LINGERING IN ALIEN LANDS

Curious Incidents of Foreign Travel and Observation.

GRIEF-STRICKEN LITTLE NOBLEMAN

Inhosofiality of the Bretons-Wise English Raven-How Artless Americans Were Worked by Irish Blarney.

LONDON, Jan. 9-[Correspondence of Tue Hee. |- I found him all alone at a table in a snug little restaurant of shadowy Mercery Lane at ancient Canterbury. He was a mite of a thing, but an old young lad, seemingly already broken by all the sorrows of desolate oid age. His attire was rich, but his back was humped, his legs were crooked and spindled, his cheeks were sunken and his eyes were crossed and queer. Tears were silently trickling down his face. I could not eat my food until I had asked him if he was in trouble.

"Oh, sir," he said in the sweetest tones ever heard from a boy's lips, and as if completely overcome by his situation and unexpected human sympathy, "I wish I was dead and buried!" Pressing him for further explanation with the hope of allaying his childish troubles, he continued in a seared, hunted way: "I am Lord they tell me. But I never saw my father My mother is a beautiful lady, but they only let me see her once a year, and then she cries and I cry and it's dreadful when

she goes away. "Maybe you saw nurse Digby! Nurse Digby minds me, and they make me live with her, and say she must keep me until I am a great lord. But she drinks and beats She's drinking today, sir; and I'm sure she'll almost kill me. On, sir, do take me to America, and let me be plain and rough and happy like all the boys I see!—There—she is,

sir' Please, please don't tell her, sir!'
As he pitcously spoke a hoge mountain of flesh slid down a stairway and reeled into the room. It was nurse Digby. Her dress was disheveled, her wrappings were upside down, her hat, a tossing sea of feathers and down, her hat, a tossing sea of feathers and flowers, was very much awry. She was more than "cheery." She had passed the quarrelsome stage of drink into the region of bland beatitude. In a moment we fortu-nately got the best of her native suspicion and cunning; she embraced me as a reward for suppositious friendliness; and it was someliow made clear that little milord had been brought down from London osiensibly for a "houting" and to visit the cathe-dral, but in reality that nurse Digby might revel, with such as she, in the brave brows of fair, hop-laden Kent.

Sorrows of a Young Lord. "Shz'are's a dear!" she blubbered, in turn falling upon little milord in imbecile protestation of affection. "Digby'll stan' by a dear agin' zworld—Sho sh'will, d(hic!)arling, A sousan' sholdlers couldn' part ush—not hunner sousan', phretty (hic!) dear! Gen'l'm shears me (hic) swhear it!" Then

nurse Digby fell in a mass upon her charge; the little nobleman shricked with fright and pain; and his termenter rolled into a com-fortable ball beneath the table. Casting all thought of my own visit to the cathedral aside, I at once summoned a carriage; got the deformed boy and nurse Digby into it; drove through the quamt old city up the winding hill to the railway station; and never left the ill-assorted pair until I had seen them safely in the carriage of a Londonbound train. But I can never forget that poor lad's pleadings that I should rescue him from the living death of his hopeless environment, and his white, desperate face, as he crouched in his seat like a scourged soul, still appealing while watching the human animal, his endless tormentor, as she lay in temporary harmlessness upon the compart-

"Oh, sir, I shall remember you if I live to be a great lord!" were his last words that I heard as the train rolled away. The hope-less tragedy it all revealed has never left my heart; and all that sunny afternoon in old Canterbury town the brasses and efficies of the great cathedral could only be half dis-cerned through the mists of over gathering

If your travels ever bring you along the highways and byways of Brittany you must never expect hospitality of the peasant peo-ple. It is the only foreign land in which I have wandered on foot where the stranger, and especially the American stranger, is not welcome among lowly folk with unquestioning cordiality and an almost affectionate re-

Call at a roadside cottage in Brittany and ask for food and a night's shelter and the whole family will crowd into the door to ob-struct your passage. Then they will silently and sullenly look you over. Whither from? Whither bound? If a foreigner they are even shrewd enough to demand your passport, No vagabond deserter nor ticket-of-leave man will they harbor. Finally assured you are none of these, they set about bar-gaining for the last sou they wring from you. The food you are to get to the very color of the coffee is set powerfully against your money. Their own poverty, their be-wildering number of children, the lenely toad to the nearest village inn, the fact that at the next cottage they would probably murder as well as take you in; all and much more is set forth to make your bar-gain a hard one. So, too, the toothless old pensant hag mether, while eyeing you askance, croons to her husband a running fire of objections to the arrangement, a few of which set you down to your face as a villamous spy, some wretch that has cheated the gibbet, and certainly no less than the thief of Breton horses who was caught and flogged at the last horse fair at La Folgut.

Story of an Umbrella. They are shrewd and canny these simple folk, and they will make you very miserable until the price is set and paid down in hand, for they will not trust you with the sum until morning, lest your appearance belie your ability to pay, but the lugubrious trans-action once settled, and a few sous scattered among the children, which are immediately snatched away and hidden in the farmer's strong box, the atmosphere suddenly strong box, the atmosphere suddenly changes. You are the guest now. All the inn-keeping politeness, suavity and attention of Paris itself are yours; and until you leave every soul in the cottage puts every other duty aside to minister unto your wants and comfort.

