SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

THE QUEER NAMES THAT SOME OF THE ATHLETES HAVE.

Johnny Reagan Talks of His Fight with Dempsey—The Osborne $300 Gold Challenge Medal—A Gigantic Meeting to be Held at Madison Square Garden—Hammer-Throwing Records May be Broken.

OF the queer names reporters of athletic meetings have to wrestle with are those of runner Eschwege, "Pop" Schoeneck, of the Nassaus, Gianinni, of the Dauntless Rowing Club, Demonet, the Hjertsberg Brothers, one a runner the other a walker, of the Olympics, and chronic-kicker Freeth, the Nassau Athletic Club's three and five mile runner. Queer nicknames are common, too. Old-time champion of amateur walkers Frank Murray is called "Cinders," and Brooklyn Baseball Club Captain Byrne's christening of "Budweister" has got stuck fast to Eschwege.

* * *

The first single-scull race for the elegant $300 gold challenge medal left by the late Charles Osborne to encourage the New York Athletic Club oarsmen will be rowed on the Harlem on Oct. 22. This race, which is a handicap, will be rowed every year, and the winner this year will hold the medal until he is defeated.

* * *

If the members of the New York Athletic Club's eight-oared crew went around town less and drank champagne more sparingly, they would not now be talking of securing another aquatic trainer. No trainer in the world could have made them beat the Dauntless eight in the Harlem regatta race last Saturday. It's very strange. Davy Roach used to train the old Dauntless team so that they won six out of one series of seven races they started in.

* * *

A meeting of the New York Athletic Club's Games Committee to take measures for a gigantic in-door athletic meeting to be held in Madison Square Garden early next month will be held some night this week. The meeting is to be held thus early so as to give the crack amateurs a last chance before going out of training for the season. It will include an All-United States Lawn Tennis Tourney, to be held in the afternoon. THE EVENING WORLD'S suggestion of a new athletic feat, a test of the hitting powers of athletes by means of the punching-bag, will be considered. The New Yorks are to give a series of fortnightly Saturday night entertainments this winter.

* * *

A team of twelve or fourteen of the New York Athletic Club's best men will compete at the Highland Athletic Association's games on its Manayunk grounds, near Philadelphia, on Oct. 29. All but the 100-yard dash and the one-mile walk of the twelve events on the programme will be separate contests, and the handicapping in the 100 will be limited to five yards.

* * *

The light, that is the twelve-pound, hammer-throwing and shot-pulling records are almost certain to be broken at the New York Athletic Club's Bell Medal and Oelrich's Bronze games at Mott Haven on Saturday afternoon. The admission will be free. Admission to the Manhattan Athletic Club's final club events on the same afternoon is by invitation.

* * *

The Athletic Association of the Twenty-Second Regiment will hold its open amateur games on Nov. 19. There will be the following handicap events, besides the regimental tugs-of-war for 600-pound teams: regimental half-mile run, and the scratch obstacle race, the 50, 600 yards and one-mile, runs; two mile walk; running high jump; one and a half-mile steeplechase. Entries close Nov. 12.

* * *

Jack Dempsey says he strips at 150 pounds at present. The most he ever scaled was 181 pounds in street clothes. That was four weeks after he fought the marine. He will go away to train for Reagan, McCoy and McGee in a fortnight.

* * *

Cocking mains will commence soon and flying feathers are to be plenty this year. A club of New York bloods who got very badly used in some chicken disputes last season have arranged with the Williamsburg blacksmith, well known for his square dealings, for a main of chickens, to take place as soon as the youngsters are fit. The cocker spoken of returned from Albany yesterday where he has all but settled the terms for a main of cocks with Jimmy Dugrey, the noted Hudson River Valley fancier. A main with the noted Kearney brown-red strain will be made tomorrow.

* * *

The Nassau Club, which has gathered in the crack athletes of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, is prosperous financially, has a fine quarter-mile track and will move into the upper floors of a big building in Washington street, Brooklyn, near the Post-Office, in January. The "Indians" will give a fine programme of athletic events on Thanksgiving Day afternoon.

