AMUSEMENTS.

From the financial standpoint, the one naturally occupied by the box officers and others pecuniarily interested, the week before the holidays is looked on as the sorriest in the theatrical year. Christmas joys are often attained at the price of an evening's entertainment at the playhouse. As the poet sings:

"These fragile toys
Which little boys
Receive on Christmas day,
Are what prevents
Their parents
From going to the play."

But not seldom an attraction of first-rate merit is presented at that gloomy time, as might be expected under a system whereby theatrical stars in their courses move with all the certainty possible to that branch of astronomy which concerns them. Being luminous bodies, they can by no means hide their light under the bushel of any week whatsoever. So they shine on bravely and do their best to drive away the darkness. For this reason it frequently happens that the dull period in question, seen from another but not less elevated point of view, shows as a distinct gleam of light among its fellows.

The week just passed was redeemed in both ways by the engagement of Mr. Clay Clement. He not only made a pronounced artistic hit, but attracted good houses as well in this week which suffers from its proximity to the festival of beneficence and good will. Here was a young man, who until his appearance the other night was less known than one would have deemed it possible for so well-equipped an actor to be. Those who had observed his pictures as displayed about town saw a likeness of a large, clear-shaven man, with a heavy head of black hair pushed back in the style affected by the composer, Rubinstein. He was taken for a German in spite of his decidedly American name, and his dialect and correct German speech were considered as attributes of his nationality. His broken English is surprisingly, albeit not uniformly, good. At times he stumbles and hesitates over the simplest words; again he speaks idiomatic and epigrammatic English, with only a suspicion of accent. This variance cannot depend upon the physical presence of the object of his love, for the longest speech in the play—that in which he likens her to a flower—is delivered point-blank at her head. Mr. Clement apparently speaks German as well as Baron Hohenstauffen, even at his best, speaks English. In his acting he shows a quiet and finished method, the result of excellent training, wherever obtained. At times he suggests Mansfield, at others the Sothern of the present day. His appearance here has gained him many friends, who will watch with interest for his second coming.

John H. Martin, the genial forerunner of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," lived in Omaha thirty years ago, and in Nebraska City earlier still. He is full of good stories, as an advance agent should be, and by no means all of them are concerning the manifold excellencies of his star, on which point again he shows that discrimination which has made him so valuable a man in his line. Sitting in Manager Burgess' cozy private office the other day, with a good cigar between his teeth, he thrust the net of memory into the past and fished up many interesting facts about the early history of Frank Mayo, whose dramatization of S. L. Clemens' story will be seen here next week.

"It is not generally known," said Mr. Martin, "that Frank Mayo ran away from home at the immature age of 10, with intent to go to California. The journey thither in that early time being by no means the luxurious progress which fast trains and Mr. Pullman have since made it, Young Mayo, like the three sailors of Bristol City, 'took a boat and went to sea,' serving as cabin boy on a three-master bound for the goal of his desires. A tedious and perilous voyage around Cape Horn brought the youthful adventurer to the golden coasts of California at about the time when the tide of emigration setting westward brought to the new Eldorado the means of developing its fabulous mineral wealth and surrounded with a haze of romance the period of '49.

"In San Francisco, young Mayo, following the natural bent of his inclinations, found his earliest employment in a menial capacity in the theater, owned and managed by one John Maguire. His first appearance on the stage of this temple of Thespis was not in a leading role, as may be imagined, and it was some time before he was advanced beyond thinking parts. At last, however, his opportunity came, and certain small lines were assigned him. He had to speak them to Junius Booth, who was then at the height of his fame. Whether from overanxiety, or from nervousness caused by the sound of his own voice, Mayo, who came on in the first act, forgot the exact language in which the noble sentiments given him to express were set forth, and in his well meant efforts to extemporize, succeeded in so thoroughly exasperating Mr. Booth that that choleric tragedian drove him from his presence with threats and anathemas, and, coming upon him soon after, wandering disconsolately about, kicked him into the alley behind the theater. The two men did not meet again for many years, and the occasion of their meeting was sufficiently strange to round out this story. It was in Boston, Mayo's birthplace, where he had just achieved his first great success as Davy Crockett, and Booth, representing the management, had called upon the rising star, bearing a check for $1,680 as the first installment of profits from the new piece.

"In the course of the entirely amicable interview which followed, Mr. Mayo reminded his former assailant of the occurrence in San Francisco, and was surprised, the marks of violence not having then entirely disappeared from him own body, to find that the circumstance had entirely faded from the aggressor's mind."

