THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1891. ers. He said these converters distributed the current so evenly and quietly that I could go to sleep on the wires without dan-ger. I'm not sleeping on electric wires so much now as I did before I saw a man do soon the scene-a black-eyed young lady, dressed as the fisher girls on the Morocco TASTE FOR MUSIC 5-2-5 const usually dress-and regards me curi-ously from her long and heavily penciled

Amusing and Interesting Sights Among the Performers at a Typical Comic Opera-

MYSTERIES OF THE PROPERTIES.

How the Scene Shifters Learn Their Parts. and Make the Sea Swell and the Waves Dash.

PART A LIVE COLORED BABY PLAYS.

pensititions of the Pretty Chorns Girls and Their Fun Among the Flies.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



curtain during a performance. You were never hustled about by sceneshifters, elbowed by scores of pretty young women in costume,

the wing - never

were part and par-

cel of the miscel-

chatted with by prima donnas waiting for their oues, taken up and down among dressing rooms and gas machines and surplus scenery while a comic opera was in full blast. You never got a peep at a fashionable metropolitan audience through the peephole in the drop.

No? Then I'll take you back in the old Wallack on Broadway, now Palmer's, where that bright little comic opera, "The Tar and Tartar." is in its sixteenth week. Consider yourself favored. I did when I was intro-duced to the stage manager and the latter was directed to give me the run of the place for the night.

A PRIVATE BROWN STONE HOUSE.

The stage entrance is on Thirtieth street beneath a brown stone stoop-a landmark well known to the "Johnnies." The place was made for the ordinary servants' entrance in the private brown stone house, but it now serves as the hole-in-the-wall that leads to the stage of Palmer's while the rest of the mansion has been turned into dressing rooms. In the narrow passage way, at a small table sits that awful personage, the envied guardian of the sacred precincts, the stage doorkceper. In this instance he smiles in a heavy way, the only time I ever saw a stage doorkceper smile while on duty. I make mental note of the phenomeno They usually smile a good deal when they are off. Along the passage up three of four crooked steps through a thick wall like that of a prison and we are on the "metropolitan

It is 7:45 and half a dozen men are setting the first scene. The big blank curtain shuts in the auditorium, from whence the spasmodic sound of snapping seats indicates the early arrivals. The stage is not a large one and the scenery, seemingly haphazard in the grooves and against the walls, takes up all but two or three feet of outside space. The scenes are very simple in this opera and the scene shifters have an easy task tonight.

DUTIES OF THE SCENE SHIFTERS.

They are drilled the same as the players Each has a particular part. He does just the same thing every night and in this case for an hundred nights. He handles a particular piece and thus every section of the sea-coast picture comes to ether without effort, as by magia. A fisherman's cottage, a the public. mimic sca, nets spread on the grass, a bas-

ously from her long and heavily penciled lashes. Then more Tartars, male and female, come trooping in, and the band is whooping things up lively in front of the big curtain. One of the prettiest Tartars, with blue eyres and golden hair—a girl I could have loved if I hadn't seen her with my own eyres a member of the Sultan's harem in the next act—went up and slyly peeped through a big grease spot in the curtain.

out it. When we started back we met a nice-look-ing Tartar conspirator in full armor coming down the narrow, crooked, stone stairs. She told us to go back, very peremptorily at first, then pleadingly. It would be bad luck to pass there. As we were not armed and she

LOOKING THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE. I tried the same and found a hole about the size of a nickel, surrounded by four inches of dirt. This is the peep hole and the border is from the penciled eyebrows that have rubbed against it for centuries in was we went back and waited for her to get

"They are dreadful superstitions," said the gas man. So were the old duffers who used to ride around in the olden time wear-ing a ton of cast iron and talking six-foot English. that have rubbed against it for centuries in the search for "my Johnny" on the front row. When I put my eye to the hole and saw a house ablaze with electric lights and packed with fashionable people, box and balcony, I was scared. I thought the cur-tain had gone up. The blue-eyed Tartar had taken my nail

