

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

GRAND OPERA GROWING IN FAVOR IN THIS COUNTRY.

Americans Are Taking Kindly to Classical Music Which at One Time Met With Indifference—Nordica Says the salaries of Singers Are Higher Here Than Abroad.

M. Castlemary's latest appearance in a new part was in the recent production of "Siegfried," when he sang for the first time on any stage the role of Fafner, the dragon. He sang then in German for the first time in his life, and was greatly elated at his victory over the difficult text of the part.



M. CASTLEMARY.

(Who died on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.)

Castlemary was born in France and was well educated. It was reported that he came of a noble family, and had the right to the title of Count, which he declined to use.

Speaking of grand opera abroad and in the United States, in a recent interview, Mme. Nordica said: "The assertion that salaries are the same on the Continent as in the United States is not correct."

It is a fact that in London an artist may be paid the same per night as he is in New York, but nothing additional goes with it. He gets no percentage on the gross receipts or anything of that kind.



MME. NORDICA.

In Paris he may receive as many francs per night as he gets dollars in New York, but the difference is readily perceptible.

At the same time the demands upon an artist are greater in New York and all over the United States than on the Continent. In Europe three or four operas will be selected for the season and these only will be given.

It is true that the season is longer on this side of the water than on the other, and herein lies the value to the artist who comes here from Europe. He has the opportunity of making more money than on the Continent, although at the same time it is true that his expenses are much greater here.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to give you an instance. If I am singing in London, a shilling will pay my cab fare from my hotel to the opera house. In New York, say I am stopping at the Savoy, I pay \$5 for a carriage to and from the Metropolitan Opera House. Everything else is in proportion.

You cannot wonder, then, why opera salaries are higher in the United States than in Europe. There are long distances to travel, frequent rehearsals because of the more extensive repertoire, and more work to be done in every way. One is also expected to be proficient in three languages. There is a greater number of performances, and the participants are continuously at work.

The Macready Institute in London, was started in a small way some twenty years ago by Courthouse Todd, who opened a clubroom for poor actresses, in the hope of saving some of them from the privations and dangers to which they are often exposed.

ROSE FANCHON.

FASHIONS FANCIES.

Large Hats Still Larger, but Brims Usually Narrow at the Back.

The Princess dress is very popular in Paris, and many handsome gowns of velvet and silk for weddings and other dressy occasions are cut in this style.

Wide ribbons, plaited chiffon, lace, and flowers in great profusion will constitute the main feature of hat trimming, and black hats will be very popular, despite the fact that brilliant color characterizes the finish of straw hats.

Lightness seems to have been the main effect of the designers in hats this season, and it can be a boon to all womankind if the milliners do not offset this by loading the hats with trimming. Japanese rush and Japanese straw help out the variety in light-weight effects, and Panama hats will be much worn for cycling.

The fancy for one-sided effects on bodices has extended to the back as well as the front, and evening gowns do not escape this mode altogether; yet it can hardly become popular, since it in so many cases interferes with the graceful outline of the figure. Lapping one side of the back, just a little past the middle, in a cluster of small plaits, is the most successful method of accomplishing this end, and the dressmaker will tell you that it is a very becoming style.

Large hats are even larger than they were in the fall, and the crowns are medium broad and medium in height. The brim is usually narrower at the back than at the front, but some shapes widen at the sides where the brim turns up, and others turn up at the back, with plumes underneath the brim.

There are fluted brims in every shape imaginable, but the old sailor shape in the new light braids bids fair to head the list of popular hats.

GOSSIP OF THE WHEEL.

After numerous experiments, a correspondent has found that cottonseed oil, in the proportion of forty to sixty per cent, of kerosene, produces as nearly perfect a light for cycles as it possible.

She—"Oh, Jack! Do you know Mr. Gibson punctuated his tire yesterday?"

He—"You mean punctured, my dear."

She—"Well, anyway, he came to a full stop."—Sketch.

The paternal character of the French government is amusingly exemplified in one of the rules of the Bicycle Touring Club, of France, which, of course, bear the stamp and seal of the Minister of the Interior. No woman, either French or foreign, can become a member, or tour, unless furnished with a declaration, notorally witnessed and signed by her father or husband, to the effect that she has permission.

In Vienna all bicycle-riders, before obtaining permission to ride in the public streets, are required to pass an examination. They have to ride between boards laid on the floor without touching the sides or edges of them. At the word of command they must be able to dismount either right, left, or backward; and until the rider passes this examination satisfactorily a license to ride on the public highway is refused him.

Frequently a wheelman finds the tire of his bicycle deflated, and immediately begins to look for a puncture. A hole in the tire is not always the source of the trouble, however, as the leak may come from a defective valve. An easy way to test this is to fill a wine glass or narrow tumbler with water, then turning the wheel so that the valve is at the highest point, place the rim of the glass against the wheel so that the mouth of the valve stem is covered by the water. A leak, however slight, will make itself manifest by the bubbles appearing on the top of the water.

