

IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

JANAUSCHEK WILL PRESENT "ESSEX" NEXT WEDNESDAY.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" on Thursday and Friday Evenings, and A Pair of Jacks on Saturday—Notes.

A varied and attractive list of attractions are offered the theatergoers at the opera house for the coming week. On Wednesday evening the distinguished tragic star, Janauscheck, will present her new play, Essex, instead of "Marie Stuart," as announced yesterday. This is said to be a grand play. The advance sale is announced to take place Monday morning. Following this engagement on Thursday and Friday evenings everybody will have a chance to see Charles Hoyt's masterpiece and greatest success "A Midnight Bell." It will be presented here by the original company and with a car load of scenery. The sale will open Tuesday morning. After "A Midnight Bell," on Saturday evening, the amusing comedy, entitled "A Pair of Jacks," will be given for the first time in this city, by a company of well known artists.

"A POOR RELATION."

Sol Smith Russell Delights a Fine Audience at Taylor's.

The standing-room-only placard was displayed at Taylor's last evening at 7:45 o'clock. Many minutes before the curtain was lifted on the first act of Edward Kipper's pleasing comedy-drama, a magnificent audience packed the theatre from pit to gallery. Sol Smith Russell is a favorite in Terre Haute—as he is in every quarter of the Union—and when he honors this city with a visit he is right royally received. The distinguished gentleman's entrance in the first act last evening brought forth a storm of applause that subsided only when the comedian raised his thin hand and his worn countenance in invocation of silence. The effect was magical. The great audience grew profoundly still in a single moment. The actor, shabbily-clad, thin of face and attenuated of figure, approached the footlights, leading two ragged children. His features were lengthened into pathetic earnestness; his eyes looked passively on the pretty Dolly. She spoke; the artist paused, and that sickly half-smile of his slightly curled upper lip. Electrical ran a current of merit through the vast assemblage. That trivial play of feature, insignificant as it was, would have elicited laughter from Claron himself. And so it is with Sol Smith Russell throughout the gamut of his endeavor. He is, indeed, a quaint quantity, a queer mixture of pathos and humor, of refinement and simplicity, of meekness and pride. Everything he does and everything he says bears the mark of genius. He fits the character of Noah Vale to a fastidious nicety. "A Poor Relation" is a comedy-drama of exceedingly clever construction, being simple but ingenious and free from undue emotionalism. Noah Vale conceives and executes the plans for a marvelous invention calculated to revolutionize mechanics. He appears in the house of his rich relative at the opening of the play. The latter operates a large factory. Noah springs his invention on the manufacturer. Before he has an opportunity to present his plans they are stolen from him. The villain attributes the theft to the heroine. Noah does not believe her guilty, and for her sake declares that he never had any plans and that he lied about the invention. This strong action closes the first act. In the next act Noah is seen in his garret. Fortune begins to turn. He recovers his plans. The next and closing act sees the villain exposed, Noah advanced to wealth and position, a scolding wife reformed, Noah united to the little heroine in whose favor he had made his first sacrifice of the truth, and the sublimely matched with her best friend. The following members of the cast were good: Alfred Hudson, E. D. Tannehill, Frank Lawton, R. F. Sullivan, Mrs. Mary E. Barker, Miss Lillian Owens, Miss Louise Mackintosh, Miss Merri Osborne, Master Hudson and Hazel Chapple. Lillian Owens makes an exceptionally sweet and pleasing heroine.

Stage Gossip.

