SARA'S LATEST ROLE.

Bernhardt to Appear as Joan of Arc in a New Melodrama to

PLEASE THE MOTHERS OF FRANCE.

The Great Emotional Actress' Ambition to be Realized.

HER CONCEPTION OF THE CHARACTER

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, December 14.—Manager Du Quesnel is going to produce a melodrama by Jules Barbier, and with some of grand old Gounod's music in it, very soon at the Porte Saint Martin Theater, and then *Joan of Arc* will appear under the features of Sarah Bernhardt. A capricious chance, quite an insignificant incident in its way, was the means of bringing about this important event, and it is sufficiently curious to merit being narrated.

Some time ago a journalist received a letter from a society lady in which she said: "You, who know Mme. Bernhardt, could you not tell that great artiste that there are many women and young girls who would like to applaud her, but that the class of pieces she plays forbid their going to the theater to witness her triumphs? It is fatality. One time she plays a vicious queen, at another takes the role of some outcast, again, is seen interpreting the part of a great lady of suspicious morality. Why does she not play the part of *Joan of Arc?* Many mothers would go and applaud her, and that too with all their heart."

The journalist sent this letter to Sarah, and, naturally, she was touched by the request made to her thus indirectly. "Why, for ten years I have tendled the plan of playing Joan of Arc; for ten years I have wished to carry it out, and it was time I was doing so, for I shall soon be too old. Just think, I am already a grandmother."

So Sarah and Du Quesnel put their heads together, and then a play which, in spite of its great simplicity, permits of a display of mise en scene quite out of the common, was put in rehearsal for the Christmas season. The title has been changed, and it is now designated—"Jeanne d'Arc, drame-legende en trois parties," and these three parts are called the Mission, the Triumph and the Death. In the first the action takes place at Domremy, where Joan has the vision; the second is at Orleans, and then at Rheims, with the coronation of Charles VII, as King; the third is Rouen, where we see the prison and the stake.

The illustrious musician who is writing the melodies for "Joan of Arc" is the same whom all the world knows as the composer of "Faust," and who, only a few evenings back, made a grand success with his "Mireille." He and M. Du Quesnel, with the musical director of the Porte Saint Martin Theater, are very busy now on the details. Yesterday the manager showed the master the model of a new scene, that of the Cathedral at Rheims, one of Lavastre's masterpieces. The first entrance is intended for the acting, and the succeeding wings are reserved to the choir stalls, high altar and side chapels that are perceived in the depths, extending unheard-of distances, and lit up by ravishing stained-glass windows.

"Is it not superb, my friends?" exclaimed Gounod, quite transported. "What silence in that majestic structure." And turning round toward M. Du Quesnel, he complimented him in enthusiastic terms.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

Then Du Quesnel read the fourth scene to him, and afterward they decided on where the music was to come in. In this fourth scene, the curtain rises on a chorus which precedes the triumphal march, a "Veni Creator," written as a plain chant. Gounod touched a chord on the small piano that forms a part of his office furniture, and with his lovely voice, sang this chant. With head thrown back, and eyes uplifted toward the oaken girders, he evoked in those present the image of a monk of the Middle Ages, and as he chanted, a mystic warmth passed in his persuasive and touching voice.

"Yes, it should be plain chanting, nothing but fundamental notes, and, sung simply by 40 women replacing choir boys, it will have a grand effect in the midst of the magnificent scenery that you are preparing. After the march," he continued, "the Archbishop proceeds to the coronation of the King. Charles VII. buckles on his breastplate and puts his foot in the stirrups; Joan of Arc comes forward and recites five strophes aside; and it is here that I will place the orchestral music which is to follow, and then the accompaniment to Sara's delivery."

After the first strophe, where Joan is only thinking of triumphs, the grave voice of the Archbishop is heard, who chants: "Gloria in Excelsis," and "Gloria in Excelsis" respond in a distant murmur the assistants, among whom will figure on one side, bishops in their pews, crossed and mitred—on the other, princes and peers of the kingdom. At the second strophe, Joan suddenly becomes fearful; she no longer hears voices from heaven. "Deo gratias," repeats the Archbishop, and "Deo gratias" is taken up by the faithful in muffled voices, which die away in the depths of the arches. Joan goes back in her mind to her cottage at Domremy, dreams of happy days, regrets the lilies in her little garden, and the birds that used to come and sing at her window—this during the third strophe. In the fourth, she asks God for power and time to finish her work, but in a vision, she sees the horrible stake which is to burn her body alive, serving as a spectacle to the hating Judases and the revengeful Pilates that dared not defend her. After these strophes the music ceases, Joan walks up the stage, and the Archbishop places the royal crown on the head of Charles VII. She prostrates herself before him and then the prelate in a loud voice exclaims: "Vivat rex in æternum." "Vivat rex," thrice reply the multitude, and the choir sings a carol that Gounod is now finishing.

