BEYOND THE PEARLY GATES.

Omaha Divines on the Rewards of the Blessed.

HEAVEN IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

A Congregational Pastor Depicts the Ineffable Enjoyments Prepared for Minds Enlarged and Purified—Bliss Which Never Ends.

The Fruits of Righteousness.

"What is your conception of heaven?" was the question asked by BEE reporters of a number of Omaha divines. While all agreed that it is to be a place of unalloyed happiness and that entrance thereto can only be gained by right living, there was an interesting difference of opinion as to details.

Rev. David R. Kerr, of the Leavenworth Presbyterian church, said: There will be neither poor nor aristocracy there; none too lazy to work, none too mean, none too rich; no soulless corporations, no protective unions, no strikes. There will be no saloons, no prisons, no almshouses. There will be prohibition throughout the realm, prohibition will prohibit, and no Sioux City correspondent or wish-father-to-the-thought-man who will try to prove to the contrary. There will be no election to relocate a city hall. That will be settled before we get there. No fault will be found with the streets, sidewalks, and parks. Even the reporters will have no improvements to suggest. The reporters will be angels. There will be no Sunday newspapers. Everybody will like to go to church. Choirs will be reliable. Pews will all be free, and none will be empty. Preachers, in order to draw, will not need to advertise "To Dry Goods Clerks," "To Young Men Away From Home," "To Daughters," "How to Select Husbands," etc. Preachers will not take "Robert Elsmere" for a text. Preachers who can't get a crowd will not feel jealous toward those who can, but will quit preaching. No charity balls will be there. There will be there neither politician, lawyer, doctor, banker, broker, real estate nor loan dealer; though some who have been such will be there, with occupation gone. All will be Christians there with bodies like unto Christ's body after He was resurrected, and their character like Him as He is; with occupation to know as God knows, to love as he loves, to honor as He deserves; with condition—satisfied. That will be heaven for me. Would you be lonely there? There's another place.

Rev. Dr. Duryea, of the First Congregational church, said: "As to locality and condition we know nothing. We only know in general that if christianity is preparing men for another world it must fit them for it, and so we can infer from their adaptations

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the mode of life will be. We know that it will be social, and that society will be perfect because its members will be perfectly unselfish: that is, perfectly benevolent and just, so that there will be cooperation for each other's welfare and happiness. To this there can be no limit, for there is no limit to personal development."

Rev. W. J. Harsha, of the First Presbyterian church, said: "The principal idea of heaven as presented in the bible is that we are with Christ, and that his presence includes all that we need in the way of happiness. And it is a place of reunion with our friends who have died in the hope of the gospel. It is also a place of enlarged knowledge. 'There we will know even as also we are known.' There are some who suppose that heaven is located in the Pleiades. It is certain that that constellation answers one requisite of heaven for there is no night there."

Rev. A. W. Lamar, pastor of the First Baptist church, said that during the spring he expected to give his ideas upon the subject ex-cathedra and that for the present he

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content himself with the assertion that if a man had not a little of heaven in him on earth it was not likely that he would have much of it in the hereafter.

Rev. Dr. Zahner, rector of All Saints church, said: "The life everlasting is clearly revealed in Holy Scripture, but the conditions of that life are only incidentally conveyed to us on the page of inspiration. To theorize on a subject connected with which we have no direct information is simply indulging our own fancy. No uninspired mortal could even understand the conditions of life in heaven, much less describe them. The distance of the finite mind from the infinite is too great for that. We might as well expect the unborn child to conceive correct ideas respecting the green earth, the glorious sun and the ever-burning stars. Any theory or hypothesis formed on a subject of this kind, how plausible soever it may seem, is and can be no more than a rational conjecture. Christianity cannot be compromised in the remotest manner by the attempted establishment or refutation of any such speculation. All that our Lord thought it necessary to teach on this subject, was the existence of a future state, the resurrection of the body, the life everlasting, and the conditions which will determine the final and everlasting state of man.