The story of Lohengrin, son of Parsifal, upon which Wagner based his drama, is taken from various sources. The old Celtic legend of King Arthur, his knights and the Holy Grail is mixed up with the distinctively German legend of a knight who arrives in his boat drawn by a swan.

In substance, the story is as follows: Henry I., king of Germany, known as "The Fowler," arrives at Antwerp for the purpose of raising a force to help him expel the Hungarians, who are threatening his dominions. He finds Brabant in a condition of anarchy, Gottfried, the young son of the late duke, has mysteriously disappeared, and Telramund, the husband of Ortrud, daughter of the prince of Friesland, claims the dukedom. The claimant openly charges Elsa, sister of Gottfried, with having murdered him to obtain the sovereignty, and she is summoned before the king to submit the cause to the ordeal of battle between Telramund and any knight whom she may name. She describes a champion whom she has seen in a vision, and conjures him to appear in her behalf. After a triple summons by the heralds, he is seen approaching on the Scheldt, in a boat drawn by a swan. Before the combat Lohengrin betroths himself to Elsa, naming only the condition that she shall never question him as to his name or rank. She assents, and the combat results in Telramund's defeat and public disgrace.

Ortrud, whom Elsa has befriended and helped in her distress, instills doubts into her mind about Lohengrin.

After the marriage in the bridal chamber Elsa questions Lohengrin and insists upon knowing his secret. Telramund breaks into the apartment with four followers, intending to murder Lohengrin. The latter stretches him lifeless, sends Elsa to the king, and discloses himself as the son of Parsifal, knight of the Holy Grail. His swan appears ready to take him away. Before he sails, Ortrud declares that the swan is Elsa's brother, who has been bewitched by herself into this form.

Lohengrin disenchants the swan, and Gottfried appears and rushes into his sister's arms. Lohengrin sails away as Elsa dies in the embrace of her brother.

Coming Events.

Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon of this week will be remarkable for the appearance of the greatest attraction that has ever visited Omaha. The Damrosch Opera company is an organization that has never been equalled in this country, and has not today a rival in point of numbers and excellence. The cities fortunate enough to hear it are making its appearance the social event of the year, and that Omaha will be no exception, is indicated by the already large advance sale. It is safe to say that no one in society will miss hearing one of the operas, and most people will hear them all. It will be a musical treat, as well as a social event.

Manager Voelckel is in town preparing for the arrival of this great organization. A special train, consisting of six Pullman and four baggage cars, will leave Memphis tomorrow and arrive here Wednesday with the company.

A reporter called on Manager Voelckel at the Millard last evening, and, in the course of conversation, Mr. Voelckel said: "Yes, our company consists of nearly 200 people, and is the largest and most expensive organization of its kind. And not only this, we can boast of possessing the greatest living artists. Then the excellence and magnitude of our performances, with the aid of a perfect ensemble, the famous New York Symphony orchestra, Mr. Damrosch's conductorship, new costumes and scenery—all this has called forth such an enthusiasm wherever we played that the most tempting offers were made to us for return engagements. In order to make sure that Mr. Damrosch will bring his company again next season, they are raising guarantee funds in Chicago and St. Louis.

"When Klafsky and Alvary appeared on the stage, the audience simply went wild. We are already beginning to book our company for next season. It is our intention to come back to Omaha every year. Next season we ought to produce here the 'Nibelungen Trilogy,' which Omaha, as a musical city, would positively enjoy. However, whether we come back or not depends entirely upon the financial result of our performances here. We give you the greatest artists in their best parts, and I assure you that the artistic success will not be lacking. Do you know that two performances of 'Tannhauser' and 'Lohengrin' will cost us $8,000? In order to take in this amount, we must sell every seat in the house. I am pleased to hear that your society people will be out in full force.

"I am delighted that Mr. Damrosch has an opportunity of delivering one of his Wagner lectures. They are very popular everywhere. He has the gift of explaining the most intricate Wagner music in such a manner that it is no longer a mystery to those who did not understand it. He plays all the motives at the piano, and, by the way, he is a fine pianist. Since you heard the orchestra here three years ago, it has been vastly improved and strengthened, especially in the brass instruments. Why, our French horn player, alone, is a genius, and the salary he gets will nearly pay for entire orchestra in Germany."

The so-called Parisian version of "Tannhauser" is to be the opening opera, followed on Friday night by "Die Walkure," and the closing performance given on Saturday afternoon will be "Lohengrin."

The subscription sale of seats at Meyer's music store, Fifteenth and Farnam streets, is already very large, and tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock the seats for single operas will go on sale. In order to avoid any difficulties, and to facilitate the handling of the large number of people who desire to secure the first choice of all unsold seats, a representative will be on hand as early as 7:30 tomorrow morning, and each person will receive a numbered check, and seats sold in routine, according to the number of each check.