The cause of the trouble may often be removed by working the plunger inside the valve stem up and down a few times with the point of the cap or with a lead pencil. Inflating or deflating a tire several times will also frequently cure a leaky valve. If neither of these remedies has the desired effect, the case is one for the repair man to attend to.

John Anderson, My Jo.

An old man, 75 years of age, and his wife, five years younger, in an English institution for the aged, recently requested the authorities to let them have a tandem bicycle, as they felt the need of exercise.—Daily paper.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, I'm thinking much of late. That we are rather slow, John, and not quite "up to date." The other girls all wheel, John, while I afoot do go. I quite neglected feet, John, John Anderson, my Jo.

What though we're seventy five, John, We're sound of wind and limb, And really ought to strive, John, To keep up "in the swim." A tandem we should share, John, If we would stand a show, And bloomers I shall wear, John, John Anderson, my Jo.

JOE LINCOLN.

THE WAR WIDOW.

Why "Miss Mary" Had Cause to Remember the Struggle of Long Ago.

"What a dear little old maid!" said the Northern visitor, as the charming Southerner tripped down the garden walk, prim little skirts gently stirred by the autumn breeze, shawl neatly folded over shoulders which had the slope of the true Virginia aristocrat, dark hair banded beneath the close little bonnet—an ideal type of spinsterhood.

Everyone laughed. "Miss Mary an old maid? Why, she's the fiercest war widow in the whole Shenandoah Valley. She bit a Union soldier's arm clean through to the bone once. You must get her to tell you the story, it's very interesting." The story was interesting—decidedly so.

"You see," said Mary, bending down to pick an invisible thread from the spotted rag carpet rug, "you see, there had been a good deal of trouble all along the valley because certain of our people were said to be giving signals by means of lights in the houses at night to the Confederate troops in the Blue Ridge heights. Sheridan was encamped all around us, and he had issued an order that any house showing a light after dark should be burned to the ground. It was a regular curfew."

"What did you do?" murmured her hearer sympathetically. "Miss Mary's laugh was a delightful thing to hear. No one would have suspected her of misfortune, and certainly not of the tragic experience of war. "Oh, it wasn't pleasant, but we all stumbled into bed in the dark—those who didn't go to sleep with the chickens. Well, one night, just at midnight, a messenger rode up to our door with a note for me. It was a note from one of my relatives, telling me that my favorite aunt was dying. Of course, I had to have a light for the purpose. I went up into the garret and lighted just one little candle!"

"Ah, Miss Mary, what meant that old gleam in your keen, dark eyes at the recollection?"—"but it was seen, and early the next morning a regiment of soldiers filed into the yard marched up on to the gallery and into the kitchen and proceeded to turn the kitchen stove upside down, and set fire to the house. My father expostulated with the captain, showed the letter about my aunt, told him my mother was old and feeble and liable to die from the shock—it did kill her. Nothing availed; the house was ablaze in a dozen places, and the soldiers began ransacking everything."

"I rushed frantically up stairs and down, trying to secure the most valuable things, our money—we hadn't much—and the silver and jewelry. My two children were asleep on the third floor, taking their morning nap, when the excitement began; my little girl of 3 years and my baby boy. My first thought, of course, had been for them, and the negro nurse was directed to take them to a place of safety."

"I could see her in the distance, my little girl running about, so I took it for granted they were all right. But suddenly I had an inspiration—you know things are told you just as though a spirit spoke—I was dragging a small trunk out when the voice—it was nothing less—said, 'Go to your children.'"

"I dropped the trunk, ran down to the quarters; there was the nurse, there was my little girl, but—there was no baby. 'Law, Miss Mary,' said the stupid black creature, wringing her hands and crying, 'he was so heavy I couldn't done tote 'em bofe.'"

"I never stopped. I fairly flew back to the house; the nursery floor was already in flames. On the stairs a big, burly soldier barred the way, I tried to dodge past, but he caught me by the elbows—I'm not very big, you know—and held me out at arm's length. 'I couldn't stop to argue; time was precious. I just ducked my head down, bit at the fleshy part of his wrist and—let my teeth meet. He dropped me with an oath. I scampered past and caught up my baby just in time. The bed clothes were on fire.'"

"A flash of the old bitterness and storm stirred Miss Mary's mobile features for the moment; then she leaned back, with her own musically Southern ripple of laughter. 'Well, well, those days are past, and my baby's a father, and I'm a grandmother, and you, my dear, were invited to eat Sally Lunn and drink tea, which is a heap more polite than telling tales against the Yankees. Let's go and have our supper.'—New York Tribune.

His Awful Break.

"Horatius!" said the professor's wife, "I don't believe you've heard a word that I've said, and here I've been talking for half an hour!"

"Well," said the pondering professor, "who would believe it? You seem just as fresh as when you started."

And it took him a week to square himself.—Cleveland Leader.

A Holiday Incident.