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is also revealed to us that that state will be one of endless felicity to which the glorified nature of man will be perfectly adapted. Forever free from sin, man's best capacities will be enlarged and perfected. The satisfaction of these capabilities of our nature will be a never-ending source of pleasure and happiness. The employments of heaven will be directed to this end. Hence its bliss. The desire for enjoyment originally implanted in the human mind, it constitutes a law of our nature. We perpetually live under its influence. It is the mainspring of much of our conduct, and this is not to be regretted. It is the wise appointment of a beneficent Creator, and it is intended to produce unmixed good. It does not do so in this life for the reason that the desire for enjoyment has become debased by sin. In the next world it will

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enlarged and purified and gratified to the fullest extent. We are now in the infancy of our being; but we are growing in one of two directions—in the direction of the purified, the perfected, the ideal, the happy life, or in the direction of the life that is debased, polluted and unhappy—the life that will become finally and forever reprobate. The earthly stage of our existence is characterized by a severe struggle toward an ideal, which, never attained on this side the grave, is fully realized in heaven, the realm of spiritual perfection. There, the created spirit, whether human or angelic, becomes actually, what from the first it bears potentially—the image of God. There the limit of development is reached, and the glorified man enters upon the last and highest form of his existence.

Rev. John Williams, rector St. Barnabas Episcopal church, said that the last two chapters of Revelations expressed his ideas on the subject and gave this extract: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And

Rev. Charles W. Savidge, late pastor of the First Baptist church in this city, and now located at Grand Island, said: I believe heaven is a real place. It is a city of magificent proportions and of exquisite beauty. The book of Revelations tells us that. It is the busiest city within God's dominion, for our Father says: "They rest not day nor night."

I have no sympathy with that old sister who became tired of washing dishes and sweeping, and said when she got

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heaven she was going to do nothing forever and ever.

Rev. Father McCarthy, of St. Philomena Catholic church said: Heaven means the beatific vision and love of God. The beatific vision is the clear knowledge of God as He is in Himself. A perfect and consummate knowledge imparts a perfect and consummate love, but the just would not be truly and perfectly just, nor would they

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be in the full enjoyment of their end, if their will did not attain its ultimate evolution and perfection through the exercise of divine love. Therefore the love which the just in heaven entertain for God follows the perfection of the knowledge which they possess.

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shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former thing shall have passed away."

PLUNGED IN A LAKE OF FIRE.

Kansas City Preachers on the Torments of the Lost.

OUR HELL WITHIN OURSELVES.

A Unitarian Minister Pictures the Horrors of a Guilty Conscience—Is There Still Hope Beyond the Grave?

The Harvest of Sin.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 14.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Is there a hell?

Bob Ingersoll says there is not.

Most of the Kansas City preachers say there is.

THE BEE correspondent interviewed a large number of preachers and professors of various doctrines and finds that their ideas concerning this mythical place of punishment vary from the all-saving grace of the Unitarians to the literal lake of fire and eternal damnation of the Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists.

Rev. Daniel T. Sherman, pastor of the Seventh Day Adventists, said: "We believe that all the signs prophesised in the scriptures have now come to pass, and that Christ will appear again on earth in this generation. Immediately upon the second coming of Christ the wicked will be burned up with fire and the elect will ascend with him into glory. We believe in literal hell fire, but the

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will not suffer in it forever. The punishment of the wicked is annihilation, total extinction, eternal death."

David Winn, president of the reorganized church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, when asked his views on hell, said: "Although there are some differences among Mormons in regard to Latter Day revelations made to saints since Joseph Smith's time (principally on the subject of a plurality of wives), the Mormons all believe in and preach literal hell-fire and eternal damnation for the wicked and the salvation of the Lord's annointed. We have our belief on the Bible, the Apocalypse, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Doctrine, and modern revelation.

Rev. Harney, pastor of the Friends' congregation, said: "The Quakers believe that there will be a resurrection of the righteous and the wicked. The one will awake to everlasting life and blessedness, the other to eternal misery.

Rev. Sam Small, the Georgia evangelist: "I will not waste the precious time the Lord has given me with fellows who are trying to dodge hell or be bribed into heaven. I am not bothering myself about hell—I have no interests in that direction. I am not bothering myself about heaven—I don't have to. If I do what God wants me to on earth, al will be well."

Rev. J. E. Roberts of the Unitarian church: 'Have you ever seen a man with a secret sin preying upon his mind, or one upon whose soul vice has a strong grasp? How he starts at every sound. He is an exemplification of what the Psalmist wrote, 'The wicked

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when no man pursueth.' Can you not see remorse, sorrow, grief, affliction which the stings of conscience have placed upon him pictured in bold outlines on his countenance? It is because he is receiving the punishment laid down for his sins! Is not this hell enough? Part of our punishment will be meted out upon this earth. God is too good to immerse his children in a lake of living fire."