While Du Quesnel was reading this scene, the illustrious master listened religiously. "Yes, yes; I see plainly what music is wanted. It is necessary in this case that music should be the servant of the situation. 'Ecce ancilla Domini,' as the angelic salutation says. These strophes must be repeated by Sara Bernhardt in a kind of singing atmosphere, as light as muslin. Only a small orchestra, and the melody not before Joan but behind her." The master remained absorbed in thought a few moments and it was the musical director who reminded him of the realities of this world.

BERNHARDT AND BUFFALO BILL.

As most people know, I am personally acquainted with the golden voiced Sarah, having had the pleasure of traveling with her as Mr. Abbey's treasurer, during her first voyage in America. The last time but one that I called on Mme. Bernhardt I took Buffalo Bill with me to her dressing room and presented him in due form to the distinguished artiste. She was enchanted, and some of her friends who were present, Mlle. Abbema, the painter, etc., did all they could to make Cody know they were glad to see him in evening dress. It was after that visit that Bernhardt gave her opinion about Joan of Arc.

"For a long time," said she, "I have been enamored of the character. After having read Michelet, Henri Martin and Lamartine, I searched for everything that had been written about her for the stage: Pierre Dumenil's tragedy, Soumet's trilogy, Schiller's superb drama, and Davrigny's play which was acted at the Theater Francais some 50 years ago. I finally selected Jules Barbier's work, as one that keeps the conditions exacted, right or wrong, by the French stage. He gives us a series of situations representing the great Joan of Arc at different days; but unfortunately he has not shown her to us under all her aspects. For my part, I regret the absence of that marvelous scene where the simple Vaucouleurs girl keeps at bay all casuistics and cavilling science doctors of divinity who met together with the view of confounding her. Her replies are wonderful. At one time Joan is of a sublime naivete, at others ironical, and even playful. Her coolness threw them into confusion, which the unforeseen logic of the poor woman reduced to a tacit avowal of their powerlessness. Yes, I should have liked that scene, and, in my mind, I had, so to speak, prepared it."

Asked if she had any settled ideas of the part from a physical point of view, and as regards costumes, Bernhardt replied: "Most decidedly; I know by documents that Joan was thin and slender; there was nothing of the peasant girl about her, much less like the robust Marguerite imagined by Goethe, and whom Ary Scheffer painted as an emaciated person. I have aimed at an archaic restitution. The Joan of my imagination is a church window saint inspired, and acting under the impulse of an exherent will of science. In the nimbus of her mysticism, there is a suggestion, a case of hypnotism—this is my humble opinion that I give you—which can and ought to have a certain effect on the stage if it be rendered sincerely, especially in these present times when science deigns to put her foot into the domain of things that are miraculous."

Bernhardt believes in the miraculous. The time of her first trip to America, the third night after her arrival in New York, she had a dream, and when she awoke out of it she called to her dame de companion, Mme. Guerard, who was sleeping in the same room: "My dear friend, I am undergoing a terrible torment; I have just seen my poor son bitten by mad dogs. It is dreadful; tell me I am under some hallucination, and that it is not real." The following morning she sent a cablegram to Paris, to Maurice, who replied: "Do not be uneasy, the dogs were beaten off; the bite I received in the arm is not dangerous."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

If I mistake not, Schiller's "Joan of Arc" was originally produced by the Saxe-Meningen Company, and that too, after three years of patient study, and it was called: "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." Baroness Heilbuth, the morganatic wife of the Duke George von Saxe-Meningen, directed the rehearsal of the actresses, and the Duke's youngest son, a pupil of the Munich school, painted Joan's standard. At Strasburg, a few years back, when Schiller's work was played there, the theater was crammed, and and the scenes where the French put to flight the English, were loudly cheered. One scene aroused the public. Before the arrival of the Maid of Orleans at the palace of Charles VII, the tumult of the victorious troops was heard extending over the town, mingled with the frantic hurrahs of the raving crowd, and the flourish of trumpets combined with the resounding din from the great bell of the clock tower. Then the heroine came on the stage, followed by soldiers and holding her standard in her hand; it was at this moment when a mad enthusiasm seized the audience. Her entrance was like the appearance of "la patrie."