MEETING THE STAR PERFORMERS. We made another break for liberty and

the blue-yea Tarar and taken my main keg, so I went off. A bell jingled, up rolled the great curtain, and the play went on. I found Digby Bell in his make-up over on the "prompt side;" sitting on the gas-man's box in earnest conversation with the stage manager, who appeared to be wor-ind. Something, hed cone wrong, Bell

We made another break for liberty and would have broken another armor-clad girl's luck if she hadn't rushed up the spout of the stairs and admired his haughty stride and the curved snickersnee that swings across his diaphragm. He had just come off after an alternating reign of every other hour as Sultan, dividing time with Digy Bell. In the right upper entrance is the porta-ble throne and in it reclines Miss Nnapp, a beauty, at her feet a little 4-year-old nig, in bare legs, sitting on the spangled footstool and hiding from my fascinated gaze behind a big white fan. The staiwart blacks, who are chair bearers, are near. They wear black tights from just above the knees, tights that they were born in. The tights are excellect fits. I asked Miss Knapp if she wasn't afraid. "At first," she laugh-ingly replied; 'mot now." All the same, I noted that when the bearers elevated her upon their shoulders she took a pretty long breath and held on like grim death to a dead sheep. A few seconds later she was delivering her notes at the footlights in that sweet, clear voice that makes her so the stage manager, who appeared to be wor-ried. Something had gone wrong. Bell was in ragged equipment as the "Tar," the poor, unhappy, shipwrecked mariner, who had the opera written around him, so to speak. He looked gloomy, as comedians invariably do off the stage. The trouble, as near as I could make out, was about the game of ball played that day and something about a short horse at Morris Park. As don't know a base hit from a center field, and have never mastered the length of a winning horse. I was not in it. Digby wasn't, either, he said, and went sadly over DIGBY BELL GETTING WRECKED.

I stood at the back and saw three men that sweet, clear voice that makes her great a favorite.

I stood at the back and saw three men. yanking a rope to which was attached a dry-goods box on wheels, covered with painted brine. Digby Bell was on the ratt in an attitude of cespair and joy-neither too sweet nor too sour; very little bitters, please -holding on like a house afire. The raft came rolling along in front of the moving sea-between the sea and the pasteboard bank-and just as it got to the right spot, the raft went to smash and Digby rolled over on the beach among the Tartars, male



and female. At the same time the property

to be shipwrecked some more.

His Costume Would Scare Dead Fish as threw a handful of salt into the sir,

dashing it over the raft, not for seasoning, but as an evidence of good faith, and water. Meantime a man in his shirt sleeves and a was a newspaper man. PRETTIER BEHIND THE SCENES. These young ladies are as pert as they are

yachting cap in the opposite wings calmly sat on a stool working the moving sea with one hand and held a sporting edition of an evening paper in the other. No shipwreck, evening paper in the other. No shipwreek, no Tartars, no wild applause from the audi-ence, could take his cyes from the score. "A primrose on the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him-and nothing more." When Digby Bell got through being shipwreekod and was waiting for his one he sold to me that the dramatic critics should

said to me that the dramatic critics should see a play through and see it over again be-fore more than a conventional notice was written; that criticisms should come later in

LONDO

The Classics Can Only Be Appreciated After Hard Study.

NATIVE TALENT IS NOT ENOUGH.

There Is an Intellectual Door as'Well as an Emotional One.

TALK ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The recent discussion concerning the quality of music by which mere music lovrs may become educated to such a standard that classical music can be thoroughly ap-preciated and a taste acquired for the art di-

vine, has suggested the question, "What is music

Music, in a broad sense, is a means of expression, and has been so recognized since the world began. When the Divine Creator had finished His marvelous work in framing the earth with the rock-ribbed granite, and systematically and symmetrically arranged the different elements which compose this wonderful terestial sphere, He then created life unto life until He tested His matchless skill by bringing forth man and placing him as the apex of the monumental architecture of His own handiwork. The angels stood in wonderment work. The angels stood in wonderment and while gaing upon the scene burst forth in songful expression of praise, honor and glory to Him who had so divinely wrought. Man, in order to express his feelings, has adopted a system of representative char-acters. This form is termed "language" and as Milton has said: "Language is but the instrument conveying to us things use-ful to be known." Music, which is more or-less recornized as the language of the soul. ful to be known." Music, which is more or-less recognized as the isnguage of the soul, enters largely into one's social life, and is the oil of joy which lubricates the ma-chinery which produces all the pure actions and emotions of humanity's daily round.