There is a glib-tongued raven, the pride of a certain otherwise delightful, old-fashioned inn beside Covent Garden, London, much frequented by Americans, against which many of us who have suffered from its illtimed speculations and maledictions possess feelings far from a benign and friendly

Character.

The morning after my first arrival at this hostelry, I wished to take an early train for Brighton: and as no one, save costermongers and market porters, is astir in London be-fore 8 or 90'clock, 1 was compelled to awaken and get away without the pleasant formality of being called. Anxious to not miss my train, I hastily descended to the office door. Here I found the street door ajar, but the dining room, the office, the reading room and apparently all the minor offices were closed and dark, and no servant whatever could then be summoned by sall of voice or

The idea of leaving the hotel without reporting the fact worried me. I began tip-toeing about in quest of somebody. This of itself impelled a feeling of guilt and dread. I was late, but it occurred to me that I must take along my umbrella. It stood with others in the great hallway leading to the dining-room. I somehow felt like a criminal when approaching that umbrella stand. I fairly mbled lest some suddenly appearing emact of abstracting my own umbrella. Scarcely had I got a firm hold of the handle when this fairly shricked demand rang out beside me:

"Who are you!-who are you!-who are Ichabod Crane when pursued by the Head-less Horseman never flew over old Pocantico bridge faster than, startled and dismayed, I plunged out of the place and into the clutches of a Southampton street police officer. Ex-planations followed; I missed my train; but was formally introduced to the gleefully malignant raven whose station was in the hallway, where at night its cage was cov-ered with some traveler's handy rug.

An Indignant Female. That is a strange principle of human na-ture which finds mitigation of our own hu-

miliation in the embarransment of others; but the same evening I almost forgave the victous bird for selecting as another victim one of those particularly asgravating American females who prance and scold about the can females who prance and scold about the world as professional "agitators." The lady was big and broad and pompous—a familiar figure, I am told, in the New England states, Wherever she moved she processed in a series of statety pauses and snorts, as if to say: "I paused that you may have opportunity to fully realize who I am!"

She was reasing in this manner through She was passing in this manner through the hallway to the dining-room. The raven was evidently impressed and curious. He promptly shouted, almost in her ears:

"Who are you! - who are yo

The agitator was agitated. Trembling from rage she wheeled and shouted back to

the office force and tittering guests:
"Who am I! Bless me, everybody outside of this disgraceful country knows who I am This is an outrage. I shall see Minister Lin-coln about it?" Then she majestically snorted herself into dinner.

An irresistible but repressed outburst of laughter followed the contretemps. As it died away I noticed the raven craning its neck to this side and that, and blinking de-murely. Then it gave its ugly beak a few smart raps with its claws, sent an unearthly whistle after my disappearing country-woman, and, as it finally settled itself for a bit of quiet reflection, purred hoarsely but still softly and ruminatively. "Who are you?-who are YOU? -who are

Speaking of interesting Americans abroad reminds me of a curious incident of my re-cent year's wanderings in Ireland. From the western slope I had crossed the crags of the western slope I had crossed the crars of Carrantachili mountain to the Killarney, lakes, at its eastern base; crossed the vagrant Owenreach river, and, scrambling over hill and heather, finally reached the great highway from Bantry and Glengarif, called the "Prince of Wales route" from Cork to the lake region.

Just where this magnificent road first turns the mountain side torrists by long

turns the mountain side, tourists by long car, or legs, are given a first glimpse of the surpassing panorama, which at one sweep comprehends the great mountains on either side and the watching takes between the most entrancing of all views of Kil larney. I was sitting here, rough, ragged and travel-stained, upon a ledge of rocks. esting in the sweet April day and dream fully contemplating the scene before me, when I was pleasantly disturbed to after-wards first know by actual experience the substantial rewards of a vagrant's life in tourist lands.

A Remarkable Couple. The long car filled with tourists and a small mountain of hampers piled above the 'well' between the hanging side seats, umbered up the southern ascent from Kenmare, and came to its customary but to enable tourists to enjoy the unusual prospect. Among the passengers were a couple of Etonian graduates and an English milord and milady with their children and servants, all of whom were in an aggressive-defensive attitude of silent scorn toward—an innocent pair from our own loved land.

The latter was a little bald, nut-headed gentleman with a bent, poddy body, sug-gesting a polished pebble set in the end of

a banana, and his good honest American wife, twice his height and four times his girth. The man was the embodiment of nervous activity and enthusiasm; the woman, of adipose and repose; and both, having duly paid their "booking," were placifly oblivious of the ethical injuries they had inflicted all the way from Cork upon their fellow travelers

Everybody alighted but the calm Ameri can woman. In screne composure she watched her side of the long car settle nearly to the ground; but she kept her seat. "Come down, Maw, do," urged the little man, bringing into instant use a pair of field-glasses, each tube of which was as large as the "Lone February" stare telescope. "Lone Fisherman's" stage teles Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonder

At the sound of these last three words milord winced, milady elevated her eye brows, the Etonians readjusted their eye classes, and the servants looked dignified and grave. "No; guess I'll let well enough alone."

murmured the little man's large wife.

"Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful," repeated the American, sweeping the scene with his glasses, filling the English delegation with another series of shudderings, and backing into me as he spoke "You'll step on that man there, Paw you don't use your eyes," cautioned the wife

from the long car.

"Bless me, yes—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Peasantry right here in the mountings. See here, Pat," he continued addressing me, "you good-for-nothing dynamite Irishmen don't deserve this wonderful kentry, darned if you do!'

Thrue for yez, yer honor," I replied hum bly.

"See that, Maw?" with a cunning wink to his wife. "Thinks I'm one o' them high rollers. Well, well, well! Pat, here's a—a—guess it's a half-crown, or something 'r other. There, now, brace up. Go to my country. Get a clean shirt. Be a—a—well, 'git there!'"

Mountain With a History. "God bless yer honor!" I responded, thanking him heartily. "May the top o' yer head never folly yer hair!"

"Maw—say, Maw? Did you hear that? Irish wit, by golly? Well, well, well! Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Lived long

'round here, Pat!

"Indade did I. For ages."

"Wonderful!—"

The English contingent winced; the worthy man gave me another shilling; and his good wife from the tilting long car

wished the little man "wouldn't make such a fuss over every poor creature in Ireland." "Well, well, Pat, what's the name o' that

'Carrantuchill's the same, sor." Some sort of-er-story-er-legion about it, I s'pose!"
"Divil doubt that, sor. But wan mountain stud there at first, sor. St. Patrick-may all the saints bliss him!—was carin' for two hills. So one fine mornin' another stud

"Wonderful, wonderful, wenderful!" exclaimed the American, writing the same down on a business card as big as his hand, while his traveling companions writhed again. "And that furder one?" again.

"Tore, sir. Tore bekase that's a wild bear, an' ye'll find 'em there this blissed minute, with tusks on 'em the length o' yer arm, Goodness gracious! But that is wonder

"Goodness gracious! But that it would ful. Maw, did you hear that! And that mountain over there, Pat?"
"Mangarton, sor."
"Jess so. Kinder Dutch, hamt it! S'pose

some Dutchman settled there, and garden'd it long ago, ch† Wonderful how these things ick to places!" He had me there, and I should have broken down entirely if milord, with a loud guffaw in which the undergraduates joined, had not ascended the car, and with illy-suppressed snorts and indignation ordered the driver to proceed. This took my little friend from me on the run; but after his able-bodied wife had dragged him from the ground to his seat on the long car and held him in it by one arm, he turned and gasticulating enthusiasti cally with the other and with the field carry with the other and with the held-glasses, yelled from the rapidly-disappearing vehicle: "Come to my hotel, Pat! Don't know the name. Best one anyhow. Want to know more about this wonderful kentry. Make it all right. Darned if I don't!" EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

THE PATH OF PRAYER. New Orleans Times.

Among the gnarled pines of Old Japan That shade a hill where patient crickets sing, I chanced upon a terraced path which ran Upward beneath a mystic covering.

A hundred sacred gates the pathway keep, Each shaped of two straight beams and one With rigid angles mounting up the steep, Their dull red hue bepatched with ancient

At either side, thick in the grassless mold, Two futtering lines of white still rise beyond; Small slips of paper that unfold As banners pendant from a mimic wand.

And while I wondered, suddenly a name Flashed to me, and I knew the path of prayer Where Kwannon, queen of mercy, nightly To read the sad petitions planted there.

I mused upon that gentle race anew, With love and pity aching in my breast; And then I knelt, where evening shadows grew, To place my small petition with the rest.

By the time the fair opens Chicago will have living accommodations for not less than 300,000 strangers. Connected with the exposition management is a bureau of public comfort, through the agency of which many thousands of visitors can be directed to hotels, apartments, boarding houses, fur nished rooms, etc., where they will be com' fortably cared for at moderate prices.

Buns" and Chignons Are Classed in the Latter Category.

TIPS ON FASHIONABLE UNDERWEAR

Why Empire Gowns Have Gone Back to Dressmakers Pretty Frocks from a Re-

cent Trousseau-Interesting New York Fashion News Gossip.

New York, Jan. 18 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE.]-I asked a plump little hairdresser yesterday, "Will you kindly tell me just how you make this peculiar and distinctly odious thing that is called a chignon?"

"That ees very easy, madame," said she "Take all your hair-this way-and tie it two inches above the nape of the neck-this way-and then divide it in halves-this way -rolling each half outward-this way-till you can press it snugly to your head-like this and fasten the two rolls invisibly by hairpins." Presto, my own inoffensive locks were colled into the despised shape, and the little hairdresser stood over me smiling. "What did you do that for?" I gasped, and

up such a monstrosity for anyhow?"
"There ees nothing like an object lesson,
madame," pleaded the hairdresser, depre-catingly, "and it ees not so very unbecoming. There must always be the change, madain Yes, there must thanks to the embedied

shook the pins out, "and what do you take

caprices which are women, and so, good people, you are welcome to my newly acquired knowledge of how to "do" the hair in a If you don't feel inclined to take up the new mode immediately, perhaps the "bun" may appeal to you. The "bun" is almost a correct as the other, and to achieve it the bair is waved in front, parted a little on one side and then coiled to look like a bird's nest with very little room for the birds. You don't wear a net with it, and you do with the