If Mr. Frank Mayo, the author-actor, has had the dramatic deftness necessary to make a good play of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," a story that would surely not impress a nontheatrical reader with the idea that it was particularly rich in dramatic materials, that fact will be demonstrated to those who will be invited to witness the play during its coming appearance in this city, at the Creighton, where it will be presented for three nights, commencing Thursday, December 26.

The thumb-marked theory on which Mark Twain built the story of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is not so well known and understood in this country as in some others. It had been in practical use in China, Japan, India and other Oriental countries for centuries, where it is considered an infallible means of identification. And within the past few years it has been adopted into practical use in criminal identification in England, after an investigation of its reliability by the scientist, Sir Francis Gratton. And the wonder of it all is, there are no two among all the teeming millions upon this earth that are alike. In these delicate lines which nature has supplied, each person carries from the cradle to the grave his own distinct, indestructible and unchangeable physiological autograph. And this seal which nature has place there cannot be counterfeited nor disguised, Sir Francis Gratton says: "The chances that duplicates can be found are so remote that figures lack the power to express the probability." Upon a study of this interesting fact, Mark Twain founded his story of "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Dave Wilson, a briefless lawyer, whose lot was cast in a far southwestern village, among a self-satisfied lot of dear old dolts, was by them nick-named "Puddn'head" because of his misunderstood eccentricities, one of which was the study of these wonderful thumb marks. "Thumb things" his peppery, practical sister called them. In this community Wilson waited twenty-six years for his first case, and he won it by demonstrating the infallibility of the thumb mark theory so plainly that even a typical village jury was convinced. Literature has furnished few sweeter characters than Mark Twain gives us in this witty, philosophical old Missourian, patiently waiting for the recognition and respect that his neighbors good humoredly withheld from him for over a quarter of a century. Roxy, Roxana, Aunt Patsy, Tom Driscoll, Judge Driscoll, Sheriff Blake and others of the village neighbors Puddn'head Wilson had, must have been interesting character studies if Mr. Mayo has succeeded in preserving those charming traits with which Mark Twain invested them, but he has transformed them into living, breathing, walking, talking men and women. "Puddn'head Wilson" will serve one good purpose, besides making us acquainted with some most lovable people, people whom it should make every American proud to recognize as fellow citizens.

The book and the play will break down the wall of ignorance and nontolerant that now surrounds the really wonderful, interesting, and might be made useful facts of the thumb-marked theory.

"The War of Wealth" closes a profitable engagement of three nights at the Boyd tonight.

"On the Mississippi," Davis & Keogh's elaborate scenic production, which will be the Christmas attraction at the Creighton, opening a four-night engagement with a matinee today, is the latest production from the pen of William Haworth, the author of "The Ensign" and "The Flag of Truce." The play deals with life in the south during the reconstruction period, giving scope for the introduction of novel situations and effects. A floating theater is one of the numerous novel features. The action is very rapid and exciting, and the attraction should play to large and interested audiences during the coming engagement. A special holiday matinee will be given Christmas day.

"In Old Kentucky," which returns to Omaha tomorrow night, opening a three-night engagement at Boyd's tomorrow night, stands at the head of the recent successes. No play produced in years has won greater financial returns. It is an elaborate scenic production and it possesses a story of absorbing interest exceedingly well told. A genuine horse race is an attractive feature of the performance, and the manner in which it is handled on the stage excites enthusiastic comment. The play is generally admitted to be the most creditable of all our southern dramas. It opens amid bold, picturesque and rugged mountain scenery in Kentucky, the home of the heroine being located by the side of a yawning ravine, crossed by means of a bridge raised or lowered at will. Here Frank Layson meets Madge Brierly, and, mutual love following, the jealousy of Joe Lorey, a moonshiner, is aroused. He attempts to kill his rival after knocking him senseless, by means of a dynamite cartridge, but, his better instincts prevailing, he stamps out the fuse and goes away. The villian of the piece, Lem Lindsay, had a grudge against Layson, and relights the fuse. The bridge had previously been rendered useless by Lorey, but Madge coming to the door stands appalled on the brink of the chasm at the impending fate of her lover, swings herself over the abyss, rushes for the cartridge, and, flinging it down the ravine, it there explodes with terrific effect.

In the second act villainy again temporarily succeeds in firing the stable in which Layson's race horse is kept, but the animal is rescued in the nick of time by Madge, who fearlessly dashes into the burning building. Later the jockey is made drunk, and if the horse doesn't run and win Layson is ruined. Madge again comes to the rescue, and, donning jockey's attire in the third act, rides a desperate race, and winning, once again upsets Lindsay's plans.