AN ACCIDENT TO A BRAUTY. SIMPLE FORMS OF MUSIC. But what is music? Is it the simple mel

AN ACCIDENT TO A BEAUTT. Four chorus girls in Moorish costumes pre-empted the throne that had been carried back and discussed their wardrobes and teased the little black page. All at once they saw me writing, and conjecturing that I was making a sketch, unconsciously as-sumed a pose that would have made a lovely picture. One ox-eyed beauty was sit-ting flat on the floor between the handles of the palaquin. She got up-and there was a plaguey nail there somewhere—I heard a ripping sound. There were two rips, the last one beginning with a "drat it!" T think it was. The other girls laughed and investigated, while I modestly contem-plated the scenery and pondered upon the possible trials of a chorus girl in a future state. ody which floats on the gentle breeze as it is being wafted from almost angelie voices is being wafted from almost angelic voices from yonder meadows, where children are making merry the glad hours of life's sumry days? Is it the sweetly whispered lullaby which falls from a mother's voice, as her tender offspring's evelids close in gentle and innocent repose? Is it the lover's voice penetrating the midnight air, as he sings beneath the chamber window where his be-loved lies dreaming, while the cooing dove responsively echoes the throbs of the lover's heart from its moonlighted abiding nock? Yes, this is music, full of tenderness, full of sweetness to the one whose heart is touched, yea, and infamed with the true sentiment of love. And again, wearied with the oppres-sion of the noonday sun and exhausted with labor, the husbandman sits beneath the shade of his native oak and sings the songs he heard in infancy; amid the rugged While they were setting the harem scene of the second act I conversed with a demure of the second act 1 conversed with a denurs young woman dressed as a page. She bore a lyre—a property lyre, with six strings and a papier mache bulb to it. She thrummed at the strings as she talked. And as she thrummed she tried to bore holes in my India rubber heart. I tried to work the Hamilt business on her, and asked her if she he heard in infancy; amid the rugged heights of the Alps, the pleasant girl chant my India rubber heart. I tried to work the *Hamlet* business on her, and asked her if she thought she could play as easily upon ma. She was neither as stupid as *Polonius* nor as polite as *Rosenerante*, for she retorted laugh-ingly that she could only play one lyre at a time. I have met chorus girls who can do better. Somebody must have told her I the spirit stirring song of her ancestors; the man of business and the man of intellectual

much of outsides and the man of interfection pursuits, wearied with the exertion of mind and burden of care, seeks relief around the family hearth, and forgets a while ambition and fears, under the influence of music. and tears, under the influence of music. But is this the highest aim and purpose of the musical art, which of all the sister arts is most divine? No, for music in its more elevated sphere, requires the operation of the intellectual faculties to a high degree and is not entirely "the language of the emotions," as is commonly asserted.

