hited epulchre BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER I - (Continued.)

"Of course she is quite right," Constable went on, "but that doesn't make it any easier to bear. With all the impressiveness which comes of being twenty and a girl-that was the Madame's first voyage, five years ago-she informed me that a man is a nobody, even if he has a billion, when he isn't of some use in the world. Exquisite little preacher! Such things were never thought of, nor spoken to, mortal man before! I explained my view, that having all the money needful, it was my privilege to play for culture instead of coin, to water my mental garden as a life pursuit, but she broke up all my arguments, beat down my ideals. I regarded my valueless past and yearned to become an apostle of action instanter.

"I see I am entertaining you, so I'll now." finish. I went home, buckled the Madame time. For two solid months I didn't hurt anybody's feelings, and earned seventy beds at first hand; specializing in coals ber. That was fine." and callouses. I made a fairly decent and steamed the Madame down to Mar- fellow, and you'll like him," tinique, to tell Miss Stansbury all about | "You make people find out by themit, and show her my recommend from the third engineer. She was away in Europe. Her father says she will never be as beautiful as her mother. I thought perhaps we might look in on Martinique on our way around the islands. The statue of Josephine is there, you know, "Your sentences are becoming unconpled. Peter. You are shirring the narra-

course in old Peles since then. Saint Pierre sits in the shadow of the volcano, I and from a geological standpoint - ---"Fractly, but-

tive, said Breen.

"Oh, there is no joyous cracker at the finish of this story. Lady Commander that is the creature of splender, the moth- nothing to be proud of to tell you." er is still at war with me, and Miss! Stansbury still cherishes the view that I | the Morne d'Orange. Ahead was the am 'just sailing 'round.'

ons ways, possessing a large fortune and To the right was the dazzling, sapphire no fixture, save the natural bent of a bar, where the Madame was moored student. He had specialized in geology for a dozen years. Exceedingly tall, bigboned, and angular, Constable had a plain. kindly face and large, quick hands. His nose was immense, and not to be classified. He carried his head bent slightly forward, as many tall men do; and it was a well-browed head of goodly contour. There was a puzzling solemnity in hicountenance. One would not have been surprised to hear that this man was a gambler, a preacher, or a humorist; and, not knowing exactly why, one would expect it to be added that he was a good man in his class.

CHAPTER 11.

Constable had an un-American capac ity for waiting. He might have gone ashore in Saint Pierre that night, but instead he sat alone on deck, in the wind less harbor. Uncerty restless he regard ed the illumined terraces of the city. Back of all his levits and deliberation, it was not to be concealed from his own mind that before him lay the goal of the cruise She was there, far to the right, among the lights on the mountain side—the lit the girl who had told him he was a no body. Constable smiled, and grew seri ous from the start of an old thought. It was not impossible for her to have mesome emperor who had demanded her heart for his throne room.

The harbor was weirdly hot. beavy, moist sweetness of a horticultural garden, to which he had likened the nights of Saint Pierre, had been supplanted by dry, devitalized draughts of air. throat and postrils were irritated, and to bacco became unpalatable. There was no moon, and the stars were so faint in the north that the mass of Pelee was scarcely shaped against the sky. The higher lights of the city had a reddish, uncer tain glow, as if a thin film of fog han south the night grew clearer. He lowed the circling shore with his even the Morne d'Orange, which marked the southern boundary of the city. Revonthe morne stood the great plantation house where she lived. The night was pure purple in that direction, and the

torrid stars unsullied. Breen essayed, to read the following forenoon away, leaving Constable to make his first descent upon the city alone. The Madame had already been sighted from the plantation house, and certain memhers of the establishment were out wel-ome the guest. Indeed, Constable had scarcely stepped ashore from launch at the Sugar Landing when he heard his name called and saw the flutter of a handkerchief above the burdened heads of the natives in the market place. It was Miss Stansbury, in a carriage, She greeted him merrily :

"I'ncle Jeey went out to the ship from the lower landing. I told him I would capture you if you touched here. We are very glad you've come, Mr. Constable,"