One of the scenes in Jules Barbier's "Joan of Arc" represents, so it appears, the Vieux-Marche Square in Rouen, which has been celebrated ever since the torture of the "Grande Paysanne." The tower where her prison stood has long since entirely disappeared; that which exists, and which was purchased by a national subscription was the larger tower of the dungeon. It was there where on Wednesday, May 9, 1431, Joan replied to her Judges, in spite of their threats of torture by the horrible instruments that they showed to her: "Were you to tear me limb from limb, I should not speak otherwise." It was also in that tower where, by her presence of mind, she abashed the executioners who dared not inflict on her "the question," as they had announced they would; and, finally, it was from that square that she started for the stake.

Archeologists have discovered that the exact site where she was burned is at present covered by a block of houses that separate the Vieux-Marche from the Place Saint Eloi. One of these houses is the Theater Francais of Rouen, and the stage covers the very spot where stood the faggot pile.

HENRY HAYNIE.

A BIG BUILDING.

Rumored Movement of the Equitable to Build an Office Block Discussed—The Central or St. Charles Hotel Talked Of.

There was a rumor in circulation yesterday to the effect that the Equitable Life Insurance Company, of New York, was negotiating for the purchase of the Central or St. Charles Hotel property, on which to erect a magnificent office building.

Edward A. Woods, Cashier of the Equitable in this city, and son of Manager George Woods, was asked last evening if they knew of such deal at his office in this city. He said they had not heard of it, and he did not believe that the Equitable contemplated investing money in this city or, in fact, anywhere outside of New York City, where the bulk of its capital is already invested. The company has office buildings in New York, Boston, St. Louis, Mexico, Santiago, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, but the reason of this is that it cannot do business in foreign countries without putting up a cash deposit, buying bonds or owning real estate in those countries. The conditions of its charter are such that it cannot invest in property outside of New York City without first procuring a special permit. It was also rumored that L. T. Yoder, of Yoder, Weaver & Costello, confectioners, on Third avenue, in the rear of the Central, had been approached by parties who wished to buy his property.

Mr. Yoder was very busy last night, between attending a choir rehearsal and the worry of having a sick baby at home, but he took time to say that Henry W. Weaver had asked him some time ago if he would sell his Smithfield street property, and he replied that he would if he got his price, but there was no offer made on either side, and the subject was never resumed. Mr. Yoder said he had heard that a syndicate had secured considerable property somewhere in that neighborhood, and that McDonald, the caramel manufacturer, would be forced to seek new quarters as soon as his lease expired, which would be in a few months. Mr. Yoder had been informed that the Equitable Life Insurance Company, of New York, was the party seeking ground in the locality named.

A SUCCESSFUL TORPEDO BOAT

Is Causing a Feeling of Insecurity in English Naval Circles.

LONDON, December 28.—Naval circles are very much disturbed at the reports of the successful trial of Lieutenant Peral's torpedo boat in the Bay of Cadiz, the marvelous working of the vessel having especially grave significance in view of the presence of a number of England's best war ships in Portuguese waters.

Submerged to the depth of 40 feet, the boat easily made six knots an hour and answered the requirements of her guiding apparatus as readily as though she were floating on the surface.

The Joys of Noel.

First Darling—What did you do on Christmas Day?

Second Darling—I sucked the paint off a red horse.

First Darling—I swallowed a cent and a handful of sawdust.—Puck.

HOW TO BE A FAILURE

A Little Humorous Wisdom Dished Up Exclusively for

THE BENEFIT OF YOUNG AUTHORS.

Recipes for the Manufacture of Unread Poets and Novelists.

HOW TO ACHIEVE PECUNIARY FAILURE

It could hardly be with a burning curiosity as to the way "not to do it," that so many youths and maidens, matrons and heavy fathers found their way to South Kensington, says the London *Globe*, to hear Mr. Andrew Lang's precepts for those who want to fail. Whatever was their motive, they had the pleasure of simultaneously helping that laudable institution, the College for Men and Women, and listening to a charming exposition of the surest methods of coming a cropper. For the sake of those who could not be present, we propose to reproduce as much as we can remember of the instruction. Let us begin with the early preparation.

