

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

For the Sentinel.

IN MEMORY.

BY WALT S. HARRISON.

[On the death of Mrs. Sarah Thorpe, May 31, 1879.]

Mother, thou in peace art resting

Calm and still;

Sweetly sleeping death's long sleep—

At His will;

He who gave His life to save us,

He who loves us, He who blest,

Has seen fit to take you, mother,

To receive the promised rest.

All is o'er on earth forever,

All is done;

Thine eyes will open in that home

Beyond the sun,

Where the Savior and our loved ones

Who have died and gone before

Wait with happy hearts to meet you,

With a welcome evermore.

Hearts that loved by death must sever

For a time.

And we deeply feel the parting of our hearts

From thine.

But, dear mother, we will meet you

When we cross the river's tide,

Meet to part no more forever

On that bright and better side.

Thou hast borne the cross to help Him;

He will love and care,

He will take you home and bless you,

He will crown you there;

For no clouds of sorrow, mother,

Cast their shadows on that shore,

Where life's river flows forever—

There is rest forevermore.

THE STAGE AND STAGE PEOPLE.

"Eloise et Abelard," Gounod's new opera, is nearly completed.

Louise Ponneroy and W. H. Leake will star together next season.

They say that Sohern took the Juke of Beaufort along to dig the worms.

The Volks family have brought out in London a new musical comedy called "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Miss Mary Anderson has bought a house in Syracuse, and the Courier of that city says that she is thinking of making it her home.

Miss Taylor, daughter of Bayard Taylor, has made a translation of "Masks and Faces," which has been produced with success upon the German stage in Berlin.

Since Sarah Bernhardt is said to wear in "Ruy Bias" a dress that cost \$1,400, Joe Jefferson has consented to buy a new pair of pantaloons for the latter part of "Rip Van Winkle."

Private dispatches from San Francisco indicate that Mr. Lester Wallack has met with an unusually hearty reception, and one that is thoroughly gratifying to the veteran actor and manager.

The following paragraph, from a London journal, is dated June 7: "The last nights of Miss Neilson are now announced at the Adelphi, as the lady requires a rest before she starts to undertake her farewell tour with Mr. Max Strakosch in the United States."

Mr. Robert E. J. Miles, the Cincinnati theatrical manager, thinks it is a financial detriment to act now in America. "I told Alice Oates," he said, in speaking of the Oates-Laurence case, "that three-fourths of her 'draft' in the West, where she was strongest, was among the young men, and if she was married they would not care a rap to see her."

At Wallack's New York theater the success of Miss Ada Cavendish in "Miss Gwilt," so late in the season, is unprecedented. It is due to the strength of the play, admirable acting and the strong realistic effects in which one may study the possibilities of human nature when her morals give way under the growing pressure of a crime which one fatal step has made necessary.

During a recent performance of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Theater Royal, Brighton, England, in the scene where "Meadows" endeavors to screen himself from the charge of robbing "George Fielding," a lad in the gallery, fearful that "Meadows" would escape, cried out at the top of his voice: "Yah, go along; I seed him." The audience was convulsed with laughter over this episode.

A story concerning the late Mrs. Howard Paul is from the Dramatic News. Once in London, when there was a large take, Sims Reeves, who was the hero of the hour, sent word that he was indisposed. The manager knew this meant the return of the money. Mrs. Howard Paul was one of the singers, and at a moment's notice she went on for Mr. Reeves, and imitated his voice and manner so correctly that no one knew the difference.

The performances by the Comedie Francaise company at the Gaiety, London, have created the most profound interest. On the night of the 4th inst., "L'Etrange" was produced, with Sarah Bernhardt as "Mrs. Clarkson." "Hated, passion, contempt, scorn, cruelty, cynicism and revenge are here arranged as if they were the strings of a wonderful instrument, and from them Sarah Bernhardt produces most marvellous music that sways the audience with attention and wonder."

The old nonsense about the inconsistency of permitting "La Traviata" and not permitting "La Dame aux Camélias" has reappeared lately. The fair test is to take a modest girl to see the French play and to take her to see the Italian opera. The one will disgust her, the other will simply charm her with the music, and perhaps affect her by the death of the jilted girl. Take out the scenes of massacre from the original play, leaving the sentimentalism, and put all the characters into fancy dresses and make them sing, and the original unwholesomeness of the singed, and the original unwholesomeness of the singed, lorrette disappears.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

The parasol of Japanese shape is blue, with a lining of gold silk.

