GETTING READY FOR FALL

What Omaha Society Finds to Do in Midsummer.

QUIETUDE OF THE DOG DAYS.

Porch Parties Promise Plentiful Pleasure-Picnicking on Honey Creek - Uin ng Their Bachelor Friends.

Wednesday evening a number of the young ladies gave an elaborate dinner to the bachelors of the Metropolitan club in recognition of the courtesies extended the former by the latter during the season. The dinner was very much of a surprise to the gentlemen, which made it all the more enjoyable on that account. Fair hands labored over the dec orations, which were elaborate to a degree. Music was also a feature of the evening, the guests sitting down to the beautifully appointed barquet board. At 9 o'clock the postesses escorted their gentlemen friends to the ball room, where they made merry until midnight. Then to give a dramatic finish to the delightful evening the tally-ho was brought into service and for an hour the party saw Omaha and its environs through the bright moon light, a fascinating way of rounding out the night.

The ladies who officiated as hostesses were Misses Blancho Hellman, Tillie and Addie Newman, Dollie and Mattie Pollack, Ella Heiler, Clara Rindskopf, Flora Addler, Min-nie Lobman, Miss Schlesinger and Miss Cohe. The gentlemen invited to participate in the restivitives were: Messrs. Julius Meyer, Sam Heyn, Henry Langstader, Arthur Rindskopf, Alex Wessel, Ike Bottomstein, Sam Frank, Chas S. Elgutter, Mose Tunder, Martin Oberfelder.

A Pienie at Honey Creek. Thursday morning a number of Omaha's old time citizens with their families left on the Northwestern for Honey Creek where carriages were in waiting to convey them to the Bailey Bouvier river grove on Honey Creek, Iowa. The outing party were pro vided with all manner of good things and the day was one long to be remembered. A programme of "events" had been provided for the party, the following being among the leading features: Song by Miss G. Bassit, boat riding, shooting for prize ring, dancing, arrival of Daniel Boone of Kentucky and his dogs, entrance of the original broncho of the west, address by William Counsman, rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas, chase for life of Captain Holliday at the time of the Texas war; to conclude with the cele brated Red Cloud and Spotted Tail ghost

All these "events" and more were provided, every minute of the day being en-joved by these old timers and their families and friends. The party returned in the evening, having spent a delight ul day along the cool, shady Honey creek in

The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs George Bassit, Thomas Banum and family, David Harpst and daughter, Mr. Walker and family, Joseph Redman and family, Frank Bailey, jr., and family, Harry Counsman and family, Jacob Counsman and family, Mrs. Angle and son, ex-Councilman Frank Bailey, daughter and sons, Ross and George.

P pularizing Lake Manawa. For midsummer the boarders at the Merriam have been moving at a rapid pace dur ing the past two weeks in the direction of evening amusement. The monotony that is prevalent everywhere at this dull season of the year was first broken on a recent evening by an imprompto concert on the big veranda, which was so charming that passing car riages were halted by the occupants until a street blockade was threatened. Then fol-lowed a large and brilliant children's porch party, given by Mrs. George C. Hobbie.
On Monday evening last the occupants of
the house and friends from the outside, the entire party being nearly forty in number, went to Manawa, and such a jolly time as they had fairly beggars description went over on the 4:30 motor and caught the 5 o'clock dummy for Manawa, connecting close with the steamer across the lake, and nearly all the party went in bathing. The more elderly gentlemen in the party were friskier in the water than the young men, and they kept the toboggan slide not with as rapid transit as possible into the water. They couldn't get back quick enough to try i again. A fish supper was served in Metzler's pavilion, to which was added a bountifu lunch provided by Manager Field, Mrs. W. S. Riggs and others. Dancing was generally indulged in, after which the party returned home, arriving at the Merriam at 10:30 p. m

A Porch Party. A most denghtful porch party was given at the Merriam on Wednesday evening, attended by all guests of the house and friends invited by them. The spacious porch was illuminated by headlights at each end and by numerous Chinese lanterns suspended along outer line of the porch its entire length It was as bright and cool a place for dancing as could be found in the city, and the pro-gramme came to an end only when the high school clock sounded the hour of midnight. Very many of the ladies and gentlemen were Ices and cakes were served by Mr. Field, the manager of the house, party was originated by Mrs. H. A. Snyder, one of the guests, and the credit for its suc-cess was due entirely to her and to the generous co-operation of Mr. Field. A few of the toilertes were as follows:

having enjoyed a most delightful six hours

Mrs. W. W. Morsman, heliotrope silk, turned home Friday from a month's trip to Mrs. L. A. Torrens, red lace draperies over Hot Springs, S. D. red silk Mr. Herman Kountze and family have Miss Corby, black China silk. taken a cottage at Long Branch, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. J. G. Gaddis, black. Mrs. Weodell of Salt Lake and Miss Wen della Benson, both in white, grenndine, blue Mrs. S. E. Hamilton, beliotrope crepe, gold passamenterie.

Miss Worden, white mulle.

Miss Kelly, pink silk. Miss Parsell, white albatross skirt, fancy silk waist

Mrs. J. M. Bishop, old rose silk with black Mrs. Charles Hutchinson, white silk.

Mrs. H. A. Snyder, red China silk. Mrs. J. A. Munroe, black lace. Mrs. I. W. Wiver, red silk with red net Mrs. G. C. Hobbie, blue silk. Mrs. W. O. Field, white slik draped with

lace.
Mrs. M. M. Marshall, black fluted China Miss Tracy, white silk, blue ostrich feath-George W. Doane, jr., have gone to Gros Isle, Mich., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Thrall.

Mrs. R. M. Stray, black silk. Mrs. C. A. Worden, blue challie. Miss Smith, challie dress trummed with Miss Marshall, white China silk.