He took her hand and gained the seat beside her in the carriage. "This great luck," he said nervously, "I feared you might be away somewhere-in Enrope or the States. Would you mind me looking at this little book in your lap?" "It's a little volume of essays," told him, "and I'm not sure that I greatly admire their spirit, nor the views of the writer. He makes a statement, for instance, that women are incapable of the finer senses of friendship; that women

cannot adhere through swere tests," Miss Stansbury was to encounter, a few days later, stirring cause to remember these words and Constable's reply which is neither here nor there, ethical | identified with the inner life of Martin-

niceties not being his specialty. him," he said with finality.

look of fatigue in their faces. The pres- labout in the dim gorges which seamed the dition of the atmosphere, were revealed a tithe of her mother's opinion until Conin the distended eyelids and colorless, stable's monograph on the mountain had twisted lips of the burden bearors. As fallen into her hands. Then she realized Miss Stansbury looked out toward the that this was no parvenu who had carharbor for Uncle deep's boat, Constable ried on his studies in their midst. regarded her profit. The delicacy of Mr. Stansbury was away on his annual color and contour brought to him an im- trip to the States. The mantle of host perious realization of her fairness. It fell, accordingly, upon the ample shoul- chise.

appeared that in his absence the rares touches of perfection had been set. "You haven't changed much," she sai laughingly. "You were always willing

to agree that I was right, and all men yourself most of all, deeply in the wrong Don't you remember how I used to preach to you about a man's need of doing something emphatic?"

"Indeed I remember. Your lessons made a deep impression." "At least, you bore very gracefully with

an oppressive companion,' she declared. "Just as if you didn't know best how to dispose of your time and talents!" "On the contrary, you were more near ly right than you knew. I was in need

of just such moral stimulus. The sorry part, Miss Stansbury, is that I don't bring you admirably invested talents even She glanced at him quickly. "Lbelieve to Brooklyn, and disappeared-took her I understand better some of the difficul-

at her word! I shall do it again some ties you have had to contend with," she said. "We all read how you kidnaped the entire New York newsboys' associadollars and board, stoking. Good clean | tion-how you fed the grimy little chaps stoking. Back and forth from Savannah oceans of charlotte russe and mountains to Boston in the boweis of an old coast of plum-duff, giving them a Sunday afliner, learning bunkers, boilers and fire- ternoon at sea, and presents to remem-

"I forgot to tell Breen about that." coal passer, and met Denny Macready he remarked, smiling at the recollection. down there in the dark-Denny, who now Breen is a triend of mine, who was passes tea. Then I scrubbed up again good enough to come along. He's a rare

"Think how you let me believe you were absolutely without interests or ambitions -even last year, while you were making daily visits to the jaws of Pelee. It was months afterward that I learned what those journeys meant and then through the press. We all read the paper you delivered before the geological society on Autillean formations. Think how I felt "Well, I've been taking an annual while recalling some of my fectures on your careless attitude toward life. You might have told me."

"I failed to discover the secret, Miss Stanslerry," he said quickly, "Old Pebe has a big story for the right man, but I was unable to drag it forth. I had

The ponies had gained the eminence of broad, white idantation house, where the Peter Constable was singular in vari- | Stansburys and Constable's uncle lived among the shipping; behind and below. the red-tiled roofs of Saint Pierre, and behind the city, back of all, La Montagne Peley, bung like an emperor of the Romone, paied in the intense light of morn ing, and wearing a delicate white ruching of cloud about his crown.