In the fourth act Joe Lorey discovers Lindsay's identity and kills him, and there is a happy ending. There is a generous, good natured colonel, a faithful old negro servant, a strong, manly moonshiner and other cleverly drawn characters. Madge, the heroine, is a pretty mountain girl, who talks and acts naturally and who is altogether a very delightful young person.

"In Old Kentucky" comes with the prestige of a great success won in every city where the play has been given. A Christmas matinee will be given Wednesday.

The man who can make the public forget for three hours hard times, family troubles and cloudy skies and transforms an elderly assemblage into a rollicking crowd of sunny-spirited laughers deserves well of his generation. "Charley's Aunt" performs this miracle, and by its power Brandon Thomas becomes philanthropist as well as playwright. The first scene of the farce is an introduction, but from then on it is one long laugh. Its lines are bright and its fun so pure and healthy that the people who applaud over and over again never seem to tire of the repeating of the humor and funny situations.

The piece is an admirable example of dramatic construction. The situations are delightfully absurd and consistently introduced. No one motive is dwelt upon at unnecessary length, the action is rapid and the lines are punctuated with a wealth of bright dialogue. The piece is fully charged with fun as sparkling as soda is with carbonic acid. The dates here are Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31, and January 1, matinee and night; the place Boyd's theater, and the company the same which was seen in the piece here earlier in the season.

DOMINANT SEVENTHS

The genial and robust face of the venerable Santa Claus brings this year to the people of Omaha a smile of good cheer.

He has dived down deep into his pack and has taken forth Walter Damrosch and a bundle of operas and put him on a pedestal and said to his people, "With the compliments of the season, take good care of these."

***

The theater was filled with an audience which was well dressed and intensely interested. There was not a hat to be seen on the lower floor. Every man was in evening dress, and the boxes were filled with people who had lavished much attention on their dress.

Mr. Know-It-All, every one has met him, was not able to be there, and so his seat behind me was not occupied by an individual who explains all about the opera, and tells his neighbor what is going to happen next.

The humming bird that sings the themes of the principal arias, as they are being presented on the stage, was conspicuous by her absence. The artists all appeared and no member of the company had a cold.

But this was just a dream!

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The management of the Damrosch Opera company announce a short season of Wagner opera in German at Boyd's theater, to consist of two evening performances and one matinee.

On Thursday evening, December 26, "Tannhauser" will be presented; on Friday evening, "Die Walkure," and "Lohengrin" on Saturday afternoon.

The following artists will appear during the season: Frau Katharina Klafsky, Miss Mina Schilling, Frl. Eibenschuetz, Frl. Stoll, Frl. Mulder, Miss Marie Maurer, Frl. Mattfield, Frl. Johanna Gadski, Herr Wilhelm Gruening, Barron Berthold, Paul Lange, Max Alvary, Popovici, Wilhelm Mertens, Conrad Behrens, Julius von Putlitz, Gerhard Stehmann, Edward Bromberg and Emil Fischer.

With Mr. Walter Damrosch, the New York Symphony orchestra of seventy-five musicians, and a chorus of eighty trained voices, we may expect a production of opera in this town which will be remembered for many years, although we hope that it may be necessary to remember it for only a twelvemonth.

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The enterprising spirit of the musical department of the Woman's club in securing Mr. Damrosch for a lecture in connection with the opera season was commented upon last week in this column.

The importance of the lecture to the student, the teacher and the music-lover makes it advisable to allude to it again.

The lecture will be given Thursday afternoon, December 26, at the Young Men's Christian association auditorium, and the subject will be "Die Walkure."

Mr. Damrosch will be greatly enjoyed in this lecture-recital, and he is thoroughly informed on his subject.

The lecture will begin at 2:30 p. m. sharp.

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Mr. Taber gives his thirty-fifth free organ recital this afternoon in the First Congregational church at 3:30. At the recital the public will have the opportunity of hearing some selections from Lohengrin and Tannhauser, which operas are to be performed by the Damrosch company the coming week. The following is the program for today:

PART I.

Offertory on Christmas Hymns....Guilmont
Solitude (new) Air by Guilmont..B. Godard
Offertory .....Batiste
Andante—Leonore (by request).....Roff

PART II.