Rev. T. P. Haley, D. D., pastor of the First Christian church, said: "I have no view concerning future punishment other than that contained in the bible. The scriptures say that it will be banishment

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the presence of God and from the glory of His power. That will be a hell as dreadful as I can possibly imagine."

Rev. J. O'B. Lowry, the pastor of Calvary Baptist church, thought that the punishment in the next world would be spiritual rather than physical. "Said he: "The punishment hereafter is the product of

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self-perpetuating and self punishing power of sin. The character of a man receives its impulse in this world, and I believe it follows that forever. I don't believe God makes hell; sin makes it, and would make it, did not hell exist already."

Rev. William Jones, D. D., pastor of the Summit street Methodist Episcopal church believes in eternal punishment, but rejects entirely the idea that the divine

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will take the form of a literal burning fire. Said he: "Very few ministers ever did believe in literal fire and brimstone hell, and I know of none who do now. The word fire merely expresses the extent of punishment and not the actual punishment itself. As fire burns the human flesh, so does sin burn and will continue to burn into the soul of the unrepentant sinner."

Evangelist Potter, who has just closed his work in Kansas City, will go to Omaha next week to hold a series of meetings. "I am going to preach literal hell up there," said he. "Literal fire may be less hurtful to a condemned soul than some other forms of punishment. It may be fire, or it may be mental suffering. I do not know what it will be. But what is the use of quibbling over the matter. I don't believe in a literal fire, but there is a literal hell of some kind; no question about that."

Rev. Robert Talbot, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, said: "My church has hold several different interpretations in regard

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the subject of future punishment. None of us, however, believe in a literal hell fire. The punishment of the wicked, I think, will be separation from God, and no punishment could be more keen."

Rev. John C. Williams, of the Clyde Congregational church, said: "I prefer not to be interviewed on this subject, for it is one we might better leave alone. It is infinitely better, however, to teach the song of the angels, 'Joy to the world the Lord has Come," than to picture the dire fate and sad calamity awaiting the transgressor. We are all transgressors, and our religion should be more of love, less of duty; more of happiness, less of punishment."

Rev. Stephen Hall, Universalist: "Future punishment will not be eternal, for our God is a good and just God, and after a certain length of punishment man will be forgiven for his sins. The thief on the cross was forgiven, and no one has

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to our blessed Savior asking forgiveness and gone away emptyhanded. Much of the punishment of hell is received on earth, and after death man enters into a probation where his acts while on earth will receive their due reward. If they be good the happiness and joy will be eternal; if bad they will still have chances of repentance."

Rev. O. M. Stewart, presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal church: "There is a hell, but I don't think it can be truly said that the church ever believes in literal fire. Individuals did and so taught. No figure, not even that of fire, fully reveals the sufferings of a guilty, condemned conscience, either here or hereafter.

Another minister, who desired to have his name withheld, said: "I believe that heaven and hell are both on the earth now in an embryonic state. My idea of the final destiny of the wicked is that they will be burned up, root and branch, and vanish away like smoke. At the end of the world this earth is to be burned up. That is, it is to pass through a great change and be renovated by fire. While this is going on God will take care of the righteous in his own way, but the wicked will remain here and be consumed with the other class. I have no sympathy with the speculation now fashionable, that the words 'fire,' 'brimstone' and 'torment,' as versed in the bible with reference to hell, are figurative. I believe the fire will be literal and awful. After this sinful old globe has passed through this terrible baptism of fire it will become the inheritance of the saint for evermore."

USES HIS RAZOR AS A TONIC

One of the Peculiarities of Chauncey M. Depew.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A PORTER'

Ludicrous Mistake at an English Station—Rubenstein and Van Bulow—Webster's Test of Intellect—Readable Anecdotes.

A Queer Bracer.

Chauncey M. Depew came into his office in the Grand Central depot one day last week with his chin as smooth as a billiard ball. He lay back in his chair, crossed his legs and stroked his chin meditatively as he said:

"I have given as much time to the subject of shaving as I have to any other that I can recall, including the making of speeches."