New parasols have wide borders like the gay bandana handkerchiefs.

Handsome silk embroidery on tulle, in colors and all white, is a novelty.

An effective model for a promenade dress in foulard silk is of dark plum and chamois colors.

A beautiful promenade costume for half mourning is of black and white polka-dotted and Pekin foulard.

Handsome fans are of painted silk, mounted on ivory, with a humming bird on its nest set on the outside stick.

Ladies carry small silk-velvet reticules, mounted on ebony, violet wood and bone.

Japanese fans of small sizes and very fine quality are embellished with fish, Guinea pigs, rabbits, and the impossible birds and other creatures of Mongolian fancy.

Most people are ignorant of the fact that the fig-leaf was merely Eve's summer costume. In the winter she wore a big palm-

leaf, bouffante, with scalloped edges and cut bus.

A fanciful vest for black silks and for grenadines is made of black lace laid over white or colored silk, either cream, gendarme blue, narcissus yellow, salmon, or very pale Nile green.

Embroidered satin vests are imported for the richest silks and grenadines and for satin dresses. They are usually in contrast to the color of the dress, even black dresses having very gay vests.

It is said that the prettiest bonnet worn at the opening of the Paris Salon was a Diana Vernon, with a low crown and wide brim, and trimmed with well curled black feathers and an ornament of peacock-green looping up the brim at the side.

Dotted and sprigged muslin costumes are among the most popular of present consideration. They are made short, and in demitaine, and trimmed with very sheer Hamburgh embroidered insertion and edging, Torchon and Bretonne laces.

One of the handsomest costumes worn during the spring is of gendarme blue camel's hair with silk of the same shade, and Scotch plaid satin in which a great deal of old gold enters. The camel's-hair waist is round, with standing collar, plastron, revers, and wide belt of the plaid satin, and to this belt is attached a flap bag, also of satin.

The fancy for draping the fullness of over-skirts very high is bringing round waists into prominence again, as the tails of basques conceal such drapery. As yet they are not very generally worn, though some of the newest French dresses made for ladies who have very long waists dispense with basques entirely, and have merely a broad belt all around.

Bunting balmoral are found light and pleasant for summer wear. They are shown in cream white, pale gray, light and dark blue shades, trimmed with one, two or three rows of knife-plaiting. The plaitings make them thick enough at the bottom, while the upper parts are quite transparent. Some of the most expensive skirts have bias satin stitched around them.

There are so many pretty suggestions given for the wearing of lace shawls it seems impossible to make a selection. All of the ideas advanced in this department of dress are replete with artistic effects. Perhaps the jaunty mode of carrying the front ends back over the hips to the panier will suit the young ladies, and the style of looping the ends like fichu wraps will be adopted by ladies of mature years.

In general, the costumes for morning wear, for travelling and for the seasons assume a more and more masculine appearance. The jackets open over vests, the latter call for the cravat. Attired in one of these three costumes, ladies look as if ready to mount on horseback. The hand only lacks the whip, and seems mortified at being obliged to hold an umbrella or parasol instead.

As to vests, it may as well be said that they are worn with all dresses, inasmuch as the morning and traveling costumes have their vests, quite as well as full toilles for dinners, receptions and balls.

People who like black dresses—and they are numerous—have this season adopted the Spanish dress. For the chateaux and sea-side cottages the summer wardrobe is not complete without a Spanish toilet. This is made of black faille, entirely covered with very transparent black organdy, or even black crepe.

The entire front is covered with rows of wide black lace, which are finished on each side with a bow, with long hanging loops, made of narrow pink satin ribbon.

Each bow is fastened with a rosette of black jet, with two tassels of uneven length, to match. The long train in the back (this toilet is never made short) is draped by means of a single large bow of white pink satin ribbon.

The corsage, cut square in the neck, and the elbow sleeves, are trimmed with pink bows and jet. In guise of a coiffure a small net of jet, with a large rose placed above the ear.

Parole's Rider.

The London World thus sketches Fred Archer, the jockey who has ridden to so many victories: "As he enters, dressed in a suit of dark clothes, relieved only by the chain which holds the magnificent watch presented to him by Mr. Dawson when he was out of his time, with his overcoat buttoned, and his blue coat tail held in his left hand, Fred Archer makes easily to take the rising young clerk in a thriving bank, dropped in to take his chief's orders on some important business."

