IN AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT.

"THE EVENING WORLD" NEWSBOYS AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

The Actors and Actresses in "Harbor Lights" Greeted by the Most Enthusiastic Audience Ever Seen in New York—How the Boys Enjoyed and Criticised the Play—Cheers for "The Evening World."

THERE was no room for the pessimist or the cynic at the People's Theatre last night. The man with no enthusiasm about his constitution, with no flamboyant generosity in his nature—if such an individual were present—must have felt horribly uncomfortable in the midst of an audience overflowing with exuberant gladness and spirits.

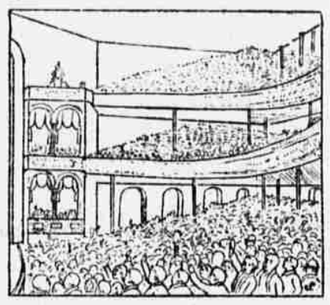
The newsboys were at the People's Theatre, and THE EVENING WORLD was responsible for their presence there. Hosts of friends could be recognized in the vistas of excited youngsters in "clean biled rags," well-washed faces, and smiles of all sizes and descriptions.

There was the ingenious young shaver who invariably exhorts you to buy his last paper, "'Cause, boss, I'm stuck;" there was the railroad cherub, who treads on your pet corn in the street cars and thinks you ought to apologize to him for it; there was the considerate youth who awakens you from a street reverie with the shrill, awful announcement of some hideous catastrophe, and there was the tiny young vender who persists in following you till you buy from him.

It was a study to watch these newsboys, a study which it was a privilege to make. The play they saw was Sim's and Pettitt's "Harbor Lights," which suited them as though it had been written for their express benefit.

How those boys enjoyed the sentimental portions of the play! Didn't they cheer when Lieut. David Kingsley, R. N., begged pretty Dora Vane to "let me look into those eyes?" A sympathetic hush ran through their midst when Kingsley told Dora that he had carried her little wedding-ring all round the world to remind him of her.

"Ah," said Dora, pautingly, "are you sure you didn't carry the ring round the world so that you might find some one else to wear it?" That repartee convulsed the newsboys. They cheered Dora. They cheered Kingsley. They were completely captured.



SCENE IN THE THEATRE.

What a depth of hate they felt for Heavy Villain Morland, and with what a laugh they always greeted the entrance of Quartermaster Tom Dossiter, who had something funny to say in every speech, and some ludicrous picture to exhibit!

It was good to see. It was an utterly novel audience, and actors and actresses never had a more supremely satisfied and attentive one.

At the end of the first act Sidney Howard appeared before the curtain and told the boys in verse why they were there, and how he had been instructed to give

To every boy who bought THE WORLD
An evening full of sport.

Then he proposed "Three cheers for THE EVENING WORLD." It seemed for a moment as though one more cheer would have felled Miner's Theatre to the ground. Such a round of cheering surely was never heard. Tennyson's cannons were not the only things in this world that volleyed and thundered. The newsboys rivalled the cannons, the only difference being that the vollying of the cannons meant death and destruction, while that of the newsboys signified life, happiness and good will.

There are only five acts in "Harbor Lights." There are blasé audiences who do not regret that fact. The newsboys last night, however, would have been rejoiced had there been twenty-five. It was all too short for them.

They understood everything. That little contemptuous allusion to the Thistle sent them into paroxysms of laughter the instant it was uttered and every other local touch caught with wonderful spontaneity.

Goatcher's gorgeous scenery evoked "Ohs!" born of awe and surprise. "The deck of H. M. S. Britannic," "The Old Hall," "The Bay at Night" and other scenic attractions were never gazed upon by a rounder, more amazed set of eyes.

It was an orderly audience, too. The presence of a large number of police probably had little influence on the behavior of the newsboys. They were too delighted and too grateful to turn to thoughts of disorder. Between the acts a few of them wanted to smoke cigarettes in the open air, but when they were informed that once out they must stay out, the cigarettes became of vastly little moment. They were in their seats the moment the curtain rose in attitudes of attention.

The actors and actresses certainly did "Harbor Lights" full justice. They evidently felt that they were playing before an extraordinarily interested audience, and everyone knows that a good audience exerts a favorable influence on the actors. Miss Helen Weathersby cast many glances at the little fellows, and Mr. Vanderfelt also looked occasionally at the juvenile crowd.

When the play was ended, the boys needed a few gentle reminders of that fact before they could be induced to tear themselves away. They had spent an evening which they will remember for a long time to come.

NO WONDER HE LOOKS GLOOMY.

He Isn't the Rage Any More and Couldn't Be Expected to Look Happy.

This gloomy looking little dog, further down in this column, is sad because he is not so popular as he was.

