ILL AYE AS A CRITIC.

SCOURSES TOUCHINGLY UPON CTOR O'CONNOR'S HAMLET.

rks on the Manner in Which "Did Up" the Play-Mr. Chilling Reception at the Star

sek has witnessed the closing of the great Shakespearean humorist the Star theatra. During his extra ary snaggement be has given us Ham-nidias and Shylock, Uthello and Riche I think I like his Hamlet best, and yet re to see him in anything where

ng his Hamlet I am of the opin ne did wisely in choosing New York gring purposes, for had be chosen Col. at the end of the third act nds would have removed him from

by means of benzine and a rag.

James Owen O'Counor has done one

shich i take the liberty of publicly alto He has taken that saddest and

lelancholy bit of bloody history, trimnations down the bac with remorse, insanity, duplicity uited love, and he has filled it with hughter and cauliflower and mirth other groceries which the audiw in from time to time, thus make ore of a spectacular piece than it is be conservative management of such of men as Booth, who seem to think ismlet should be sonked full of sadness at to see Hamlet, thinking that I would come, for my sympathies were with when I heard that Mr Booth was on him and seeking to injure him. o the box office and explained who I and see Mr O'Connor act, also that in imph say afterwards my instructions to give it to Booth and Barrett if I that they had tampered with the andi

man in the box office did not recog but said that Mr. Fox would extend the usual courtesies. I asked where could be found, and he said inside. tarted to go maide, but ran against e tranger, who was "on the door," as we He was feeling red and yellow tickets arge tin oven, and looking far, far I conversed with him in low, pass nes, and asked him where Mr. Fox ue found He did not know, but he was still in Europe. I went back the box office that Mr. Fox was in He said no. I would find him in-well, but how will I get inside?" I gerly, for I could already, I fancied,

it in," said he, taking in \$2 and givtifty cents in change to a man with at in his overcoat pocket.

orchestra beginning to twang its

back, and, springing lightly over rading, while the gatekeeper was gover his glorious past, I went all over the theatre looking for Mr. found him haggling over the price of getables which he was selling at the look, and which had been contributed rers and old subscribers to Mr. or at a previous performance, a Mr Fox got through with that

to him my card; which is as good a to Missouri river and to which I

the Missouri river and to which in the point with prida. For said he was sorry, but that Mr. sor had instructed him to extend no see to the press whatever. The press, med, had said something derogatory UConor as a tragedian, and while seem is would be tickled to death to ally would be tickled to death to two divans and a folding bed near fiddle, be must do as Mr. O'Connor d-or tade him, I forget which, and ping tack his tears with great diffi-he sent me, tack to the box office, and hi was already admitted in a general went to the box office and purchased I believe now that Mr Fox thought virtually excluded me from the house told me I would have to pay in or

ght a seat in the parquet and went in. ice was not large and there were a dozen ladies present.

son the orchestra began to coze in s little opening under the stage. verture was given. It was called t." The curtain now rose on a scene mark. I had asked an usher to take a Mr O'Connor requesting an audience, boy had returned with the statement r O'Connor was busy rehearing his ly and removing a shirred egg from

any one it was all he could do to ugh himself for a mess. PConnor introduces into his Hamlet

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gestures evidently intended for People who are going to ac e stage cannot be too careful in get good assortment of gestures that will lay itself. James has provided him-ha set of gestures which might do for twa or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," y do not fit Hamlet. There is where a mistaka. Hamlet is a man whose don't agree with him. He d and talks about sticking a bodking nself, but Mr. O'Connor gives him a lastic step and an air of persiflage ie and frisk which does not fit the

Connor has sought in his conception pretation of Hamlet to give it a jaunty Kokomo flavor—a nameless of tansy and dried apples which have himself failed to sock into his

ng to combine the melancholy of Hamiet's deep and earnest pathos gentle humor of "A Hole in the Mr O'Connor has evidently corked as we say at the Browning club, and justice after all. Before we curse demnation of the people and the pres arefully and prayerfully look our er and see if we have not over esti

are many men alive today who do say anything without first thinking will read in their memoirs—men a cannot, therefore, thoroughly enthey are dead, and yet who green only so long as the appro-ta-Bill Nye in New York World.

STORIES THAT MIGHT BE TRUE.