Miss Brown's school, New York, and is a guest at the Brown residence on Sherman Miss Hobbie, red stripe gauze.
Miss Mae Burns, white mulle.
Miss Parker, black lace waist, yellow silk Mr. Bert Watson of Chicago, rate clerk in the office of General Freight Agent Tom Miller of the Burlington, is visiting old

Miss Ada Parker, white silk waist, pink

friends in the city. challie skirt. Castles and O'Hara.

dence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Patrick Con-nolly, 809, North Twenty-third street.

handsome new residence of the groom, Twenty-seventh and Burdette streets. The

Ancient Order of Hibernians band was in at-

tendance and discoursed sweet music on the beautiful laws surrounding the house, while

beautiful laws surrounding the house, while tuside an orchestra furnished music for the occasion. The presents were numerous and many very valuable, among them being a handsome piano, the gift of the groom's mother; parlor suite, Mr. and Mrs. Burdish; bedroom suite, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Connolly; a pair of parlor ruckers. Ed Connolly; dinlog room suite, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connolly; sheaviful

ruckers, Ed Connolly; dining room suite, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connolly; a beautiful

the evening a reception was held at the

Miss Sarah McGavock has gone to Denver to spend the summer. She will visit Mani-tou, Glenwood Springs and other points of interest in Colorado. Thursday morning at 8:30 o'clock the marriage of Mr. John Castles and Miss Fila Mrs. T. J. Almy and Mrs. Elizabeth Par-O'Hara was solemnized at St. Philomena's ker (nee Almy) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hitchcock, having arrived on Friday from Fort Robinson. cathedral, Rev. Father Brune officiating. Mr. Edward A. Connolly officiated as best Mr. and Mrs. George C. Squires returned man, while Miss Celia Connolly assisted as Friday from their wedding trip and are tem bridesmaid. After the impressive service a delightful luncheon was served at the resiporarily at the Paxton until their house in West Omaha is ready for occupancy.

It is rumored that Hon. Richard S. Berlin will officiate as best man at a September wedding which promises to be one of the leading fashionable events of the year. The young people of the leading Jewish families of the city gave a jolly tally ho party Wednesday evening chaperoned by Mrs. Martin Cohn and Mrs. Gerald Stone-

Mr. Joe Scott of Omaha was in Colorado springs last week and reports the various Omaha parties in fine spirits and enjoying the pleasures of this favorite summer re-

sort Miss Cora Weaver, assisted by Miss Leia Alexander, gave a delightful lunch to twelve

young ladies on Wednesday and everything was carried out in the latest and most at-

large parlor reading lamp, F. M. Youngs, the groom's foreman; center table scarf, M. J. Buckley; water service, Miss Elia Walsh;

Buckley; water service, Miss Ella Walsh; a fine meerschaum smoking set, Mr. Ben Floed; slik gold handled umbreila, Thomas Crosby; handsome pair of evening slippers, James Patterson; spiendid kitchen range, by James Gallagher and Dave McCleve.

Among those present were Mrs. Patrick Castles of Milwaukee, Wis.; Charles and Joseph Castles of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Frank Decker of Denver, Col., Mrs. M. J. Keiley of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connolly, Mr and Mrs. Richard Burdish, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Connolly, Mr. and Wrs. Thomas Ruane, Miss Birdie Walsh, Edward A. Connolly, Miss Cella Connolly, Mr. and Mrs. Hen Floed and dar, ghter, Thomas Crosby and lady, Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. Hen Floed and Mrs. McDonough, Mr. and

lady, Mr. and Mrs. McDonough, Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson, Mr. A. B. McAndrews and wife, Miss Grace Floyd of Springfield, O.; Mr. Patrick McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Cuff, Miss Ella Waish and

Lilian Temple Reception.

Lilian Demple, No. 1, Knights of Phythias

South Omaha, gave a reception and so-

cial Thursday evening to the Pythian mem-

bers in Knights of Pythias hall, that was

one of the best attended and most successful

society events ever held in the city. One hundred and fifty friends enjoyed the nica-sures of the evening. The committee on ar-rangements, consisting of Mesdames John

D. Robinson, T. B. Hatcher, Charles B. Swartout, Harry B. Menefee, M. A. Jefferies and R. E. Brock, bad carefully arranged atl

the details of the affair, while the entertain-ment committee, consisting of R. A. Carpen-ter and S. W. Lour and Miss Mary Fisher, prepared a splendid programme for the en-

The following programme was excellently

Piano Duet-Mrs. R. A. Carpenter and

Miss Hermance Laur.
Cornet Solo and Piano Accompaniment-

Mr. W. A. Wilcox and Dr. T. A. Berwick, Vocal Solo—Mrs. C. J. Collins, Recitation—Miss May Robinson.

Recitation-Mrs. A. L. Bebinger.

Vocal Solo-Mrs. R. A. Carpenter. Violin Duet-Geneva and Williard Jeffer

Vocal Solo—Mrs. S. W. Laur. Later, a lunch was served which was greatly enjoyed by the guests, G. E. Hotcher

vas the fortunate one to get the gold ring in

Brigham and Hogle.

Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the

residence of the pride's sister and brother

in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Van Liew,

I'wenty-fourth and N street, South Omaha,

Miss Myra P. Brignam and Mr. Hollis E.

Hogle were married, Rev. Mr. Robert L.

Wheeler officiating. Only the immediate

friends were present. The young couple are well known and are blessed with many

friends. Mr. Hogle has been one of the suc

cessful business men of the Gate City, and during the last three years has been one of

the leading and successful business men of the Magic city. Miss Brigham has been one of the ladies of society and has the friendship of all who knew her. An excellent lunch was served. The happy couple left on the 4:30 Northwestern for Malone N. V. to visit Mr. Hogic's

for Malone, N. Y., to visit Mr. Hogie's friends, and on their return from the east Mr. and Mrs. Hogie will visit Mrs. Hogie's

former home, Franklin, Pa. No cards were issued. Mr. and Mrs. Hogle will be at home

A Birthday Anniversary.

Last Friday evening the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Waring, 4,008 Seward

street, was opened to about fifty guests cele-

brating Mrs. Waring's birthday anniversary,

The grounds were illuminated by pretty Cni-

nese lanterns and in the house mounds and

masses of pansies. If pansies signify "thought" surely the hostess gave a graceful reminder that her guests had been remem-

bered. The most unique feature of the even

ing's entertainment was a "pawn shop," each guest putting an article in pawn. When

the time came to redeem the articles a his-tory was called for. After giving the history

the guests were presented with gifts. Some dainty pieces of Haviland china and cut glass were followed by tin horns and shoe black-

ing, etc., making a heterogenious collection

and causing much merriment. The hostess was presented by her many friends with an

elegant etching and easel. The refreshments

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Dietz are at the Hotel

Mrs. B. W. Riley is visiting her sister, Mrs. George, in Denver.