Hanson's "Superba" is playing to splendid business in Brooklyn. Spenser's "Little Tycoon" is doing a magnificent business in the West. Evans & Hoyt are knocking 'em out in New York with their old show, "A Parlor Match." A stock company has been organized at Waco, Texas, to build a \$100,000 opera house. "From Sire to Son" is said to be the finest play Milton Nobles ever appeared in. He will play the eastern circuit. Julia Marlowe, it is reported, will recover. This news will be received with genuine gratefulness by all lovers of the stage. Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison are at work on a new comic opera to be called "The Isle of Champagne." It is rapidly nearing completion. The tour of "The Crystal Slipper" closed Saturday night in California. Al-Fayman and David Henderson having realized \$20,000 each from the spectacle. Al Dolson is in Cincinnati, organizing a comic opera company to take the road about December 13. The company is booked in some of the best theaters in the country. Miss Mattie Harvey, the well-known and dainty comedienne, will start on an extensive tour of the country, December 15th, in W. G. Wills' musical comedy-drama, "Jesse Daw." "A Pair of Jacks" opened at Delaware, Ohio, last evening. The business manager of this company is Will E. Jones, who has long been in the box office of Havlin's theater at Cincinnati. "A Poor Relation" has been enroute since early in August—except for a brief intermission, during which Mr. Russell was appearing in "The Tale of a Coat"—and it has drawn phenomenal houses everywhere. Robert Downing will shortly produce his new play, "The Sarsen," which is from the pen of the elder Dumas, produced originally at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. A. D. Hall, one of the ablest playwrights of the present day, translated and arranged the tragedy for Mr. Downing. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the comedian,

will star next season. It is understood that Stuart Robson will back the enterprise. Seabrooke made his first hit with "Two Bad Men," a farce-comedy. He afterwards created the deacon in "A Midnight Bell," from which company he subsequently withdrew.

"Shenandoah," during the past week, played to the largest running receipts ever known at the Grand opera house, New York. The house was sold solid every afternoon before the evening performance. Come to think of it, Terre Haute will see this great military play before the season closes.

Marie Atchison, playing the leading role with Patrice's "Midnight Call," company, at Janesville, Wis., recently, met with a serious mishap. In falling (the death scene) she struck her head on a bench and was rendered unconscious for several minutes. She was taken to Chicago and lies in that city at the present time in a critical condition.

Hazel Chapple, the sweet, natural, ingenious little girl who graces the child role of "Patch" in "A Poor Relation," is only six years of age. She is the daughter of George S. Stevens, stage director of the company, and that gentleman entertains lofty hopes for her future in the realm of dramatic art. Mr. Stevens is a young man comparatively, but is quite old in the theatrical profession. He came across the Atlantic with Mrs. Langley on the occasion of the distinguished lady's first visit to this country and was subsequently with Mrs. Potter for two seasons.

Mr. Stevens, stage director of the Russell company, in conversation with a News reporter, referred to the recent endeavor made by them to make a success of Boucicault's comedy, "The Tale of a Coat," in New York. "Mr. Russell," said he, "made a most careful and painstaking study of his part in the piece, and that it did not go proved a serious blow to him. He was confident of the merit of the representation—it was much more delicate than anything else he had ever undertaken—and was sanguine of its successful issue. It wouldn't go though; New York audiences didn't take up with it. I am sure there was a vast deal of genuine excellence in Mr. Russell's subtle delineation of the leading character, but the public seemed to look at the matter differently."

The following information concerning certain members of Sol Smith Russell's combination will be of interest. Frank Lawton, who played the part of Sociable Smith, was last seen here with "A Hole in the Ground." Miss Merri Osborne, who was pleasing in the soubrette role, may be said to have practically created the character of Scallops. She is the original, and has been with Mr. Russell a long time. Mrs. Mary E. Barker, who represented the rather disagreeable Eunice Faye, "the head of the house," is an artist of extended experience, and is markedly clever in her line. She is not exactly at home in the impersonation of Mrs. Faye, although she did it well. Her forte is in the delineation of Irish character. She was with Dion Boucicault during that brilliant but eccentric artist's career as a tor. E. D. Tannehill, who represented the role of Jasper Sterret, is a brother to Frank Tannehill, whose clever characterization of the wild robber in "Private Secretary" will be vividly recalled.

Colored Items.

