

AMUSEMENTS.**John T. Raymond at Woolley's.**

"For Congress," the piece in which Mr. John T. Raymond has made his latest hit, is the work of Mr. D. D. Lloyd, a New York journalist. The play is a political satire of the most exaggerated kind. Peter Woolley, a wealthy old farmer, is run for Congress, much to his astonishment, by Josiah Limber, an old professional politician, with the assistance of an ambitious sister whose ambition Limber has aroused. This sister, Mrs. Susan Muffin, falls in love with Limber. Charles Montgomery, a young lawyer, who is engaged to Woolley's daughter Anna, is unexpectedly nominated by the anti-Woolleyites, and the consequent recriminations in the rival party newspapers cause a quarrel and separation. This is taken advantage of by the mild villain of the play, Horace Dexter, to attempt to force Anna to marry him. His power over the family consists in his possession of the knowledge that Alfred Woolley, a son of the candidate, is a defaulter. There is a very funny scene outside the doors of the convention, which Limber manipulates in the interest of Woolley. Pelham Periwinkle, a conventional, drawing, eye-glass swell, dashes frantically in and out announcing the vote to Mrs. Muffin, Anna, Miss Jemima Gelm, an old flame of Limber's, and her niece Julia, with whom Pelham is in love. Limber contrives to mix love with politics by renewing his suit to Jemima, and the fun is complicated by his writing a proposal of marriage to Jemima, which Mike, a droll Irish servant, delivers to Susan Muffin. In extricating himself from the dilemma Limber gets himself and the two ladies into very comical positions. In the last act Alfred, discovering his sister's position, hastens to confess to his employer. Limber recognizes in Dexter an escaped convict, and the lovers are reconciled. Mr. Raymond gives a caricature of a cheap politician which is simply inimitable, but the other members of the cast are wretched. The success of the farce lies in the fact that no nation in the world can equal the Americans in laughing at their own follies.