining years comes to the front with her seventh spouse, a stripling of twenty-eight years. The seventh husband's name is Rawlins, and so it happens that this much-married woman is now Mrs. Rawlins. The history of the oft-widowed woman is interesting. She has, of course, come into possession of whatever property each husband left on his death, and thus, by a sort of system of accumulative progressions, she is a wealthy woman and owns valuable cattle and rich timber lands in Montana and Oregon. The present spouse, who, as has been said, is husband No. 7, is a meek and dutiful boy, and was raised by his present wife from a child. The boy calls her "mamma," and obeys her like a dutiful son rather than a husband.

A strange tragedy occurred recently in a Moravian settlement near Bethlehem, Pa. One of the many curious customs of that strange sect is to marry off the young people by lot. Of course, it is not to be expected that a young couple shuffled together in this mechanical way, will always feel the Romeo-Juliet degree of passion. In order to be generous, therefore, the Moravian intellectual ancestors made it a rule that both the young woman and the young man should have the right to refuse, once, the helpmeet drawn in the lottery of love. In the present case a young girl was first allotted to a middle aged suitor who had been waiting for years to see his name drawn from the wheel. She could not reconcile herself to his physical deficiencies and exercised her right to withdraw. The rejected suitor sought revenge by refusing another young woman who had been assigned to him, and in the meantime the heroine of this story had herself been refused. The two names were thereupon thrown back into the wheel, and, after some months, some strange freak of fate brought the two names out together again. Neither could refuse to wed this time, and the unfortunate girl, rather than be tied for life with unwelcome bonds, jumped into the Bethlehem mill pond and drowned herself. The mourning bridegroom, says Mr. Blood, is now wandering disconsolately about the village waiting for another bride.

Recently there sat in one corner of a second-story room in the big brick tenement at No. 228 East Seventh street, St. Paul, a costly ebony coffin with heavy silver mountings. The coffin contained the remains of a young woman. The inscription on the silver plate was: "Teresa Camilla Masom, aged 24." The story of the girls life and death is a remarkably sad one. The girl ran away from Toronto with James Anderson three years ago. Her father, a banker, disinherited and disowned her and Anderson deserted her. Two months ago she fell ill with consumption. Half an hour before she passed away, she exacted from her sister a promise that her remains should be removed to Ontario and buried at the feet of her dead father. Telegrams were received from Toronto ordering the remains shipped and asking the Poor board to spare no expense.

Miss Flora M. Hayes, a petite brunette, the daughter of Albert H. Hayes, piano dealer of Norristown, Pa., recently ran off to Camden with C. Harry Bard, a young tobacconist, and was married by an accommodating clergyman of the popular Jersey resort. Mr. Bard, among his versatile accomplishments, is said to be a skillful performer on the snare drum, and it was while gliding over the polished floor of the Norristown roller-skating rink, where young Bard is employed, that the lady who is now his bride was enamored by the soft cadences of the rub-a-dub. Miss Hayes became a frequent attendant at the rink, and Drummer Bard's tattoo was soon beating in unison with the quick pulsations of a susceptible heart. Papa Hayes did not look with favor upon his pretty daughter's attachment, but the drummer bold was not the one to permit such an objection to stand in his way. So the other morning the pair were down at Market street ferry inquiring the way to a Camden clergyman's house. An hour later they were back in Philadelphia, and the young woman had a marriage certificate signed by Rev. J. R. Westwood, while Bridegroom Bard looked happy and conscious. Then they went to Norristown to receive the parental blessing.

School Commissioner Harvey Overton, of Elberton, Ga., who is a bachelor, had occasion two years ago to pass upon the papers of a number of female applicants for places. Among them was one residing in Atlanta, who failed to pass, but in whose handwriting the commissioner took such interest that for two years he has corresponded with her, though he had never seen her. Last week Mr. Overton visited the unsuccessful applicant for the first time, and the result is a marriage set for the first week in February.

Miss Sophia Baron, a young lady teacher at the Benton public school on Ninth and Locust streets, St. Louis, has been suspended by the school board on account of a little fun she had with Adolphus Lowe, an old bachelor of Kansas City, who had advertised for a wife. Miss Baron saw the advertisement in a German paper and answered it by giving an assumed name and saying she was a widow with one child. She sent him some other woman's photograph, and in due time Lowe went to St. Louis to claim his bride. He soon found that he had been made a fool of, but insisted anyway on the girl's marrying him, and even went to the school where she was teaching and made a great scene there. He was finally ejected. Miss Baron refused to make any apology for her conduct, and was suspended. Her aged admirer is quite wealthy.