Several gentlemen who have devoted the greater part of their lives to the accumulation of colossal fortunes looked up in surprise. They had been considering some transactions in stocks to the amount of several hundred thousands, and were a little put out by Mr. Depew's calm, irrevelant remark.

"Yes," continued the president of the New York Central, "it's a great subject. I shave myself every morning the first thing after I get out of bed, and it is as good an eye-opener as a cocktail. Frequently I am up late at night, and sometimes have only three or four hours' sleep for a number of days in succession. I am brain weary, nerve weary, tired out. Then it is that the cold steel passing over my face acts like a tonic, an invigorator. It's a great thing. My face is tender and I have to be very careful in shaving. A razor gets tired, you know, and a man should have at least four of them. I have twenty-five. I have bought every kind of razor that was ever recommended to me. I find that the Swedish razor is the best. You can't tell the quality of a razor by the price, though. One of the best I ever had I bought for 75 cents. I paid $5 for another and could use it only once.

"Did you ever meet Lord Brougham?" asked a New York Star reporter of John Oakford.

"Yes, was the reply, "and under very singular circumstances. I was escorting Mrs. Semple, the daughter of ex-President Tyler, from London to Liverpool, where she was going to embark for America. We took the train at Eustace station. After placing her in a car I left her to look after the luggage, for you know they do not have the admirable system of checking baggage in Europe that we have here. I was in a hurry, as I did not like to leave the lady long in a car all alone, and, entering the room, I saw a man writing at a desk, whom I thought was the station master. I said to him: 'My good man, I want you to label my luggage, and I am in a great hurry, for there is a lady waiting for me.' He turned around with a scowl and rudely ordered me out of the room, whereupon I naturally became very angry, and told him I should report him if he did not instantly attend to my order. Thereupon he jumped up and tried to force me out of the room. In the midst of the altercation the station master came along, and I began to complain of the insolent official. The station master drew me aside, and whispered that I had made a dreadful mistake; that the gentleman was Lord Brougham, who had gone into the room to write a letter. He was at that time an old man, seventy years old at least. He wore a long brown coat, and neither looked nor acted like a lord."

The proposed Balzac monument gives rise to an enormous number of anecdotes apropos of the great writer in the French press. Here is a good one from among them: The late Baron James Rothschild was always on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated more than one novel to him. Once, when he was obliged to make a trip to Germany, and when, as often happened with him, he was in money difficulties, Balzac went to the baron, who, with his usual benevolence, advanced him the sum of 3,000 francs, giving him also a letter of recommendation to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, according to custom. Balzac read it, found it cold, poor and unworthy of him, and never took it to the nephew. Returning to Paris, he went to see Baron Rothschild. "Well," said the latter, "have you seen my nephew?" Balzac proudly said that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the baron. "Have you got it with you?" "Yes, parbleu! here it is." "Observe this little hieroglyphic below the signature; it would have opened a credit of 25,000 francs for you at the Vienna firm." Balzac bit his lip and said nothing more.

The most fiery of pianists and of orchestral conductors, Dr. Hans von Bulow, has been pointing his baton at his old friend Rubinstein, to whose "Ocean Symphony" he has taken a sudden dislike. After directing at a rehearsal the six movements of Rubinstein's symphony, which is, indeed, "vast and illimitable" like the ocean, Dr. von Bulow, according to a not infrequent custom of his, addressed to the members of the orchestra some disparaging remarks o the work they had just been playing, and ended by saying: "A symphony like this can be properly dealt with only by a conductor with long hair." [Dr. von Bulow wears his hair short.] On reading the report of Dr. von Bulow's little speech Rubinstein wrote from St. Petersburg to the paper which had published it, expressing his surprise that in the midst of his important and numerous occupations the learned doctor should have found time to measure the length of his (Rubinstein's) hair. He also inquired affectionately after the length of Dr. von Bulow's ears; wishing in particular to know whether they had grown since the evening when, after hearing Rubinstein's opera of "Nero" for the first time, he shook the composer warmly by the hand and even embraced him.

At the heel of one of Daniel Webster's dinners, when only two of his guests remained—one a member of congress from Tennessee and the other a member from Texas—a discussion arose as to which had the greater intellect. Mr. Webster poured the last drop of the last bottle into his own glass and settled the issue by a declaration that "the best test of a man's intellect is the quantity of wine he can take on and stand up under it."