chignon. This is one of the main differences. or so it loos to me.
Some other learning I have possessed my self of on the subject of underwear. There is an immense amount of buying of slik stuff because it is cheap, because it is no longer fashionable. It never had any excuse for ex-istence outside the sensuous luxuries of the women of the half world, because the woman who is clean in soul must be clean in garments, and her clothing must not shrink rom the purging of soap and hot water. In igly English, silk is dirty wear, and the fine ambric and muslin and lawn which have re placed it have stronger claims upon respect, even though they be so elaborately stitched and belaced that the modern belle in her-

night robe looks rather as if she were fitted out for a boudoir high ten. Huge square cape collars, with full lace flounces and run with broad ribbons, lead rather than follow the fashion of the daytime gown. Over these immensities a little round lace gollar is gathered at the throat, and lace ruffs that reach from the elbow to the wrist finish the sleeves.



TWO BALL GOWNS.

Other nightdresses are made with corselet belts, like dinner gowns, and have enormous lace fichus cascading down their fronts and rovering them entirely.

It's almost as much work in these advanced days to get one's self up for a bed

toilet as for a ball. Some of the new chemises are made in the Empire style, with full turn down frills and the Empire band at the waist. One of the latest fashions in "knickerbockers" is to have them entirely of Valencienness insertion, separated by narrow bands of French muslin. Another new thing is the lace skirt for the society skirt dancer. It is made of figured net, with wide lace flounces. When you wear a black stocking, if you have it a la

mode, it is painted in front with roses.

I saw this morning two such novel evening dresses that at once I begged an artist tomake me a little sketch of them for you. They were designed for one of the big January "functions." Opal-tinted silk was the material of one, flushing flame red with lights of orange and paling to cold, pure pearl. The skirt was six yards round and shorter than anything could have made it but the beginning of the materialization of the hoop skirt ghost or bogy. Its only trimmings were rows of narrow velvet ribbon of a warm pink shade, clustered at the hem, a foot up and again twelve inches above the rescond grand division.

econd grand division.

The bodice joined the skirt under a deep mock belt of a dozen ribbon rows. It turned back from throat and bosom in immense pointed revers edge with Vandyck lace and ribbon borders. White crepon was gathered across the bust under the revers in Quaker folds; and big butterfly bows of dark hipe velvet were set, in close success dark blue velvet were set in close succession to the waist line. The immense puffed sleeves were of velvet to the elbows, and then became of a sudden so elese-fitting that the long gloves came up over them. Have finished? I believe so, except that there be-longed with the gown a mother of pearl fan with a dark blue velvet mount, strangely



FASHIONABLE UNDERWEAR,

The other dress was a green white silk with the front of the skirt caught with dozens and scores of dark green velvet bows. The pointed bodice was of green velvet cut very low and with a white multichemisette set in beneath it. The sleeves were this costume's odd feature. On each shoulder was a big round puff with a velvet ribbon to crush it in the middle and divide it. ribbon to crush it in the middle and divide it into two unequal balloons. A dark green velvet ribbon was to be worn in the hair. I have thought sometimes I might tell you of the colors and the stuffs worn at New York's midwinter balls. At a dance at Sherry's the other night satin brocades with Watteau backs took part in the promenade with all the nonchalance imaginable.
They were always getting stepped on, of course, but they didn't seem to mind. I noted a white satin stiff with silver embroidery and another in white and gold with touches of vivid cherry. A third was flame-colored with black velvet to subdue it and a number were white or silver with enormous colored velvet sleeves.

The simplest frocks, and they were not the least effective, were black chiffon with jet corselets. More elaborate was a blue silk, looped with red roses, and a light gray with sleeves and bodice bands of pink velvet.

winter fashions alive, instead of in pen and link dissection. I noticed an electric blue cloth grown this morning that calls for a word about its velvet fells and mink edgings. The princess from was striped with rows of black velvet, while a black velvet racte went round the spenders with mink to head it and mink to weight the edge of the deep flource below. I sound the waist was a broad velvet belt with a silver buckle, and round the bottom of the flaring skirt. and round the bottom of the flaring skirt was a flounce two feet deep and fur

twice in her velvet poke bonnet with a huge red rose under the brim. Her dress was black also, with a complexity of 1830 capes lined with red and dapping in the wind to show the lining A girl in green rep was pretty, with edg ings of otter running up, down and all about her. Her huge clonk was of green velvet with a huger cape, and she wore a Rubens

A dark haired girl was a figure to look at



A STREET DRESS-THE CHIGNON

There used to be trouble about getting into carriage because skirts were so wide same trouble seems likely to crop out this winter about bodices. The shoulder breadth of the modish woman, take her sleeves, capes and all, is something unbelievable. Perhaps you've heard of the woman whose husband sent her new Empire freek back to the dressnaker because it was 'so absurd.' If hus ands were to act consistently on this princi ple feminine wardrobes would be stripped retty bare.

A trousseau just on the edge of finishing contains a number of black dresses which are as pretty as they are, perhaps, in their present collocations unusual. One of black silk is cut in "pinafore" style, semi-fitting, and making, for a slim figure, a graceful princess robe. It has pink velvet sleeves and pink velvet ruche about the bottom, a black chiffon frill at the low neck and a black ribbon sash above the waist.

