

OLD AS PIGS' SNOUTS

AN INDIVIDUAL TENOR TREMBLES WITHIN OPERA AUDIENCES.

Some of Metropolitan More Concerned in Viewing Society on Parade Than Performance.

On the curtain rose on the last act of the opera after a longer intermission than usual, and the American prima donna and the long and laborious aria which followed to be the most brilliant feature her performance during the evening.

A society matron who possibly more than any one else in the long and glittering career of the opera is always the observed of audiences gave a smiling word to the woman who during the entrance of the opera was visiting the box. Then she turned her eyes casually to the stage.

The artist was singing gloriously, putting her experience and years of labor and her natural gift into the performance of the great aria which was to decide either or not she could rank with some her predecessors in the same role.

The society matron eyed her casually, but the house by her glance immediately started, and even turning to the man beside her, bidden to inform her that she was ready to leave. At all events, she arose just as the prima donna uttered a superb declamatory passage in a superbly dramatic fashion.

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Several times during the season some persons have been aroused and break from the spectators, but these persons have not been frequent enough to draw the attention of the managers to the fact that the opera is not so much enjoyed as it is held to be.

The same story. A performance of "The Barber of Seville," in Elizabeth's opera house, and so far as the audience exhibited interest at the conclusion of the performance, she might not have been on the stage.

It is a fact that the audience is not so much interested in the performance as it is held to be. The lights in the opera house are former.

A New Experience. As if anybody had suddenly raised blinds at the Waldorf during an assembly and given the patrons of the auditorium an opportunity to look in and see what the people who doings would be revealed in the newspapers the next morning.

RED RATS RATTLED HIM

YOUNG BOHEMIAN HAS EXPERIENCE WITH VERMILION RODENTS.

Visit Him at His Barracks Slaughter, but He Doesn't Make Much Inquiry for Fear of Remark.

"It was a most peculiar dilemma," said the young man who told the story, "one of those situations in which a fellow can't explain himself for fear of being misunderstood.

"A couple of weeks ago I rented a suite of three rooms in an old building not far from the Hotel Royal, one of those ramshackle barracks that were once handsome mansions, and precisely adapted to the picturesque semi-Bohemian snugger I had been longing for several years to establish on that side of town.

"I was smoking a corn-cob pipe in the rear room, which overlooks a very quiet brick courtyard, and happened to notice a red rat on top of the ceiling. 'A red rat!' exclaimed his listeners in astonished chorus. 'Did you say red rat or dead rat?'

"I said red rat and meant red rat," replied the narrator. "The rat I saw was burst out laughing. 'Only once,' he said. 'They were little tin cans and carried blue porcelain. 'Oh! but seriously, you'll see you'll find it serious,' said he, 'unless you quit drinking.'

"That discouraged me. I had intended going through the whole block systematically and questioning everybody, but now I was bound to leave in the five-minute ward if I persisted, so I went quickly back to my room and tried to view the situation philosophically.

"There are some red rats about the premises," I said to myself. "I don't know where they came from, or how they acquired that peculiar color, and what in more, I don't care. I will dangle them from my mind." But that was easier said than done. I hate a mystery, and was haunted by the horrible fear that I was the victim of a hallucination.

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and I was smoking a corn-cob pipe in the rear room, which overlooks a very quiet brick courtyard, and happened to notice a red rat on top of the ceiling. 'A red rat!' exclaimed his listeners in astonished chorus.

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FOR SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

Revolutionary Damsel Changes Bridegroom at Last Moment.

The historical and genealogical societies often bring to light interesting family tales and traditions, remarks the Youth's Companion. In a paper read before a local society, a New England woman recently related an amusing anecdote of a spirited ancestress of revolutionary days.

The damsel, Abigail by name, was loved by two brothers, Asaph and Aabel, but she had been betrothed to the former. The wedding day was set, but the bridegroom, who was an ardent patriot, he a rather lukewarm one. It was during the very darkest days of the war, and it did not appear to her fitting that the marriage should be celebrated with much expectation or display.

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At Grace M. E. church, corner Twelfth and Taylor streets, the services will be as usual. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. H. D. Atchison, will preach a sermon on, 'The Threefold Blessing of the Lord.'

At the First Congregational church, Mr. E. B. Stevenson, of the American Sunday school union, will speak in the morning, and the pastor will deliver the fourth in the series of midwinter lectures on, 'Heroes of the Past.'

At the Sunnyside Methodist church will hold services, both morning and evening, every night next week, except Monday.