> replied. "They have so much to tell of little things. The silent men who are dreaming of big things all the timethink of a conversation like this when the island is glowing like a brazier." "What is the meaning of this terrific sultriness and the white scum in the gut-

"It is different with most people," she

tern?" he asked suddenly. "Why, I supposed you understood---

"Understood what, Miss Stansbury?" "Why, old Pelce has been showering us with ash from time to time during the past ten days. It is the taint of suphur that spoils the air. The city would have been white now, except for the heavy rain that washed the ashes away just before

Constable turned approchasively toward the volcano. He had come into an inheritance of winged thoughts in presence of the woman, but the news l'eler's activity disordered the very root of things. Mrs. Stansbury was standing on the porch of the great house, whose walls, verandas and portcullises were cooled and perfumed by embroidering vines. The driveway was bordered by will be come and pick them up. flamed with poisetties and roses. There was a cool grove of mango and India trees at the end of the lawn, edged with moon-flowerets and oleanders. Back of the plantation house waved the sloping seas of cane; in front, the Caribbean. On the south up-reared the peaks of Carbet; on the north, the Monster,

Constable advanced eagerly to give his hand to Mrs. Stansbury, who received his greeting with cooling repression. would have been dismared, had he not from this source. Still, he paid her unquestioning homage. It was enough for him that Mr. Stansbury, an admirable American gentleman, honored her with a life of one-pointed devotion; that his uncle, Joseph Wall, of sound mental halance and heart vastnesses, cherished her good-will. It was enough for Consta ble, indeed, that Mrs. Stansbury mothered a daughter. He was by no means above conceiving that another should dislike him; although Mrs. Stansbury was in other respects an Isis veiled too darkly for his perception. The years had not touched the elder woman. She had the same tendril-like delicacy of figure and refinement of face. Her eyes had often startled him with their world-weariness and world-knowledge. They were always wonderful the eyes of a mystic and vibrant with the suggestion of undiscovered continents in their depths. The cool, gracilent fingers slipped quickly from his

"I have always remembered your graclous hospitality," Constable said "I remember, too," Mrs. Stansbury replied, with scarcely a trace of a smile Who could forget the dentist-the dentist to La Montagne Pelce? Have you come again to look into the mouth of the

CHAPTER III.

Constable had incurred the especial displeasure of the mother on a former visit, through the unabashed fashion with which he had endeavored to pry into the secrets of the volcano. Old Pelee was ione, like the memory and the statue of "The man is an arrant fool, and prob- | Josephine. Mrs. Stansbury felt that the ably couldn't get a woman to live with mysteries of the mountain were not for the eyes of man; least of all, for the eyes The ponics were ascending the rise in of an American, in whom the spirit of Rue Victor Hugo, at the southern end | veneration was not. She had a very clear of the city. The porteuses, coming down | picture in her mind of Constable as he from the hill-trails, the lithest, hardiest | perfed, and possibly spat, into the appallwomen of the occident, bore a pitiable ing chasms of the summit, and pottered sure of the heat, and the dispiriting con- | Titan's flanks. The daughter had shared

ders of Uncle Joey. He arrived within an hour, and his trip out to the Madame had not been futile, since he brought Breen with him. The latter seemed to divine at once the defective current between Mrs. Stansbury and his friend, and forestalled any slight tension during dinner that evening by sprightly narratives of the voyage. He seemed to attrct the attention of the elder woman, and to be stimulated by her close scrutiny of his face and personality. That evening, after dinner, the men moved out upon the ve

randa to smoke. "This is second-hand air, Uncle Joey," Constable remarked. "I shut my eyes a moment ago and thought I was down among the steel mills of the lower Monongahela.'

"You're the expert in Pelee, not I. Peter." the old planter answered. "April and May aren't our best months, but I never knew such heat betwee rains as we are baying now."

Constable moved out into the garden to look at the sky. In no way did he underestimate the seriousness of the time. In the south, low and to the left of the Carbet peaks, the new moon arose, but without the sharpness of outline peculiar to the tropics. It was an orange hue, instead of silvery, and blurred, as if seen through a fine wire screen. A faint, low rumbling was heard from the north, It was like thunder, but the horizon above and around Pelee was unscathed by lightning. Miss Stansbury had been at the piano, but the music now ceased. "How long is it since the mountain has had a session of grumbling, Uncle

"From time to time for the past ten days. Before that, twenty years, Peter.' "This is quite a novelty-this addledegg moon," Constable added. "It's the ash-fog lying between. If there isn't a heavy rain in the night, we'll have & white world to-morrow."