These young ladies are as pert as they are pretty. To my disappointment they looked prettier here than from the front. And they are right pretty. If that orchestra leader who committed suicide at the Casino had been musical director at Palmer's he would have been alive now. He left behind him the most unique reason for seeking death. He had become "tired of looking at these suicided chorns women every day." APPRECIATING THE CLASSICAL APPRECIATING THE CLASSICAL Why do not people in general appreciate so called classical music? is a question often asked; and even among music students or rather pupils a great antipathy to the study as well as practice of classical composition is often exhibited. The answer is readily given by stating that a lack of knowledge concerning the underlying principals of well-written compositions, readers a proper estimate of music's true value impossi-ble. If one desires to become familiar with the those painted chorus women every day." The musical director here comes back while y are setting the scenes. He is a well-it, handsome fellow in a dress suit and wears a property smile of engaging sweet-We take to the other side of the stage now, because the Sultan's six feet, two-story palace occupies all the available space on ble. If one desires to become familiar with the palace occupies all the available space on the upper. I soon find myself on a bench between jolly and plump little Annie Myers and the charming Laura Joyce Bell. It is Mrs. Bell's fate as contraito to greatly belie her amiable character. Yet to possess such a wonderfully rich, reed-like voice almost any singer would gladly serve as an objec-tionable virago in a play. As for Annie Myers, she is a general favorite—with her own sex, too. A man who didn't love her at once must have a calloused heart. The chorus girls can't pass her in the wings withous tickling her. She is piquant and sauoy and has a bright smile and merry re-tort for everybody. If she is well pleased with herself she has every reason to be so. PREPAEING THE PROPERTIES. est classical literature he must of necessit acquire the requisite knowledge of gram matical principles and rules of rhetoric er's Iliad For instance, a poem ltke Homer's Iliad can only be understood by a real student of literature. Such a student can see the unity literature. Such a student can see the unity of design—that is, one leading and complete action carried through the work with a dis-tinctness and prominence with which the less important stories or episodes, as they are called, are not allowed to interfere. So with the student of music, he must be able to grasp the design and motives of the composition, without which, the perform-ance becomes more or less a confusion of sounds, rather than a well planned construc-tion of tonal beauty. But the one-whose desire it is to become acquainted with the best which musical science and art affords need not suppose as he enters the threshold need not suppose as he enters the threshold of the mysterious dwelling of the music of of the mysterious dwelling of the music of the classics, that he will be met by grave and reverend seignors who will inform him that he who enters here must leave all mirth and joy behind; for, in the gallery of the art divine, tone-pictures can be per-ceived representing the playful as well as the tender and soulful; the contented jovial as well the earnest, together with the ro-mantic, the chivalrous, the gentle and sen-timental, the humorous and passionate, the fanciful and pleasing, the sensational and astonishing. In a word, all of the and these shelves and the drawers are chuck full of nondescript articles used in various plays. It looks more like a cheap junk shop than a junk shop itself. The armor, arms, cars, nets and larger things are kept elsewhere. The property man lays out everything in advance that is required in any particulur act. Not only that, he sees the articles are all right, delivers them in person to the players from the lower en-trance as they are needed and finally at-tends to the things after they have been used and puts them carefully away. He was filling Digby Bell's Turkish pipe with a very fine article of tobaccowhen I saw him, and laying out choice eigarettes for Miss Knapp and Miss Myers. These tart young Tartars smoke the eigarettes as young men FALL HOSIERY. PASSIONS, FACULTIES AND EMOTIONS of the human mind and soul are truthfully portrayed and awakened by the power of so-called "Classical. Music." To fathom the depths and ascertain the scientific bearing Take a look at the Merino Half Hose, full regular made, which we offer at 21c. of the well-written composition, one requires more than a mere knowledge of notation or even the ability to read readily at sight, FALL OVERSHIRTS. Knapp and Miss Myers. These tart young Tartars smoke the cigarcties as young men about town in the rose garden scene. The management sets 'em up every night, though these giddy young dudes never say Turkey once. The property man also looks after the baby—not only the live tar baby, but the flaxen-haired, china-legged article with a nose like a punch and judy. As he hands it to the statuesque, Miss Hamilton, that lady remarks that she is very fond of it— "it is such a good little thing and never kicks." for, be it remembered music is not only an art but also a science, and he who would revel in all the delights of the art An elegant line of Dark Coldivine must enter through the intellectual door which leads to the inner courts, as ored Overshirts in Tricots and well as passing through the outer gate of Fancy Flannels. emotional fancy. What a wonderful scope to the pleasure which is derived from music! All of the FALL DERBYS. passions of the human soul awaken at its behest. The courage and patriotism in the breast of the soldier is aroused on the battle field; the sorrowful are administered The new styles of all the battle field; the sorrowful are administered unto, while unbounded mirth is provoked by the humorous. It stimulates the feeling of devotion and lifts the soul into the atmosphere where angels breathe the breath of celestial wor-ship. We listen with equal delight, but different sensibilities, to the rich majestio and overpowerhow strain of the king of in CLOSE OF THE PERFORMANCE. When the play comes to a near close and the audience has called the full company to the front to sing the last roaring soug-a sort of musical pousse cafe of national airs --six or seven times, I am reminded of as good in the one as in the other. social callers who get up to go and who don't go, but start a new story at the partor door, run off into illustration in the hall and overpowering strain of the king of in-struments, the grand organ, and the soft, luxuriant and mellow tone of the finte, while the violin with its ethical voice pours forth its dreamy song as a soft and tender benediction of peace and delicious repose. In all its archive of targetty time and strain CHILDREN'S HATS. and inally, when you think it is all over, come back again and start over from the be-ginning, and so on, until you get weak in the knees and are ready to lie down on the floor on the broad of your back and yell for