Senator Kenna is exceedingly fond of hunting and fishing and is so proud of the fine mountains and beautiful streams of West Virginia that he has become an expert amateur photographer, and has devoted much of his leisure taking views. Not long ago he conceived the idea of collecting a number of his handsomest pictures, arranging them in an album and presenting them to Mr. Cleveland. While his work was in progress he went with Senator Blackburn to call upon the president, and during the interview the subject of amateur photography floated up.

"I like scenery—mountain scenery particularly," said the president, "but I don't care for pictures of it, and I don't see how a sensible man can go wandering around with a box on his back in search of mere perishable shadows."

Senator Blackburn agreed fully with the president and Senator Kenna changed the subject.

When they were fairly out of the White House grounds Kenna said emphatically:

"D—n his appreciation of photography. He shouldn't have any of my pictures if he was dying for them."

Nevertheless, a few days later, after the senator from Kentucky had seen the president, there came a good-humored message from the White House to Mr. Kenna which induced him to send the album, and now Mr. Cleveland will take it to his new home as a valued souvenir of his administration.

"Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train who held forth to his fellow-travelers ever so long upon the novelist's private failings. 'Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and, I regret to say, drinks,' and so on. 'Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk?' asked Dickens. 'Well, not exactly drunk; no, but certainly overtaken by liquor.' 'Have you ever seen him sober?' 'Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have seen him sober.' 'Often?' 'Yes, often.' 'No, sir; only once. You see him now for the first time.'"

Here is one of the latest stories of the great von Bulow. He was walking one day in Berlin when he met a man with whom he had formerly been on intimate terms, but whose acquaintance he was desirous of dropping. The quondam friend at once accosted him. "How do you do, von Bulow? Delighted to see you! Now I'll bet that you don't remember my name!" "You've won that bet," replied von Bulow, and turning on his heels he walked off in the opposite direction.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the London sensationalist preacher, recently went to see a popular piece at a London theater, and at its conclusion exclaimed: "God bless the man who wrote so useful and admirable a play!" "That piece," he continued, in conversation, "was simply a dramatic sermon of the most powerful kind as to doctrine, eloquence and spiritual effect."

Talking with him about his Macbeth, in advance of its production, a friend said to Mr. Irving: "Surely, Macbeth should be a stalwart, broad-shouldered man?" "Yes," replied the great actor, "so I thought, until reading the text, I found the words, 'Throw physique to the dogs.'"

In appearance M. du Maurier, the artist of London Punch, bears a striking resemblance to Alma Tadema. This likeness has given rise to many amusing complications. Some time ago at a dinner party he happened to sit next to a daughter of his host. "I can not understand," remarked the young lady, "how people can be so absurd as to mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight." A little later she said: "Oh, I bought your photograph the other day. Would you mind—er—putting your autograph to it?" M. du Maurier expressed his willingness, and later on in the evening the young lady conducted him to a writing table and handed him the photograph for his signature. M. du Maurier looked at it, sighed, and then laid it very gently on the table. "That," he said, "is Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait."

"Do you know," said Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, in his sermon one Sunday evening, "I think the old Methodist preacher was about half right who remarked on reading that passage of the Scriptures where David is reported to have struck his harp and said in his haste 'that all men are liars': "Yes, David, and you might have said the same thing at your leisure.' Why, there are reporters in New York and Brooklyn who would not be tolerated in Texas."

The best joke that ever happened at Princeton, writes Eli Perkins, happened to Dr. McCosh. One day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said:

"Ah, young gentlemen," I have an impression!

"Now, young gentlemen," continued the Doctor as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What, no one knows! No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the Doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the Doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

Senator Quay is hunting up a lost election bet. A neighboring senator, who had heard the stories about Quay's winning $100,000, asked him: "How much did you win on Harrison's election?"

"I won $24,500," said Quay; "but there's a bet of $5,000 which got away somehow, and I only netted $19,500."

The $5,000 bet had no cash up on either side, which accounts for the forgetfulness of the loser.

One of Milan Obrenovitch's latest indecencies was to appoint M. Christitch minister to Berlin. He is the shameless husband of that particular one of King Milan's concubines whom that monarch attempted to force Queen Natalie to kiss in public and treat with honor. "Kiss your paramour yourself," replied the queen, and divorce followed.