Joey?" Constable asked.

Miss Stansbury appeared on the veranda, and moved out upon the lawn, where Constable was standing. "Are you really so greatly worried. Mr.

Constable?" she asked in a low tone. "Why, the fact that Pelee is acting out of the ordinary is enough to make any one skeptical of his intentions. There are a few man-eaters among the mountains of the world-Krakaton, Bandai-san, Cotopaxi, Vesavius, Etna—chronic old ruffians, whom you can't tame. A thousand years is nothing to them. They wait, still as crocodiles, until cities have formed on their flanks and seers have built temples in their rifts. They have tasted blood, you see, and the madness comes back. Peler is a suspect." (To be continued.)

HERE IS A REAL WILD MAN.

This Ancient Lunatic Lives Like a

Prehistorie Savage. Certain villages in Ireland are ringing with the story of a wild man who lives in the woods and cats berries, roots, fish and small quadrupeds, first like a prehistoric savage, says the Kansas City Star. He has silvery locks, a long, snow-white brard. He dresses in garments old, seanty, tattered and torn. It is said he has never had a home—that the whole of his wreiched three score and ten years or thereabouts have been spent in the open air -and that as far as is known be has no name. The story told of him by the peasantry is that he was dumped on a desolate Irish moor when a little child by a loathsome, vagabone mother of, terrible to say, gentle birth and education, and that alone he has wan dered ever since, fleeing from his fellowmen as though some wild, timid creature of the night, and making his home in the densest woods and on the most lonesome commons and whates.

It is said, though doubtless no one knows for certain, that the man cannot ances. talk plainty and that his vocabulary is limited to but a score of words or so. In the more poverty-stricken and desolate districts in the Emerald Isle the man is familiar to most of the peasantry, who give him clothes from time to time. The clothes are dropped on the ground and when the givers have withdrawn to a distance, then and only then rule, no sconer has be got them in his hands then be runs off as fast as his legs can carry him.

Food he will accept from no one. At adept in the art of catching things, he prefers to cater for himself. Far and wide you might search before coming across one more skillful in posching fish and game than this old white-haired man. He will spear salmon with a spiked pole, catch pheasants and partridges when the birds are asleep in the felt on former occasions polar draughts inight and ever grab fish from streams

> There is a story that several years ago be fell in love with a beautiful peasant lass, whose home he haunted every night, howling bideoustr. Yet he did not see the object of his affections on more than a few occasions and never nearer than a hundred vards or so.

> The girl's parents, intensely superstitions, like most trish people, were fraid to adopt any means to put a stop to the annoyance. Another of the colleen's admirets, however, was bolder, and one pitch black night, concealing himself in some brushwood, fired off a gun within old broatle fled and from that time his visits coused and he has not been seen in the circuity since,

similarity.

"Beczness!" heasted the Parisian por trait painter. "Why, monsieur, I remember when patrons were packed in that little room like sardines, waiting to have their portraits painted."

"Like sardines?" echood the man from Montana. "Oh, I see. Waiting to be done in oil, ch?"

Just Like a Bee.

"Why doesn't that lazy Philander find something to do?" "Find something to do? Why, he's

"But he lasn't done a thing this winter but loaf." "Well, that's what a bee does in win-

That Gas Bill.

"Say," exclaimed the trate flat dweller, as he rushed into the gas office, "do you mean to say this bill represents the amount of gas we burned last month?"

sents the amount you have to pay for." Penalties are provided for the men of Belgium who neglect the right of fram-

"Not necessarily," calmly replied the

man behind the desk. "It merely repre-

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

GREAT NORTHERN.

"Wine, Woman and Song" is the alluring and seductive title of the offering in the Great Northern Theater, Chicago, and it is drawing capacity andiences at every performance, but the seductive title is not the only alluring feature, for there is Bonita, the beautiful star, who appears in gorge chorus, which appears in many gorgeous spectacles.