Tommy Howell has been suffering with neuralgia in the face this week. Ed Balingier was in the city this week. Ben Murray, of Paris, was in the city Thanksgiving day. Miss Hill, of Brazil, was in the city this week. Rev. Roberts, of Canada, was in the city this week. Rev. Lewis, presiding Elder of the A. M. E. church, preached a good sermon in the Methodist church last Sunday. C. F. Stokes has taken the agency of the "Trials and Crucifixion of Christ." He is having much success. W. G. Jackson, who broke his finger about two weeks ago, is improving nicely. James Telford is receiving much praise for his cooking for Polytechnic students. Ben Williams will go to Kentucky on a business trip next week. John Waldron and family are expecting to go out West in the Spring. The quarterly meeting at the M. E. church was largely attended last Sunday. Preston Jackson has been suffering with rheumatism in his neck and shoulder. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams have a very fine boy several weeks old. Mrs. Mary Brown has started a mission Sunday school at her home on Twenty-second street. There is much interest manifested. Let the good work go on. The Thanksgiving entertainment at the A. M. E. church was a success both financially and socially. The Ladies Sewing circle of the Ebenezer Baptist church will give a social at Miss Mary Wagner's, on South Thirteenth street. All are invited. M. J. Johnson was on the sick list last week. James Day had a fine opossum dinner on Thanksgiving day and many of his friends enjoyed it. Thanksgiving dinner at the Ebenezer Baptist was a grand success and much can be said in praise of the committee for their good work. Mrs. Charity received a handsome present of a set of dishes for raising the largest amount of money in the jugs for the Ebenezer Baptist church on Thanksgiving. Hiram Kilgore is having success in the restaurant business. The Methodist ladies are making grand preparations for their fair during the holidays. Miss May Malard is preparing for an instrumental contest with Miss Grant, of Lafayette, on Christmas night at the Baptist church, and on the 26th will go to Lafayette. Rev. Wilson, of the A. M. E. church, is an enterprising minister and the church will prosper if it takes his advice. P. B. Townsend is the agent for the "History of Man." The United Literary Society will open Monday night, December 1st, with a good programme at the A. M. E. church.

In the Poor House no More.

Wm. Millison, of Helt township, this state, an inmate of the poor asylum, of Vermillion county, has been granted a pension with arrears, amounting to between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars and \$72 per month for the rest of his life, but Mr. Millison is insane, and can never enjoy his fortune. His guardian is W. M. Taylor, of Dana. This makes two big pensions granted to inmates of that asylum within the past three years. Geo. Fencannon also received about \$12,000, but died soon after. Joseph Chunn, another inmate, who has died since, received \$2,000.

EVERYBODY who is anybody reads THE NEWS.

A NEW OLD SONG.

I pray as men have prayed since earth was young. In varied voice or speech, a prayer of pain. I sing—ah! me! the song is ever sung. And evermore as now, in vain, in vain.

'Tis oh, to be a little child once more—A little, lowly child, dear God, I pray. I would give all my life as yet in store Could I retrace my childhood's rosy way.

Oh, cruel, questioning eyes, so keen and bright—Oh, cruel, all-revealing noonday sun! How can I choose but shudder at the light. When I have only wrecks to gaze upon—Oh, for the long, long shadows of the morn.

(The sun shone only on high places then) To tell me from pity or from scorn—Would to God I were a sinless child again!

How can I choose but mourn my lost estate Of high empire and white untroubled trust—The palace of my dreams made desolate. My king uncrowned, my treasures turned to dust.

Oh, tell me not that life has much in store—Can it give back what once I lost away? But oh, to be a little child once more! A little, lowly child, dear God, I pray.

—KATHERINE F. CONWAY.

THE TABLES WERE TURNED.

"But, Aunt Langley," said Vera Leigh, lifting her dark eyes to the proud, imperious face of the stately lady before her, "I have told you that I do not love Mr. Arnold, and I shall never marry a man I do not love."

Mrs. Langley shrugged her shoulders, and a smile of disdain flitted over her lips.

"Love! Bah! I had thought that you were above such nonsense! Love is but a fantasy of the brain—a school girl's dream—a delusion. Vera, I want you to yield to my wishes in this matter. Marry Warren Arnold, and you will be the richest woman in all Cleveland. He is a millionaire twice over; he is of good family and—"

"And old and ugly, and altogether horrid!" interrupted the girl, vehemently. "Aunt Langley, I would sooner die!"