* * *

Johnny Reagan, who is matched to fight Jack Dempsey in December for $2,000, under London prize ring rules, had an interesting conversation with THE EVENING WORLD representative in the Hoffman House bar the other evening. Reagan is a well-appearing, neatly-dressed young man, of the best of habits, and with manners which make him many friends. He is to go in training in two weeks and keeps in good shape by plenty of walking. "Now and then too," he said, "some of the boys down in the shops near my house, the 'Hook' will want to get off for an hour or two. I'll pull off my clothes and practice my old trade of boiler-making, so they can have a little fun. Did you ever hear that Jack McAuliffe once, when I was lighter than I am now, and challenged him, wrote and advised me to go back to boiler-making? I wanted to see if he could make me do it." Reagan is very sanguine of the result of his match with Dempsey. "I weigh," he said, "168 pounds as I stand now, without the overcoat, and I'm not fat. I'll get in prime condition and down to about 155 pounds before the 9th of December. It won't be the Reagan you saw fight Tom Henry. I was sick that time. They (the people behind Dempsey) think I don't know much about wrestling and that they have the best of the match. I couldn't have the conditions of the coming fight suit me better."

JUST HER STYLE.

A Society Leader from Hoboken Looking for a Theatrical Engagement.

Charles Frohman was about to leave his office and had relieved himself of his work-a-day coat when there was a timid knock at his door and a sprightly little damsel entered. She was not particularly pretty, nor very strikingly clad. She advanced into the middle of the room and gazed earnestly at Mr. Frohman.

"Can I speak with you?" she lisped cunningly.

"Certainly, madam," replied the polite little gentleman; though the fact that she could do so was self-evident. She drew a chair to the desk, leaned impressively forward and looked Mr. Frohman straight in the eyes.

"Now, I don't want you to say a word about my visit here," she said, "because none of my folks know anything about it. I am very, very anxious," she continued, "to go upon the stage. I've been a great success in private theatricals. Oh, Mr. Frohman, couldn't you place me in one of the 'Held by the Enemy' companies. I could do Susan so nicely. It's just my style. Oh, do not say no."

Mr. Frohman bit his lip and went on listening.

"I stand very high in social circles," she resumed, "and," with a little smirk, "I am very popular, though I say it."

"In New York?" asked Mr. Frohman, feeling he must say something.

"Oh, no!" scornfully. "In Hoboken. Mr. Frohman, if you engage me, you'll have the theatre packed every time you play in Hoboken. I can promise you that, I have so many friends. Please engage me."

"Madam," said Mr. Frohman, impressively, "at the present time society ladies are rather too"—

"Look at Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter," she interrupted eagerly.

"Yes," he said meditatively. "Madam," quickly, "leave me your name, and if any time"—

"Oh, thanks!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, jumping at this feeblest of all concessions. "Dear Mr. Frohman, don't forget to write me. I won't accept another engagement, and I shall tell my friends—may I—that there's a surprise in store for them. Good-by."

SOME WELL-KNOWN HOTEL CLERKS.

Charles P. Clemes is the Napoleonic-looking clerk at the Brunswick.

Milo K. Lyke, a polished Gotham veteran, is the popular clerk of the Albemarle.

Joseph Kuhns is looked up to as guide and friend by the guests of the Grand Central.

Jesse Hipple, late of the Palmer House, Chicago, is now chief clerk at the Murray Hill.

Harry Riddell beams on the guests at the Windsor. He has neat apartments in the hotel.

John W. Shea smiles at guests over the Gilsey House register. He lives at the hotel.

William H. Carr, who has a phenomenal memory for names and faces, is the oracle at the Fifth Avenue.

George H. Schenck is a fountain of information at the Westminster. His home is at 148 East Eighteenth street.

Otis Keith represents the Keith family at the Metropolitan. He has a brother at the Gilsey and another at the Hoffman.