"The reason why pugs are going out of favor," a dog fancier said yesterday, "is that they have become too common. The craze for those ugly dogs was practically run into the ground when it first became a fad with the ladies to keep them as pets. As everybody knows they are the stupidest and least interesting intellectually of any dogs in the world, and it was only a question of time when the craze for them would die out, for people were bound to get tired of them. Of course those who have them already probably feel enough affection for them to keep them, but other people are not buying them by any means, and dog-dealers who are right at the pulse of the market know very well that it is not likely to prove a profitable undertaking to try to sell a lot of pugs, at least in this city."

Another dog which has gone completely out of fashion in late years, which formerly occupied a very high place in public estimation, is the black-and-tan terrier. There was a time when these little midgets were almost the only species of dog that were kept as household pets. Their brightness, intelligence, good nature and docility made them universal favorites. Why they should have fallen so completely out of sight cannot be accounted for except that fanciers in turning their attention more to other varieties neglected to breed them. It is said, however, that a movement is on foot to start in breeding the very small variety again on this side of the Atlantic.

SOME WALL STREET HEAD-GEAR.

Henry Clews invariably covers his head with a tile that vies in brilliancy with his shiny bald poll.

The battered slouch hat worn by Deacon S. V. White is one of the notable and picturesque features of the street.

John Hine, jr.'s new silk tile of the most extreme style, is the recipient of frequent and flattering attention from the members.

Charley Johnes buys his hats by the dozen and does not confine himself to any particular style. He is always up to the latest thing out.

Jay Gould is not particular about being in the style, and his silk hat looks as if it might have seen anywhere from three to five years' service.

C. E. Carroll, with his well-worn tan-colored tile, presents a lonely and melancholy spectacle as he waits for a change of weather.

A coquettish, narrow-brimmed Derby is a favorite with President Smith, of the Stock Exchange, who wears it with a yachtsman's sheer to port.

E. W. Timpson now sports a light cream-colored hat of nondescript style, but what it lacks in seasonableness it makes up in picturesqueness.

The peculiarity about J. B. Metcalfe's hat is that it is always about two sizes too large for him. Just now he is partially concealing himself under a square-topped Derby.

Secretary Ely, who is famous for the gorgeousness of his raiment, is rather quiet in the matter of hats. He wears a regulation Derby, the only feature of which is perennial freshness.

T. G. Rigney has introduced a new style of head-gear for down-town wear in the shape of a mohair skull-cap, worn on the back of the head, at an angle with the base-line of the neck. He claims that it is English, but the street accepts this statement under protest.

Better Fair Wages Than Tips.

The porter of the ferryboat New Jersey is somewhat philosophical. He thinks it is preferable to be a porter on a ferryboat than on a Pullman car, notwithstanding the fact that there is much dirt to remove from the cabins.

"I tell you, boss," said he, "it's heaps better here. Here you can smile or tip your hat to somebody without their thinking you want a nickel or a dime. On the Pullmans de passengers think you're all the time after tips. There ain't no tips on dese boats, except when you get tipped off if yer ain't right up to der mark. But it's better than to have people think all der while you're a high-toned beggar. Give dis chile a good, square salary and he don't want no tips."

What They Remind Him Of.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

"Philadelphia people remind me of mosquitoes," remarked the Judge.

"Why?" asked the Major.

"Because they always go for blood."

LIFE AS SHOWN BY PLAYERS.

POISON THE BAIT OF "THE MOUSE TRAP" OPENED AT WALLACK'S.

Mrs. Potter's Resources Increased by Barnum's Adjective-Slinger—An American Dramatic Author Who Has a Show—Theatre Boxes Where Ladies May Be Seen as Well as See—Toilettes of a Corsair.

BOTH good and bad work has been done by Sydney Grundy, the English play-maker. Last night it was evident that he had also done some indifferent work, in "The Mouse Trap," which was produced at Wallack's, and which opened Mr. Abbey's season at that house. There is a fashionable immorality about "The Mouse Trap" which, in face of the taste of to-day, it would be nothing less than insanity to inveigh against. The story deals with the attempt of Beatrice Selwyn to poison her husband, so that she can give herself to the man she loves. Now, while there is no plethora of poisoners knocking about the thoroughfares for people to study, it is surely impossible that any one addicted to the poisoning habit could comport herself like Beatrice Selwyn, under any circumstance. "The Mouse Trap" was admirably cast. Mrs. Abbey as Bertrice, Rose Coghlan as a pretty nurse, Osmund Tearle, E. D. Ward and Miss Enid Leslie did full justice to the parts assigned them.