SINGULARITIES.

An apple tree near Fresno, Cal., is reported to have borne one ton of fruit the past season.

A feature of the late eclipse of the moon at Downieville, Cal., was a gorgeous rainbow ring that surrounded the moon. Inclosed were seven brilliant stars of the first magnitude.

A baby born in Yonkers, N. Y., weighed only two and a half pounds. The nurse's finger ring was easily passed over the child's hand and wrist. The youngster is healthy and expected to live.

An unknown species of bird has appeared on the Atlantic coast this winter, being of the size of a goose, with a black body, red breast and a note like the voice of the old man when calling a boy out of the bed in the morning. Perhaps the dodo has returned.

Mrs. Eliza Striker, of Spotswood, N. J., was found dead in bed the other morning. She was eighty-nine years of age and was cutting a new set of teeth. She had complained for several days of illness caused by this remarkable occurrence.

A Norwich, Conn., family owns a hen that shows great superiority in matters of culture and education over others of her kind. Among her refinements is a custom of going up three steps to the front door, where she wipes her bill on the door mat after eating.

A Danbury, Conn., man, who was found in a snow bank and pronounced dead, was taken to the station house. Half an hour afterwards he arose and attempted to walk off, to the great astonishment of policemen who was standing about. He explained that while drunk he fell into the snow and became unconscious from the cold, remaining so until thawed out by the heat in the police quarters.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

For evening gowns milk white is now more stylish than cream color.

Soft gray and shell pink will be a favorite combination for spring toilets.

Spring mufflers are handsomely made in combinations of black and steel gray.

Among new ball dress fabrics are to be seen ribbon-striped nets and gazes.

Novel hues in strawberry, old rose, raspberry, mahogany, and rosewood are promised for the spring.

Bonnet pins are larger than formerly and show many patterns of which many are floral in design.

Sashes fringed with all the colors of the gown now come with the new box empire dress patterns.

Lenten toilets severely plain and ecclesiastical, but very becoming, are to be seen in the modistes' shops.

Golden-brown will probably be the leading fashionable color. Another stylish hue is golden terra-cotta or "etrasque."

Cloth waists for wearing with skirts of dark wool, silk or velvet, have long velvet revers turned back from a vest of bright cloth.

The new Directoire long coats for utility uses during the inevitable wet and chilly days of the spring season, are stylish garments.

For "second" mourning silver-shot black silks are novel and quite effective. They will be trimmed with jet and silver galloons or cut steel passementerie.

The short velvet jackets now worn with dressy home toilets require full toreador vests of embroidery in soft wool, and of a delicate contrasting color.

Hats just out from Paris have crowns so low as to be almost invisible from the front. As a make weight there is more than a whisper of the chignon's revival.

The stately cloth circulars, or Connemara cloaks, are likely to have a still greater lease of popularity than ever this spring, and especially for traveling wear.

Charming little party dresses for sweet sixteen have straight full housemaid skirts, wide empire sashes, with novel bodices that button on the short shoulder seams.

Silk and wool costumes are exhibited with plain wool skirts and long Grecian overdresses finished with a very deep hem, and with cloth jackets to match the skirt.

No steel circles are now worn in underskirts. Their substitute is the very small Louis XV. cushion of black or colored satin, filled with down and trimmed with lace.

Low bodices of evening dresses are to be seen in a variety of forms. Some are cut en cœur, some in oval shape, some square, and a large number in the prevailing V shape.

We seem to be fast approaching the classic outlines of Greek dress in our most elegant and fashionable attire. Long softly flowing folds appear upon artistic gowns designed more especially for teas and grand dinners.

The hat of the moment is the low, soft-crowned toque. For morning it is made of cloth to match the suit; for afternoon driving, receptions or the theater, of fine pale velvet or else black, with a tuft of violets nestled in its folds.

The bustle has gone and the designer of new wraps and jackets are having considerable trouble in accustoming themselves to the new state of affairs. Mantles will now have to be shaped so that no terracing at the back will be required.

Many novel printed tissues will form a portion of handsome spring toilets. Eolienne, with large bouquets, is one of these, flowered bengaline another. The colors are most varied, prominent among them being aurore, old rose, terra cotta, water green, and pale raspberry; and quite large flowers and foliage are favorite designs.