Joseph Degon, an early resident of Freeport, Ill., left about eighteen years ago and found a home in Kansas. When he departed he left his wife behind, and about two years later the couple were divorced. Degon then married a Kansas lady and lived with her until her death, which occurred something over a year ago. Recently his heart seemed to have turned to his old love, for a few days ago he turned up here unexpectedly, and took up his first wife. He found her still single, and the vows of early years were renewed. They were remarried, and they now expect to pass the remainder of their days in Freeport.

A new American opera, "Yetiva," will be presented at the Tivoli opera house in San Francisco this month. The scene of the opera is laid in the historic old town of Albuquerque, N. M., and the scenery, which is now being prepared in San Francisco, will depict beautiful and historic spots in and about the famous town.

## CLEARED THE COURT HOUSE.

A Hoodoo Bag Which Was Too Much for the Negroes.

AN ATTORNEY'S CLEVER RUSE.

The Hoodoo Man's Dead Line—Superstitions of the Arkansas Negroes—A Fine for Contempt Which Was Remitted

**Story of the "Hoodoo" Bag.**

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Jan. 11.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—A good story was told at a banquet given by the State Bar association of Arkansas in this city last Thursday evening. It will illustrate the superstitious reverence with which the negros in this part of the country at one time regarded charms. Although the superstition about "hoodoo" bags and similar emblems of supernatural power is losing strength, it still has some faithful believers among the colored people. Upon the occasion mentioned Mr. Franklin Daswell, a lawyer well advanced in years and an old time resident of Arkansas, was called upon to respond to the toast: "Pioneer Lawyers of Arkansas." In answer, Mr. Daswell related the following passages from his life's history:

"Soon after the war I came to Arkansas and located in a small town in the northeastern part of the state. The country was unsettled and each man's time was so completely taken up in settling his own affairs that no one had time to engage in petty civil cases. As may be supposed, the outlook for a lawyer, was none too flattering. One day a case came to light which I have many times since regarded as my starting point in the state. A murder had been committed. One negro had killed another. The victim was widely known as a "hoodoo" negro. He was believed to possess the mystic "hoodoo" bag, which gave the owner power to cause death, cast spells, cure illness, besides a variety of other things. The negroes all feared and hated the old fellow. Consequently, his death excited no little interest among people of both colors. The court asked me to undertake the defense. I responded that I would if plenty of time would be given. My request was granted and I began operations. I discovered that the "hoodoo" negro had met the defendant one Thursday night and told him that before the following Sunday he (the latter) would be dead. So complete was the power of the "hoodoo" man that the other negro believed the prediction and set about preventing the fulfillment of the prophecy. He informed all his colored friends and on the following night a monstrous prayer meeting was called. It was continued all night and into the following day, during which time many long and tearful petitions went up that the awful power of the "hoodoo" negro might be counteracted. In the afternoon the man whose life had been prayed for took his shotgun, loaded it with bird-shot and started hunting. He did not go in the direction of the "hoodoo" negro's house. As fate would have it, however, the two met in the road some distance from any habitation. They stopped and gazed intently at each other. The "hoodoo" man drew a mark across the road with a stick and declared, with the "hoodoo" bag in his hand: "Now, sah, you cross dat line end you's a dead man." The fright was too much for the other. He quickly drew up his gun and fired at the "hoodoo," killing him instantly. In examing the body the coroner found the mysterious bag, which was filled with small splinters of bones (supposed to be human), small pebbles, bugs, and various things of that nature. Upon picking up the bag the negroes, who were assisting in disposing of the remains, immediately fled. The body was buried by the whites. When the case came up for trial the court house was thronged with negroes. It had been impossible to get a colored man to serve on the jury, therefore it was drawn mostly from former slave holders. In my speech to the jury I made a strong point of the superstition of the negro regarding charms generally and of the "hoodoo" bag in particular. I had the bag in my possession, and passed it around among the jurymen for examination. Then, in order to show its power, I threw it suddenly among the negroes. A terrible scramble and rush was the result. The court room was cleared of colored spectators and witnesses in short order, excepting my client, who would have departed also had he not been detained by the strong arm of the law. As soon as order could be restored the sheriff picked up the bag, ran to the door and shouted for the fleeing colored gentlemen to return, that he had the bag and would keep it. A few came back and peeped through the door, but they could not be induced to re-enter. The judge interrupted proceedings and fined me $50 for contempt of court. After a short absence the jury returned with a verdict of "not guilty." On the strength of having won my case I petitioned the judge to remit my fine, in which I was successful."