Another black frock had a quaint lapelled bodies turned back with green satin covered with Oriental lace in shades of green, black and gold. A deep satin frill stood up about ire low neck, went down to the waist in the back and ended its existence under the sash. Two satin frills edged the skirt and the sleeves, of course, were as big as possible ELLEN OSBORN

Don't patronize foreign wines when you can get a better one at home. Try Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champague,

IMPLETIES.

A well known Episcopal bishop from a western state was in New York a short time ago, says the World, and during his visit ran across a young English curate walking the streets footsore and weary. "I came over to America," he said, "just to get a little bit of experience, don't you know, and am hoping to find a small parish with a vacancy." "Just come right along with me," said the bishop. "I am going away out in the southwest and will give you a chance to get all the experience you want." The young ourate gladly availed himself of the oppor-tunity and shortly afterwards arrived at the scene of his future labors. That very day the sheriff of a neighboring county came in with a six-footer who was jailed on a charge of triple murder; there was a freight col-lision "up the road;" the police raided the "Half Acre;" a negro crapshooter slashed another with a razor; there was an alarm of fire and a suicide. To add to the young curate's "experience," the local paper that night apologized for the lack of local news, saying that there wasn't much going on of a sensational character and police circles were unusually quiet. But the curate will remain and thinks he has struck a field where he can do good work.

An old Buffalo minister who had a living in the suburbs was visiting his parishioners, when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she' gone through a sight o' trouble. Her sister wor dead and there wor a worse job than that, the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord take in and there won a worse job than that, the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord to tak' 'im and they mun bow; they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up and 'said; "But there's one thing, Mestur Allen, as I can say, and ought to say, the Lord's been pretty well on my side this winter for greens."

The Butte Inter Mountain doesn't believe in allowing its readers to puzzle over unusual abbreviations. Over a dispatch relating to "Mgr. Satolli, which it printed the other day, it had the words "Manager Satolli" in big black letters; and now the Butte people believe that the gentleman in question is the "manager" of His Holiness.

Bishop Nicholson of Wisconsin says that upon one occasion, recently, a country par-shioner called on him, and, in the course of he conversation, explained his feelings in the following novel way: "We all like you, Bishop, up our way because you are so darned common." The Bishop was staggered for a minute, but soon caught on, and would have asked the gentleman to have some-thing if the modern bishop did those things.

Among the superstitious natives of Bulgaria the Prophet Elijah is believed to con-trol the elements. During heavy thunder storms the women fall on their faces and pray: "Dear Lord Elijah do not drive so fast with your fiery horses."

In Scotland once a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on Sunday. "Tammas," said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, but whistle for my dog; he is running away." Tammas regarded the speaker with gravity and said: "Whustle? I may drink whisky, but I'll no whustle for ony dog on the Lord's Day?"

A worthy crank distributed tracts entitled "The Fires of Hell are Close at Hand" to all the shivering beggars on Market street last evening, says the Philadelphia Record.

Eastern Young Sunday School Teacher-Now, boys, what must we all do to go to Heaven! Bright Boy-Die.

You don't want a torpid liver; you don't want a bad complexion, you don't want a bad breath; you don't want a headache. Then use De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.

A Tiny Year-Old. There lives in Philadelphia a tiny little girl named Katie Campbell Bryan. She was I year old last week, and, though perfectly well and as pretty as the prettiest French doll yor, ever saw, she weighs a little less than eleven pounds. When 10 days old she weighed only a pound and three-quarters, and the clothes which were selected for her to wear were some that belonged to her sister's wax doll. Even now she is not as big as a good sized French doll, and, though she can speak and say distinctly two or three words and walk so fact that you would have words, and walk so fast that you would have trouble to catch her if she would run away, she could easily be carried on one of your hands. Her feet are only two inches long-no longer than your longest finger—and her hands are very, very tiny. She has a few teeth, which are very cunning and pretty, and all her toys, as you may imagine, have to be made especially for her.

Making & World-Wide Reputation. with sleeves and bodice bands of pink velvet.
An 1830 dress attracted, perhaps, the most notice of any, with its white skirt ruched with blue and worn with overdress of white gauze, gold spangled.

The streets are so bright that if I could only photograph in colors I should need to do nothing but stand on a corner, snap my camera at the procession and give you the

SUPERSTITIONS

Queer Notions About Signs of Good and Bad Luck.

HORSESHOES, BLACK CATS AND OPALS

But Many Players Are Quite Original in Their Superstitions - Attractions at the Theater for This Week -Stage Gossip.