Mrs. F. W. Wessels and daughter returned nome yesterday from Colorado.

Mrs. F. W. Lee is a guest at the Hotel Brunswick, Astury Park, New Jersey,

Miss Elizabeth Clarkson of Chicago is the

Miss Wadsworth of Marysville, Kv., is the

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Greene will leave

for a trip down the St. Lawrence this week

Misses Georgie and Nettie Rich and Miss

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bennett will spend

he remainder of the summer at Watch Hill.

Miss Mary Poppleton is visiting friends at Grand Rapids, Mich. She will return in Au-

Miss Alice Heller is spending the summe with Mrs. I. Kaufer, on the lake front, Mil

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Burns are expected

home this week from their extended Eu-

was in Chicago the past week, returned home

in the east, and they will visit in Boston be-

Mrs. George W. Cook and daughters

"Doc" David Walslingham Havnes who

Mr. C. E. Yost joined Mrs. Yost tast week

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter returned Thursday from a two weeks' outing at

Sherman Canfield, "Buffalo Bill's" private

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stonebill return from

secretary, is on a flying visit home. He re-turns to England on Monday.

heir wedding trip today and will be at home

Mr. and Mrs. Sans Woodbridge have the ympathy of a host of friends over the death

Captain and Mrs. Simpson and Miss Loui

Simpson leave this week for New Hampshire,

Captain and Mrs. Bourke are receiving ongratulations over the birth of a daughter

Judge and Mrs. George W. Doane and

Miss Della Chandler has returned from

on Wednesday, 1226 South Thirty-first street

Allen returned from Salt Lake City Tues-

ruest of Mrs. H. G. Burt, Fortieth street.

ruest of Mrs. P. C. Hall and Miss Hall.

Mrs, Suberstein is visiting friends in

were dainty and in pleasing variety.

September 15.

ago.

wankee.

on Saturday.

fore returning.

Diamond lake, Michigan.

to their friends at the Millard.

of their little son the past week.

where they will spend the summer.

Windsor, New York.

ie prize cake. It was a Lilian and Pythian

Mr. James Gallagher.

repared a splendic syment of friends.

endered to the delight of all:

Mrs. J. W. Nicholson and daughter, Mima Gertrude, with Mrs. Will W. Cole and Miss Edith, are spending the summer at Colorado Springs. They will likely visit the various Springs. They will likely visit the various places of interest in the mountains, return ing about September 1.

Miss Pauline L. DeWitt, organist of St. Miss Pauline L. Dewitt, organist of Science Cecilia's church, has just returned from a month's vacation, enjoyed with friends and relatives near the Hot Springs. During her absence her position was filled by Miss Madge Hayes of this city.

Mrs. L. A. Torrens gave a "high five" in the Merriam parlors on Friday evening. There were five tables. The prize for ladies was won by Mrs. Wendell Benson of Salt Lake and the prize for gentlemen was carried away by Mr. M. M. Marshall.

Mr. Wendell Benson of Sait Lake City, formerly of Omaha, came in from the west last evening and is at the Merriam. Mrs. Benson and daughter, Wendella, have at the Merriam for a few weeks past. will all go east to the Atlantic coast within day or two to remain during August and par of september.

Mr. Charles F. Drexel, deputy city trensurer, is at his desk again after a two weeks' solourn at the Hot Springs of South Dakota, Mr. Drexel went in search of health and recreation and has returned as brown as a berry, feeling very much benefited by his short vacation. He says as a place for a good healthful rest Hot Springs is all right, but as a place to live in Omaha suits him

The following are among the late arrivals The following are among the late arrivals at the Hotel Gillespie, Hot Springs, S. D.: P. W. Feeney, N. W. Chapman, A. E. Blanfuss, Hy Rieck, John N. Irenzer, J. L. Hauston, jr., Amadon Andrews, Jud Grant, J. H. Parrotte, L. E. Loemis, H. H. Wallace, E. Widlinghoff, Joseph Bliss, B. M. White, J. H. Bebe, David Law, S. E. Phelps, H. L. Clarke, Miss G. L. Clarke, Christ Hartman, F. H. Koesters.

Colonel C. S. Chase, who has occupied the house at Thirteenth and Dodge streets for a quarter of a century, having seen in that time the whole face of Omaha change, and having built a beautiful new home on Park avenue, adjoining his son's residence, has issued invitations for a "house cooling," as he felicitously calls it, on August 6, from until 11. This meeting will bring together many of the old citizens of the city and link the present with the past.

A very pleasant party was that given by Miss Louisa Granden last Friday afternoon Miss Louisa Granden last Friday afternoon and evening at her home, 1320 North Eighteenth street. The afternoon was spent in various games on the lawn, after which the guests repaired to the parlors, where dancing and music were indulged in, fol-lowed by delicious refreshments. Those present were Mrs. Westerdahl, Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. Granden and the Misses Cornell Steel, Paulson, Arnold, Ford, Ella and Kat Smith, McGuire, Safstrom, Soul, Tompsett

Friday evening a jolly party of ladies and gentlemen went over to Council Bluffs on the Milwaukee and from there to Manawa, where they enjoyed a delightful evening boating, bathing, and later a supper at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Preston were sponsors for the pleasant evening, the guest-being as follows: Mrs. William Jeffers, Co lumbus, O., Mr. and Mrs. John Schank, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Reed, Miss Eva Harrison and sister, Miss Lizzie Allen, Miss Green-Topeka, Kan.; Miss Ella Morran, Cincin, nati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, Frank Darling, General Superintendent Goodnow

Washington Post: "Who were the finest ooking men at the Indianapolis drill-wha company had the best specimens of physi cal manhood?" The question was put to Mr. Raymond of this city, who was talking of the drill in one of the hotels last night. "There were some as fine looking men at Indianancies I are not a linear the state of the hotels as the looking men at Indianancies of the state of the looking men at Indianancies of the looking men at Indi dianapolis as I ever saw anywhere," "but I think that for extra fine physiques and uniformity of stature a com pany from Omaha and the Secley Rifles o Galveston took precedence over all the rest.

They were as handsome as pictures and
every man looked like a gladiator. I have
been to many prize drills, but that one was
the flower leaver witnessed. the finest I ever witnessed.'