ance of reason; it grows in delicacy and cor-rectness with the progress of the individual and of society at large; it has its laws which are seated in the nature of man, and it is in the development of these laws that we find the true standards of taste, or as Akenside has so beautifully expressed it:

"What, then, is taste but these internal powers. Active and strong, and feeling alive To each fine impulse A discerning sense Of decent and sublime, with quick disgnst from things deformed, or disarranged or gross a speciest This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,

Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow But God alone, when first His record hand Imprints the secret bias of the soul. The French philosopher Cousin says: "Three faculties enter into that complex faculty that is called taste-imagination, sentiment, reason." Sentiment according to this author receives the impression, reason passes judgment on it, while imagina-tion produces the sensation of pleasure ex-perienced by the mind.

STUDY IS NECESSARY.

STUDY IS NECESSARY. Thus it can be readily seen that diligenty study and close application to the princl-ples contained in matter and style are a bao-lately necessary, of course in conjunction with God-given talent, to a complete appre-ciation of classical music as well as any other art. And one who is not musically acquainted with the productions of genius sees no more in them than commonplace compositions and listens to them only through curiosity or a mere fashionable fad. But, on the contrary, one who listens intellectually to a musical composition, hears not only a leading melodic thought, but a beautiful picture is presented to his imagination, wherein, in addi-tion to the one chief figure or idea, various interesting minor ideas will pass before his mind in panoramio view. And again, other musical compositions will ap-pear as beautiful picture is closes they interventing and interlacing strains and thematic threads of different colors shoot through the harmonic warp, thus exhibiting through the harmonic warp, thus exhibiting the formation and texture of the wonderful art work produced by the great music weaver's shuttle.

er's shuttle. Therefore, let each real student of music seek to gain admission to the grand, intel-lectual conservatorium wherein his intel-lect, as well as his emotions, will be so beautifully blended as to round out a sym-metrically appreciative love for the beauti-ful in musical art. SIMBON BISSELL.

But it is headquarters for three distinct specialties of the iron trade, viz., wrought iron pipes, planished sheet iron and tinned plate. McKeesport has trebled its popula-tion during the last decade and it will treble again in this one. Real estate is in-creasing all the time, and now is the time to come some of the Highland Land Comsecure some of the Highland Land Com-pany's building lots while they are cheap. Inquire at the office of W. C. Soles & Bros.,

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There are many brands of beer on the market, but none to compare with that brewed by the Iron City Brewing Company. Try it. Telephone 1186.

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1 b pure ground black pepper..... = = = 110 " " 115 " " 1 th mustard seed

6 lbs 20-cent E. B. tea 1 00 5 lbs 25-cent tea...... 1 00 1 hs 30-cent tes..... 1

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Don't allow your grocer to tell you that ther crackers and cakes and bread are as good as Marvin's. They're not. When you go for Marvin's goods insist-on getting them. You'll never regret it. Marvin's are the best.

Well, Where to Now!

Why to Kennedy's for ice cream and cake. Couldn't go home without stopping there after leaving the Exposition.

NOTHING like the Dunlap hats. See them at Smiley's.

KENSINGTON.

See 3d page.

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tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to per-

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larity and comfort. Being purely vego

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Lowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle,

Pa., says: "Having been subject, for

years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried

Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty

Every Dose Effective.

table and

free from

RGETOWN, DEL., Aug. 29 .- William If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satis-Walker, aged 22 years, died early this morn-ing at his father's house, near Georgetown, from the effects of a blow struck by his brother George, aged 15 years. On Wednesday the young men became in-volved in a quarrel over some horse feed. faction, Ayer's Pills are unsurpas Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a

George picked up a shovel and struck William on the head, fracturing his skull. William remained unconscious until his death to-day. Coroner E. W. Donovan, of Sussex county, arrested young Walker.