Members of the dramatic profession are, generally speaking, more given to superstitions ideas than persons in any other walk

A general superstition among stage folk is that the final scene of a piny, or tag, as it is technically termed, must not be gone over till the very last rehearsal prior to the public production of the piece. A violation of this rule is said to inevitably insure disaster. Cases are on record

where an entire company has flatly refused to rehease the tag until the last moment. Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright, in writng the comedy "Imagination" did not put the final scene on paper until the day of the

very last rehearsal of the play. None of the actors in the cast knew just how the last act ended until the final rehearsal. Tony Pastor's superstition has chiefly to do with his salary list. He believes that ill luck would certainly follow if his salary list for a week were more or less than a certain sum, says the New York Sun. He makes a present of money to his players at times to bring the list up to his standard. At other times he cuts their salaries when the list

Usually he makes contracts which just equal the sum. When he pays an excep-tionally high price to any one artist he seures some cheap performers to offset the arger salary. Edward Harrigan was at one time a

believer in spiritualism, and it is said that he is not entirely out of the woods yet. He considered the letter M to be lucky, and for several seasons all his plays were given names beginning with that letter, as "Mulligan Gaurds" Sall" and "Muddy Day."

At the opening of Harrigan's new theater a stray black cat walked into the stage entrance. Since that time he has never allowed the cat to leave the theater. He says

lowed the cat to leave the theater. He says the cat brought him luck, and if it ever left him he thinks disaster would follow. It is fed with all sorts of dainties, and the mau-ager says it will remain there the rest of its Joseph Jefferson is said to be a spiritualist Joseph Jefferson is said to be a spiritualist and something of a believer in astrology. It is the report among actors that he always arranges for his seasons to begin when certain lucky stars are in conjunction. It is

also said that he has thrown up engagements because the star, according to his obser-vations, presaged III luck. vations, presaged ill luck.

Edwin Booth had a morbid fear lest some stranger should approach him at the theater before a performance. His dressing room was always closed to all save his most intimate friends. It is said that he used to declare that some stroke of misfortune always followed his meeting a stranger at the

theater. Pauline Hall has a superstitious fear of the name Madeline. She never allows any actress, singer or chorus girl of that name to be engaged for her company.
It is said that when she first proposed starring in comic opera her manager and husband, George B. McClellan, hired a literary man of small reputation to write a novel, with the agreement that Miss Hall's name should appear upon the title page as

The novel was finished in due time and de-livered. As luck would have it the heroine of the story had been given the name of "Madeline," which was taken as the title for the book. Miss Hall, it is reported, refused to even look at the manuscript and re-turned it to the writer without thanks. Billy Jerome, the comic singer and writer of popular songs, cannot sing unless he has a common quill toothpick in his right hand, which he snaps with his thumb as he sings. He firmly believes that this toothpick helps him to sing, and that he would break down if he were deprived of it.

Denman Thompson says that fine dressing-

rooms always "queer" him. He protests that it isn't a superstition, however, and says that managers who wait until their theaters are built before considering the ac-commodations for the players, and who then throw together a few boards for dressing rooms, generally conduct a successful busi-

Francis Wilson's superstition is unique in the extreme. It is said that he regards an adverse or severe criticism of his performance as a very lucky omen. This feeling originated with the castiga-tion he received from the critics of New York on the morning after his first appear-

ance there as a star in "The Oolah."

Lotta is another firm believer in spiritualism. She has said that on the nights when her older plays are produced she can see de-ceased members of her company in the parts which they formerly played. She thinks herself a medium.

Mrs. Yeamans firmly believes that Friday

is her lucky day. She always signs her con-tracts on a Friday. She has made all her hits on this day, too.

A peculiar superstition of Mrs. Yeamans is that it bodes ill luck unless the first person she meets after midnight on New Year's day be a colored person. Each year she arranges it so that some negress comes to her immediately for the along strikes 19. ately after the clock strikes 12.

If a comb be dropped in Mrs. Yeamans' presence she will always step upon it before allowing it to be picked up. Otherwise she believes bad luck would attend all persons

Jennie Yeamans also has a peculiar superstition. She believes thirteen to be her lucky number. She says this may be so be-cause there are thirteen letters in her name. She always likes to have the opening night of a new play on a Friday, and also invaria bly signs her contracts on that day.

She has a superstitious, fancy for moon-stone setting when upon the stage. The moonstones which she has worn have acquired a reputation among comedians for bringing good luck to the persons she gives them to. As a result, Miss Yeamans is fairly besieged by applications for the gem.

During the recent comet scare Champion
Jim Corbett declared that he firmly believed

that the comet would strike the earth. As a reason for his belief he said that the names of the leading incidents of the year had begun with the letter "C." These were Corbett's championship vic-

tories and Cleveland's election. A comet collision would be right in line, he thought. Fannie Davenport thinks that birds bring misfortune to her. She never allows any of these to be about a theater during her enzagement.

Scenery with peacocks or other birds in it is always rejected. It is said that she refused to act in "Fedora" until her manager had an elaborate stage setting, which contained a painting of a peacock, remodeled and the peacock eliminated.

Wilton Lackaye has a superstitious fondces for chryspithemurs. He always fond-

ness for chrysanthemums. He always fears for the worst when east in a play that does not permit the wearing of his favorite flower in his buttonhole. Della Fox has a superstitious fear of opals. She never wears one and will not allow anyone occupying the stage with her to wear the

unlucky stones.