If your ambition is to be a dead failure, at the outset it is wise to begin observing nothing. Don't follow the advice of Mr. Besant, and the example of M. Daudet by going about with a notebook in your hand. There is only one thing more ruinous to the aspirant than observation, and that is hard reading. Avoid the classics as you do poison. Never by any chance open a Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Sir Thomas Brown or any other great work, home or foreign. Should you wish to fail in fiction a casual glance at the weakest drivel of the most driveling novelist will serve your turn for a model, and though it is unwise to trouble about style at all, a look at the thinnest article in the worst magazine is all you require. Then cultivate the gifts of playing such tricks with grammar as sandwiching an adverb in an infinitive, like "to ingloriously copy, and to ignominiously live as such"—"such," according to Mr. Lang, being always a pronoun in the failure's grammar—and you will do very well. Don't forget to begin early; to be a great failure or a great bat, the training must date from childhood.

There is one word which those who want to fail as poets must be sure to use. It is so familiar to all the editors and publishers that they recognize in it an old acquaintance, and at once proceed to give the sender his heart's desire. Mr. Lang recited some verses of his own to illustrate the sort of thing he meant. We dare not, and we could not an' we would, infringe copyright by reproducing them, but here are some others which may serve almost as well, made for the occasion in close imitation of the bard who fails:

Only a dying ember, only a warming fire,
Only life's December, only death's desire,
Only a last love token, only a memory rare,
Only a sad heart broken, only a lock of hair,
Only . . . . . only . . . .
Only . . . . . only . . . .

The aspiring reader who wishes to imitate the style of the unread poet cannot do better than exercise himself with filling in the blanks. Imitation is a sine qua non of the art. Imitate Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, Rossetti, anybody and everybody, but don't be original. Never plagiarize either. All the common successful poets do that, and even if you had every other quality that merits failure you would succeed if some critic were to crucify your work in parallel columns. Be careful, too, to write a cramped, illegible hand. Puzzle the editor with hieroglyphics, and he will be sure to send your copy back. If you cannot write so ill as to prevent your MS. being read, the next best thing is to search out all the most out-of-the-way words you can find, and insert them at the very spot where they will most astonish the reader. Try not to be simple and natural; but if you cannot help it, then be commonplace. If you bear these maxims well in mind it will require the utmost ingenuity in fate to prevent you from failing.

POINTS FOR NOVELISTS.

In these days, judging by the successes, it does not seem altogether easy to fail as a novelist; but, nevertheless attention to a few plain rules will secure it in 19 cases out of 20. A careful choice of character and scenery is nearly enough in itself. Put in "the sunny smiles of Italy," or "the soft sweet air of the Riviera," make the hero either stake and lose his all or break the bank at Monaco, utilize the sceptical curate, and the risquee governess who speaks slang and rides to hounds, and the quiet, unnoticed governess with sad eyes, who one day flashes forth as a radiant beauty; also in comedy the large family of slovenly, good-humored girls, who tear up the bed curtains for garters, but who all marry rich husbands. In introducing your hero and heroine, never use any but the well-tried devices, the bull in the meadow and the sprained foot being especially recommended. Never choose your characters from your own society. If you have been brought up poorly in the country admit nobody into your book below the rank of knight or baronet, and give detailed accounts of ducal dinners such as in fancy you have conceived them. But if you are yourself a marquis, twine your story round the daily life of a dock laborer. Whenever there is an unsuitable opportunity give a brilliant specimen of your finest writing. In that way you will insure that the publisher's reader will direct your copy to be made up into a brown paper parcel and expeditiously returned.

It is essential that you should be very careless about your manuscripts. Write it only once (as badly as possible) and never correct it, till, if you ever do, you see the proof. That is expensive, and brings about pecuniary failure even after a measure of success has been achieved.

A SURPRISED TRAMP.

Put the parcel outside the window for Pickford's van to call for, and mayhap, as once occurred in Mr. Lang's experience, it will be stolen by a tramp, when you will not only have the satisfaction of failing, but the intense pleasure of imagining the thief curiously opening what he conceived to be at least a suit of clothes, and perhaps something still more valuable, and finding only a heap of paper. A less satisfactory way of achieving the same end is to write the address so carelessly that the parcel is never delivered. When it is done, write to a friend who has a distant acquaintance with some man of letters to use his influence for it. Probably the go-between will scribble something in this style: "Dear Smith—That wretched idiot Jones asks me to write you about some drivelling romance he has written. I am doing so to please him, but, of course, I would be the last man to interfere with the performance of your duty." This does the trick.