KILLED BY HIS BROTHER.

Head With a ShoveL

Walker Strikes William on the

WOMEN HELD THE CONSTABLE.

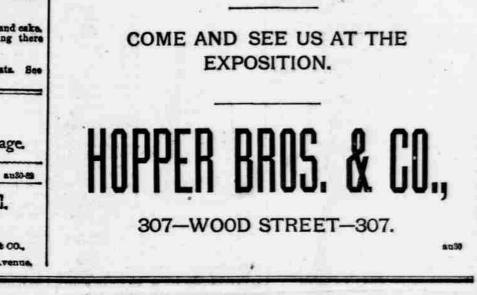
Daring Leap for Liberty, a Chase and a Rescue by Amazons.

ROME, GA., Aug. 29 .- John Wood, who lives in Dugdown, was called on yesterday by Constable Davenport, who had a warrant for his arrest. Davenport succeeded in getting his prisoner upon the southbound train.

and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I No sooner had the train started than Wo sooner had the train statted that Wood leaped off the train platform with the constable in close pursuit. Wood ran into a house close by, where five women at once took hold of the constable, holding him more than an hour. This gave Wood abund-ant time in which to escape. would not willingly be without them." Ayer's Cathartic Pills

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allspice ginger 1 1b mustard seed. 1 1b whole mixed pickling spices (very best). 8 dozen parlor matches (200 in a box) 1 kit new mackerel (10 Bs).....

WKEESPORT, PA.

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Agents, room No. 1, Bank of McKeespor building, McKeesport, Pa. MWSu

NEW goods! New goods! At cut figures. MICHIGAN FURNITURE Co., 437 Smithfield street.

ket of fish, oars, dip nets and umbrageous shades in the foreground; back, a painted canvas representing a rock-bound coast,



more sea and a shattered hulk. The nets alone are real, if I except the inverted nail kegs painted a lively red and blue, whereon the leading fishermen and fisher maidens invariably sit, as no fisherman or maid ever sits in actual service.

The grass is a dirty green carpet, the oars are baby oars in two colors, the fish are painted cloth shapes stuffed with excelsior, the fish are the sea is a painted fraud on a frame two feet high, scolloped along the upper edge into trothy green blue billows. But everything goes. When that big curtain rolls up and the gas man touches the elec-tric button the imagination does the rest. trie button the imagination does the rest.

ARRIVAL OF THE STAGE MANAGES. This is the stage manager's peculiar do-main. This young gentleman, Mr. Lothian, comes sauntering in like a natty Broadway man-about-man. He is a short, stout young man, with brown eyes and a black mustache and a cane with a silver crook. He is seized at once. The wardrobe woman, with an armful of new costumes, holds a consulta-tion, and he looks the material over. They are fine woolen goods and are being got ready for the road. It takes 46 pairs for the young female Tartars, who, by the way, are about as chapely a lot of singers as could well be got together.

The wardrobe woman is apparently brist ling with needles variously threaded, ready for emergencies. She gave way for the property man, who is making two blades of papier mache grass grow where only one grew be-fore as he talks. It is then the fireman in a blue uniform and shield. Then some official from the front-then-well, pretty soon away goes the cane with a silver crook, away goes the jaunty hat, off comes the coat and the stage manager begins to warm up to his evening's work. From that time till the gas is turned off the house at 11 o'clock he is here and there and everywhere, and knows no rest. And yet he has old me that his duties in this piece are light-"It runs itself," said he.

FIRST OF THE ACTORS.