Ha v Kernell, the Irish comedian, always refuse to undertake a part in which he could; twear a wig and cane. Deprived of these scentials to a stage Irishman's make-up, he was helpless.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the contraito, has had a superstitious fear of opals ever since the first and last time—she wore one on the

The stone was set in a thumb ring given to her by a friend. She slipped and fell, breaking the setting and severely spraining Frederick Bond never accepts the manu-

script of a part where the number of pages is even. Should this be the case the part must be recepied so as to fill the odd number of pages. He says he has made all his hits with odd numbers, and he would not dare to risk taking an even number of pages. Richard Manafield is said to have a super-stitious fear of sunlight. When he is engaged in writing or composing during the day he always pulls the blinds to so closely that not a ray of light can penetrate his room, and works by gaslight.

Charles H. Hoyt, recently elected to the New Hampshire legislature, was a page in that body in 1871. Mr. Hoyt was born within a stone's throw of the state house, and his

first play, "Silver Plume," a wild, western drama, was produced at White's opera-house, Cancord, in 1878. A little more than ten years ago he was engaged by Harry Main to expand the after-piece called "The Book Agent into a three-set concely, which was called "A Parlor Maich." Mann gave Hoyt, who was then a paragrapher on a Boston paper, \$500 for the lob. The play has made three men rich — E. ans. Hoey and their manager. Harry Mann—and its success was the bestinning of the most remarkable managerial and play wrighting career known to the American stage.

THE THEATERS. This evening at Boyd's theater Mr. Joseph

Murphy makes his appearance before an Omaha audience for the first time in two years. He is still producing the reportory of Irish plays with which the general public has been familiar for thirteen years, and there is no diminishing of his popularity. He is the foremost exponent of Irish comedy in America today. Tonight and tomorrow night Mr. Murphy will present "The Kerry Gow," and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings "Shann Rhue." "Every time I see Mr. Murphy I think better of the Irish," a young English Indy said to her escort as she was leaving the Globe theater, Boston, the other night, while some of the laughter caused by "The Event County of the Industries of the Ind The Kerry Gow" still remained to brighten her face. And she was not the only one un-acquainted with the Irish character who might have uttered a like sentiment. The Irish have been the most inaligned of all races. To be sure, most of the projudice against them, in this country at least, has disappeared, but there still remains some. That prejudice has been hightened by the presentation on the stage of the most ridic ulous and brutal pictures of Irish life. It almost total obliteration has been effected in no small measure through the same medium that was used in strengthening it—the stage. It needed only that Irish men and women should be represented before the public faithfully that they should be appreciated, and the need was met by such men as Joseph Murphy and by none more than Operatic Irish comedy will succeed melo-

drama at the Farnam Street theater. "O'Dowd's Neighbors," a funny Irish comedy, will open a four days engagement with the Sunday matines today, "O'Dowd's Neighbors," comes heralded as one of the comedy successes of the day. The skit was originally produced in the Bijou theater, New York, where it made a splendid run. The piece received a second endersement from New York audiences during a recent engagement at the Union Square. It is built on the usual lines of comedy, depending not so much upon its plot as upon its laughable scenes, humerous situations, novel special-ties and pleasing musical effects. Owing to the fact that "O'Dowd's Neighbors" abounds in music at every turn, it has been entitled an operatic lrish comedy. The author, it is said, has succeeded in building a comedy of considerable merit, and the brilliant dialogue and quick action provoke continuous laughter. Mark Murphy, the star of the company, is well known as one of the successful exponents of Irish fun. be remembered as one of the old comedy firm of Marray and Murphy in "Our Irish Visitors." Dave Canway, the comedian playing the part opposite Mark, is one of the most clever in his line. One of the principal parts in the piece is the Irish woman, Honora Grady, impersonated by the well known rival of George Monroe in the portrayal of the stage Irish woman, Mr. Phil Mack, is said to be very amusing in the part of the create Honora Grady. Among the ladies in the company are Miss Mamie Taylor, the charming grand opera singer, who was the be remembered as one of the old comed charming grand opera singer, who was the leading soprano with the Aborn Opera company last season. Miss Marie Cahill, late the dancing favorite of the Miss Heivett com-pany, Jennie Murphy, the dashing young widow, and many others who sing, dance The attraction at Boyd's theater for four

nights, commencing Thursday evening next will be a "Nutmeg Match,"the widely known comedy drama in which Annie Lewis. comedy drama in which Annie Lewis, a soubrette of unusual vivacity and attractiveness, is the star. The public demand for pastoral plays, as evinced by the phenomenal success over a period of many years of such plays as "The Old Homestend" and "The County Fair," led Managers Litt and Davis to believe that a new pastoral play, picturing scenes and characters in a familiar picturing scenes and characters in a familiar rural district, but on lines entirely distinct and more striking than any presincessor of this class of plays, would meet with mani-mous approval among the great mass of the theater-going public. They secured Mr. William Haworth, whose other successful plays, among which is "Ferneliff" and the plays, among which is "Ferneliff" and the naval play of "The Ensign," placed him in the front rank of American dramatists, and commissioned him to produce something in which the principal character should be suitable for the peculiar requirements of Miss Lewis, After months of careful watching of Miss Lewis' work in productions in which she made her enviable reputation earlier in her career, Mr. Haworth set about his task, spurred in an enthusiastic manner, from the fact that he believed that the buoyant little fact that he believed that the buoyant little actress would be thoroughly capable of round-ing out in the most artistic and satisfactory manner any character of the type suggested that he might conceive. The result of the brilliant young author's work was the first production last summer of the comedy drama, "A Nutmeg Match," and its subse quent success is too well known to require a quent success is too well known to require a review at this late day. The play combines the sweet, rural simplicity of "The Old Homestead," with the more thrilling and re-alistic features of the modernized melo drama.