The songs are new, catchy, tuneful and are now being whistled and hummed all over Chicago. The piece had a long and successful run in New York where it pleased the Gothamites and the large visiting population that is always circulating about and traversing the city in search of merry annisement. The piece has made a fine impression in Chicago also, and will be the summer attraction at that popular play house. Those who want to sebeautiful women, hear bright and melodious music, and want to watch the intricate evolutions of a good horns should by no means fail to drop in and see "Wine, Woman and Song." The matinee days are Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.

AUDITORIUM.

Pribune Hospital Benefit This Week, "His Honor the Mayor" the Attraction for This Worthy Charley .- Popular Prices for Entire Week.

Persons who attend the performances of "His Honor the Mayor," at the big Auditorium during the week beginning with the Sunday matinee, May 24th, will not only see an unusually brisk and merry play, but contribute to a worthy charity. The big company, which is now on its third week of success, is beaded by Harry Kelly, a quaint comedian of original methods, Mr. Kelly is aided materially by Miss Madelyn Marshall, who as the unsophisticated country lass, contributes a character quite as bumorous as that of the star himself.

Buxon and beautiful Trixic Fri carga is much in evidence, and her popular topical songs are a pleasant and entertailing feature of the performance. Dainty Reine Davies, whose simple, beautiful gowns enhance her personal loveliness, sings a number of eately airs, and her "Merry Widow" glide in the waltz with Mr. Kelly, is a delight. Lora Lieb's "My Mary Ann" song and Florine Sweetman's "A Little Girl Like Me" are genus that will be whistled for a long time to come. Bobby Barry and Hugh Fay are exceptionally clever comedians Ton Moore's sonorous voice is heard to advantage in the "coon" songs. John 11. Pratt. whose powerful baritope volce is at its best, in the drinking song. It would be unfair not to men tion the work of the chorus. There are more than fifty handsome young men and women in this body. The prices for the benefit will remain onchanged. 50 cents for the best seats for the matinees, and 75 cents for the best sents for the evening perform-

THE PRINCESS.

Chicago's newest and most beautiful theater. The Princess, will be opened June 1, with a sumptuous production called "A Stubborn Cinderella," according to an announcement by Manager Mort II Singer, who is also manager of the well-known La Salle Theater the original Chicago home of musica comedy. The opening of the Princess Theater marks the beginning of a new chapter in Chicago theatricals. It is the first down town Chicago theater erected under the new building code which has been copied all over the world. The structure represents the climas of the theater builder's attain-

Hough, Frank Adams and Joseph Howard, authors of "Honeymoon Trail." "The Girl Onestion," "The Time, the Place and the Girl," and other well known La Salle successes. It will be gents sernic display, the scenes heing laid on the campus of the Univer-

fresh from conquests in London, will Jean Sallsbury, Hazel Cox, James C. I realism that has been as much dis-Marlowe, Robert Harrington, Dan cussed as the play itself. Young, Allan Brooks, Fred R. Stanton,

indicated by the engagement by the the more serious moods. Edith Talia-Princess management of George Mar- ferro, a denuire, attractive and win

THE "Ys" OF INTERNATIONAL I Japan needs Korea and longs for our Philippines. Russia wants India and England warns to check that design