* * *

From Barnum to Mrs. Potter seems a fearfully suggestive flight to make, and yet Charles Stowe has made it. He was one of Barnum's most energetic agents, and had won a dainty fame for himself by elaborately compiling adjectival bills of pleasing warmth. Mr. Miner has engaged Mr. Stowe as Mrs. Potter's business manager. As soon as her season is ended, he will return to the circus. From Barnum he came, and to Barnum will he return. Mrs. Potter, at any rate, will be billed through the country by one who understands the art, and during her season Mr. Stowe must not reason too much by analogy.

* * *

American dramatic authors are always complaining that they have no "show,' and that foreigners supply this country with theatrical wares. There is one American author, however, who ought to be satisfied, and he is David Belasco. Miss Lotta is at present playing his "Pawn Ticket No. 210;" George Knight will shortly appear in "Rudolphe," which Mr. Belasco claims in conjunction with Bronson Howard. "The Wife," by Belasco and De Mille, is to be given at the Lyceum Theatre. Jeffreys Lewis is now playing in "La Belle Russe," by Belasco. "May Blossom" is touring through the East, and a melodrama, by the same author, entitled "Under the Polar Star," is to be brought out here in the spring.

* * *

There is not the least doubt in the minds of those regularly addicted to theatres that ladies who occupy private boxes do so not only that they may see, but that they may be seen. Several managers, students of human nature, have become aware of that fact, and have so constructed the boxes that the fair occupants are distinctly visible to the house. Henry E. Abbey, a consummate student of human nature, has made this arrangement at Wallack's. The stage has been shortened, so that the boxes can be more prominently visible, and the ladies can be thoroughly happy. Of course there is no theatre yet which has boxes so contrived that natty little shoes may be exhibited, but the time, it is confidently expected, is not far off.

* * *

Dixey's costumes in the coming production of "Conrad, the Corsair," at the Bijou, are as much a subject of anxiety to him as though he were Sarah Bernhardt. His first dress is of chocolate and crimson trimmed with gold; the second of pale pink India silk, showered with pearls, with cloth of silver let in the sleeves; the third is a monastic habit and cowl of chocolate plush, lined with canary satin; the fourth, a blending of lavender and crimson, while the last is a wedding dress of embossed cream velvet.

Footlight Schittillations.

"L'Article 47," which is described as a play of "strong positive effects"—whatever that may mean—will be the attraction at the Grand Opera-House next Monday, with Clara Morris in the rôle of Cora. "Renée," "The New Magdalen" and "Ailxe" will also be given.

It was positively decided last night that "The Great Pink Pearl" could not be continued at the Lyceum Theatre after Nov. 1. Mr. Frohman is anxious to secure another theatre here where the play can be continued with "Editha's Burglar." Mr. Field, of the Boston Museum, has made an offer to present those plays at his theatre with his regular stock company. Nothing positive has been decided, however.

He Liked the Name.

[*From the Kansas City Times.*]

Temperance advocate—Where do you expect to pass your declining days if you continue drinking?

Confirmed toper—At Bar Harbor, if I can get there.

Avoid Haste.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

Don't wreak your spite until after you've slept;
The wrong may look changed in the morning;
The repose of the night may its influence shed
On the cause of your anger and scorning.
Last evening I slept o'er a slight I endured,
I was ruffled, but shrouded all traces;
My spirit was changed in the morn, and I went—
And I licked my aggressor like blazes!

SHE WILL NOT FLIRT AGAIN.

It Was a Harsh Remedy, but It Was Evidently Effective.

[*From the Chicago Herald.*]

One of the most original and effective methods of curing the desire on the part of many of the fair sex for innocent flirtation was related recently by a rising young attorney, whose office is within a stone's throw of the Court-House. The young lady in question is well educated, accomplished and beautiful, and the daughter of a prominent physician, now deceased. My friend and she have been intimate associates from childhood, and he admits that their friendship has grown stronger with advancing year. She possesses all the rare and adorable qualities of a true woman's character, but, like thousands of others, when in her teens would indulge occasionally in a flirtation harmless in its meaning. She seemed to enjoy this little coquetry, especially in his presence, and no doubt looked upon this ruse, so common with the fair ones, as a means to excite a little jealousy and compel him, as it were, unconsciously to show his appreciation for her. But he is too evenly balanced to permit any such feelings to disturb his mind, yet she annoyed him considerably, and he determined to cure her should cincumstances give him the desired opportunity. At last the coveted time came. One evening found them attending one of poor McCullough's performances, and, by the way, it was about the last he gave in Chicago. They occupied seats near the middle of the first row in the parquet, which, of course, gives one an excellent opportunity to study the faces on either side. In the earlier part of the play he noticed the attention of his companion directed across the aisle, and after mathematical calculation upon the curve described by her glances he located the object of her attentions, and, to his surprise, recognized the bartender of one of the hotels where he and a few of his boon companions occasionally presented themselves for refreshments. Certainly she did not know the bartender, but he was flashily dressed and a diamond pin lent considerable brilliancy to his variegated necktie. He watched developments and finally noticed that his lady love was conducting a vigorous flirtation with the cocktail mixer. This was the time to act. So quietly enjoying the play until the intermission, he asked a leave of absence, went over to "Cholly," and stated that the young lady with him was badly smitten with "Cholly's" charms and volunteered to introduce him to her. The chump was delighted, of course, and needed no further invitation. The introduction over, he invited "Cholly" to accept his seat by the young lady's side, and just at that moment he found it necessary to ask further leave of absence.