August Schneehage has piled up a goodly heap of shekels during many years of service at the Victoria. He lives at 251 East Thirty-second street.

P. T. Wall, considered among the boys the Apollo of hotel clerks, lives and holds sway at the Hoffman House. He is the organizer and inspirer of the Hotel Clerks' Protective Association of the United States.

A Poser.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Enfant Terrible—And did they go into the ark two by two?

Mamma—Yes, dearest.

Enfant Terrible—Well, who went with aunties?

The Poet's Wealth.

[From the Oil City Blizzard.]

Though the poet has much botheration,
Though his loves make him sorrow and moan,
He has always one sweet consolation—
He can metre in moonlight alone.

BAD QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

HOW A DENTIST MADE THINGS INTERESTING FOR AN INTERVIEWER.

The Sufferings of a Patient While Having a Tooth Filled—The Power Drill and the Spring Mallet Worse Than the Tortures of the Inquisition—Sounds From the Dentist's Chair while Work is in Progress.

IT HAS been frequently hinted by thoughtless and too sportive friends that a certain EVENING WORLD reporter's winning smile is not real, but that it is worn for its advantages in displaying an aristocratic front tooth built of equal parts of ivory and dross. The aforesaid reporter don't mind confessing right here that it may be so, for he is proud of the tooth.

His friend, the dentist, is a jolly, hearty fellow, and he assured the scribe that there was no pain and almost no bother at all in having tooth cavities filled; and so the reporter submitted himself for an afternoon to the soul-inspiring operation. Of course he was obliged to wait an hour and a half while several other people enjoyed themselves in the great, luxurious, cardinal-red easy-chair in the doctor's private office; and of course this hour and a half, every minute of it, added fresh confidence to his stock on hand.

"Oh, doctor! I know I shall faint!" came in feeble accents from the little room, and the scribe felt that a sweet little woman, who had just told her female companion in the outer office that she had as soon have a tooth out as to eat, was in trouble. There came the inaudible tones of the doctor in encouragement. Then "Ugh—oo—agh—oh! Oh, dear! That was only cutting the goomb? Oh, I know I shall faint! Wait! No, not yet!" came from the first voice, followed by expostulatory tones from the doctor. The young woman had been in the private office twenty minutes, and there was a rustling, and she emerged, the dentist following and bowing her out with: "Well, some other day, then, when your nerves are stronger, and then we'll have it out."

Then a fond mamma, accompanied by a boy who wore his head in a red flannel sling, was interviewed, and "Tommy" was seated in the big chair. This time the door stood open, and the reporter saw the doctor prepare with a mirror about as big as his thumb-nail to take a view of the interior of the youngster's head. But the patient clapped both hands on his mouth, leaving only a space between his fingers wide enough to allow the most unearthly yells to come out.

"Ow, wow! yah-hoo-er! yah" said the boy. But after ten minutes of coaxing, wheedling, threatening, bribing and reasoning from his mother, the boy opened his mouth long enough to let the dentist "take a look inside." Then the wily practitioner deftly inserted, not the little mirror, but a pair of steel candle snuffers, and with one or two quick, half-circular twists of his hand and a sudden jerk, he yanked a molar out of the mouth of the young hopeful, which added much to the acoustic properties of the opening. A view of the extracted member, however, soon forced curiosity into the place of sorrow, and the youngster went away proud and happy, with the tooth wrapped up in a bit of cotton, while his mother satisfied herself through the doctor that if the tooth should accidently or otherwise be lost and a swine should find it, it would not necessarily follow that a swine's tooth would grow in the head of the boy.

But the reporter's turn came finally, just as he had about concluded that he could wait till some other day just as well, and had made up his mind to say that a pressing engagement called him away. His friend, the dentist, wouldn't hear of this for an instant. The scribe was not a coward, surely! Of course he wasn't, and he laid him down in the easy chair and resigned himself to his fate.