Pilgrims' Chorus—Tannhauser.....Wagner
Vorspiel—Lohengrin .....Wagner
Romance—Tannhauser .....Wagner
Prayer—Lohengrin .....Wagner
March and Chorus—Tannhauser....Wagner

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Order of musical service at Trinity cathedral Christmas day at 11 a. m.:

Organ Prelude—Holy Night....Dudley Buck
Introll—Glory to God (with recit)..Handel
Kyrie .....S. B. Whitney
Hymn—Anthem—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.....Soprano Solo and Chorus
Sullivan.
Offertory—Glory to God (arranged for chorus by Mrs. J. W. Cotton).....Rotoli
Sanctus .....S. B. Whitney
Benedictus .....S. B. Whitney
Agnus Dei.....Stainer
Gloria in Excelsis (old chant).....
Organ Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus..Handel

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The First Congregational choir, composed of thirty mixed voices, under the direction of L. A. Torrens, will render the following numbers this morning at 10:30 o'clock. Mrs. Francis W. Ford will preside at the organ and Mr. Ernst Nordine will play the violin obligatos. The program is as follows:

Organ—Offertory on Two Christmas Hymns .....Gullmant
Anthem—Good Tidings, with solo and violin obligato.....Bartlett
Miss Hoagland, Mr. Nordine and chorus.
Solo—Grass and Roses, with violin obligato .....Bartlett
D. H. Wheeler, Jr.
Organ Offertory—March of the Magi Kings .....DuBois
Anthem—Ring the Christmas Bells, solos and violin obligato.....Bartlett
Mrs. Squires, Mr. Nordine and chorus.
Solo—He Was Despised, from the Messiah .....Handel
Mrs. McLeran.
Organ Postlude—For Unto Us a Child is Born.....From the Messiah
Mrs. L. A. Torrens, choir director.
Mrs. F. F. Ford, organist.

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The many friends of C. H. Ogden in Omaha and Council Bluffs will be pleased to hear of his engagement in Chicago as solo tenor in St. Paul's Universalist church, which has always been noted for its fine choir. This must be especially gratifying to L. A. Torrens, who has been Mr. Ogden's instructor.

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The musical program at the 10:30 a. m. solemn high mass at St. Patrick's today will be as follows:

Paolo Giorza Second Mass.....
Kyrie .....Chorus
Gloria .....
Bass Solo—Laudamus Te.....Mr. J. Rush
Soprano Solo—Benedicimus...Miss Mahoney
Soprano Solo—Gratias Agamus Te.....
Miss A. Rush.
Quartet—Domine Deus.....
C. Moriarty, J. Rush, Miss G. Rush, Mrs. F. Moriarty.
Tenor Solo—Qui Tollis.....Mr. McMillin
Credo .....Chorus
Tenor Solo—Et In Unum Deum.....
Mr. McMillin.
Alto Solo—Deum Verun.....Miss G. Rush
Baritone Solo—Et Incarnatus est.....
Mr. M. A. McCarthy.
Duet—Et In Spiritum.....
Mrs. F. Moriarty, Miss G. Rush.
Quartet—Adeste Fidelis.....
C. Moriarty, J. Rush, M. A. McCarthy, F. Moriarty.
Sanctus .....Chorus
Benedictus....Mr. McMillin, Miss Mahoney
Agnus Dei .....Chorus
Organist, Miss M. Madeline O'Rork.

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At St. Peter's church, Twenty-eighth and Leavenworth streets, the order of exercises of Christmas day will be as follows: At 5 a. m. solemn high mass. Wells' Third Mass for quartet and chorus, under direction of Prof. Provost.

Kyrie .....Chorus
Solo—Gratias Agimus.....Mr. Griffith
Domine Tibi.....Mrs. Downey
Duet—Qui Tollis .....
Mrs. Lang, contralto, Mr. Griffith, tenor.
Qui Sedes.....Mr. O'Halloran
Credo Et Incarnatus est.....Mrs. Downey
Offertory (by Glisenn.....Three Choirs
Sanctus .....Mrs. McCaffrey
Mrs. Maher, Mr. Griffith, Mr. O'Halloran.
Benedictus .....Mrs. Lang
Agnus Dei .....Solo and Chorus

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St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, Sunday, December 22, 10:30 a. m., Christmas observance:

Organ Prelude—Offertory de Noel..Guilmant
Mr. H. H. Allen.
Anthem—Hark, Hark, My Soul.....Shelley
Choir.
Response—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear .....Willis
Choir.
Solo—Night of Nights.....Vanderwater
Miss Lillian Terry.
Organ Offertory—Chorus of Angels....Clark
Mr. Allen.
Anthem—Unto Us a Child is Born.Fairlamb
Choir.
Organ Recessional—Festival Postlude...
.....Wagner
Mr. Allen.