Leaving the compounder of fancy drinks with his "fever" address and murderous English to entertain, he passed towards the entrance, congratulating himself upon his victory, and determined that she would see no more of him that evening, unless it became necessary for him to protect her. He resumed his intelligent appreciation of the play from behind the last row of chairs, and at the close of the third act hunted up his cab-driver and instructed him to await his arrival outside at the close of the performance, adding that he desired to follow a couple in the audience whom he would point out. At length the performance closed and the parties were shown to cabby, who, with the legendary sagacity of his kind, followed at a convenient distance. The purveyor of bad whiskey offered his services in seeing the young lady to her home, and, as a matter of necessity, his already odious and disgusting attentions were to be borne yet awhile.

A street-car was pressed into service and the couple alighted at C street, and a few moments after cabby landed his passenger on the same corner. My legal friend followed the couple, a few paces behind, determined to be on hand to defend his late companion in case the low-browed habitue of the shady portions of the town should offer her any insults. His presence was opportune, and by a few well-directed blows spoiled the dandy's complexion who, suffice it to say, made lively time around the corner. The young lady, true to woman's instincts, enacted the rest of the tragedy by fainting, and my friend had the romantic pleasure of taking her home in the manner customary in cases of suspended vitality. The conception of the plot was rather harsh and deliberate, but that young lady has had indelibly stamped upon her soul a lesson of the greatest moral importance.

NEW FADS IN FURNITURE.

White mahogany is making itself respected as a suitable wood for choice cabinets, tables and writing-desks.

Carved Venetian furniture is being imported this season in large quantities. It is all hand-work in direct imitation of the antique.

Valuable Aubusson tapestries are for the time putting even Gobelin into the shade for hangings, and also for chair and couch coverings.

Fully five out of ten of all the new houses that come under the head of magnificent have walls that are done in silk, either panelled or fluted, in lieu of any other decoration.

The dragon-shaped couches have evidently met St. George in every good shop in town, for they have vanished. You see them on the sidewalk placarded a "bargain," but find them in a fine shop, never!

The really artistic housekeeper heightens the picturesque effect of her dining-table by placing the men in low chairs, or rather chairs with low backs, while each fair woman is framed in by a tall carved, straight-backed chair that reaches above her head. In this way the men are free to turn and talk at their pleasure, while the only duty of his beautiful neighbor is to lean upon the ready support and look like a picture.

There is not the slightest doubt as to what is the general fashion in expensive house-furnishing just at present. Everything that is is French, and ideas handed down from the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth. We adopted English fashions long enough to get a little sense about what was suitable and honest, and now we have come back to France for their grace and art. For delicacy in art, as in literature, France still leads the willing world.

She Had Him There.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Young husband—Maria, what kind of a leathery mess do you call this?

Young wife—This, George, is a French pudding made from that receipt of your mother's. You know you've always wanted me to ——

Young husband (hastily)—Why, so it is. It's superb, Maria, superb. (Eats pudding and silently commends his soul to heaven.)

A Great Curiosity.

[*From the Richmond Dispatch.*]

A man has been jailed in Philadelphia for robbing a hackman of that city. His future is assured. It is safe to say that the dime museums will not let slip such an opportunity to secure a great curiosity.

STREAM, TRACK AND RING.

THE COMING INDOOR MEETINGS OF AMATEUR ATHLETES.

Some Reasons Why Changes Should be Made by the Managers of Trotting Meetings—Sexton Talks of Slosson—Kilrain's Chances of Whipping Smith—A Cruel Fight Between Dempsey and Reagan.

INDOOR athletic meetings will begin shortly, and they are just as much in need of novelty as the trotting turf. Why couldn't it be a good idea to have some way of seeing how hard the amateurs can hit? Quick hitting, on suspended football, as was done by the members of Sullivan's combination in the theatres of towns where sparring wouldn't go, is an exhibition that always brings applause. An eight or ten pound punching bag, such as hangs up in Prof. Wood's gymnasium, would be the kind to test the punching powers on. The winner of the competition to be the one who could knock the bag the highest or send completely over the bar it is hung on with square punches (no push blows) the greatest number of times in a trial of say three minutes. Billy Morse, one of the strongest members of the New York Athletic Club, was banging away at the football once with his right and was much surprised by a little exhibition an expugilist gave him. The boxer showed Morse in less than a minute something the amateur had always thought impossible—how he could hit the ball with his left just as hard as with his right and with much less exertion.