THE DISCOMPTITED CAPITALIST

There was once an alderman who was ap-roached by a capitalist on the subject of unicipal economy. Said the capitalist to

"I have in my pocket an ordinance which i am sure would greatly benefit the public in this city were it passed. I have also \$500 in my pocket which I intend, seeing that you are a worthy man, to present you with."
"Sir," replied the alderman, "I have goods enough to content my modest wants, and do not care for your money. As for the ordi-

untere for your money. As for the ordi-uance, I will look on that at the proper time. And now, as I am already late for prayer meeting, I trust that you will excuse me. * THE MAN AND HIS UMBRELLA.

Once upon a time there was a man who had no umbrella, although it chanced to be raining very hard. He stepped into the office of a friend and said to him:

"I would like to borrow your umbrella. will return it in an hour."

"Certainly, with pleasure," was the reply it was then 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At one minute of 3 the man appeared in his friend's office and returned the umbreila.—

She Got Tired.

Her busharid was a writing editor. He wrote the serious editorials His wife did not read them. She had seuse, too. She and her bushand used to hold long discussions on serious and important public questions, in which, of course, he did all the talking. But flattered ber that be should think enough of her intellect to discuss such subjects with ner, and she was happy One day she had nothing to do. It was raining, she could not go out, and she had no interesting novei. So she picked up the paper, and her eye fell on an editorial. It sounded familiar somehow, and as she read on she found in it a whole iot of ideas that her bushand had laid down in a very simple, affectionate kind of a way in a very simple, an ectionate and of a upon to one of those discussions. It dawned upon her, the whole scheme. She said nothing but very soon after the husbane began work ing the conversation round to some a subject. She gave him free way for a while

en she rose up:
"Now, John," she said, "if you want to try your editorials on a dog, get somebody ele to be the dog."—San Francisco Chronicla

Modern House Architecture.

Eastern Dame—My dear, Pm arraid you will make a great mistake if you decide on a plan for our new villa without consulting

Mr. Esthote.
Husband—Humph! I know just abo much about stylish architecture as Mr. Esthete any day. I studied architecture my self when I was young.

"Did you really! Then the selection will

be simple enough, of course."
"I should remark. The only thing neces

sary to be in the top noteh of style is to make the house look as if it was never intended to be lived in."—Omaha World.



Mistress sat breakfasts-Bridget, I told you to always bake the potatoes, not fry them.

Bridget-Yis, mum. but it's not mesilf that can ate baked potatys sivin mornins in wake.-New York Sun.

How Puffery is Honored.

Box Office Clerk-That sugary notice by Mr. Blank, the critic of The Daily Civilizer, has brought us in a big crowd to-night.

Theatrical Manager—Yes, there's \$900 in the house, if a cent.

A few moments later-Rich Patron (pointing to Mr Blank)-Who is that intellection looking gentleman! Do you know him!
Theatrical Manager—Yes, he's one of these
newspaper deadheads.—Omaha World.

A Success & | Machine

"How did that burglar alarm I sold you

"Great."

"Worked very well, eh!" "Yes, when it went off it alarmed everybody in the house so badly that the burglars got off with everything before we were obeing rattled."—Nebraska State Journal.

A Competent Nurse

Mistress (to applicant)-Yes; I have advertised for a nurse. Are you competent to A

Applicant—Oh, yis, mum.

Mistress—You never give them paregorio Applicant—Niver, mum. I allers prefers

Three Hundred Growls per Day.

The number of growling, grumbling com unications on all sorts of subjects received by The London Times averages 300 per day, and every one of them is written in the full at it will be published. Only one in 600 ever appears in print.-Detroit Free

Two hundred thousand infants under two years old are believed to be farmed out in

The Teeth of Whales.

The teeth of whales furnish one of the remarkable features indicative of the origin of that animal. They form a complete but rudimentary set, characteristic of a more perfectly developed land mammal, but disappear shortly after birth, performing no function whatever.—Globe-Democrat.

POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE PROGRESS MADE, IN LESS THAN HALF A CENTURY.

Origin of the Idea in 1653-Introduction of the System in England in 1840. What the First Stamp Looked Like. Collecting.

How many letter writers, when they lick the back of the portrait of the Father of his the back of the portrait of the Father of his Country before ornamenting a corner of the envelope with it, realize that they are taking the initial step in the enjoyment of a privi-lege which their grandfathers did not possees to So, thick and fast come the advancing steps of civilization, the march of progress is such a "company front" movement, that the labor saving, time annihilating, ease and comfort bringing innovation of yesterday is the staid, accepted, commonplace fact of to-

day.