A Jolly Party. Last Wednesday evening Lake Manawa was besieged by the jolliest party of the season composed of the boarders of the Hotel de Mackey, 1721 Davenport street, and a few of their friends. Supper was served at Hotel Manawa after enjoying the toboggan slide. Dancing followed. Accompaning the party were the Italian musicians. Those present were Mrs. Mackey, Davies, Edson, Hawkit offrey and Utt, Misses Kress, Ording Smith, Dewar, Wren, Stickney and Smith, Messrs. Davis, Edson, Overbeck, Godfrey, Davies, Moss. Hawkinson, Martin, Nason, Philbin, Dewar, Palmatere, Snyder and

Constipation poisons the blood; DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure constipation. The cause removed, the disease is gone.

AFTER THE EMPTIES.

Railroads Collecting Cars for the Coming Crop. All the railroads are making desperate efforts to get their cars home in order to have them ready to handle the grain crop when

the rush commences. The shops of all the roads are being run or extra time in order to put all freight cars in good order for the same reason. The roads expect an immense demand for cars as soon as the crop begins to move.

The Union Pacific has been working an ir creased force in its shops all along the line for the past mouth and freight cars are turned out of the shops as rapidly as pos The B. & M. has also increased the force in

its shops at Plattsmouth for the same pur The officers in charge of the car service of all the roads are using every effort to have all the cars of their roads returned from foreign

roads and the cars are being concentrated

Founder of the Jesuits. The feast of the founder of the Jesuits will be solemnized at St. John's Catholic church at 10:30 o'clock this morning. The programme will be a solemn high mass in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop; Rev. R. Rosswinkel, S. J., celebrant; Rev. Joseph Rigge, S. J., deacon; Rev. William Rigge, S. J., subdeacon; Rev. James Coebley, S. J., and Rev. James Sullivan, S. J., deacons of honor; Rev. A. M. Colaneri, master of rites; Rev. James Hoeffer, S. J., assistant priest. The panegyric of the holy founder will be de-livered by Rev. James Hoeffer, S. J., rector of St. John's.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best little pill ever made. Cure constipation every time. None equal. Use them now.

Record of the Rainfall.

The records at the office of the weather bureau show that the total rainfall during the month of July was 3.55 inches, being 1.76 inches below the average rainfall for that month, computed from observations extend

ing over a long series of years. The rainful for June, however, was unusually heavy, 6.66 inches having failen during

the month, an excess of .79 of an inch abov the average for that month. DeWitt's Little Early Risers; best little pills for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bad breath.

Ed Hocksheimer, who was convicted of forgery and sentenced to four years' imprisnment, is now enjoying a little freedom. His attorney appealed to the supreme court and his bond was fixed at \$500. He was re leased today, Ed Quinn, John Butler and J P. Williams giving security for his appear-

Small in size, great in results: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipa-tion, best for ick headache, best for sour

Indian Depredation Claims. General L. W. Colby will visit Omaha this week to take depositions in cases of claims brought before the government for Indias depredations. The number of these claims already exceeds three thousand five hundred and General Colby is using every effort to

Miss Gale opens the next regular season at the Chestnut Street opera house in Philadel-phia, August 31. Her engagement is for

get them considered as promptly as possible.

DRIVING OUT HUMAN CHOSTS.

A Sharp Game of Counterfeiter's Nipped in the End.

THE ADVENTURES OF A STORMY NIGHT.

A Lonely Cottage on the Sarpy Flats Visited at Midnight and with Most Satisfactory Results.

The nobler stands a structure in its prime the more pitlable the wreck which attends i in its decline.

Four miles southeast of Bellevue stands a ong, low dwelling house. From the hill tops it may be seen gleaming in the moonlight as well as in the light of day. It is a haunted house. The good people of the former metropolis of the state turn to it their attention at early morn and eventide when they sit upon their vine-covered porches after the fatigues of the day. Then they tell about the woman shrouded in a sheet who paroles the deserted apartments; of the soldier who, without a head, mounts guard over the structure and of another soldier who obtrudes himself with a shastly wound in his neck in which rests the murderous sword by which it was made. Then too, there are unearthly noises as of some-thing beating a bar of iron upon a log of

distant locomotive.

There is a number of other highly intersting spectacles of the supernatural order which are detailed by these good people who are not given to dreaming dreams or seeing apparitions. These THE BEE man undertook to discover for himself on last Thursday

wood and long drawn whistling like that of a

The night was dark and the wind was cold and damp. If there had been a town clock in Bellevue it would have proclaimed the hour of 11. With a dark lantern and accompapied by Privates Coor and Crowe of the Second infantry, The Ber man started for the scene. The town had been reduced to slumber and the trio made its en-trance into the country without attracting the attention of even a wakeful canine. Down the hill on the southern limits, thence along the murderous rock-ballasted B. & M. track for a mile, thence along a winding road to the east and finally was struck a section line which, it was said, would lead to the house in question. The latter, however, was bisected with sloughs and gumbo patches through which the party waded or dragged their mud-clogged limbs.

Wading through the mud, splashing through pools of water or struggling through sharp, wet grass up to the neck, had a sorry effect upon the party's summer attire. The members were perhaps in appropriate ap paral to attend a ghost reception, but they were far from feeling comfortable.

"Pve seen ghost dances at Pine Ridge," said Coor, "but I'm blest if I ever had to expend so much effort as we do to witness their nibs' matinee down here." "I wonder if there's any watermeions down there," soliloquized Crowe who seems to have a softness for the luscious fruit, as may well be imagined of a man who, in

struggling through swamps at midnight hunting far ghosts, will allow his mind to dwell upon such a subject. Several times the party lost the road and returned to it only by the kindest accidents of fortune. At one time it had wandered a mile from the main traveled line and halted abruptly against a barb wire fence. The barbs were not taken by surprise, even if it was as dark as an Ethiopian's face. They were on the aggressive. The soldiers bled and so did THE BEE man while Coor had a slit made in his pantaloons which afforded the cool night wind an opportunity of chilling him to the marrow. Coor did not swear but his substitute for a cuss word was both emphatic and expressive.

Accidentally the outline of the white house

was caught in the incertain light and the party turned abruptly and made for it in a bec line.