* * *

Two efforts have been made within the last week to get on a match for the clever Scottish-American Athletic Club boy, Jimmy Larkin. When Larkin won the 120-pound amateur championship a year ago, he knocked out three strong opponents in one night. Another attempt will be made to-morrow.

* * *

Billy Sexton says he does not think the series of billiard tournaments in contemplation will be arranged. "Slosson is too much of a hog as usual. He wants to have the best series played in Chicago, and he must manage all the Western games. Think I'll be matched to-night or to-morrow with Daly to play cushion caroms, 500 points up, for $4,000 a side, in four weeks. Dave Gideon, the bookmaker, will back Daly, and my partner, Hen. Stedeker, will put up for me."

* * *

The only way to revive trotting in New York is to imitate the running race-course. Only a fortnight ago the drivers on one of the Eastern Circuit tracks—Hartford, I think, gave up driving in overalls and donned regular costumes. The change was a success. A still better one would be to drop heat races and adopt dashes at different distances. Mr. Robert Bonner, Johnny Murphy, L. H. Hurd, Hiram Smith and others say dashes would have a bad effect on the breed of trotters. They surely wouldn't think a horse a poor one that could trot two miles in 5 minutes, or even in 5.14, as Mr. Grosscup's cross-matched team did several years ago. There could be mile, mile and a half and three and four or even five-mile trotting races, which would draw immense crowds, be finished earlier and pay better than these wearysome heat races. Another good thing for the trotting turf would be the abolition of the sulky. Have trots in this country as they do in England to saddle. If the Gentlemen's Driving Club instead of giving the $5,000 they lately hung up for a three days' wretchedly attended meeting, had put the same amount into a one or two days' race meet without barring out any cracks, but giving their money to horses somebody wants to see, people would have made the trip to Fleetwood rather than to Jerome.

* * *

"Kilrain may be able to beat Smith on the line I judge by," says one of the best judges of fighters who frequents the Hoffman House. "Old Greenfield was away too clever for Smith when they met in France, but the young man could stand a lot of such punches as Greenfield could deliver and kept bustling the old man till he had him tired. It wasn't all Smith by any means though, if I am informed correctly by eye-witnesses, when the mob broke in the ring. Mitchell, if he were anything like as much of a fighter as he is a boxer, could lick Jem Smith, and Kilrain seems to spar very well with Mitchell. I don't fancy Kilrain's build as a fighter. Most of the great pugilists, Morrisey, Mace, Sayers, Goss and Sullivan, we will mention, are well under 6 feet. It's a physiological fact that men with such long backbones haven't got the endurance of stockier-built folks. About Dempsey and Reagan? If Dempsey is Dempsey there hadn't ought to be but one in it, but that's the way people thought once when Edwards and Collyer were matched for the first battle. It's a mighty cruel fight the middle-weights are matched for, skin-tight gloves or bare hands, London prize-ring rules, and probably on a broad floor.

A Slip of the Tongue.

[*From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.*]

Fond ma—Lookee byar, Lucindy, I doan want to hear you callin' me mudder an' yo' pa, fadder, no mo. Dat soun's too much like some er dese yar white trash Ise hearn.

Fond daughter—'Scuse me dis time, mamma. Hit was a slip er de lapsus lingum. Ise jis as 'shame' of it ez you is.

PROFESSIONAL PALL BEARING.

A Gloomy Trade, but Very Easy and Eminently Respectable.

[*From the Philadelphia News.*]

He was a gloomy-looking sort of person and his face wore an expression of woe that made one think he had had it stamped there as a sort of trade-mark. He was clad in garments of the sombrest hue, and from the wide weed on his high hat to the dead polish on his broad-soled shoes he looked for all the world like a man in whose family there was a death at least once a year. When he came into the street car a sort of hush fell upon the passengers out of respect for his placarded sorrow. By and by the gloomy man was asked if he had met with a bereavement lately.

"No, indeed," he replied; "there has not been a death in my family for years."

"Why, then," asked his neighbor, with more curiosity than politeness, "do you dress in such deep mourning?"

"Oh, that's on account of my business."

"You are an undertaker, then?"