Thu it is with the prepaid postal system. The children who wondered at the first postage stamp are nearly all in the land of the living yet, to tell the wonderful story. But they don't tell it. They have forgotten all about it. To the Rev. Roland Hill, of London, who was a statesman as well as a great divine, should be given the credit for the introduction of an idea which was coust in its introduction of an idea which was equal in its day and generation to the most startling invention of Edison.

invention of Edison.

It was in 1840—not long ago, to be sure—that the old system of leaving the postage on your missives to be paid by the receiver was abolished in England, and the prepaying postage stamp made its first bow to the public. It bore about as much resemblance or affinity to the beautiful and artistic Jubicae series issued lest summer by the Stiffeh lee scries issued last summer by the British government as George Stephenson's first lo-comotive bears to the iron steeds of the railroads of today.
ORIGIN OF THE IDEX

The idea of prepaid or stamped paper originated in the brain of M. de Velayer, who in 1653, in the rei n of Louis XIV, established a private pearly post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets of Paris for the recep-tion of letters, which were franked by past-ing bands about them. These slips were sold for a sou tape, and "could be bought," says M. Piron in a pamphlet published in 1838, "at the palace, at the turn tables of the convents and from the porters of colleges." But the idea died apparently with its originator, not to be revivified till in 1837 Rowland Hill

not to be revivified till in 1837 Rowland Hill obtained the passage by parliament of a bill which proposed the prepayment of postage by means of stamped envelopes.

William Mulready obtained the contract for engraving the envelope in 1840, and his design was unique and perhaps prettier and more tasteful than any following issue of Great Britain. It had the merit of symbolium too. It covered the whole upwer helf jem, too. It covered the whole upper half and ends of the envelope, leaving only space enough for the address, like postal cards of today. There was an ideal portrait of Britoday. There was an ideal portrait of Bri-tannia sending out angelic messengers to the nations of the earth, while female figures, were seen reading letters. Within a year this unwieldy device was discarded for a simpler conceit, which could be pasted or gummed to an ordinary envelope. These stamps were printed in sheets and were sepa-rated by cutting. Then some one lost to fame thought of a way to gum them in the fame thought of a way to gum them in the sheets ready for use, and afterward another unsung benefactor of the race invented the perforating machine, which is still used, so that no scissors were needed to separate the

Since 1840 the British government has issued a dozen series of stamps, renowned among philatelists as the least attractive in the whole 9,000 varieties of postage stamps that have been printed in these forty-eight years. All the British stamps bear the dia-demed head of Queen Victoria, and it may be said in passing that there are fifty-five colonies and provinces of the dominion on which the sun never sets which have issued postage stamps Queen Victoria. stamps bearing the portrait of

IN THE UNITED STATES.

But this boasted land of progress did not take up the new fangled notion of our British cousins till 1847-after Switzerland, and even Brazil had adopted it. J. Walter Scott,

who has made a small fortune in the busi ness of collecting the postage stamps of all nations and selling them to collectors, and who has lately retired from business, has in his possession a bill made out by J. Lorimer Graham, who was postmaster of New York city prior to the introduction of postage on mail addressed by him to his customers, and which he had contracted to pay in advance. There are now some 300 stamp issuing countries, and the prepaid postal service is oniversal.

There is no amusement so instructive for a youthful mind as that of stamp collecting.
The stamps form a splendid kindergarten.
The collector's curiosity is stimulated to inquire into the reasons of the various designs and changes, and he is led to investigate the and changes, and he is led to investigate the history, manner and customs of the stamp issuing countries, so that educators have largely accepted the pastime of collecting stamps as a help in these branches. The late Mrs. Whiting, of this city, adopted this "fad" as a part of her curriculum, and Mr. Scott says that in the past twenty-five years he has numbered among his customers many of the great of this country and Europe who ught liberally of the letter franking have b adhesions for their children, grandchildren rephews and nieces, while not a few of then have derived much personal enjoyment from the study of philately.—New York Evening

The corps of mounted infantry (chasseurs a pied) has been reorganized by the French general staff, and now follows that admirable system of tactics which was devised by our Gon Sheridan. The underlying principle is to make the horseman a trooper as well as a foot soldier, and though fighting on foot is not soldier, and though fighting on foot is his vocation, and the horse a means of hurry-ing him along, yet on occasion to be able to dash on an exposed flank of the enemy with the same impetuosity and effectiveness as a regular trooper.—Scientific American.

France's Mounted Infantry Corps.

Those "Nickel" Machines. Bagley-I wonder why this infernal beggar is always waiting on the corner as I come out of the office! Gagley-He wants you to drop a nickel so

you can see him go,-Life.