**A Historical Guard House.**

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., Jan. 10.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Just across the parade ground and facing my quarters stands the old Fort Robinson guard house. If the walls of this prison house could talk what a story they could tell! Here the most desperate horse thieves, road agents, murderers, Indians and criminals of all kinds have from time to time been confined since 1877. It was in this guard house Crazy Horse was shut up after his surrender to Lieutenant Clark of the Second cavalry. The facts will still be remembered by many old Nebraskans. Dull Knife and Standing Elk had surrendered the Cheyennes in the spring of 1877, and they were brought here to Red Cloud agency, then about two miles from the post. Crook, the previous winter, had badly whipped Crazy Horse on Tongue river with Mackenzie's troops, and they now came in with about one thousand souls and surrendered. Garnett C. P. Jordan and Leon F. Pillardy were present. They went to Red Cloud but Crazy Horse was dissatisfied. His band suddenly stampeded and he went with them to Spotted Tail agency. He said he would stay there, but the authorities feared to trust him, and he was ordered back to Red Cloud. Finally he was induced to accompany Lieutenant J. M. Lee to Fort Robinson. He was accompanied also by Mr. Bear and Louis Bourdeaux, interpreter. Some Indians at Red Cloud had sworn to kill Crazy Horse while others were his friends. He had to pass right through them. He was not afraid but expected he would be murdered. The Red Cloud Indians were ordered to keep in their lodges, the agent fearing most that the Indians seeing Crazy Horse a prisoner would attempt to rescue him. The ambulance containing the great chief drove rapidly through the agency and never halted until near the fort. It is said Lee had represented to Crazy Horse that the commanding officer at Fort Robinson only wished to have a talk with him, and he had come unarmed and without his warriors, trusting the white man's word. After the halt and parley, it being represented that the Indians from Red Cloud were coming the ambulance drove to the post. Crazy Horse was taken straight to the guard house, and no doubt thought he was entering the commanding officer's office until he was inside and caught sight of the cells and bars across the windows. Then he realized he had been entrapped, and the noble savage turned pale under his paint. Grasping the only weapon he had, his knife, he rushed for the door. Captain Kennington, officer of the day, intercepted him, and Crazy Horse assaulted him with his knife. He called for the guard and they rushed upon Crazy Horse. Several Indians who had joined Crazy Horse tried to protect him from the soldiers and at the same time get away his knife. The chief got to the door, and a sentinel on post No. 1 presented his bayonet at the chief's breast. He thrust it aside and tried to run by when the soldier dexterously bayoneted him in the side. So quickly was it done few know Crazy Horse had been hurt until he fell to the ground. Surgical aid was called and a small wound the size of ones little finger was discovered in the chief's left side. The fact was kept a secret for fear of the Indians, who had now thronged to the post from Red Cloud agency and were fearfully excited. Crazy Horse lingered in great pain until midnight when he died. His body was given to the Indians who reverently carried it hundreds of miles to the Missouri river, where they buried it, no one knows just where.

The guard house at Robinson once sheltered Big Nosed George after that famous robber had held up some army officers who were going overland to Bismarck in an ambulance from Fort Klough. That was before the Northern Pacific railroad had been built beyond the Missouri. George said that he did not get enough out of the whole lot of officers to pay the expenses of the trip. Nevertheless George had to leave Montana and the officers never let up hunting him until he was caught and killed. I think he was shot while being taken back to Montana for trial. They said he tried to escape from his guard. The prisoners in the guard house at Fort Robinson say some of the bedbugs that feasted on George's big nose while he was confined there are still living and doing business at the old stand. There were many famous prisoners besides Crazy Horse, Wild Hog and Big Nosed George confined in the guard house at Fort Robinson from time to time, but these will suffice. J. S. B.

**IMPIETIES.**

A Clothes-line.—The method of seating visitors at our fashionable churches.

A man claiming to have come direct from Hades has turned up in St. Louis. From Hell to St. Louis—poor fellow!

There has been a split in one of the churches at Catlin, Ill., on account of the opposition of some of the members to the use of an organ in public worship.

