



Helen Bertram, the actress, is still seriously ill in Philadelphia from what is believed to be an overdose of laudanum taken last week. A few weeks ago, when E. J. Henley, her actor husband, wanted her to join the "Birth of Venus" company

and she preferred to remain with "Little Christopher," he one night locked her in her room and prevented her from going to the theatre. When she got there the next night she said she had to run away while he was asleep and she evinced the greatest terror lest he should follow her. She added that at times he had struck her. In the same breath with which she would express her fear she would say: "I love him better than all the world, but he will get drunk." Miss Bertram deeply regretted losing her engagement at the Garden theatre. It was Henley who persuaded her to go to see a performance in the Herald Square theatre and send the excuse to Mr. Rice that she was ill. This deception led to her discharge. Had she remained at home nothing would have been said. After her discharge Miss Bertram followed her husband to Philadelphia, where the "Birth of Venus" is playing. Doubtless she has been very much depressed over the loss of a good engagement and a large salary. Henley and Helen Bertram were only married last summer, though their names have been connected for some two or three years.

Young Mr. Lorillard Kip, who represents a wealthy New York family, took Nina Farrington and another young lady to the Imperial music hall a night or two ago. Mr. Kip was in good humor, having dined well, and when the Manhattan quartette came out to sing he threw his partner's flowers on the stage. When the flowers were exhausted he was still in an applauding mood, and finding nothing more sentimental at hand he picked up a plush ottoman and hurled it at the singers, striking the fat falsetto squarely in the chest. The house was in an uproar, and the manager appeared in the box and requested the party to get out. They sneaked away very quietly and the show went on. Thus does high life disport itself.

The marriage ceremony uniting Miss Anna Gould to Count de Castellane will be performed twice. That ought to be sufficient to make even the marriage bond between an American heiress and a foreign nobleman stick.

Think of it. An advance sale of 15,000 copies of a parody on "Trilby" has been assured. And yet some people claim that good literature is not in demand since old Mr. Munro passed away.

Late society news from the 400 indicates one impending divorce, two "conjugal separations," the expulsion of young Mr. Kip from a music hall for throwing an ottoman at a singer, and a deplorable mishap at an evening party, where three debutantes guzzled too much wine. This summary of pleasing intelligence causes a plain man to write to the local press that if this constitutes "our best people, I am glad I am a vulgarian."

When Julia Marlowe was playing in a certain western town, two young swells who admired her very much decided to see her "Ingomar." Their purses were rather slim that month, so they agreed to sit in the gallery. Now every one knows that the fair Julia does not attract a gallery audience and the young men soon discovered that they were the sole possessors of that part of the house. When in a few moments Julia came in and started off with this line, "O ye gods!"—the fellows were quite equal to grasping the situation and simultaneously rose and placing their hands on their hearts in mock acknowledgment bowed low and resumed their seats.

The soda water and effervescent water manufacturers of the country have formed a trust. Fortunately for the "brownies" and their mates, ice cream will probably not be raised in price next summer, the ice supply being more than ample.

The following pithy comment from the bright and brainy editor of the *Chadron Signal* is bristling with burning truth: "A legal notice to J. D. Calhoun in the *Alliance Times* of last week stirs a good many recollections in the heart of the writer. It is a tax foreclosure notice on lot 12 block 16 by banker R. M. Hampton and the gist of it is that it bars one J. D. Calhoun from any interest or equity in said parcel of ground. J. D. Calhoun, be it known, O youthful politician, was a democratic editor—a real, genuine democrat. He had a wit as keen and sparkling as the crystal headwaters of White river, he had an industry that lasted eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, he had a heart that throbbed with the love of common humanity and a soul that hated shams as an eagle hates the buzzard that flies in its wake. For twenty-five years this J. D. Calhoun fought the battles of democracy in Nebraska. Scarcely a democratic office holder in the state that was not beholden to him for sturdy blows in his behalf. At last the time came when as some slight recognition of his fidelity, ability and toil for a quarter of a century Calhoun asked for the postoffice in his town. He had the enthusiastic endorsement of the leading democrats and the hearty good will of three-fourths of the people irrespective of party. But alas! for Calhoun. He wouldn't swear that yellow was white. He refused to worship the golden calf. He was not courtier enough to stand by like the retainers of King Canute and tell the power on the throne that even the waves would obey his command. In other words he refused to concede the absolute inspiration of Grover Cleveland and J. Sterling Morton in economic doctrines and he was cast into outer darkness and now toils for a weekly stipend in a newspaper office in Florida while his unlucky numbered lot 13 in *Alliance* goes to tax for closure. Think on these things, Samuel, and if thou seekest office prepare to swear that the great horn spoon is made of brass if the master says so for so shalt thou prosper."

Mrs. Bourke Cochran, who died in New York the other day, was a very brilliant woman and exercised a strong influence over her husband from the time she was his school teacher. It was she who first stimulated Mr. Cockran's ambition in a political direction. For some years Mrs. Cockran was a sufferer from consumption, but like a great many eastern people was content to try the climate cure of the hopeless places in the vicinity of New York. The Cockrans had made their plans to go to Europe in the quest of health. But the end came too soon. It seems deplorable that the time that was wasted in the eastern and southern mountains was not put in in New Mexico or Northern Texas, where the air counts for something in consumption.

One of the latest of the great Hermann's tricks was exploited before a small and not overly select audience during his last enaage-in Washington. The great magician one morning went down to the market. Washington has one of the largest and finest market houses in the world, and one of its most picturesque features is the row of comfortable negro mammies, with baskets of eggs and vegetables, sitting outside the building, laughing, chatting and smoking. The sleight-of-hand expert, who had a friend with him, sauntered up to one inky black old market-woman with a pipe in her mouth and a beautiful array of fresh eggs before her. He looked at them and asked the price.

"Twenty-three cents, honey," answered mammy, "an' dese heah is fust rate aigs—de hen ain' hardly done cluckin' ober 'em yit."

"I should think so," said he, and, as he picked up one and cracked it, out came a quarter."

Mammy's jaw dropped, and the pipe with it.

"And this one—and this one seems pretty good," carelessly remarked the man, cracking two more, out of which 50 cent pieces tumbled.

He cracked half-a-dozen in all, and mammy's store of silver was increased every time. As he walked off, followed by a dozen pairs of beady black eyes with nothing but she whites showing, somebody came up and asked the awe-struck old market-woman the price of her eggs.

"Dese aigs ain' fur sale," she answered, and gathered them up and waddled off in the direction of home.