LOVE'S INFINITUDE.

Will time, you ask, my heart from thine estranged.

The quality of loving do not mock!

Can hearts that love find time in Time to change?

That one tick of the great celestial clock.

The angels hear, wherein we can but clasp.

The thing we love and lay it on the tomb—

That breathing space, wherein we can but grasp.

The key to Heaven, and lo! the gates uploom,

And we stand trembling on the outer side.

Ask, rather, can a breeze fan out the sun?

Love is eternal. Heaven is its throne,

Infinitude its limit, God its guide,

And Time can only teach to thee and me

A golden prelude to a love to be.

—Orelia Key Beil in Detroit Free Press.

A Week's Supply of Stamps. That popular actor, W. J Florence, was once an employe of a bank note company in this city. He was talking about it recently this city. He was talking about it recently as he was licking a postage stamp for service on a letter which he held in his hand. Said he: "The firm was Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edison. They were bank note printers, and had contracts from the government. They printed and gummed the postage stamps. It was my duty, as office boy, to spend half an hour twice a week with a brush and my hand in spreading the gum preparation over the stamps. The amount of labor on my part supplied the entire amount required for a whole week. Just think of the difference between that time and now. I presume it would take me three months to gum by hand a week's supply of stamps for gum by hand a week's supply of stamps for the government. This old experience of mine was in 1846 or 47. The printers had their offices on the top floor of what is now the custom house. It was then the Merchants' Exchange."—New York Tribune.

One Use of the Parasol. There is a new phase, of the plate glass show window study. The ladies have apparently found out that they can't stop to admire themselves, under pretense of examining goods, without everybody knowing it, and have adopted another plan. As soon as one of the fair ones reaches her favorite pullic mirror she throws her parasol or sun um-brella over her shoulder in such a manner as to completely hide her figure from the top of her hat to her waist, or thereabouts, accord-ing to the size of the umbrella. Then, having thus placed a screen between herself and the unregenerate starers of either sex, she proceeds to survey her charms, real or alleged, of face, figure and costume. Five ladies were seen thus occupied before one large show window at one time. - Courier-Journal.

Why Gentlemen Wear Black.
Bulwer's "Pelham" became so popular immediately after its publication as to change the fashion of gentlemen's coats." In those days gentlemen wore, for evening dress, coats of brown, or green, or blue, according to their fancy. In the novel, Lady Frances Pelham says in a letter to her son: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue Why Gentlemen Wear Black. Pelham says in a letter to her son: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compli-ment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Every gentleman who read "Pelham" took to himself the who read "Pelham" took to himself the "great compliment," and from that day black has been the color of gentlemen's full

Better Than a Pen Wiper. On the sergeant's desk in the Twenty-third sub-precinct police station, at the Grand. Central station, an excessively inky potato is always to be found.

is always to be found.

"It makes a new pen as good as old and an old one as good as new," says Sergt. Haradon, and when his pen troubles him in any way as he tries to write he jabs it into the tuber. He claims that it is the sovereign remedy, it takes off a brand new steel gloss in a jiffy, and in an equally satisfactory way it eats off the rusted and corroded surface of a pen long in use.—New York Evening World.

A Seat in the House.

The seats in the house of representatives are drawn by lot at the beginning of the session. The first man whose name is called takes his choice, and so on. But a member can get a particular seat in this way: He enlists the help of a page, or if the page is too youthful looking he gets some doorkeeper or other attache of the hall to fill the desired chair. The luckier congressman does not notice that the good seat is not really drawn, the more experienced one, however, goes and takes it when his name is called.—New York

Destruction of Antiquities Owing to the stringent law against selling antiques in Greece, many objects are broken when found by peasants or thrown into the when found by peasants or thrown into the sea. A similar move in Egypt under Said Pasha produced similar results. A new de-cree makes it unlawful to deal in antiquities, and will make the Arabs who find tombs and scattered antiques yet more secretive, and lead them to destroy objects rather than allow their existence to be known.—Boston Budger.

Could Shake Hands All Day. "Hello, Jake, what are you doing bere?" said a well dressed man to a gateman in the New York entrance of the Brooklyn bridge during the homeward rush lest night. "I

New York entrance of the Brooklyn bridge during the homeward rush lest night. "I thought you were still in politica." "So I am," was the reply; "I am practic-ing for the presidency, "and he worked the handle of the ticket chopper up and down with renewed vigor.—New York Sun.