After dragging their now weary limbs for After dragging their now weary limbs for mother hour, a cornfield was reached. The stalks were six feet high. But no naunted house was to be seen. Was it a mile or five miles further! Nobody could answer. It could not be in the cornfield because its blank white waits had been seen plainly an hour before. Suddenly Coor caught Crowe by the arm, puiled him off the road and enjoined silence.

joined silence.
"Sh, sh," he lisped, "don't you hear Crowe, who had also been to Pine Ridge placed his ear on the wet ground to catch, i possible, the sounds in question, but claimed that his experienced organ of hearing could

distinguish nothing approaching.
"Your ear could hear a watermelon grov petter than it could an Indian galloping, said Coor, "an' I say there is something com

This was said in a whisper, and the nex

instant, sure enough, were heard the clink of iron links and the subdued rattle of an axe

The party dropped down in the bushes by the road side and, as it did so, two wagons, each drawn by a team of horses, passed slowly by. There were several men in each wagon, though the number could not be as-certained, and it was deemed advisable not to turn the dark lantern upon them.

After they had passed Crowe whispered: "I wonder if they were ghosts."
"They kept their mouths closed like ghosts anyway. But what are those men and teams doing out here at this hour of the night, if they am't ghosts!" said Coor.

The reporter allowed one ray of light to ercape from the lantern, and saw by a watch that it was now 12:30 o'clock in the morning "There's something wrong," said Coor. No farmer is going to get up at this hour to work in a pool of water or go to market."

"Get back there," exclaimed Crowe, whose hearing had become acute, "there's some-thing more coming this way."

He had scarcely whispered when a man nounted on a white horse went galloping by, splashing the wet sand in the faces of the watchers. The color of the horse could, with difficulty, only be determined. This horse-

man made the matter seem all the more mysterious. Was he a ghost too?
"I want to get out of these damp bushes and go ahead," said Crowe, "ghost or no ghost, and I think the best way to find a ghost is to give him some lead." ghost is to give him some lead." As he said this he pulled his gun and walked into the road. The others joined him

and continued on the weary way, passing the corn field. Then came a great opening, but in it there was no suggestion of a house. The party walked around the corn field. either. "That --- house is right in the middle of that corn field," exclaimed Coor, "that's

where it is." The trio separated, each taking a route of

The trio separated, each taking a route of his own to reach the guiddle of the field. Five minutes of weary blodding through the weeds and stalks brought the reporter against apparently the west side of the house, the corn being planted up to within half a foot of the structure. of the structure.

The night was growing darker. The only light in the heavens was in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. There was a large area of white clouds, in the usiddle of which arose

white clouds, in the biddle of which arose perpendicular walls of sombre clouds, like gloomy fortresses, facing each other. Through these the lightnings played incessantly, while deep thunder shook fig earth.

The wind was piercing cold but not strong, and rustled the cornstalks with a sound not unlike the falling of rain upon a roof.

In the intermittent flashes of lightning the building looked grear enough to forbid one's entrance. The walls were white. Part of them were weather boarded, while a part showed logs which had been put together perhaps thirty years defore. It was a story and a half structure and the faded color on the surface still gleamed in an unnatural manner in the lightning flashes. The side nearest the reporter was penetrated by a row traband goods were discovered. nearest the reporter was penetrated by a row of open windows in the middle of which was an open door and above the latter were two

small openings like eyes admitting light to the attic. The whole thing appeared like a massive death's head to which the uncertain flashes of light gave a gnestly grin.

It was not a cheerful thought that of entering and exploring such a structure. "Shades of General Jackson, what's that!"
whishered Crowe as a metallic sound evilently coming from the house reached his

"Get your gun ready," said Coor, there's the — house. Wo'll see what's making the noise." It seems that both soldiers lost their way the cornfield and ran across each other in the tangle and each, for a moment, mistook the other in the darkness for a dangerous stranger. They then joined their forces,

reaching the reporter who was anxiously awaiting reinforcements. The building was approached and the cold

damp air which came from it affected one's spirit more than it did his bodily comfort. The breath was simost that of the tomb. Suddenly, the soldiers drew back, Crowo

whispering, "Look at that."
As he lisped he pointed to the door, and there sure enough stood a figure in white! The trio pulled back. After all, are there shosts in this world, they thought. There evidently stood one, and, strange to say, while it remained apparently motionless, it emitted a sound not unlike the creaking of a pair of boots or the grating of the bones of a

oose jointed skeleton.
"Shali I shoot!" asked Crowe. He was admonished that lead would have no effect and besides might attract too much attention "Let us talk to it," said Coor, "though! don't think it is a ghost. I can't quite get it through me that there are any ghosts, but what is that anyway?

At that instant the shrouded form disaneared, apparently moving to one side, and almost as quickly made its appearance in the doorway. There it stood creaking, while the investigating trio stood as though gumboed

Again the metallic sound came more loudly from the house, and when the thunder was ot rumbling it resembled the clanging of a

A vivid flash of lightning lighted up the dreary place, affording a view of the interior. But in the flash the doorway ghost had dis-

appeared. The house interiorly was a ruin. On the ground floor were four rooms. The walls of nearly all were devoid of plaster and rows of grinning, ghastly lath stared one in the face. The floor of the main north room had disappeared and only rough, unhown logs, which did duty as joists, had survived the vandal-ism. In the middle room the floor was worn and sagged, while in the south room the floor was broken in halves, the broken halves falling down in the middle, revealing a glimpse of the cellar beneath. Each man stood at a window and looked inside, but nobody as yet

had approached the door.
"I'll so through that door," said Coor, "if the ghost busts me," and immediately every other man enthused and asseverated he would

other man enthused and asseverated he would do the same thing.

Coor was equal to his word. He made a leap, jumped on the threshold, and the next moment disappeared, as well as could be determined. The two men outside heard a heavy rolling sound, which was followed by a very severe and sulphurous string of exetives in suppressed tones.
"For God's sake, don't come down here. If you do you'll break me in two," said Coor, groaning. He had escaped the ghost, but bad fallen through the rotten floor into the

cellar. "Open your lamp and get me out of here."
It was deemed advisable, however, to not use the lamp. The two outside men, however, reached across the threshold, entered with care, extended their hands to Coor, and after herculean efforts, drew the latter to the surface. The poor fellow was covered with mud and his head was asserting itself be-

mud and his head was asserting itself because of the unpleasant contact it experienced with a brick.