"No, I am a pall-bearer," he said, noting the look of surprise in his interlocutor's face he went on: "Some years ago there was a strike in my trade. I am a carpenter, and during one of my idle days I passed a house where there was a funeral. Stopping to watch it, I was approached by the undertaker, who asked me if I was going to the funeral. I said no, that I knew no one here. He then asked me if I had any objection to being a pall-bearer. I said I had none, provided I was paid for it, and we finally struck a bargain. I made as much that afternoon as I would had I worked all day at my trade, and since then I have adopted pall-bearing as a means of livelihood. I dress in black, as you see, and each morning look over the death notices. I have found that my services are very seldom required where the funeral is that of a young man or woman, or where the deceased has belonged to any secret societies, and that my most profitable customers are those who have outlived most of their companions. If the dead person happens to be an unmarried lady past the meridian of life I am nearly always certain of the job. I find that at funerals the proportion of female attendants outnumbers the male about four to one, and that most of the latter are close relatives. As it is generally the rule to select the pall-bearers from among those not connected with the family you can see that my services are very frequently in demand. I generally seek out the undertaker and make my bargain with him, and I average about two funerals a day. It is a nice, easy sort of life and eminently respectable. You will have to excuse me now, as I have a funeral in this street and must get off here."

Ruffling the Judge's Dignity.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Martin Van Buren Montgomery, late Commissioner of Patents, at present Associate Justice of the United States Court, is a victim to hay fever. At those periods of the year in which he is a healthy man no more dignified-looking gentleman could be imagined. In business and in society he bears himself with a stately courtesy as unusual as it is impressive. He looks every inch a gentleman and an exclusive one. But when the period of hay fever arrives it must be confessed that his aristocratic physiognomy undergoes a change. The eyes are red, the nose frightfully swollen, the cheeks bloated. One morning, after a night of especial misery, he went out for an airing. There were few persons on the street, and the Hon. Montgomery walked along quietly absorbed in his melancholy reflections and a bad attack of sniffles. His eye centered at length on a figure slouching up the street. It was that of a man dressed in rags and with a gait which showed him to be only partially recovered from a night of heavy drinking. His face was livid, his nose a chronicle of sprees, his eyes mere tablets for his vices to appear on. This interesting and odoriferous individual reeled on down the street and finally reached Justice Montgomery. He examined him with curiosity, took in the nose, the eyes, the general look of wobegoneness, and then rushed up to him and, seizing his hand, with fervor cried:

"Al-lo pard! I say, leds dake a dring!"

"My good man," protested the horrified Justice, "you are making a mistake. I never drink."

"O, come off," cried the man, "dake what you wand."

"I've had breakfast, thank you, sir," the Justice stanchly replied, while the man continued to tug at his sleeve, "and I'm a teetotaler."

"Well then," the convivial gentleman went on, "how did you get that nose?"

It is said that the Justice got off by the payment of a quarter.

Honest Perhaps, But—.

[*From the Rochester Herald.*]

Of course Judge Ruger's doubts are honest doubts, but they are not in the interest of justice, and it is questionable if they would have been exercised in the interest of any felon save Sharp.

October Pictures.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

The pumpkin pie is yellow,
The buckwheat cake is brown,
The farmer's gray neck whiskers
Are full of thistle down.

The leaves are crisp and russet,
The sumac's blazing red,
The butternut descending
Is cracked upon your head.

The rabbit is cavorting
Along the gloomy slope,
The shot-gun of the sportsman
Eliminates his lope.

The butterfly's departed,
Likewise the belted bee,
The small boy in the orchard
Is up the apple-tree.

The country fair is blooming,
The circus is no more,
And on the polished brass dogs,
We make the hickory roar.

The trees wear lovely colors
In beautiful excess;
All nature seems to rustle
Just like a new silk dress.

The sausage soon will ripen,
The popcorn soon will pop,
And Christmas things enliven
The window of the shop.

Sing hi! for merry autumn,
Sing ho! for autumn gay,
Whose pretty pot-pie squirrels
Among the branches play.

For now no merry bluebird
Upon the rose-tree toots,
And autumn, golden autumn,
Serenely up and scoots.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOCKSTADER'S.
BUSINESS BOOMING.
Cleveland's Western Trip.
Volunteer and Thistle.
"FALL OF NEW BABYLON."
THREE NEW SONGS.
Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

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ADMISSION 10 CENTS, 20 CENTS, RESERVED 30 CENTS.
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"The dear public liked her."—Times, Oct. 11.
In two pieces. A double bill.
Promptly at 8 o'clock the charming one-act operetta, THE RING AND THE KEEPER will begin. And at 8.30 the popular fantasy, MY SWEETHEART.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,
CORNER 31ST ST.
Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c.
House packed. Not even standing room.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "CLIO."
Box office always open. Beware of speculators.
Oct. 17—THE WILBUR OPERA CO.

BUNNELL'S MUSEUM, Broadway,
MARVELLOUS SEALS. IN OLD LONDON STREET.
The very largest show ever given. Admission 25c, Children, 10c.
Open from noon until 10 P. M.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving place.
4TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2.
Elaborate production of the latest London Melodrama,
A DARK SECRET.
Reserved seats, 50c., 75c., $1. Family circle, 25c.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 50c.