Left to my own devices I sit down on one of the painted nail kegs and look at the fish which have a sort of horrible fascination which have a sort of horrible fascination for me. I hear the orchestra tuning up and I wonder how I should strike an audience if the curtain should suddenly go up and be-tray my presence there alone on a red and blue key. Then I am conscious of comany presence there alone on a red and keg. Then I am conscious of com-A man with yellow legs and a tunic arban saunters in and sits down on erkeg. He has a sash full of terrible terkeg. He has a sash full of terrible pany. pany. A man with yenow legs and a tune and turban saunters in and sits down on another keg. He has a sash full of terrible knives made of wood, and dangerous look-ing unloaded pistols, and his skin is a walput stain, observable at Asbury Park at this season. This is a Tartar fisherman. His costume would scare all the fish out of

Another and a much prettier Tartar comes The gas man showed me the machines the electrical apparatus, and the 29 convert-Fulton Market.

"A man carefully studies out a play, working months and months, a manager in-

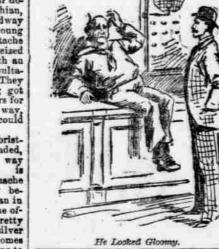
vests \$10,000 to \$25,000 to bring the play out, the players are nervous in their new parts before a more or less critical audience. The newspapers send a man the first night who hears parts of two or three new plays and goes back to the office and hurriedly damns the whole lot. The London critics

are more deliberate and careful and therefore more just." While I was pondering this sentiment the gas man, Mr. Driscoll, took me down a dungeon-like staircase into the pit under

dungeon-like staircase into the pit under the stage where they keep the gas machines, electrical converters, choras girls, surplus scenery and a nigger baby. This is not the full schedule, but it will illustrate the wide range of the variety. I don't know whether he is a Tar or a Tartar, but he is as black as tar and looks as if he might prove a PREPARING THE PROPERTIES. I strayed into the property room during the evening and saw a handsome young man in a blonde mustache laying out prop-erties. That is, preparing all the things that are to be used in the next act. It is a little three-cornered cubby hole, shelved high upon each side and fitted with drawers and these shelves and the drawers are chuck full of mednemic entities word in each state. black as tar and looks as if he might proves tartar when he grows up and razors are ripe enough to pick. Just at this particular moment he was lying across his fond mother's lap sound asleep waiting for his cue. He goes on in the harem act in company with a plain blonde infant with flaxen curls and white abine lear that work in the joints and white chins legs that creak in the joints from the from the property room. Both are unkindly saddled upon Digby Bell by the ladies of the Sultan's harem and the median has every reason in consequence to feel the

COLD CAST IBONY OF FATE.

No wonder he kicks. Digby tried a dog —a stolen dog at that—named "Sloppy Weather," but the thing resulted in disas-trous failure. Sloppy went on all right but resented encores and being very short in the legs and long in the reach defied even the encoreman skill of the mean The the engineering skill of the gas man. The comedian also came near being arrested for having stolen the dog. So Sloppy went out with Moses and the lights and retired from the stage to the butcher shop where he is being quietly fattened for the winter season.



dressing rooms are empty, the theater is cleared and the chorus girls have gone over the way for beer and sandwiches and the prims donne are lunching at Delmonico's-The nigger baby is a better card and from what I saw of him later in the evening he seems to draw pretty well. Besides the infant Senegambian there are \$40,090 of scenery down here in a hole as r are in bed.

"Shop, my boy, shop—" says the stage manager. "I never think of them except when they are in my way. Good night." CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY. dark as the bottomless pit and as rank as a potato cellar. There are also a number of dressing rooms, the doors of which stood wide open disclosing 25 or 30 young, hand-How to Cure a Pain in the Sto some and carelessly happy chorus girls in We made use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhos Remedy on two occasions for pain in the stomach. Result occasions for pain in the stomach. Result satisfactory in a very short time after taking the medicine. I hesitate not in giving my opinion in favor of the medicine. At least it has done all claimed for it as far as we

"umes around the corner by the gas ma-chines. They carry the throne chair for the prima donna, Miss Josephine Knapp.

SOME OF THE MACHINERY.

GREAT hit. The Dunlap hat at Smiley's.

county, Pa.

ful pictures.

But the grand finale finally becomes final and then such a rush! You'd think every-body had a sick baby at home, or had to catch a train. Within 20 minutes the

school opens. In all its variety of tensity, time and style, it pleases; for it is harmony and melody still, and leads the mind a willing captive

to its bewitching power. THE TASTE FOR MUSIC.