Just then the pounding of that from recommenced. It sounded in the south attic, then on the west wall. Up to the attic, on a flight of black and burned stairs, the trio climbed in search of the blacksmith. But no blacksmith could be found. They looked outblacksmith could be found. They looked outon the wall.

Then came a crash. The roof sounded like a base drum, and a moment later a heavy weight fell upon the floor of the south room. The sound frightened the visitors. Had the ghosts intended that blow for them? Again the lightning flashed, this time dis-

playing the gaping crevice in the south room floor. The illumination was but instan-tangous, but revealed a small column of light blue vapor ascending between the jagged boards. The reporter directed to it the at-tention of the soldiers.
"It's from hell!" ejaculated Crowe. "What narrow escape you had, Coor!"
"Somebody has set the house on fire," said

"Fire, nothing," said Crowe, doubtingly,
"That ain't no earthly smoke. That's green
fire or smoke just like they have in hell.
That's where those ghosts come from.
Do let us turn on the light."

The reporter carefully opened an arc of the lantern slide and sent a few rays down into the cellar. Sure enough, there was a column of pule bine vapor ascending and a sul-phuric smell seemed to assail the nostrils. Yet no fire could be seen.
"Let's go down into the cellar," suggested

the reporter, as he slipped down one incline of the broken floor. The other men followed. and as Crowe reached the bottom a heavy object struck the floor above his head, as if it had been aimed at that member

as he got under the shelter of the bending In the dark and musty cellar, the walls of which made of rotten brick, were crumbling n every side, it was deemed prudent to ope the lamp and investigate. assended but no flames could be discovered. There were cinders there from which the smoke arose and they were still quite warm. They had recently been burning and must

nave been ignited by human means. "Why here are footprints just fresh. There's one in which the ghost wore soft dippers and looks as it he had stood in it for ome time," said Coor.
"I'll bet my watermelon these marks were

nade tonight and they were made by men too, and not ghosts," Just then the reporter directed the light along the floor, and Coor following the rays, jumpe I half a dozen feet, nearly breaking his eck against the floor above.

He returned from his leap with a bright pocket knife which no ghost had ever used. "There's something buried here," Crowe kicking up the earth which lay in a loose pile over part of which a log had been carlessly laid. The log was hastily turned over and two big shoes were rapidly scoop-ing out the infilled earth. They went down two feet and there they found a heavy mass of metal which was quite warm.
"That's strange," ejacula

"How did it get warm?" ejaculated Crowe. Down deeper they went and laths and boards were required as shovels. They fished up a small bottle labled "silver plate," which looked and smelled like magnesia and that was all. The metal discovered was a fair sample of lead which had been melted into a Putting the lead and silver plate and the fire together, the reporter exclaimed: "There are no ghosts here. This is a counterfeiter's den." Crowe and Coor slapped their thighs and

admitted that that was just what the matter That accounts for two wagons full of men

we met coming out here," exclaimed Coor, and that fellow on the white horse, too. I'll bet he's the leader. That reminds me now, here for a long time and I bet we've got onto

Just then there were sounds of a horse gal-loping outside. The party in the basement out their heads up through the floor opening he reporter flashing the lantern at the same Right at the eastern door stood that same

white horse and rider, the former panting and evidently exhausted from being over driven. The rider was about to dismount when he noticed the three men in the opening. This caused him to change his mind. "Coppers, by ____," he exclaimed as he rew his revolver from a breast pocket and ired. The horse started and the ball hit only the frame door. Steed and rider were then off like the wind and the havon they made in

the corn rows was easily distinguished in the

amp light. The visitors did not dare to come outside the house, fearing hidden marksmen. quietly drew their guns, in expectation of an attack from the main party, but the attack was not made. The counterfeiters knew their haunt had been discovered and knew they had nothing to gain, even if they hoped to secure some treature they had left behind. But the whole cellar was turned over, every ook and cranny were examined, but no con

"Let us see what we took for ghosts," said Coor, as the pounding of iron again com-menced outside. They all looked cut, and there was a heavy lightning rod beating the lapboards with the energy of a blacksmith. In the front doorway stood the sheet before mentioned, but now it resolved itself into a wide strip of wall paper which had be-come partially loose and which the wind

swayed at leisure.

The falling bodies which had occasioned so such noise were bricks which the elements had loosened from the chimney. Nothing corresponding to a headless sollier, however, appeared.

The party remained in the house all night without further molestation. Nine o'clock next morning the following ilalogue took place with a farmer: Coor-Is that house haunted! Farmer-Yes. H. T. Clark whit give a

deed to the property to any man who will stay in the bouse over night. Crowe-We'll call around to get that deed, A MONTH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Pleasant and Invigorating Experiences of an Omaha Outing Party.

SIX DAYS' RIDE IN A TALLY-HO COACH.

Society Stars Find Charming Diversion in Breaking Bronchos and Serenading Cowboys-Incidents of a Memorable Trip.

Longe Grass, Mont., July 26, 1891 .-Special Correspondence of THE BEE. |-O, good painter, tell me true, can you draw shapes of things you never saw?"

With Fancy wielding the pencil that might surely be easier than to paint the colors of some things one sees.

By the side of a foaming, ever uptossed

stream, we have pitched our tents toward

the setting sun. From where I sit I can watch through the laced leaves the ever shifting kaleidescope of our temporary home. The cook is just before me, stirring in a weird Macbethan style, a pot which simmers over a fitful fire. He stirs auxiously, not "toll and trouble," but some sort of a compound, which later we will eat with a faith positively sublime. He is a typical looking camp cook, and serves us Dutch oven dishes,

and coffee not haif bad, To the right two large tents shine whitely n the sun. Straight ahead, could you see with my eyes, you would recognize a very familiar tally-ho, the same huge red beetle with yellow legs, you have often seen caper

ing over your own pavements. The dramatis personne are also familiar. although I am not at all sure you would recognize them in their present attire.

I have anticipated somewhat in introducing you to Lodge Grass, but we are here, and it seems easy to forget all else. We left Omaha on the 5th and reached

It is difficult to prostrate the spirits of a party of genuine pleasure seekers, but the steady downpour, which held us captive for

two long days, was surely a damper When Wednesday morning came the sun rose in an unclouded sky and the master of ceremonies gave marching orders for 10 o'clock. It was a drive long to be remembered. Tally-ho! over green stretches of land, to the crack of whip and in the face of the freshening breeze. Tallyho! for the mountains and cool streams "Blow, bugie, blow, awake the wild echoes." with "farewell to the brick and mortar of

civilization"-heave ho, for the land of the Our stops over night were made at the road ranches along the way; everywhere we were cordially received, and the best at hand provided for our comfort.