Success appears to have steadied rather than unseated him, and nothing is more pleasant than to witness the deferential air of the most successful jockey of the day toward his former master and present friend and part employer. That it may not be thought that Fred Archer's quiet and modest demeanor is dwelt on overmuch, it may be well to mention that his present income, entirely his own, as he is out of his apprenticeship four or five years, is about as great as that of a queen's counsel in mid-career; of a special surgeon; of any royal academician, bating perhaps five, and almost half as great as that of an Italian tenor singer. It is quickly earned, without long delays, expectations and disappointments, for when he is put in charge it is not long before the event is decided. His great causes depend on the application within the span of a minute or six nice judgments; his successful operations on the display of consummate nerve and courage in tearing down a certain decisiveness, or in hugging the rails at an awkward turn; his great pictures are dashed in with a single stroke, as when he drove Jannette through the leading pair at Doncaster; his sensational effect when he brings a despised outsider like Chamberlain to the front and makes mince meat of his field. A very large income, the unbounded confidence of his employers and of the public, might help to turn many heads just arrived at legal manhood, but Fred Archer quietly keeps his own way and studies diligently to improve his in calling."

No Hiding in Paris.

[Paris Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

The population, permanent or floating, of every arrondissement or ward to Paris is counted every month. Be your abode at hotel, boarding house or private residence, within 48 hours you are requested to sign a register, giving your name, age, occupation and former residence. This, with the place mentioned, is copied by an official over travelling from house to house with his big blue book under his arm. The register gives also, the leading characteristics of your personal appearance. Penalty attaches itself to the host or landlord who fails to get and give to the official such registration of his guests. There are no unmarked skulking holes in Paris. Every house—every room is known, and under police surveillance. Every stranger is known and described at police headquarters within a few days of his arrival. Once within the walls of Paris, and historically, so to speak, your identity is always there. In case of injury to any person, the sufferer is not dependent on the nearest drug store for temporary hospital, as with us. In every arrondissement may be seen the sign, "Assistance to the Wounded or the Asphyxiated." Above always hangs the official doctor. I say "official" because a certain slender elongation of the figure staff denotes that the inhabitant is under Government supervision, and no private practice can adopt this fashion. The French flag is not flung biggity-biggity to the breeze like the stars and stripes, so that none can determine whether it indicates a United States Government station or a beer saloon.

We could not attend the emperor of Germany's golden wedding. In view of the recent death of our relative, Rothschild, it wouldn't have been just the thing.

THE GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

All relations concur that the great steamboat race between the R. E. Lee and the Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis broke old John Watt's heart, depicted his purse, and even unsettled his mind. He staked every dollar he had, some \$20,000 it is said, on the Natchez and lost it. He took a state room on board of his favorite to make the trip and to see the race, but he never occu-

HIS LAST HAND.

The Death of an Old River Gambler.

A Little of the Exciting History of John Watts, Who Used to Travel on the Mississippi River Steamboats in Anti-Bellum Days, Playing Poker from New Orleans to Louisville.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Old John Watts was a gambler by nature. He would be on everything, and last Thursday, when he died in his little room on Tenth street, the last words he uttered were: "I bet you I get well." There were no takers, for his son, a respected and able physician practicing in New Jersey, stood by the bedside and watched over the dying man only to alleviate the pains of death, not with any hope of saving a life. They carried Watts out to Mount Moriah yesterday, and the humble little funeral cortège that paid the last tokens of respect to the gambler's memory passed out of the gate of the cemetery as the long line of mourners that came to bury Major Maguire filed in ostentatious hundreds up the road from the railroad station. Watts was not known much in Philadelphia, but more than a score of years ago his face was much seen on the Western river steamboats, and his name was as well known as any man's in the Mississippi valley. He was the typical river gambler. Elegant of address, unexcitable, calculating, skilled at cards and willing to bet on anything in the world, he lacked nothing that could distinguish him in his calling.

A RIVER GAMBLER.

He was one of the men who traveled on the lower Mississippi in anti-bellum days, when the entire long cabins of steamers were given up to card parties, poker their game, and the stakes thousands. It was in those days that the pistol and bowie-knife often came in as referee in discussions over the game, but that occurred only when somebody did a mean thing with an ace or filled a pair by stealing a card, or doing some such little ploy in a way so shamefully bold and unskillful that detection could not help but ensue. Watts would not do that, it is said. He played fair and demanded fair play or fight. That these encounters were not of unfrequent occurrence with him two bullets-holes in his cheek, others in his body and knife wounds of greater or less dimension all over him gave testimony. For many years he traveled on the New Orleans, St. Louis and Louisville line of boats. 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