STAR THEATRE. SPECIAL!
Commencing next Monday Evening,
Engagement of Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
who will appear as Bob Acres in THE RIVALS.
Sale of seats begins to-morrow morning.

BANJO—HENRY C. DOBSON, MANUFACTURER and teacher of the patent silver-bell banjo. I guarantee to teach this popular instrument in one course of ten weeks' lessons, with regular musical notation or by memorandum method without notes, as the pupil may desire. HENRY C. DOBSON, 1270 Broadway.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE. LAST WEEK.
Evenings at 8 and Saturday Matinee at 2,
SALSBURY TROUBADOURS,
in their latest success,
THE BLUE HUSSARS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Wed. Mat. Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN Sat. Mat.
IN THE GOLDEN GIANT.
Next week—CLARA MORRIS.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th ave. and 23d st.
Begins 8.15 with EDITHA'S BURGLAR. At 8.45
THE GREAT PINK PEARL.
THE GREAT PINK PEARL.
THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

THALIA TO-NIGHT AND TO-MORROW.
DROP OF POISON.
Saturday Matinee—Strakosch and the Thalia Company.
Saturday evening—Junkermann, "Inspector Bretzig."

AFTER CHESTNUTS.

Clubbing the Hapless Trees, and the Way Wise Ones Cook the Fruit.

The chestnut trees are having a hard time of it just now. A chestnut tree located anywhere near the city is fit to be a target in a police clubbing school.

Parties of boys go out in all directions on Sunday to hunt for chestnuts. They usually provide themselves with old broomsticks, handles and pickets before leaving home. On the way any stick they come across is carried along, and when they reach a tree with even a single burr they are willing to spend the afternoon flinging sticks at it.

There are a number of chestnut trees near High Bridge, and plenty in Prospect Park. It is estimated that at least twenty clubs are thrown for every chestnut that is knocked out of its burr.

When the chestnuts are gathered in the wise ones take them home, strip off their glossy brown coats, drop them into melting butter on a hot stove, cook them like doughnuts, let them drain on a collander, and then sprinkle red pepper on them.

Boston's Fashion of Treating.

A New York gentleman has just returned from a trip to Boston, struck with the Bostonese style of treating.

With his accustomed liberality he had treated his Boston friends to the best. They quaffed champagne without regard to the quantity, while he was careful to see that the quality was of the best.

But there was a difference when he was invited to take a drink by his Boston friends. They issued specifications.

"They always ask," said the New Yorker, "'Will you take a glass of beer with me?' Sometimes, in lavish moods, they say, 'Will you join me in a claret punch?' That is as high as they go. They never say, 'What will you take?'"

Cliff Street Love for Bands.

Cliff street in its lower portion is occupied by dealers in brass goods, tinware, coal scuttles and the like. It has a remarkable fondness for "dot little German band."

Every morning a German band can be seen and heard between John and Fulton streets pouring out pathetic strains. The street fairly revels in the harmony and idolizes the players.

Not a Local Evil.

[*From the Jacksonville (Fla.) News and Herald.*]

In a Jacksonville hotel dining-room: "Gentlemen, how'll yer had yer aigs dis mornin'?"

"Boiled," replied A. "Scrambled," muttered B.

In the kitchen: "Mr. Johnsing, bile two good, fresh aigs fur Mr. A. an' scramble a couple fo' Mr. B. onten dat lot o' old 'sperunced aigs ober dar in de cubbud."

The Business Outlook

was never better, judging from the demand for our new brands, "Cross Country," "Latest Engish" and "White-Caps" cigarettes. All extra fine, hand-made. Kinney Tobacco Co., New York.

Why Adam Melton Married His Housekeeper.

(A STORY BY NYM CRINKLE.)

I WAS probably more surprised than had been any of his friends on hearing, when I returned to America, that Adam Melton had married his housekeeper. Of all men in the world he was, to my mind, the least likely to throw himself away upon a woman who was unworthy of him. Scholarly, fastidious, foolishly, almost morbidly sensitive, and with an absurdly exalted notion of what a wife should be, it seemed incredible that he should select for a companion a mere chambermaid. But that was what he had done, and they were living in retired happiness somewhere uptown on a French flat.

Melton, of all others, was the friend that I should have sought out immediately on my return. We were chums ten years before, and as intimate as I suppose it is possible for two young men to be. And yet I did not call on him for a week. I felt that his marriage had in some way cancelled my obligations; that it was a violation of our friendship, and an insult to all who had trusted in his good taste and his ambition as I had done. It really weighed on me and aggravated me for the first two or three days. But before the week was out I began to reason with myself; that I was making a greater mistake perhaps than had my friend. Besides I wanted to see him above everybody else. I had hundreds of little experiences to tell him which no one else would comprehend in the fulness of their triviality, and I was bound to go to him, whatever his circumstances and surroundings, and renew our intimacy.