Men's club services at the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, Sunday evening, December 22:

Organ Prelude..Christmas Offertory..Grison
Mr. H. H. Allen.
Soprano Solo—Charity.....Faure
Mme. J. Stewart White.
Violin Solo—Selection.....Rabb
Mr. Charles Higgins.
Soprano Solo—Angel Serenade.....Braga
Mme. White, violin obligato, Mr. Higgins.
Organ Offertory—March of the Magi Kings .....DuBois
Mr. Allen.
Violin Solo—Cradle Song.....Hauser
Mr. Higgins.
Organ Recessional—Hallelujah Chorus..
.....Handel
Mr. Allen.

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The Oberlin Record says of the College Glee club, which is announced to appear here shortly: "The Glee club starts today on its long holiday trip. Before its return it will have borne the crimson and gold over 3,200 miles of railway. Its program is all that could be desired. While containing plenty of rollicking college glees, at the same time it presents much of the finer music rarely sung by college clubs. Weeks of careful training have assured the success of the concerts, and the business manager has been tireless in his efforts to perfect all arrangements. The well wishes of the whole student body will follow the club as it starts on its trip for the Rocky mountains."

Christmas at Immanuel Baptist.

The theme of the pastor, Rev. Frank Foster, at the Immanuel Baptist church this morning will be, "The First Born Son of Mary." The evening program will be:

Opening Chorus.....Choir
Congregation Reading in Concert.....
.....Luke 2:4-20
Prayer, with the Lord's Prayer.....
Christmas Eve.....Eugene J. Hall
Miss M. Chamberlain.
The Mother and the Babe.....Original
Mrs. W. C. Christie.
Special Selection.....Choir
The Manger Cradle.....Original
Mrs. W. Marks.
Recitation.....Miss L. Montgomery
Christmas Bells.....Longfellow
Miss C. Ryland.
The Star in the East.....Pastor
Chorus.....Choir and Congregation
Benediction .....

Tuesday evening the Sunday school will give an entertainment.

Christmas at St. John's.

Arrangements are now complete for holding a midnight service at St. John's Episcopal church. A similar service last Christmas drew a surprisingly large congregation, filling the church. The service begins on Christmas morning, immediately after midnight, under the direction of Prof. Irons, the new choir master, recently arrived from Australia, where, as in England, he has been prominently identified with the musical world. The choir will render Woodward's offer for the Holy communion in E flat, for the first time in this church. The other musical selections will be as follows:

Pro. Hymn 59—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.....Willis
Introit Psalm 98.....Hy. Smart
Communion Hymn—Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord.....Brown
Rec. Hymn 51—Hark! the Herald Angels .....Mendelssohn

The next service will be a low celebration of the holy communion at 7:30 a. m.

At 9:30 a. m. matins will be said. The music at this service will be as follows:

Pro. Hymn 50—Come Hither Ye Faithful .....Adeste Fidelis
Venite .....Stainer
Te Deum Laudamus.....
.....Hayes, Russell and Stainer
Benedictus .....Langdon

Then will follow the high celebration at 10 o'clock, when the Woodward communion offer will be repeated, and other music rendered, as follows:

Introit Psalm 8.....Tucker
Hymn 462—Sing Alleluia Forth.....Barnby
Rec. Hymn 60—Angels from the Realms of Glory.....Smart

The church will be tastefully decorated, the effect being heightened by the light of many candles on the altar and along the top of the rood-screen.

Rev. Father Watteon will officiate as celebrant at the midnight service and preach the Christmas sermon at 10 o'clock. Rev. C. H. Young will be celebrant at the 7:30 and 10 o'clock services.

Music at First Presbyterian.

Music at First Presbyterian church today will be:

MORNING.

Organ—Christmas Pastoral.....Lemmens
Choral—Hark! the Herald Angels Sing..
..... Mendelssohn
Anthem—Sing, O Heavens.....Tours
Organ—Noel .....Adams
Soprano Solo—A Child's Dream of the Christ Child.....Anderton
Mrs. Wilhelm.
Sevenfold Amen.....Stainer
Organ—Chorus of Shepherds.....Buck

EVENING.

The music will be exclusively from the oratorio of "The Messiah."

Organ—Overture to the Messiah.....
Chorus—And the Glory of the Lord....
Recit. (Bass)—Thus Saith the Lord.....
Mr. Burkley.
Recit. (Solo and Chorus)—O, Thou that Tellest Good Tidings to Zion.....
Mrs. McLeran.
Organ Offertory—He Was Despised.....
Organ—Pastoral Symphony.....
Recit. (Soprano)—There Were Shepherds Abiding in the Field, etc.....
Mrs. Wilhelm.
Quartet—Glory to God in the Highest...
Mrs. Wilhelm, Mrs. McLeran, Mr. Burkley, Captain Kinzie.
Sevenfold Amen.....Stainer
Organ—Hallelujah Chorus.....
Miss Cunningham, Organist and Director.