It would probably not interest you to have me particularize all the details of the ride for we were siv days on the coach, but every moment was a delight, full of the beauty of the land, the purity of the air and sunshine, and above all the happiness of doing some-thing for the first time. When hunger over-took us, and it was a little way hunger had of doing often, we would alight and set the pot a boiling. ot a boiling. Cur visit at "Crazy Woman" was perhaps

the most unique here; the reception room did duty as postoffice, baggage room and bar. After supper our party, supplemented by some half dozen cowboys, gathered in this primitive apartment and a salon was held, which no doubt made Madam Recamier writhe with envy. We sang everything we knew from "Johnnie Get Your Gun" to the tender

"Sweet and Low."
Some of the ladies gave humorous recitations, to the delight of the cowboys, one of whom was heard to confide to another: "Don't who they are, but reckon they be

theater folks." Next day we pushed on for Buffalo, where we expected to find a relay of horses. To our eyes grown accustomed to the plains, Buffalo seemed a metropolis, as we pulled up to the Occi-Wash bowls and fresh towels, the acme of

refinement, and when after dinner ice cream We were charmingly entertained at Fort McKinney-were introduced to its delightful society at the quarters of Colonel and Mrs.

Van Horn. On Monday morning we set off bright and early for the P. K. rauch, our destination. From Buffalo the country grows more and more beautiful as we approach the foot hills, a green surge which catches the shadows and flings the sunlight back; in the far dis-

tance the snow capped Big Horns.
Here the ranches look more like beautiful farms. Little white houses nestle in green; gay flowers bloom in the door yards, and over every thing a sunny calm, an infinite

At about 6 o'clock, with a grand flourish of the reins and a blast of the horn, we drew in to the P. K. ranch. Here the house sits on a slight rise-on three sides the fields and pastures sweep, to the west the Big Horn keeps constant watch. Cool and blue with snow wreathed heads,

and rockbound feet they note the sowing and ripening of the grain, they watch the coming and going of the days.

For the first time we realized we were tired. For one day and a night the ladies took no note of anything save meal time, when they did ample justice to the delicion cream, butter and fresh vegetables. Short rides and drives about this

country served to occupy us few days, during which I sentimental member, contrive episode. One morning in appropriate costume, a veritable Maud Muller minus the rake, she wended her way to the hay field. A little later, she was riding back, proudly erect, or the top of a huge alfaifa mound, triumph antly waving a pitch fork. Alas! but all glory is transitory! One moment high above the field, poised in the sunlight, the next sprawling in the stream. Too bad!but it was even so. After dozens of successful trips, the wagon, hay rack, E and all, came down. Sne slid sloppily up the back way, and confided to me that farming, haying and

the like were all very well in poems, but were a beastly failure in real life. One of our chief diversions is broncho breaking, not that we do the breaking exactly, but we girls sit on the corr like black birds on a barb wire fence. Al Field, the hero of the occasion, enters the arcna with an easy swagger, moves about carelessly among the pawing, snorting, dust-raising herd, spots his horse and lassees him without dropping the eigarette from the corners of his mouth.

The bars are let down from the corral gate and there is a blinding, choking stampede of superflous bronchos toward the pasture. There the sport begins. There is a red flash in the broncho's eyes, which menns war.

There is also a square set about Al's jaw, at sight of which any broncho would respectfully uncover himself, if bronchos were and he does not understand. He reaches after the clouds alternately with his front and hind hoofs, until he is roped by the legs, choked and subdued into endurance of the original and saddle. He is finally mounted, and the corral fence appliads and cheers, as Al's disjointed nonchalance becomes strong supple grace. A cowboy setting on a projecting rail at our feet, selllequizes to the offeet that, "Al kin hurt any brone. He digs

T and I look on with delight, but the first day our tender hearted L left the ground in tears, with some cynical philosophies regard-ing the inhumanity of mankind in general,

and cowboys in particular.
Last week we make camp for one night at
Tongue river. Tongue river here recalls the
Ithine to those of us who have seen, it and
leaves no unsatisfied yearning in the breast of those who have not.

We sat on the high cliffs of the bank and coked down at our men strewn about the rocks scratching the clear surface of the stream with their flics.

It was our business to hold the string of fish, to keep them damp in the shade—and a great string it was, too - trout with broad pen mouths, jerking convulsively, as though o eject some load of amazement sitting neavy on their stomachs. White fish, expuring quietly in pop-eyed, round-mouthed, Brit ish astonishment, and the whole glittering in the dark, cool moss.

Before us, on the opposite bank, the cliffs rose abruptly into crenelated towers, peak-st

turrets, broad archways, posterio draworldges, in shagge relief. We sat there between bitic, peopling them all, hanging a fancy in every jagged rock.

This at noon. Ten hours labor. We wandered back to fill our castles with ghosts by the moonlight; to watch a star poised in the steeple of a gothic cathedral, or the moon peering over to take a midnight bath in the cool stream, splashing it with light. And through our dreaminess there crept the consciousness that the thin wire of utilarianism, on which fancies are often strung and held, the feeling that we were storing away, all this wild grandeur, to transform the dreariness of

humdrum days in the future.

We can scarcely realize that our outing is so nearly at an end. It has been such a delicious holiday, full of the spicy odors of the woods and musical of waters.

I look again serrowfully at the beauty of the scene before me, the cliffs of red rocks flanking the dark base of the mountains, the stream a silver ribbon flung wild to the winds, which serrowled and shiver it into a winds, which crumple and shiver it into a thousand capricious curves, the bright green moss on which the dainty blue wild flowers and white wild lilies sway and bend, the one needed touch of daintiness on this rugged grandeur.

Good bye, and yet never good bye, for in the dreary days to come your song of many waters will ring in our ears, the beauty of your mountains lie close around on heart.

MIDSUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

Blue Beard" the Attraction at the Farnam Street Theatre.