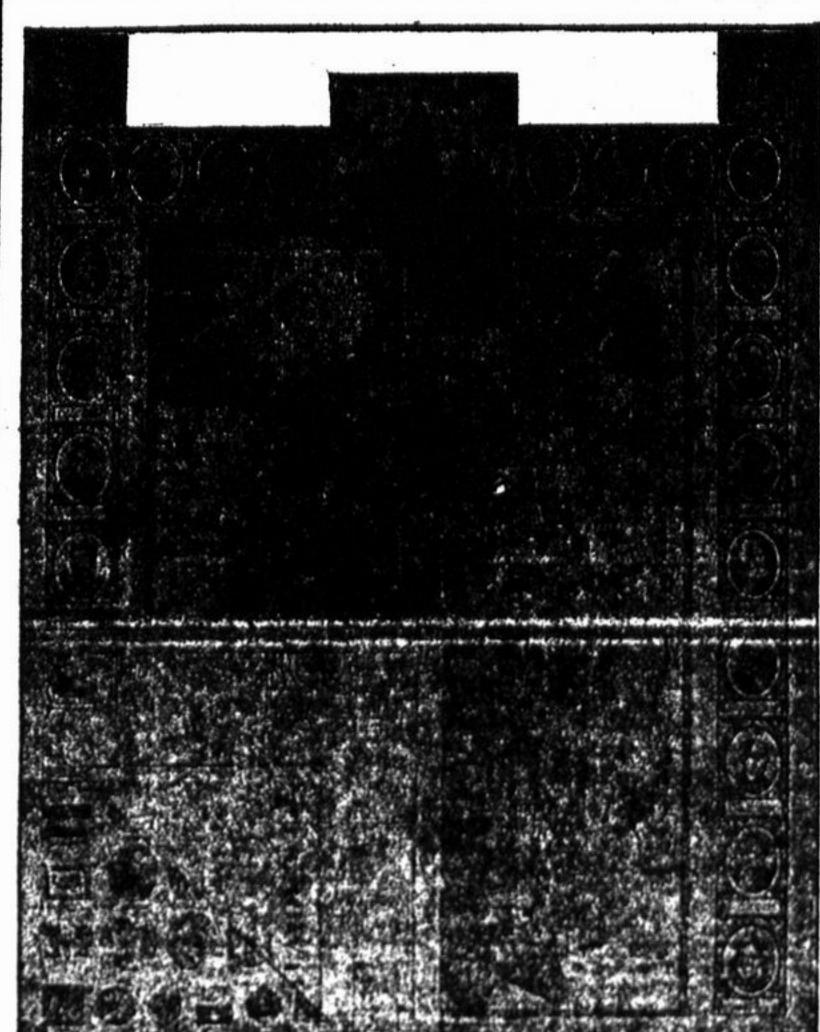
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W. Savage, William Loraine, composer of the "Peggy From Paris" music, will that is appealing. The remaining be permanent musical director.

Periods, 1880, 1890, 1900.

on the east side of Clark street, just south of Jackson boulevard. It will sent 1,000 persons. There will be twenty five exits, and two passage ways will run on either side of the house from front to back. The house will be beautifully furnished in pearl gray and rose. The lobby will somely laid taid in mosale. The comoleted theater will cost \$225,000).

MYRKERS

"Brewster's Millions" will continu on its read of spontacous merriment at McVicker's Theater, with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday The success which has attended the return of "Brewster's Millions" was "A Stabborn Cinderella" is by Will foregone conclusion, for the reason that Monty" Brewster did his own mis sionary work last season when the dra matic version of Mct'utcheon's fantas tic story first saw the light of day.

"Brewster's Millions" is the result of

a unique and original idea. Most people find it a task to accumulate a mil lion dollars in a year-strange as it sity of Chicago, in the mountains of may seem in these days of endless Arizona and on the Pacific Coast. The | chain fortunes-but "Monty" Brew last act will show the natatorium of ster has the rather hilarious occupathe famous Coronado Beach hotel, I tion of spending that amount in twelve months. On this idea the play was Jack Barrymore, brother of Ethel founded. It is carried through four Barrymore, will head the new Princess acts with increasing action and amus-Alice Dovey, ing situations, the great climax coming in the third scene with the great sacht and sea-storm effect, a piece of stage

Edward Abeles, as the money spend-Charles Prince and a chorus of forty ing Brewster, succeeds in draining every bit of humor out of his comedy The high plane of the production is seenes, and he is equally splendld in ion, formerly chief producer for Henry some ingenue, plays the opposite role

with rare good taste, and a sweetness | 25th is Della Fox, one of the me twenty odd characters are in the hands The new Princess Theater is located of capable and experienced actors.

GARRICK. THE FLOWER OF THE RANCH.