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

James Whitcomb Riley.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree,
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

A Bad Case of Rheumatism Cured.

On the morning of February 20, 1895, A. T. Moreaux of Luverne, Minn., was sick with rheumatism, and laid in bed until May 21, when he got a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The first application of it relieved him almost entirely from the pain and the second afforded complete relief. In a short time he was able to be up and about again.

Here's the War Talk--

It's to uphold the "Equity Doctrine"—which is to clean out the entire line of Suits, Overcoats and Furnishings—Only another week to do it in—We want an army of 2,000 men to come and aid us in mowing down what's left of this great stock—We have smitten the prices hip and thigh.

Here's the Way the Clothing Carnage Goes On:

$10.00 all wool men's winter suits, choice	$4.50
$8.00 all wool men's winter overcoats, choice	$3.75
$10.00 all wool men's winter overcoats, choice	$5.00
$12.00 all wool men's ulsters, choice	$6.50
$15.00 all wool men's suits (think of it), only	$6.75
$18.00 all wool men's suits, only 123 left	$8.50
$20.00 and $25.00 imported clay worsteds, fancy worsteds, etc	$12.50

Words will not convey the marvelousness of these values—It needs an examination to convince.

All Furnishings at Half Price.

EQUITY CLOTHING CO.

Quitting Business. 13th and Farnam.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Francois Trepanier, a leader in the Papineau rebellion in Canada in 1837-38, is still living, well mentally and physically, at the age of 75, in Minneapolis. For his part in the uprising he was sentenced to death in 1839, after being convicted of treason. This sentence was commuted and Trepanier was released on $16,000 bail on condition that he should never leave Canada nor engage in political discussion. He finally escaped from the Dominion in 1840, and at the outbreak of the civil war he joined the Twenty-fourth New York cavalry, continuing with it until it was mustered out of service.

Congressman Dingley, one of the able "men from Maine" who are more or less overshadowed by Mr. Reed, has a spare figure and a scholar's stoop to his shoulders, but he is said to be as vigorous physically as mentally. Though he is 63 years of age he is as keen and indefatigable a student as if he were 36. In his early days he was a lawyer, but became a journalist. He is still called "Governor" Dingley, though it is twenty years since he was Maine's chief executive.

General Don Carlos Buel, who is not often heard of nowadays, was in Washington for a brief visit recently. The years that give the outward appearance of age to most soldiers of the rebellion seem to touch him lightly and he is in excellent health. Since his retirement from office General Buel has lived quietly at Airdrie, his picturesque home on Green river in Kentucky. Just at present he is devoting his attention to the conversion of the Shiloh battlefield into a national park.

There were a number of pathetic incidents connected with the death of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D.D., author of the national hymn, "America." He had made an engagement with Cyrus Cobb, the sculptor, to sit on the following Monday for a bust. On the appointed day Mr. Cobb went to the studio to await the coming of Dr. Smith, and, taking up a newspaper, for the first time since Saturday evening, found that he had died. Therefore, on the day that Dr. Smith was to sit for his bust, the sculptor went to his house and took his death mask.

Rustem Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to Great Britain, who died recently, was neither a Turk nor a Mohammedan, but an Italian Catholic born in Hamburg. He began life as an interpreter in the Turkish service, in which he rose to the highest posts. He had been the sultan's envoy to Italy, to the vatican, to Russia and governor general of the Lebanon, which he administered to the satisfaction of the European powers. He was 75 years old when appointed to the court of St. James and 83 when he died.

John Thomas North, known as the "nitrate king," who was defeated by Herbert Gladstone for Parliament, is the richest man in England. His fortune is estimated at $100,000,000. He began as a mechanic in Yorkshire and when 23 years old went to Chili. He bought up all the nitrate beds in Chili and Peru, mastered the details of the nitrate business, controlled the market and got rich. Railroads, gas works and other corporations fell into his hands and everything he touched turned to gold. The stories told of his liberality and magnificent entertainments rival Monte Cristo.

Joseph Jefferson is an especial favorite with college girls. His audiences on the occasions when he lectures at one of the women's colleges are very enthusiastic and demonstrative. At Smith very recently the rather conservative girls fairly raved over their distinguished visitor. They greeted him with applause and waving of handkerchiefs, and dismissed him in the same way. Each class sent him emblematic flowers, the freshmen offering dozens of white roses, the sophomores dozens of red ones, while the upper classes sent him chrysanthemums and violets, respectively, in great profusion.