A very pretty little house dress suitable for a girl of sixteen is made with an open Spanish jacket of old rose velvet, lined with pink. The bishop sleeves extending beyond the pointed velvet ones, are of sea-green silk, embroidered with little moss buds, and beneath the cutaway jacket is a blouse to match, likewise wrought. An odd collar turns down at the back, this embroidered also and half covering a second deeper one of green velvet.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Lotta bought another $20,000 house in New York the other day.

"When Chung-a-Lung Reaches High C" is Louis Harrison's new song in "The Pearl of Pekin."

Hattie Delaro, who became Mrs. Barnes, of California, last summer, has again seceded from J. C. Duff's "The Queen's Mate" company.

Minnie Maddern is to have at least one new play for next season. She will produce it in the autumn and then go on a tour of the principal cities.

Mrs. Langtry will play Lady Macbeth on her road tour this spring, except in one night stands. There she will do either "A Wife's Peril" or "As in a Looking Glass."

Nina Boucicault has been engaged to play the ingenue part in the reorganized "Harbor Lights" company, which is to tour New England under the management of Frank Curtis.

Mr. Henry Irving's throat is quite well again, and he is playing Macbeth every evening before the largest audiences ever known in the history of the London Lyceum theater.

Maud Harrison says she has some novel ideas as to how Rosalind in "As You Like It," should be acted, and is anxious to show the public how well she can interpret the character.

Henry E. Abbey, when asked how long he thought "Antony and Cleopatra" would run in Boston, replied, jocularly: "If the police don't stop it there is no doubt that it will run the rest of the season."

"Bluebeard, Jr.," is the name of the extravaganza that will be produced at the Chicago opera house next summer. Some of the costumes will be made in London and Mr. Eustis will arrange the music.

Bronson Howard has decided in the future to control his own plays and become interested in their production and management, commencing with "Shenandoah," in which play he retains the proprietorship throughout the United States.

How the prices for musical performances have risen during the last sixty years can be seen from a comparison of Patti's £700 for performing once in London this season and Mme. Pasta's 200 francs for a private musical entertainment in Paris in 1830.

The separate starring tours of Louis James and his wife, Marie Wainwright, begin next season. They have found it impossible to get plays in which both could appear to advantage. Wainwright will produce a spectacular "Twelfth Night" in October.

At the latest reports from London it was thought that Mr. Mansfield's production of "Richard III." could not be effected before the end of this month. Mr. Mansfield offered an engagement to Mrs. Arthur Stirling, but that well known actress declined to accept it.

Tony Hart, the actor, was discharged recently, according to a telegram, from the state insane asylum in Worcester, Mass. "His improvement is said to be marked, though the physicians do not positively say that he will ever be able to resume work again."

The announcement that Mr. Lawrence Barrett has actually engaged Mme. Modjeska to act with Mr. Edwin Booth next season, is very good news. She will play Lady Macbeth, a character in which she ought to create a great effect, and Ophelia, which is one of the most exquisite of her Shakesperian interpretations.

There appears to be no doubt that the famous old Drury Lane, theater in London, will cease to exist in seven years from now, as the duke of Bedford, to whom the property belongs, is resolved to pull the building down at the expiration of the lease, and devote the site to more profitable, if less interesting purposes.

The course of "Macbeth" at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, is all but run, and Mrs. Langtry's ambitious attempt has ended in failure. She was in earnest, however, and is deserving of sympathy. She will now fall back upon Rosalind, which is almost as much out of her reach as the terrible Lady Macbeth.

Mrs. Burnett's new play for the Lyceum theater, New York, which will be produced in April, is rapidly approaching completion. It is a comedy-drama, and will contain parts for Nelson Wheatcroft and Grace Henderson, as well as Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Lemoyne, Miss Cayvan and others now acting in "Sweet Lavender."

Mr. Daly is about to produce in New York a new comedy called "The International Match," taken from the German of Franz von Schontan and is a "comedy of high life" in four acts. It is said to be very dainty and delicate in texture. Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Isabel Irving, Mr. Drew and Mr. Lewis will have the important parts.