If the best houses refuse to accept, don't for a moment imagine that this is the end of the whole affair. Publish boldly at your own expense; it is as well to spend the money in that way as in any other, or induce some semi-bankrupt fourth rate publisher to take it up. The greater rubbish it is be the more insistent on its appearance.

HOW TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

In spite of all your precautions the novel after all may turn out to be marketable, but in that case you can still manage to be a failure by making a bad bargain with the publisher. Should he wish to purchase it, sell the copyright for a small sum in cash. It may be that he will draw a thousand a year for it while you have only a single hundred, or if it is on the half profit system let him insert a clause making the halving begin after he has had 20 per cent of the profit. Nothing is easier than to neutralize the uncalculated advantages of having unwittingly been guilty of a clever novel. There would be many more failures but for the fact that publishers, to do them justice, when they make a great hit, are in the habit of presenting checks to the uncommercial authors.

If you happen to have the slightest and most casual acquaintance with a great critic write and ask him of his good will to give you a favorable review. The ways of young authors in this respect are strange. Although they obviously trust nothing to their friend's probity, or they would not write at all, they make no attempt to trade on his baseness. Who ever heard of a budding novelist accompanying his modest request with a box of choice cigars, a case of champagne, a valuable curio or a rare edition? But we must not pursue that topic further, or we shall be accused of going against Mr. Lang, and telling tyros how to succeed in literature.

THE CENSUS OF SOLDIERS.

Superintendent Porter Tells Private Dalzell Just How It May be Taken in Detail—An Inadequate Appropriation as Yet.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CALDWELL, O., December 28.—Private Dalzell has just received from Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Eleventh Census, the following letter, telling how it is proposed to find out all about the old soldiers next June:

Private Dalzell, Caldwell, Noble Co., Ohio:

DEAR SIR—Your suggestions as to the points which should be covered by a special census of surviving soldiers and sailors, have been received, and I have to thank you for them. The law, so far as provision has been made for this special work, permits the securing of the name, rank, company, regiment and length of service, and this data can be secured, on a special schedule in the hands of the census enumerators.

To ascertain correctly the other points mentioned by you would require a personal visit to each surviving soldier and sailor, and would require as well a good deal more time than is now allowed by law for the gathering by the census enumerators of the statistics authorized and required under the law.

As you probably know, it is only rarely that the census enumerator would see a surviving soldier or sailor in person, the information to be gathered on the several schedules being supplied by some member of his household. I presume, also, that you are aware that the census enumerator is limited as to time, said time being two weeks in cities of 10,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1880, and one month in all other enumeration districts.

This matter of obtaining a detailed statement as to the present financial and physical condition of survivors has been the subject of considerable consideration and correspondence with General Alger and others interested, and the means whereby this could be carried out, and not conflict with or jeopardize the success of the census as a whole, has been suggested by this office. This plan, in brief, was to have the census enumerator, at the time of the enumeration, in June next, to leave with each survivor or widow an inquiry card containing the various points covered by this special data needed, and with the necessary instructions printed on the other side of the card. This card could be filled in at the convenience of the person, and returned in an envelope supplied for the purpose, to the Census Office.

In the case of all those persons who, after a certain time, did not make such return special means could be provided to secure this information from them, and thus make the record as complete as possible. To do this, of course, would require an additional sum of money beyond what has been already appropriated for the census proper. If such a plan is adopted, and the additional money secured, I do not see why this could not be carried out successfully, and be of great value to all persons interested in this matter. Very respectfully,

ROBERT P. PORTER,
Superintendent of Census.

THE FIRST SHE EVER SAW.

A Cuban Girl's Great Astonishment on Beholding Icicles.

[Youth's Companion.]

A Cuban girl who had never seen icicles spent a winter in a Northern city for the study of music. She woke on Christmas morning and was astonished at seeing for the first time in her life the long, pendant fringes hanging from the eaves.

"Oh, what a beautiful Christmas custom?" she exclaimed, as she came hurrying downstairs. "The candelabra look lovely hanging from the roof all ready for the illumination!"

BEECHAM'S Pills cure bilious and nervous ills

FRAKS' Soap secures a beautiful complexion

B. & B.

Bargains Unusual.