Whitelaw Reid, owner and editor of the New York Tribune, is spending the winter quietly with his family at Phoenix, Ariz., where he has found the climate unexpectedly agreeable. In a letter to the Philadelphia Times he says: "Eastern folks will have to form new ideas of Arizona. It is not merely a land of tarantulas, Apaches and cactus. I am keeping house here with great comfort in a well built brick residence, with hot and cold water, electric light and telephone, and the climate is really better than that of Cairo." Mr. Reid's health has greatly improved since his visit to the south.

The Washington Post says that Senator Gorman tells this story of himself:

He was sitting one day eating lunch in the old Barnum hotel in Baltimore, with a friend, when another gentleman came up and was introduced. Finally the visitor, who had not caught Gorman's name, remarked to him: "Do I understand you come from Howard county?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gorman.

"Then you know a man there by the name of Arthur Gorman?"

"Yes, sir; very well," replied the senator, without a smile.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He looks very much like me," said the senator.

Just at that moment the senator's friend nudged the visitor. "You are talking to Gorman himself," he whispered. The man turned around. "And you are Gorman?" he inquired. The senator pleaded guilty.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I owe you an apology."

"Not at all," said the senator, pleasantly.

"But, sir, I do," persisted the man, with the air of one who had been greatly disappointed. "I am mortified beyond measure. I thought Senator Gorman was really somebody, and you, sir, are as common-looking as I am!"

LONG ON YEARS.

Among the last invoice of immigrants from Ireland was Mrs. Mary Coffee, who comes among us at the age of 104.

At the age of 93 Sidney Cooper of the Royal academy is painting pictures for the exhibition next spring. He was made an associate fifty years ago.

A good many years ago Mrs. Keeley, the English actress who has just celebrated her 90th birthday, said: "Modern theatrical art is like a spring chicken; it is all legs and wings."

Edwin Bolles, who has just died in Hartford, Conn., at the age of 95 years, was one of the best known Universalists in the state of Connecticut. Rev. E. Courtland Bolles of New York is his son.

An old lady of 85 known as Mme. Brice recently died in Paris and left her entire fortune to her two woman servants. As she died possessed of over $120,000, the heiresses feel convinced that they also serve who only stand and wait.

Colonel John Winder, for two generations clerk of the United States district court in Detroit, was 91 years old last Sunday. The colonel has not had a sick day for years, and takes his constitutional on Woodward avenue whenever the air is mild. He uses tobacco, and drinks spirits in moderation.

Chauncey Goodrich, who died in the almshouse at New Haven, aged 79, was twenty-five years ago a member of the Connecticut state senate and prominent in democratic politics. He made $100,000 in clocks and mechanical toys run by clockworks, and lost it all in speculation.

George Muller of Bristol, England, recently celebrated his 90th birthday. His orphan houses, which are known all over the world, have been wholly supported by "prayer and faith" during the sixty-one years of their existence. He has received for them altogether the sum of $6,866,743, and has provided for the maintenance and instruction of 120,763 children.

Nancy Freeman, colored, who died the other day at Hartford, Conn., at the age of 88 years, was the widow of Boswell Freeman. He was the youngest son of Quash Freeman, who was "governor" of the negroes of Connecticut for many years. Roswell succeeded his father as "governor" and fulfilled the duties of the office with great credit. The office, though unofficial, was one of considerable importance among the negroes of the state in the early years of the century.

The oldest living couple in the United States beyond a doubt has for the last forty-two years resided within three miles of Black River Falls, Wis. Louis and Amelia Darwin were born in the province of Ontario not far from Montreal. The husband was born on September 24, 1788, or one year before the inauguration of the first president of the United States. The wife was born at La Pero's Isle on March 17, 1794, and is now past her 101st year. The aged people are descendants from a race which for many generations was noted for remarkable longevity. Eighty years have passed since they were joined in wedlock, and a family of twelve children was the fruit of their marriage. Five are still living in this vicinity, ranging from 70 to 54 years. The oldest child, were he living today, would be 79 years old.

Coal in South Africa.

Owing to sea freight, expensive landing and carriage after arrival at port of delivery, the coal consumed at the Kimberley diamond mines, South Africa, became the most costly on record, the average price per ton being £20. These coals originally cost at the pit mouth about 10 shillings. The highest price ever paid for coal in England was between 1800 and 1820, when it cost £2 13s 3d per ton.