Two more incidents have recently been added to Miss Claxton's fire record. Her company was booked to play at the Grand Opera house, St. Paul, which was destroyed by fire the week before the date announced for her opening. She went to Chicago, and was to have gone from there to Duluth, but the opera house in Duluth is also reported burned.

It is stated on authority that Mme. Modjeska will play with Mr. Booth next season. Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman had contracted to pay her $5,000 for a season of thirty weeks. Mr. Booth has paid $50,000 for a transfer of the contract. Mr. Joseph Brooks will have a share of the $15,000 realized by Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman.

Mr. Nat Goodwin will produce his new play, "The Gold Mine," in the Fifth Avenue theater, New-York, in March, and if it succeeds he will, it is said, abandon the idiotic pieces in which his abilities have been wasted, not to say disgraced, hitherto. Everybody will hope that he may feel justified in attempting something more serious than buffoonery.

The new play written for Mr. Lawrence Barrett by Mr. William Young is called "Ganelon." The scene is laid in Corsica in the ninth century, and the events are connected with the wars between the Corsicans and Saracens. It is said to afford uncommon opportunities for scenic displays, but this is of far less important than its literary and dramatic merit. Mr. Barrett has produced many good plays and his judgment is not likely to lead him very far astray.

Rosina Vokes has recently produced a new play in Philadelphia called "Ghastly Manor." It is described as a "burlesque society melodrama in one horror." As Lady Tofani Miss Vokes is said "to die a la Bernhardt in 'The Sphinx,'" with a clutching and dragging at the strychnine demon in her fair throat; struggles with her lover, Sir Crimson Fluid, a la Davenport in "Fedora," and finally dies a la Langtry in "As in a Looking Glass," tearing down the lace curtains and giving a final agony on the floor within their filmy folds.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Julius—"Oh, if you only loved me as warmly as I do you—" "Nellie—"We would both be cremated, I fear."

Bride—"Will you love me in the next world, darling?" Hubby—"That depends on what kind of an angel they make of you."

The era of sensations: Edward—"And will you be my bride, Dollie?" Dollie—"No, darling; but I'll elope with you for the fun of the thing."

"Well, I am glad that Rosalie's tastes are literary, and she is going to marry a man of letters." "Yes, she's going to wed a sign painter."

An Ohio farmer mortgaged his farm to get his bride some diamond earrings, and she lost one of them in the suds the very first wash day and attempted to hang herself in the barn.

Mr. Swift, of Elkhart, Ind., stated that Miss Georgia Davis, his affianced, chewed tobacco. She sued him for slander, and proved that she simply chewed tar gum, and the jury gave her a verdict for $300.

It is now stated that General Boulanger is going to marry a Missouri beauty as soon as he can get a divorce. This may account for the rumor that he favors a constitution in France similar to that of the United States.

A belated bridegroom on the way to his wedding was arrested and locked up in Baltimore for fast driving. Unless marriage is regarded as a failure in Baltimore one would suppose that he had a valid excuse for haste.

Miss Essie Jenyns, a favorite Australian actress was recently married at Newcastle, N. S. W., with a good deal of advertising eclat. The people besieged St. Andrew's cathedral and the marriage party had a struggle to get to the altar, the actress fainting in her affianced's arms. Many ladies and children also fainted from the great jam at the church.

More than thirty-seven thousand people, in five days, were admitted to view Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain's wedding presents. The Puritan maiden seems to have yielded to British curiosity, or perhaps she has learned to understand ways of propitiating the British voter. That her portraits are on view in the Birmingham shop windows is another evidence of her acceptance of political customs.

The emperor of China has presented his bride-elect with two beautiful mirrors for her attiring-room. They are of massive foreign glass, over six feet long and five feet broad, set in rosewood, in frames nine feet high, with flowers carved in relief. The pedestals for holding them are also adorned with figures of foliage, animals, birds, etc. Each mirror and each frame took eight men to carry it, and they were conveyed from the palace to the house of the bride's father.

The case of McCoy vs Horner, at Lawrence, Kan., in which a widower, fifty-six years old, brought suit for $10,000 damages against a widow for breach of promise to marry, was concluded in the district court recently. The trial of the case attracted a great deal of attention, and the court room was filled to its utmost capacity. Both of the parties have several children. The jury finally took the case under consideration and were absent about two hours, and then brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at $1.

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