The free hir of the great West in the baleyon days of "49" in the atmoshere shown in the Joseph E. Howard Amusement Company's latest mosical omedy, 'The Flower of the Ranch, which will be seen at the Garrick Theater, Chicago, all summer, beginning Sunday, May 24th, with Joseph E. Howard and Mabel Barrison bending the company. Mr. Howard, than whom there is no more prolific playwright and musician, is resposible for the book, words and music of the opera-It tells a breezy Western story in a breezy Western way, and the musical numbers reflect the atmosphere of the time and locality, giving a swing and dash that attains immediate popularity. Mr. Howard has surpassed even his own work with "The Time, The Place and the Girl' and "The Cirl Question" in "The Flower of the Ranch", and has written music that is really worth while. The company is a large one, numbering fifty people, and the principals were all engaged with a view to their fitness to assume the roles assigned them. The costuming is especially elaborate and the scenery genuinely unique, the Western atmosphere giving opportunity for display in this direction. The entire includes many other specialties, connects and production comes direct from its run at the Majestic Theoter New York, Popular Garrick semme prices will rule. Evenings and Saturday matinee 25, 50 for and \$1.00

MAJESTIC. The principal star at the Majestic

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stage work when she was scarcely more than a child, Della Fox is still in her prime and is proving through out the country to be one of the more attractive stars now in vandeville Clayton White and Marie Stuart who are known as the most versatile fare curs in vandeville will appear in their wonderfully bright and amusing one art play entitled "Cherries", The Colonial Septette, a big and beautiful musical act involving seven artists, is conceded to be one of the strongest and ment artistic acts of the kind now upon the stage. The Sisters Macarte offer a very expert and interesting wire act which is full of daring and grace and quite away from that sor of acrobatics which has become ties some through constant repetition. Mire Norton the alchemist who con ducts certain popular scientific experiments on the stage, producing from raw material beautiful rubies and has phires is a very distinct novelty. In Sylphe is a graceful dancer quite justifying her name by her terpaichorens exploits, while Raymond and Caverli the funny men, may be depended upor for an interlude of up-to-date bu

famous of all the comic opera singer

Hopper and others in some of the

who has been associated with DeWolf

greatest productions this country has

ever seen, Having entered upo

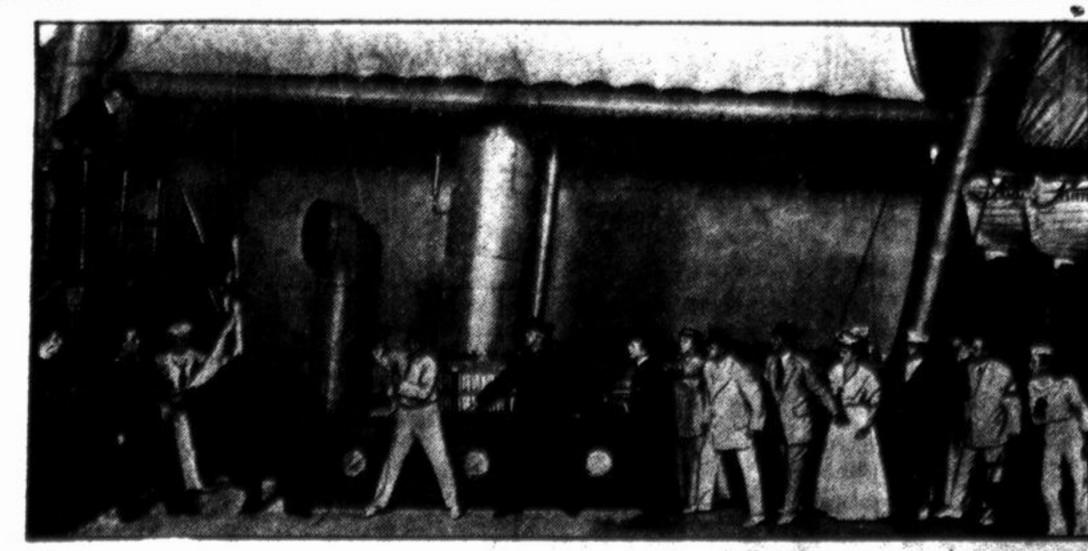
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interesting feature of a bill which also

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away from the ordinary, form an





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