"Blue Beard," with a host of pretty girls, low and beautiful costumes and magnificent scenery, begins an engagement at the Farnam street theare at the matinee today, The burlesque has just been organized, but a telegram from L. M. Crawford to Manager Burgess says the play is a go, and has been playing to big business in Atchison, Holton, Leavenworth and St. Joseph. The engage-ment will terminate Wednesday night, the isual Wednesday matinee being given. The Farnam street theatre will be dark for lauren the remainder of the week.

SUMMER THE CTRICALS.

Miss Caroline Millsner, the new prima donna of the Bostonians, is to take the stage Douglas, Wyo., the next day in a pouring name of Caroline Hamilton. Stuart Robson begins his season Septem-ber 14 dedicating the new theatre in Jersey lity, with a fine production of "She Stoops

Conquer. Edwin Hoff, formerly the tenor of the McCaull opera company, has been engaged for the title part in "Robin Hood," when it is produced in New York, September 28.

One of the new songs in the new Donnelly & Girard's "Natural Gas" is called "Sporty Boys, Without a Cent." It is one of the cleverest yet introduced in farce comedy. E. E. Rice's success with "Evangeline" in Australia is so pronounced that he promises to return to America with enough money to pay every cent he owes and then have a

wad" left as big as a stovepipe. Frank Daniels, Tony Paster, May Yohe, Ralph Delmore, Lewis Baker, Sidney Howard, Marshall P. Wilder, Margaret Mather, Otis Skinner and W. M. Dunlevy, are on the deep blue ocean, homoward bound. Remenyi, the only violinist of to-day who is called the equal of Paganini, has developed a new ambition and is to appear shortly as an author. His book, which is to be published soon in London, is a study of Japanese

art. Leonore Snyder, the youngest prima donna on the English stage, is an American girl, and is creating quite a furore in London by her impersonation of Beebee in "The Nautch Girl, at the Savoy theater. Miss Snyder was born in Indianapolis,

John Dillon, who was his own enemy, has taken the bi-chloride of gold cure for drunkenness at Dwight, Ill., and is now a well man. He is enjoying life as he has not for years, and it is thought this sea-son will be his best for a decade. Mr. Dillon will play at the Farnam street theater early

The artists who are to accompany Remenvi on his tour through this country next winter are Miss Edith McGregor, aito; Mr. William H. Fessenden, tenor, and Miss F. Cliff Berry, pianiste. Miss Alice Esty, the so-prano, was to have joined the company, but has canceled the engagement, and her suc

cossor has not been engaged. Mr. Charles F. Stephens leaves today for a month's visit in the east. While there he will produce his new waltz which has made so much of an impression in Omaha, and which will be catted "Outre Mer." It will be played for the first time publicly at Boyd's theater on the opening night of that new temple of amusement. It will be dedicated temple of amusement. It will to Manager Thomas F. Boyd.

Alonzo Hatch, one of the best tenors on the comic opera stage, but who was compelled to give up his profession on account of inebriety, has just left the Keeley institute at Dwight, Ill., cured of his distressing desire for drink. He is back in his old form and singing with all his wonted ability. Next season he will be with Dora Wiley, who will essay comedy drama. The two quartettes which have made the highest replitation in concert singing for a few years past are the Ariel-Thomas combination and the Lotus glee club. The first is composed four ladies, the latter of four men. The ladies are Nellie E. Fox. Ada L. Briggs, Fannie E. Holt and Mabel F. Mumler. The

men are George E. Devoll, Edward E. Long, Charles L. Lewis and Clifton F. Davis. Charles Wyndham cabled from London to Charles Frohman: "Miss Helyett here phe-nomenal success. A fortune for you." This is Audran's musical comedy produced at the Criterion last Thursday night under the name of "Miss Decima." The American version, to be produced in New York at the Star theater November 3, will be known by the original title, "Miss Helyett."

Stuart Robson met Edwin Booth last week at Buzzard's Bay, where the tragedian is summering with Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Robson says that the reports of Mr. Booth's ill health have little if any foundation in fact. "I don't think I have seen him look so well in twenty years," says the comedian. "His eye is bright, his face full of animation and color and his step as clastic as a strong young man of thirty. He cats three hearty meals a day and sleeps sounder and longer than a Now and again appears a woman who can throw a stone, drive a nail, sharpen a pencil and even whistle a tune. Scientists hav

shown why she cannot throw a stone, and so she does it—If some physiologist would only

explain why she can't whistle there would be more whistlers. Pornaps it is as wel that there are not, but any one who has heard Alice Shaw or Ella M. Chamberli, will not

sorry that there are at least these two Miss Chamberlin will travel next season with tne Reduath Star concert company, but Mrs. Shaw will probably remain abroad. Among the other old things that will me-ander over the road next season will be the ander over the road next season will be the woman who says she was the wife of the unfortunate Hamilton who was drowned in the far west. Mine, Ruppert, the complexion woman who, thed of selling lotions and having her pictures in the papers as a tradeswoman, will also grout. Ruppert is said to be as good as Mrs. Leslie Carter and both are infinitely better artists than such stage ladies as Lillian Lewes, Amelia Sommerville and people like them, who depend upon silk and satin or fat for their success.

Some of the peculiar names of plays that

Some of the peculiar names of plays that Some of the neculiar names of plays that will swing around the circle are: "A Crazy Lot," "Irish Luck," "Me and Jack," "The Ice King," "Windfalls," "The Day," a comic opera by H. B. Smith, "The Doorkeeper," "A Wolf's Wedding," "Asleep and Awake," "Country Circus," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Isle of Champagne!" by Charles Alfred Byrne, "Mr. Maccaron!" and "A Breezy Time." Lole Fuller and Louis De Lange threaten to star in Fred Marsdon's comedy "Quack M.D.," F. Gordon Meade in "An Irish Corporal" and Leonard Bradley in a Irish Corporal" and Leonard Bradley in a new play by Blanche Marsden. C. A. Wheeler (Nym Crunkle) has a new play not yet named and so has Leander Richardson. John J. McNaily besides "A Straight Tip" will have a new play called "Boys and Girls," and Major Charles E. Elice besides his successful "McCarthn's Mishaps" a new comedy by Leonoid Jordan.

AMUSEMENTS.

Farnam Street Theater Four Nights, Commencing Sunday, August 2, With Mat nee.

BLUEBEARD EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY. Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c