There is, however, a very common im-pression among many persons, even those of general culture, that there are music lovers who, although having had no previous eduschool wear at 49c. Look at them.

who, although having had no previous edu-cation in music, yet possess excellent taste in the selection and appreciation of musical compositions of a high order. It is admitted that there are those who have acquired by frequent hearings of meritorious works a sort of quasi taste for the classics in musical

sort of quasi taste for the classics in musical art, but such persons after all depend large-ly on their natural instincts, which proves not a knowledge of law principles, but a re-fined and poetical nature which is in itself simply the bud containing the undeveloped cultured flower. But what is taste? Webster says: "Some consider taste as a mere sensibility and others as a simple ex-ercise of judgment; but a union of both is requisite to the existence of anything which deserves the name. An original sense of the beautiful is just as necessary to mesthetic judgments as a sense of right and wrong to the formation of any just conclus-ions on moral subjects." have tried it. E. D. Book, Blain, Perry DABBS, the well-known photographer, will make a finer exhibit than ever at the Exposition, and show some new and beauti-

ions on moral subjects." But the sense of the beautiful is not an arbitrary principle. It is under the guid-

EARLY FALL OFFERINGS.

Summer's sun is setting, and the season for summer goods fast drawing to a close. The atmosphere joins the almanac in telling us of the near approach of fall. Turn which way you will in our store, and the same truth is told. The piles of summer merchandise are littleing, fall goods arrive daily.

Thanks to your appreciation of the immense reductions we made at the beginning of the present month on what then remained of our summer stock, we have been kept fairly busy in what is known as the dullest month of the year in business. Now our thoughts and yours, too, turn to fall and fall goods.

FALL OVERCOATS.

Seems a little early; perhaps, to advertise them, but the people ask for them daily and we're here to supply whatever is asked for. The people are right, too, for one of these useful garments in the present changeable weather will save many a man from taking an unpleasant cold.

IN OUR SUIT DEPARTMENT

It is between hay and harvest. Some of the fall goods have already arrived and there's quite a stock of the medium-weight and dark colored Sum-

makers of repute are here. It's mer Suits still left. Many special bargains among the latter, for a mere question of price from we have not changed the prices on scores of Suits which \$1 98 to \$3 24. The style is were marked down during recent sales.

No better assortment of Men's Suits in the city to-day than we are showing at from \$5 to \$15.

IN BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

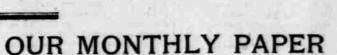
Here's a special just as We are ready with an unrivaled assortment both with short and long pants. We celebrate the opening of school with a 100 dozen Cloth Hats for special drive in Boys' Short-Pant Suits at \$1 98. You'll find boys in plain colors and fancy these both stylish and serviceable, and a large variety of patchecks, the very thing for terns from which to select.

As a companion to this we offer a line of Suits with long We secured these cheap and pants at \$4, which it will pay you to look at if you have boys to to be found in the city. Ladies' fine we'll give you the benefit. clothe. You'll not equal the values in these two specials in any quality Tampico Straight Goat, butstore in the city.

GUSKY'S MARKET STREET.

EXPOSITION VISITORS.

Visitors to the Exposition will find a cordial welcome at our store, whether they desire to make a purchase or not. Come in and make us headquarters while in town, and get your baggage checked free.



For September will be ready this week. It is humorous and entertaining, and contains a deal of solid, common sense in reference to matters of dress. Send your name and address and a copy will be mailed you.

In Neckwear are now ready. No need to pay a big price to get the very latest, Our charge is for

FALL STYLES

quality only and we've a fine assortment at from 49c to \$1. LADIES' SHOES.

The Spring Heel Shoe is very popalar with the ladies. Here are five pecials in them: Glazed Dongola, Glazed Dongola, patent leather tip, Glazed Dongola, in extra quality, Cloth top, patent leather tipped,

Another bargain.

We are offering a ladies' extra quality glazed Dongola, patent leather tipped, opera and common sense toe. at \$2 50, equal to any shoe at \$3 50 ton, \$1 50, worth \$2.