There is one thing to be said in favor of investing money in church fair lotteries. The prize a man draws is never large enough to ruin him and send him to a drunkard's grave in a year or two.

First Kentuckian—Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women, an' singin' "Would I Were a Bird!" Second Kentuckian—Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on.

They were packing Mr. Billus' trunk for journey. "There's just room in that corner for this bible, John," said Mrs. Billus. "I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put the book regretfully aside, "but I can't conscientiously do it and leave that box of cigars, Marie. They would be a temptation to Tommy."

In some of the towns of western Kansas the good church people amuse themselves by holding what they call poverty socials. At these gatherings the refreshments are cheese, crackers and water, and a free indulgence in the edibles at these poverty socials is often followed by an opulent headache the next day.

"Can you tell me," inquired an anxious-looking man of the bank cashier, "is there any way of disposing of plugged nickels?" "Certainly," replied the cashier, facetiously. "You can drop them into the contribution box at church. Any deacon will take them. He cannot well help himself." "Yes, sir," said the anxious-looking man; "I know that. I'm a church deacon. I have half a bushel of them I would like to dispose of."

Nat Goodwin is said to contemplate becoming the possessor of a theater of his own in New York, where he will give permanently the class of comedy now furnished to London playgoers by Toole and Wyndham.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

Irving as Macbeth wears no beard, but only a slight, very red mustache.

Fanny Davenport is resting in New York. She will resume her tour in Brooklyn.

Mr. John Gilbert will play an engagement in New York city with Mr. Joseph Jefferson in the spring.

The metropolitan opera of New York city now enters upon what may be termed its Wagnerian season.

The first production in America of Wagner's "Rheingold" filled every corner of the Metropolitan opera house, New York.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., was offered $500 per week by a Bowery variety manager, and she has had the good sense to decline the offer.

Emma Abbott left Kansas City for Gloucester, Mass., in charge of the remains of her husband. Her dates have been cancelled for two weeks.

Carrie Jameson, an old-time actress of ability, attached the wardrobe of Frederick Warde, the actor, in Chicago last week, on a claim of $753.

Adelaide Moore has bought the right to play "Nos Femmes" ("Our Wives") in this country from the author, Albin Valabreque, and will appear in it when she returns.

It is reported that the Shakespearean production which Mr. Florence has in view is "Henry IV.," to be presented next summer, Mr. Florence, of course, appearing as Falstaff.

Mary Anderson's New York engagement was remarkable. By the terms of her contract with Mr. Abbey, she receives 33⅓ per cent of the gross receipts for her personal services.

Mlle. Nordica had to sing to a Glasgow audience for a full hour to her own piano accompaniment last week, because the rest of the concert company had been delayed by a blocked train.

Nevada scored a great success in her farewell performance at Madrid. Queen Christiana, the countess of Paris, and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, were present and sent her flowers.

Sadie Martinot's starring tour under the management of M. B. Leavitt, which was to have begun in November last and was postponed, has been again postponed, this time to September next.

Daly's theater in New York is to have a new curtain, costing, it is said, $18,000. It is painted by a French artist, and will be revealed to the audience at the 100th performance of the "Lottery of Love."

The next comic opera that will be brought from Europe is one by Franz von Suppe that has been successfully produced in Vienna. It is entitled, "Did Jagd nach dem Gluck," literally, "The Hunt After Luck."

Helen Dauvray is to be a member of Joseph Jefferson's company, which will play "The Rivals" next season. At present she is in Europe awaiting the return of her husband via the Suez canal from the Antipodes.

"The King's Fool," a romantic comic opera, with text by Wittmann and Bauer, and music by Adolph Mueller of Vienna, was given its first American production by the Conried opera company at Chicago last week, and according to the Chicago papers made a favorable impression.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who has for the last five years conducted the Boston Symphony orchestra, will resign at the close of this season. The announcement has created great surprise in musical circles. Mr. Gericke says his health does not allow him longer to continue the work, and he will return to Vienna. Theodore Thomas has been suggested as his successor, but nothing definite has yet been done.

**A Substitute.**

Detroit Free Press: "Say, sis," he said to a 10-year-old girl who answered his ring at the door, "is your mother in?"

"No, sir."

"That's too bad."

"Want to see her on particular business?"

"Yes."

"Can't you wait?"

"I suppose I'll have to."

"If it's very particular, and if you can't wait, you can tell it to me. I ain't mother, but I'm engaged to be married you know."