It was a wet, cold night in November when, with his card in my pocket, I set out to find him. On my way I recalled his character and appearance when he was a student. His delicate face, into which the blood dashed with the slightest provocation; his fitful, nervous energy that carried him over college difficulties when we lubberly giants, as he called us, gave out; the delicate refinement of his mind, the fastidiousness of his taste, his womanly timidity, quickness and fineness of apprehension, and his strange aversion to being left alone at night. I remembered, too, his literary talents, his brilliant prospects, his wealthy aunt, and his attachment to Jenny Featherstonaugh, one of the most brilliant as well as the richest of the many young ladies of our acquaintance. And when I thought of his marriage, it seemed to me that somehow he would explain it all away as a ruse or a mistake when I found him.

He was living on the second story of one of those uptown buildings called apartment-houses. A buxom, pleasant-faced maid, plainly dressed, admitted me to a richly furnished sitting-room handsomely decorated with bric-a-brac and costly pictures, and I waited in a quaint old chair before the blazing grate for him.

Heavens, what a gap ten years makes in our lives! When Adam came in we looked at each other half a minute in silence and amazement. I saw a man prematurely old and slightly round-shouldered, whose soft chestnut hair was flecked with tufts of white and whose face bore the inerradicable lines, interwoven past all interpretation, of physical pain and mental overwork. For a moment the overpowering sense of the vastness of the experiences that were crowded into the time that had elapsed since last we met, and which was so inadequately expressed in the words ten years, seemed to leave no room for other emotions. And when we grasped hands cordially enough and called each other by our familiar names I noticed that there was something, not exactly constraint, nor yet precision, in his manner. It seemed rather to be deliberation self-imposed that had become habitual.

He was heartily glad to see me, and insisted that I should lay aside my wet garments and heavy boots and spend the evening with him in slippers. So that presently we were sitting beside his coal fire, and I was doing my best to interest him with an account of my wanderings and experiences abroad. It was not difficult to do this. I had seen a good deal of life during my absence and felt rather vain of my story, perhaps. Besides I knew enough of Melton's tastes to be able to adapt my narrative to his ears. So I rattled away glibly enough, making all sorts of allusions to the old times and the old ambitions, trying occasionally to be a little jocular, if not cynical, over the inevitable disappointments.

He let me run on for a long time, occasionally asking a question or making an observation of surprise. When, however, I alluded somewhat jocosely to his change of life and prospects, he interrupted me:

"You were in the city, I believe, a week before you called to see me?"

"It is true," I answered, "but it is easily explained."

"Be frank," he said. "You were pained at the news of my marriage?"

"That, too, would be pardonable in an old friend," I replied, "who had not yet vindicated your judgment by an acquaintance with the lady."

"I beg your pardon for not presenting you to my wife before. You shall know her. But I ask as a favor that you hear my story first. I have not told it before, nor in any way attempted to vindicate my judgment, as you term it. It is true that I have cut the world for the woman I have married. It is also true that she was my housekeeper and destitute of education, friends and money. I nevertheless feel that you will compliment me on my judgment, and respect the woman of my choice when you have listened to me. My story will lack the variety and color of your charming tale of personal adventure, but it is fraught with curious interest. You will probably recall the circumstances of our last year at school—my intense application to study, the honors I won—and the subsequent connection with Drexel & Banks. I believe few young men enter life with brighter prospects than mine appeared to the world to be. If I was not passionately in love with Jenny Featherstonaugh I certainly admired her, and there at that time appeared to be no bar to our marriage.

"You know, perhaps, that it was one of the pet schemes of my aunt Cornelia Blossom's life to bring about this union, and it promised through her to be one of independence as well as of happiness to me. But I threw up my connection with Drexel & Banks, I broke off the match with Miss Featherstonaugh, I abandoned all intention of earning a name at the Bar; I mortally offended my aunt and was cut off with a shilling, and finally I married my or rather my aunt's housekeeper, and turned my back on the world, becoming, in fact, a recluse. But I committed no crime. I was not the victim of a boyish passion. I was not dissipated, demented, or dull. I was pursued by an invisible fiend more dreadful than the malign monsters that tormented our race in the days of superstition. Do you remember the morning before we left college, when you came into my room and, struck by something in my face, asked me with sudden alarm what had happened?"

"I remember it distinctly," I replied. "Your looks appalled me."

"I have no doubt of it. That was my first acquaintance with the fiend."

"For God's sake, Melton, explain yourself! I cannot comprehend you," I cried.

He smiled a curiously sad smile