See column ad. this paper, and come to these stores Monday morning. We'll save you a good many dollars.

BOGGS & BUHL.

At Hauch's Jewelry Store

You can buy fine diamond jewelry and gold watches 20 per cent less than elsewhere. This is quite a saving, at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave.

FINE French and Scotch flannels—a great variety of patterns to select from—prices all reduced.

HUGUS & HACKE.

McGinty's Christmas Dinner

Was composed chiefly of Marvin's new and famous McGinty cakes, just out. Get a pound from your grocer.

Stylish Trouserings.

The largest stock at popular prices.

PITCAIRN'S, 434 Wood street.

THOSE who use Frauenheim & Vilsack's celebrated ale and porter pronounce it excellent in flavor and very beneficial in its effect. Kept by all first-class dealers.

FAT MEN EASILY SWINDLED.

Quack Doctors Make Money by Selling Them All Sorts of Nostrums.

[New York Sun.]

"Fat men," said a well-known physician yesterday, "are the most gullible creatures of earth. No end of patent medicine sharps have made big fortunes purely by the manner in which they have preyed upon the prejudices of men who convey superfluous flesh around with them, and there would seem to be absolutely no nostrum too nonsensical or absurd for a fat man to reject. The merest tyro in matters relating to hygiene knows perfectly well that the only reasonable way for a man of abundant flesh to reduce himself is by exercise. Then, as he grows thinner, his muscles harden and he increases in strength, but inordinate fat predisposes a man to inertia and languor, and so fat men try to reduce themselves by medicines and medical remedies of various sorts.

They succeed in wrecking their digestive powers, and that is about all. Most of them are big and strong enough to protect themselves in a physical sense, but they are veritable children when they come in contact with quack doctors."

USERS of Lutz's beer are always well pleased. Kept by all first-class dealers, or will be supplied direct. Office cor. Chestnut st. and Spring Garden ave., Allegheny.

WORLD'S MUSEUM,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

Harry Scott.....Manager

A Happy, Prosperous New Year to All.

Week Beginning Monday, Dec. 30.

The Sensation of the Day,

BIG ELIZA!

World's Mastodon Fat Woman, Weight 896 pounds,

Will positively walk across the Sixth street bridge and into the Museum Monday morning, December 30, at 10:30 o'clock. Everybody invited the sight of a lifetime. She does not pay toll. She is a lady.

A complete transformation in every department. Indeed, a dollar show for a dime. A genuine Chautauque Pantomime Company in theatre and olio of specialties. A Great Show. de28-21

IMPERIAL HALL!

Cor. Seventh ave. and New Grant Street.

GRAND HOLIDAY RECEPTIONS,

Tuesday (New Year's Eve),
New Year's Afternoon,
New Year's Night,
Thursday Night and Saturday Matinee.

Usual prices of admission, 50c.; hat box, 10c. and 15c.

Saturday Matinee, 25c.

Music by the Mozart and Royal Italian Orchestras.

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED. de29-3

CYCLORAMA DANCING ACADEMY corner Beech street and Irwin avenue, Allegheny, will open for season of '90, Saturday, Jan. 4. Class Arrangements—Misses and Masters, Class, Wednesdays from 4 till 6 P. M.; Saturdays, from 3 till 5 P. M., commencing Saturday, January 4. Ladies and Gentlemen's Class, Mondays and Fridays 8 to 10 P. M., commencing January 6. Class for Ladies exclusively, Fridays from 4 to 6 P. M. For further information address MISS M. E. BRIDGE, Cyclorama building. de28-94

PROF. BROOKS' DANCING ACADEMY, Liberty avenue and Sixth street.

The second term for beginners will commence for ladies and gentlemen THURSDAY, January 2, at 8 o'clock P. M. For misses and masters SATURDAY, January 4, at 3 o'clock.

New dances taught will be the Military Schottische Quadrille, Le Reve, Cadet Waltz and L'Eclair, the last named just received from the author.

See circulars at music stores. de29-70

GUENTHER'S ORCHESTRA

Furnishes Music for Concerts, Weddings, Receptions, etc.,

Also Lessons on Flute and Piano,

se15-144-su 440 WOOD ST.

A GRAND ATTRACTION.