"There—there is some one else!" cried Mrs. Langley, harshly. "I believe—no, surely Vera, you cannot care for Barry Grey? A poor clerk, with only his handsome face to recommend him. He is no match for you. You are both too poor to venture upon marriage, my dear—you would starve!"

"My Grey is a gentleman," returned the girl, her dark eyes flashing; "and he is the very best man I have ever known in my life. In every way unexceptionable, save that he is poor. Aunt Langley, we can wait. We are both young, and Barry has all the world before him where to choose."

Mrs. Langley looked disgruntled. "You are mad!" she said angrily. "I did believe better things of you, Vera, but I see that I am going to be disappointed in you after all. Well, marry Barry Grey and live in poverty all your life. I wash my hands of all responsibility."

Vera turned away and went out into the garden which lay green and smiling around the pretty home of her aunt with whom she lived. For Vera was poor—poor and beautiful. Mrs. Langley had long been convinced that with her face and manner the girl should wed a fortune.

"And here she has fallen in love with Barry Grey's handsome face!" ejaculated that lady. "There never was such madness before. If I could only do something to break up the delusion—to separate these two."

She pondered long and well, and at length a diabolical scheme came into her head. She wrote a letter to Vera in a feigned hand, and signed the name of Ellen Grey. This letter informed Miss Vera Leigh that she was the dupe of a designing villain; that the writer of the letter was Barry Grey's wife—his lawful wife—to whom he had been married some three years previous while absent from the city. It was a cruel plot, and Mrs. Langley little dreamed of the strange consequences that were destined to ensue.

Poor Vera! She read the letter, and sat like one stunned by the awful and unexpected blow. She made no confidence of her aunt, but instead she did what that lady had never counted upon her doing. She carried the letter straight to Barry Grey himself, and laid it in his hand. The young man—a noble-looking, dark-eyed, young fellow—read the forged letter with intense interest. When it was finished he started to his feet with a low cry.

"Vera, my darling, this is a cruel forgery!" he cried. "Of course you do not believe it? Look me in the eyes, Vera, and tell me you do not believe it, but that you trust in me and care for me as of old."

Something in his honest face and the expression of the deep dark eyes went straight to the girl's heart, and she could only bow her head.

"I believe you," she said simply. A few days later Mr. Arnold made Vera a formal proposal of marriage, and was quietly rejected. His face grew livid with wrath.

"You love that puppy, Barry Grey?" he cried; "but you shall never marry him. I swear it, for—"

But she had turned coldly away and left the room, and he saw her no more. He left the house in silent wrath, with a dogged determination that she should yet be his wife, by fair means or foul.

After that he persecuted poor Vera until life began to be a burden. Mrs. Langley was his ally, and between the two poor girls was nearly driven wild. Add to it all, Barry had left the city, having been summoned to a distant State upon business, and Vera had no one to sympathize with or protect her. At last the end came. Warren Arnold put in an appearance in Mrs. Langley's drawing-room one

evening, and finding Vera there alone, once more urged his obnoxious suit. She listened, pale and speechless with anger and indignation. At last she summoned her aunt.

"Aunt Langley," she cried desperately, "if this persecution does not cease I shall leave your house. Better to work as a servant in some one's kitchen than to submit to the indignities which I endure here!"

"But, Vera!"—Mrs. Langley's tone was soft as silk—"why do you object so bitterly to Mr. Arnold? He is so wealthy that you will never need to work, if only you consent to marry him!"

"Aunt Langley!"—Vera's eyes flashed fire—"I will not! Understand me; for the last time I assert it; I would not marry Warren Arnold to save my own life!"

And just then the door opened and a slight pale woman in deep mourning entered the room, followed by Barry Grey. She paused to apologize for the intrusion. Warren Arnold, at the sight of the woman in dark, fell into his seat and hid his face in his hands. "Marion!" he gasped.

The woman came slowly forward. "Yes, I am Marion Arnold, this wicked man's unhappy wife! I have all the proof with me," turning to Mrs. Langley as she spoke. "We were married some three years ago, and he deserted me, leaving me in poverty. I was providentially thrown in the way of Mr. Barry Grey here a few days ago and hearing that he was from Cleveland I asked him some questions in regard to Mr. Warren Arnold, my husband. And so the truth came out and I have come here to expose a bad man's villainy."

