

AMUSEMENTS.

Dallas Opera-House.

The "standing room only" sign came near being dusted last evening at the opera-house, the occasion being the Al. G. Field greater minstrels. The gathering of so demonstrative and appreciative an audience as that which assembled at the opera-house last night may be considered as a natural expression of appreciation from an intelligent and cultured theatrical public of the popularity of Al. G. Field and his organization. Last night's performance was in all respects an admirable one and served to demonstrate that Mr. Field has succeeded in keeping together one of the best minstrel organizations as yet seen in Dallas. And as an evidence that the show pleased the large audience, the ladies, who composed a great part of the assemblage, expressed approval by earnest applause and hearty laughter. The show is refined in every respect, free from even the slightest coloring of vulgarity, not as much as a colored female impersonator so much in evidence usually in minstrelsy, and in this particular line it is a refreshing departure. Mr. Field's organization, like old Bourbon, improves with age, and as long as such men as Mr. Field and cultured Dan Quigley head minstrel organizations minstrelsy will not be designated as a fancy of a by-gone generation, but it will occupy the front rank of all entertainments designed for laughing purposes.

The first part, "A Night in the Park," was perhaps the most picturesque stage setting ever presented here. The entrance of the participants was somewhat out of the ordinary, and this added to the already beautiful picture. First the band, then the vocalists. They were followed by the children and end men in a cake walk, and then Dan Quinlan, the talented conversationalist, entered. It was the first time in Dallas that the middle man did not occupy a chair in the center, and to say the least it was a decided improvement. The first part was opened with an overture, "Sparks from the Opera," serving to introduce Doyle, baton manipulator, and the vocal numbers. Mr. Reese Prosser deserves the highest of praise for the artistic rendition of "One Little Word" and that beautiful ballad, "Because." He has an unusually sweet voice. Mr. John C. Dickens and Harry Shelden were heartily applauded for the rendition of "Clang of the Forge" and "It's Not What You Were." "All I Want is My Black Baby Back," as sung by Tommie Donnelly, and "You Haven't Treated Me Right," by Harry Shurk, were enjoyable, as was also the Field octette. In the second part Everhart, the German juggler, gave a most remarkable performance with balls and hoops. What he don't know about juggling the hoops surely has not been discovered. His act must be seen to be appreciated. The clog dancing of Welby, Keys and Master Carrol was very clever, and for a little fellow like Master Carrol it was remarkable. The Faust family, seven in number, among them four little fellows and one especially, almost only a tot, gave one of the cleverest acrobatic turns ever seen on the local stage.

Mr. Keys in a kicking act and athletic pastimes demonstrated himself the superior of any man in a like exhibition that has ever been seen here. The witticisms of Donnelly and Shurk and the swell dancing of Hyde and Fairman won merited applause, but the funniest of them all was Doc Quigley in an eccentric dance. "The Recruiting Station," a little side act by Quinlan, Donnelly, Quigley and Field, was mirth-provoking. Mr. Field, who is master of sunny humor, is himself alone. He is a most capable black-face comedian. Quinlan, of whom too much can not be said as a refined conversationalist, kept up the usual interest of the first part.

The big minstrel show will be the attraction at matinee to-day and again to-night.