:: NEXT SUNDAY ::

THE DISPATCH

WILL PUBLISH

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF

RIDER: HAGGARD'S

LATEST and GREATEST WORK

BEATRICE.

de29-117-s

Good-morning! "Paris Exposition, 1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. *Highest possible distinction.*"

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

: WEEK : BEGINNING MONDAY, DEC. 30.

BIJOU THEATRE

Under the direction of R. M. GULICK & CO.

MATINEES NEW YEAR'S DAY and SATURDAY.

"The Eagle can well afford to let the little Sparrow chatter."

GALA MELO-DRAMATIC EVENT

WM. A. BRADY'S

Elaborate Picturesque Production of

DION : BOUCICAULT'S

Famous Night Picture of London Life, entitled

WM. A. BRADY, as "OLD TOM."

: AFTER DARK :

With the Great Boston and New York Cast, including

WM. A. BRADY, AS "OLD TOM."

A Cyclorama of City Life.

Every Scene Carried Complete.

THE DARING DIVE FOR LIFE.

MAGNIFICENT SCENIC EFFECTS BY MERY

The London Bridge at Night,
The Underground Railroad Tunnel,
The Home Under the Arches,
The Famous Concert Hall Scene.

INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE:

BOBBY GAYLOR, The Great Irish Comique.

MARIE RENE, The Premiere Change Danseuse.

KELLY & MURPHY, Exhibitors of the Manly Art.

January 6, BRONSON HOWARD'S "SHENANDOAH." de27-60

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MR. E. D. WILT, Lessee and Manager.

REGULAR PRICES,

25c, 50c, 75c and $1 00.

FOR NEW YEAR'S WEEK,

Matinees New Year's Day and Saturday.

GRAND HOLIDAY ATTRACTION.

The Funniest Comedy of the Season,

HOYT'S

A HOLE IN THE GROUND!

"A Satire on the Railroads."

Great Cast! New Scenery!

Popular Music!

Company of Comedians and Pretty Girls.

Week of January 6—Primrose and West's Gigantic Minstrels. de29-41

HARRY WILLIAMS' ACADEMY.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30.

Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

HARRY KERNELL'S NEW COMPANY.

GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE NEW YEAR'S DAY AT 2. NIGHT PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Harry and John Kernell.
The Braatz Bros.
Weber and Fields.
Baggesen.
The Inman Sisters.
NASH.
Harding and Ah Sid.
Ward and Vokes.
Huber and Allyne.

Monday, January 6—The American Four Comedy Co. de29-15

HARRIS' THEATER.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DEC. 30

Every Afternoon and Evening.

N. S. WOOD

IN HIS LATEST SUCCESS,

OUT IN THE STREETS.

Week Jan. 6—Reuben Glue. de29-17

THE BIG HOLIDAY TRADE

ENJOYED BY

KEECH'S

Is nothing short of a commercial victory, and is another and most conclusive proof of "the survival of the fittest." Cash and Credit Houses may come and Cash and Credit Houses may go. They may Jack-in-the-box-like pop up on every street and thoroughfare of both cities, but Keech will survive them all. The contract entered into by Keech for supplying the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny with first-class Furniture and Carpets at lower prices than any other house is not made of such brittle stuff as idle promises or exaggerated advertisements, but is as solid and everlasting as the rock of Gibraltar. Due recognition of this fact on the part of the people is clearly manifested by their ever-increasing patronage. They come to Keech's as naturally as Father Mississippi finds his way to the gulf. They expect to get better value for their money than any other house in this section could or would give them, and it is hardly necessary to say, they are never disappointed.

IN THE FURNITURE LINE,

PARTICULARLY

Keech's stand head and shoulders above all so-called competition. Large as the stock of Furniture displayed by this popular house may be (five spacious floors being required for its display), it contains not a trashy or unreliable article. The same may be said with equal truth of

:: KEECH'S ::

MAMMOTH CARPET ROOM

Among the hundreds upon hundreds of big rolls of rich Brussels, Tapestries, Velvets, Moquettes or Ingrains shown here you will in vain seek for a shoddy quality or a fading color.

Just a few more words and we are done. These words will concern Keech's Cloak and Clothing rooms. They yet contain a beautiful variety of Ladies' Newmarkets and Plush garments, Men's Suits and Overcoats, and, owing to the lateness of the season, you may look for

BIG REDUCTIONS

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

KEECH'S

Cash and Credit House,

923 and 925 Penn avenue,

Near Ninth Street.

Open Saturday Nights till 10 o'clock.