Then Barry Grey scandalized Mrs. Langley by quietly taking Vera in his arms right there before them all. But that lady ceased to complain when she discovered a little later that the business which had called Barry away from home had been to take possession of a comfortable fortune bequeathed him by a relative.

There was now no shadow of an excuse for the postponement of the marriage. So not long afterward Vera Leigh became Barry Grey's wife, and to this day they often smile when recalling that scene and hour when the tables were turned.

FEMININE ARTISTS IN PARIS.

In Some Cases They are Charged Double Fee and Given Half Instruction.

Until recently, says Miss Marie Adelaide Gellon, in Murray's Magazine, a woman who wished to become an artist in the French capital found her way beset with almost insurmountable difficulties. There was literally no studio in Paris where lady students could study under the eye of a master, except by taking private lessons at prohibitive expense. Charles Chaplin was the first to start a ladies' studio. Carolus, Duran, Dubufe and Cabanel followed suit, and then in the year 1856 arose M. Julian. Of his seventeen studios seven are given over to women. Miss Belloc describes the interior of Julian's ladies' studios and declares that he has deserved the gratitude of her sex, but incidentally she mentions that he demands a double fee for women and in return only gives them half the teaching given to the men working in the studio. Among the other ladies' studios which she passes in review are those of Collo Rossi, Lazara, Aublet at Passy Bouvre and others. The Julian and Collo Rossi system has caused most of the best-known artists to close their ateliers again to women. They find it more lucrative and agreeable to devote a morning twice a week to go out and teach a class of women than throw up their open their studio's to the gentler sex.

Strange Telephone Wire.

Whether we shall ever be able to see our friends at a distance, as we now talk with them, is something for the science of the future to determine; but if we ever do so it will doubtless be through the mysterious connection between light, electricity, and the element selenium.

Selenium belongs to what is known as the sulphur group of elements. It is remarkable for the wonderful property by which its electrical conductivity varies according to the amount of light falling upon it, just as the chemical relations of silver are altered by the same means.

By this singular property of selenium Prof. Bell was enabled to construct an optical telephone, and actually transmitted words and sentences between two distant points, which were not connected in any way except by a beam of light, which faithfully carried the vibrations of his voice to a selenium disk, by which they were transformed into electric energy and reproduced in an ordinary telephone.

All By Himself.

An old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a four-year-old boy who had never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would not permit the slightest variation.

The story is a little rough on me, said the officer, but if you know a child, you know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of 'I's, and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said: "Father, couldn't you get any one to help you put down the rebellion?"

Pecked to Death by Albatrosses.

A singular story is told by the master of the sailing ship Linnet recently at Singapore. When the ship was off the island of St. Paul's one of the sailors accidentally fell overboard. Every effort was made to rescue the man, but before the boat which was immediately lowered could reach him a number of albatrosses had pounced upon his head and with their ponderous beaks pecked him to death.

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By a recent decision of the United States Court the patent vestibule cannot be used on other than Pullman cars. Particular attention is therefore invited to the fact that the Vandalia and Pennsylvania lines are operating Pullman sleeping and dining cars, which are properly fitted with the convenient and appreciable device—the PULLMAN Perfected Safety Vestibule.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

J. B. Loughran, ex-mayor of North Des Moines, and the Locust street manufacturer of steam engines and boilers, said: "I had a severe attack of la grippe. I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm to my breast. These remedies were just the thing in my case. My child had croup some years ago, and we used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with perfect success; since then we have never been without these medicines in our house. I had a cousin who was a printer and was employed in this city, where they were printing circulars for Chamberlain. He had a deep-seated cold and terrible cough, and while setting up the copy he made up his mind to buy a bottle. It cured his cough, and that was the first time I ever knew anything of Chamberlain's remedies. I have been strongly in their favor ever since. My own experience and that of my family convinces me that these remedies are the best in the world. That may be strong language, but that is what I think."

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