At St. David's church at 11 A. M. the pastor will preach a sermon on 'The World's Debt to Faithful Men.' His evening theme will be, 'What Time Is It?' New members will be received into the fellowship of the church at both services.

At St. Paul's Episcopal church, Rev. Peter Ritter, pastor, will preach a sermon on 'The World's Debt to Faithful Men.' His evening theme will be, 'What Time Is It?'

At the Epworth League church, Rev. J. H. Allen will preach a sermon on 'The World's Debt to Faithful Men.' His evening theme will be, 'What Time Is It?'

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We Must Make Room For New Goods which will be here soon, as our Mr. Henry Jenning is now in the East buying New Patterns in Furniture and Stoves

We therefore need room and will give special prices on all goods. Call and inspect our line.

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"JERSEY LILY" REVISITS AMERICA.

Mrs. Hugo de Bathé. (From a recent photograph.) Mrs. Langtry-de Bathé is again visiting America—this time in the two-fold role of actress and a miser of funds for the relief of sick and wounded British soldiers in South Africa.

"What in the world is the matter with those people in front?" asked a prima donna the other evening in French. "Are they seated on their hands?"

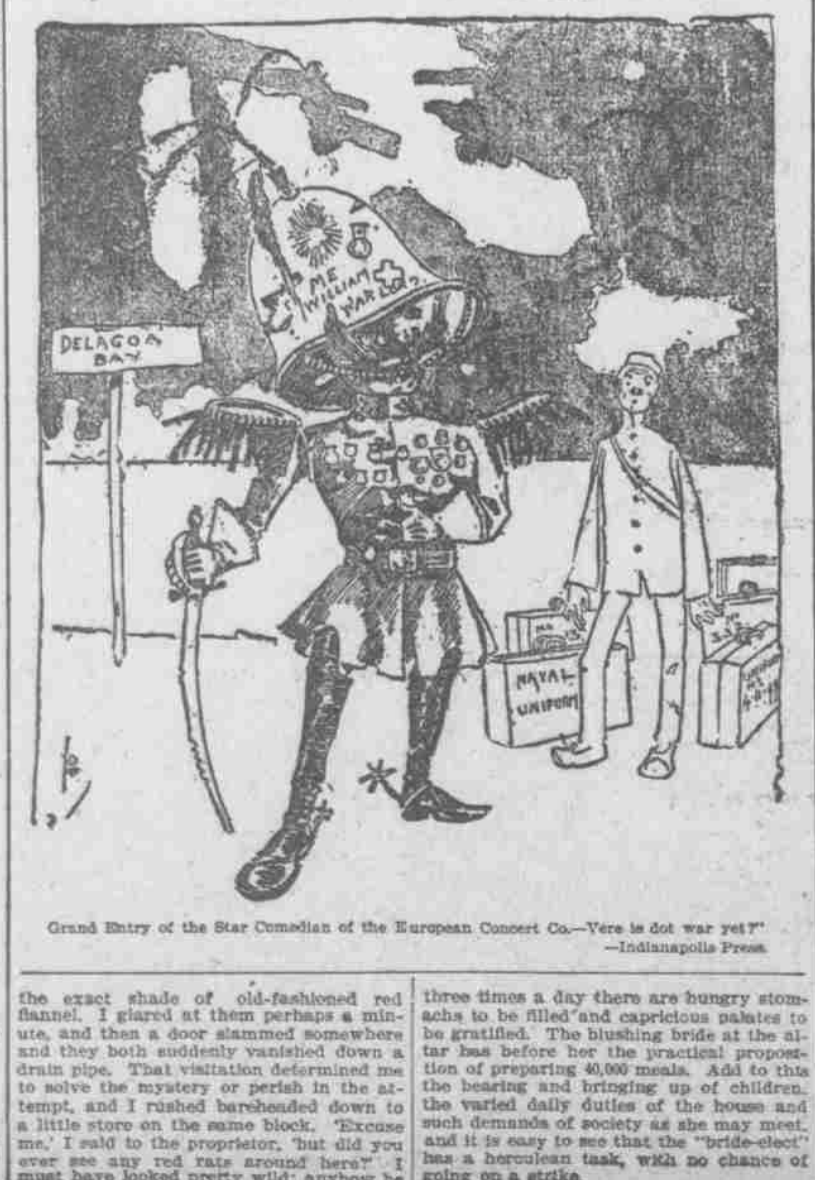
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THE WAR IS NOW OVER.



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THIS WEEK ONLY

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CHURCH DIRECTORY. Baptist. Second Baptist—Rev. Ray Palmer, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30; Epworth League, 6:30; prayer, Thursday, 7:30.