The funny Anglo-Scandinavian comedy, "Pete Peterson," will shortly be presented in this city. In these days, when the sole purpose of many managers seems to be to get as much out of the public as possible without giving any adequate return, is a pleasure to be able to announce a play that will come up to the public expectation. "Pete Peters on is not altogether a new play. It was presented last season with signal success, and this year, in a greatly improved form, it has been winning golden opinions from press and public. The central figure of the play is, of course, the delightfully entertaining character of the Swedish immigrant, but aside from this there is a vein of comedy, he by well known and capable performers, which is never permitted to flag. Many of the latest songs and dances medleys, choruses and unique features have been introduced in the play, and judging from the opinions of newspapers elsewhere, the per-formance is one that lovers of a hearty laugh would not willingly miss.

This attraction will begin a three nights' engagement at the Farnam Street theater,

commencing Thursday evening, January 19, with usual matinee Saturday.

Theatrical Topics. It is said that Cora Tanner, the actress, will go into light opera. No reason is as-Mme. Patti will shortly issue a volume of

reminiscences the book being edited by Mr. Bentty Kingston. The veteran actor, John A. Ellsler, is engaged in the stock company of the Girard Avenue theatef in Philadelphia. In his voyage to this country M. Pader-ewski brought a piano and two harps. When

he was not seasick he kept constantly practising. Mme. Materna at the close of the present season at the Imperal opera house, Vienna, will go on a tour through the principal cities

Loie Fuller has signed a three years' con-tract for the Folier Bergeves, Paris. She will appear in other cities in Europe during the summer, the Paris house being closed from June to September.

of Europe.

Jane Hading, it is said, has just canceled a three years' engagement in St. Petersburg, and paid a fine of £4,000, in order that about

I am seventy-seven years old, and have had my age renewed at least twenty years by the use of S witt's Specific. My foot and leg to my knee was a running sore for two years, and physicians said it could not be cured. After taking fifteen small bottles S, S. S. there is not a sore on my limbs, and I have a new lease on ife. You ought to let all sufferers know of your wonderful remedy. PALES, Paliser, Kansas City.



may be able to play in America next season de and self-sacrificing Jane!

There is considerable talk again of organlaing a permanent opera company for Chicago fashioned after the Casiro of New York. 18 is also rumored that Miss Pauline Hall will, if the scheme goes through, be placed at the head of it.

It is against Modjeska's rule to appear on Sinday and nothing but an act of charity could induce her to, but she has consented to present "Mary Stuart" Jacqury 23, at the Chicago Opera house, for the benefit of the Sisters of Narazeth, the Polish Catholic con-

yout of that city "Pair Rosalind" is a character which is so constantly made as object of our attention that it will be interesting to know that for more than half a century it was invariably acted by young men, who initated femining tones and attempted feminine graces for the opening and closing scenes and spoke and acted particular acted to a second second and acted materials. acted naturally in the acts where Rosalind puts on male attire.

Nat Goodwin, the comedian, tells of one of is last summer's Landon experiences: "I his last summer's Lendon experiences: "I went to the Lyceum to see Irving," he said, went to the Lyceum to see Irving." he said,
"and my attention was rather distracted by
the remarks of two well dressed women in
adjoining stalls. In the course of their conversation one of them said, Quite too
nice, isn't he? "Oh, quite more than too
nice!" answered her companion. "Only,
doesn't it strike you, a little weakness in the
kings?" "Weakness." remarket her friend knees? 'Weakness!' retorted her friend, 'My dear girl, that's his pathos!' "

It is said that Verdi at 70 is as busy as Mascagni at half a century younger. The veteran composer had no sconer finished the score of "Falstaff" that he began to earry out his long-cherished scheme of making an opera on the theme of "King Lear." His comic opera will, it is stated, be produced at Milan early in February, provided Maurel comes to terms and none of the singers fall ill. In "Falstaff" there are ten principal characters, two supranos, one mezzo, one baracters, two sopranos, one mezzo, one alto, three tenors, two baritones and a basso H. C. Barnabee of the Bostonians was re-At. C. Barnabee of the Bostomans was re-cently entertaining a young nephew in New York. The boy is only 7 years old, but ap-pears much older. He made his uncle take him to see "The Black Crook" at one of the mathess. Everything seemed to please the precedous boy until the French dancers came on and showed their filmy lace short clothes. "That's pretty bad, uncle Henry," he said. "I don't mind it myself, but I hate to have grandpa see it." Then a tear stole to have grandpa see it." Then a tear stole down the grandpa Barbabee's check, but he winked the other eye.

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There is no longer doubt that the young Duke Ernst Ganther of Schleswig-Hol-stein, brother of the German empress, asked for the hand of the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Dake and Duchess of Edin-burgh. The request was refused by the princess parents on the ground that she was not yet 16 years of age. The prince of Wales also objected.



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