American Workmen's Clothes.

A correspondent writes us: "The English travelers' talk about the ragged and dirty clothes which American workmen wear reminds me of the advice my tather used to give me: 'Don't wear your best clothes every day; if you do you will soon have no best dothes to wear.' The Englishman had not een properly instructed in clothes wearing."

Boston Transcript.

Bug Proof Fences. A Kansas man told me recently that an in-genious individual in southern Kansas had invented a fence to keep out chinch bugs. He takes a strip of flooring and sets it on the ground with the groove side up. In the groove he puts candle wick and saturates it with coal oil. The chinch bug, when it crawls up the side of the board and gets a suff of the kerosene, retreats in disgust.

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

A SUGGESTION TO HAPPY CHILDREN ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY.

Directions for Taking India Ink Impressions of Ferns-Information Abo American Indians in General, and the Ute Tribe in Particular.

The name of Indians was first given to the red men of America from the mistaken notion of the early voyagers-Columbus himself included-that the newly found continent was in reality a part of India. This was soon shown to be an error, but the name of Indians thes wrongfully applied to the inhabitants continued to be used in every narrative of voyage and discovery, and has descended to our own times, only that we now qualify it to some extent by speaking of the red men as



UTE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

There are many tribes among the American Indians, but year by year their numbers are decreasing. The home of the civilized and partially civilized remnants of the once powerful and warlike Indian tribes is known as the Indian territory, and contains what are called reservations, on which the various tribes dwell. Agents representing the United States live among these tribes with a view to their further advancement and protection. Many of the tribes have settled down in com Many of the tribes have settled down in comparative contentment and follow agricultural pursuits for a livelihood and have become quite civilized. Others, from their naturally fierce and warlike dispositions, continue to give more or less trouble to the government. Among the latter may be named the Utes in Colorado and the Apaches in New Mexico. Our out represents a Ute squaw and her papoose, or baby. The Utes are a tribe of the Shoshones or Snakes, are migratory in their habits and great hunters. They enjoy wandering about the country and are to be found in New Mexico, Nevada, Utah and wandering about the country and the bound in New Mexico, Nevada, Utah and Colorado. When a Ute squaw takes up her line of march she straps the little papoose to her back. In the cut she is holding the infant in her arms, so that our young people may have a picture of the faces of both mother and child.

India Ink Impressions of Ferns.

India Ink Impressions of Ferna.

Procure some smooth cartridge paper, then take the ferns or leaves and arrange them in position. If ferns, they look well put in ryups; if ivy, it will look well as a border; whichever it is, put a pin through a leaffer and there to keep the fronds trom moving—very fine pins, or the holes will show. Then procure a small tooth comb, a stick of India ink, and a toothbrush. Dispose the ink in water—don't get it in lurge stick of India ink, and a vocate in lumps-solve the ink in water—don't get it in lumps— and dip your brush in the ink. Do not get and dip your brush in gently along the too much on, and rub in gently along the comb, holding it over the group of ferns. It you get too much ink on your brush, it will fall in big drops; the object is to make them as fine as possible. Rub more or near the joints of the ferns, just as in a photograph, and let the color gradually die away to the

Take the ferns off, and, says Golden Days, you will be surprised at the effect you have produced. If neatly done, the ferns will bear a strong resemblance to a large sized photo-

The Elephant as a Nurse

In India, where the elephant is treated by his owner almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently, says St. Nichc-las, permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not esitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in it. If the lies came about the baby, it would drive live yavay. If the child cried the giant aurse would rock the cradle until the little one slept.

A Tame Gray Squirrel.

A young gray squirrel found by a party of children at Ivoryton, Conn., was cared for until it had grown large enough to help itself, when it was set at liberty. The children had no idea it would ever come back, but the same night the squirrel-came to the window and tapped upon the pane. It was admitted, and the next morning whisked away again. It has built two nests, using whichever it chooses in the night time, except when it rains. Then it always asks for admission to

A Rich Beverage from Oranges

A Rich Beverage from Oranges.

To make rich orangeade steep the yellow rinds of six sweet and two bitter sweet oranges in a quart of boiling water, covering closely, for six hours; make a syrup with a pound of sugar and three pints of water; mix the infusion and syrup together; press in the juice of a dozen sweet oranges and two bitter sweet from which the rind has been taken; stir thoroughly and run through a jelly bag. The Florida Agriculturist, which gives the above, directs to seal it up hot, when it is to be kept for use.