Wife—I think I will surprise you with the purchase of a watch to wear Christmas. Husband—It will be an acceptable gift, and I shall wear it with pleasure. Wife—Oh, but the one I should buy would be a lady's watch, suitable for me to carry.—Boston Budget.

Art.

"Did you not know," asked the court, "that such a poor copy of a genuine bill would surely be detected?" The counterfeiter tossed his hair back from his blue-veined brow. "I sought," he haughtily answered, "an artistic rather than a financial success."—Detroit Tribune.

He Was Discharged.

Police Magistrate—I would not like to think, prisoner, that you attempted suicide. Yet witnesses testify they saw you on the pier a minute before the accident. But why did you go off? Tankley—'Ish the ol' story—hic—I s'pose I didn't know I wash—hic—loaded.—Buffalo Times.

What Did He Mean?

"I cooked the dinner myself, love," remarked Mrs. Shingles when the meal had reached the dessert stage. "It was not necessary to tell me that dear," replied Mr. Shingles.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

St. Vitus Vanquished.

What Cured Little Stanley Nichol of Chorea.

From the Republican-Journal, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

A letter was lately received at the office of the Republican-Journal from Hammond to the effect that the cure of an extraordinary severe case of St. Vitus' dance had been effected on the person of little Stanley Nichol, the eight-year-old son of Mrs. Charles Nichol of that village.

A reporter was accordingly dispatched in that direction who, after some inquiry, found Mrs. Nichol's residence about a mile outside the village. Mrs. Nichol said:

"A little over a year ago my boy, Stanley Nichol, who is now only eight years old, alarmed me one day by being taken with a strange gurgling in his throat. After the first attack became quite frequent, Stanley did not complain of any pain, but said that he could not help making the noise. At that time there was a New York doctor stopping in the village who was a specialist on throat and nasal diseases. I took my son to him and after a careful examination he said that there was nothing the matter with the boy's throat. The gurgling in his opinion was caused by a nervous contraction of the muscles of the throat. He asked who our family physician was and said that he would consult with him before he prescribed."

"Stanley rapidly grew worse. He was always a sickly boy. One day I noticed that he was jerking his arm up in a very peculiar manner. A few days later he seemed to lose control of his legs, first one and then the other would be pulled up and then straightened out again. He was a perfect bundle of nerves and was rapidly losing all control of himself. When eating at the table or drinking, his arm would often twitch so as to spill what he was drinking. One day he scared me terribly by throwing back his head and rolling his eyes up so that only the white parts showed. I took him to our family physician who prepared some medicine for him. He took it and commenced to improve. The dose, however, had to be increased and Stanley rebelled against taking it. It was very disagreeable medicine and I don't blame the boy for not wishing to take it."

"Our physician went to New York city on business and while he was away the medicine became exhausted and we could get no more. Stanley was still very bad. About that time I read about a little girl who had been cured of St. Vitus' dance by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought I would try them and procured a box. I followed the directions that came with pills, and gave only half a pill at a dose. I did not see much improvement and increased the dose to a whole pill. The effect was noticed in a day. Stanley immediately commenced to get better and did not object to taking the pills as he had the other medicine. He took seven boxes of the pills and to-day appears to be perfectly well. He discontinued taking them some time ago. He weighs nearly fifteen pounds more than he did and is strong and hearty. A year ago we took him out of school but he is so much better now that he is going to begin again this fall."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly, by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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The Echophone is run by clock-work. Any child can operate it. One record goes with each machine; extra records 50 cents each. The phonograph and graphophone cylinders can be used in this machine. If the talking machine is not perfectly satisfactory, we will refund you your money.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Law as She Is. Electricity.

Lawyer—You say you saw the prisoner, my client, commit the murder? Remember, you are on your oath. How do you know you saw him?

Witness—I saw him with my own eyes.

"Did you have on your spectacles?"

"I never wear spectacles."

"You don't? How do you know you don't need them? How do you know you don't see incorrectly? Answer that. Did you ever have your eyes examined?"

"Only once. I applied for a position on a railroad, and was refused because I could not tell an olive-green zephyr from a sea-green one."

"Ah, ha! Gentlemen of the jury, the witness admits that he is color blind, and yet he stood up here and perjured his soul to injure my client, when his own testimony shows he can't tell a white man from a negro."—N. Y. Weekly.

STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

—Longer days are coming.

—March winds are blowing.

—Led astray—a lost pencil.

—The man who falls from a ten-story building is pretty sure to be dead broke.

—It doesn't make much difference what the price of onions is, they are usually sold at 12 cents a dozen.

—An exchange says: that a doughnut isn't very big but it takes a fellow with a pretty good appetite to eat the hole of one.

—A MAGICAL LIFE SAVER is Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. After years of pain and agony with distressing heart disease, it gives relief in thirty minutes. Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., writes: "I had suffered for five years with a severe form of heart disease. I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion produced fatigue. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me instant relief, four bottles entirely cured me."

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—London Letter.

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