The dentist, as has been stated, is jolly and very entertaining, and he beguiled his patient with capital stories while he took a survey of the opening in his face with the little mirror, sounded for bed-rock with a small drill, knocked or pried off the inside walls of some of the teeth, first punching a hole with ivory to obtain a grip and finally pried the contiguous teeth away from the one he proposed to work on so that he could force a sheet-rubber down on it, in which operation he drove several of the old, sulphurous variety down the throat whence they came. From this point in the interview the dentist did all the talking.

After knocking off a few odd corners of teeth which he had not noticed before, and cheering the patient up with the remark that "We are fairly started, now," that dentist proceeded to inflict the most awful tortures ever suffered by a free man in a free country. First there was "just the sweetest and most scientifically constructed little foot power drill ever made," and he showed how he could manipulate the swiftly revolving little thing on the end of a limber wire shafting, and then he put it into practical operation. It was cute, and it sent most accute thrills of misery through the nervous system of the patient. He tried to say so, but his inarticulate thought was met with a cheerful, but very positive denial by the operator, who seemed to divine it immediately, and the revolving wire went faster and the needle-pointed drill went deeper, until it had passed through the smallest end of the longest prong and was nearing the scalp just over the eye.

"Burr, burr, burr!" sang the wire, and "bore, bore, bore!" was the work of the drill, and the relentless tormentor who wielded it swayed it from side to side of the opening he had made, which was surely big enough for the insertion of the butt end of an elephant's tusk, while the victim could make no move to arise, because that would only be forcing himself on the instrument. But just as the man on the rack had taken a vow that he would slaughter his torturer by some slow process, he drew out the drill and said: "Most done now, boy. You are standing it nobly."

Then he tried another and even more excruciating form of torture. Having laid bare the tenderest, most susceptible of nerves, he now blew upon it a section of the chilling blast of the North Pole from a pair of minute bellows. Each whiff cut the quick and inflicted the most poignant suffering.

The desire to kill him was thick upon the victim again, but his power to do it, he felt, was fast passing away. Surfeited with this last fiendish sport, the tormenter essayed something new. It was like the first, persistent in its work; like the last, terrific in its power for pain, and it had the last and culminating merits of slowness. It was a small spile driver, with which he pounded the golden filling into the cavity he had made. It worked with a spring, had a striking force of fifteen tons and drove sheet after sheet of the foil into that hole, until the scribe became convinced of the truth of a suspicion accumulated during the boring operation that the dentist was making a hole big enough to take in the gold for which he was charging $3 a cavity. Each blow struck a vital spark out of the patient, and when, after an hour of this fun, a small file was rasped all around the tooth, he had passed beyond the possibility of further torture and the villain finally gave it up and tore away the rubber dam with the expression: "There! I'm about used up, but you look enough better to pay for all my trouble."

The reporter paid him again for his trouble, resolved to go home, live on pugilists' diet for a month, train down to fighting trim and then come back once a week and thrash the dentist within an inch of his life. But on sober consideration, instead, he smiles broadly and shows his emblem of suffering and courage.

RUMBLINGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Senator George W. Plunkitt says he will once more represent the Eleventh District.

Maurice B. Flynn keeps aloof from politics and politicians. He says he has had enongh.

The friends of Assemblyman Eugene S. Ives are confident that he will succeed Plunkitt in the Senate.

James Oliver, Prince of Paradise Park, has not made up his mind whether to run for Judge, Senator or Assembly.

Richard J. Sullivan, Tammany Hall leader in the Fifteenth District, is to succeed the late James J. Corcoran in the Board of Aldermen.

The Republican State Committee is conducting a quiet canvass. It is said that Thomas C. Platt and his lieutenants are on a still hunt.

Henry Kropf, who has taken the late Michael Cregan's place as the Republican magnate in the Sixteenth District, would like to be Civil Justice.

The headquarters of the Democratic State Committee at the Hoffman House are thronged every evening by prominent members of the party.

The uptown brewers are going to take an active part in the election of Assemblymen and Senators. They want men elected who will fight cold water.

All the members of the present Board of Aldermen are candidates for re-election. There is something in the air of the City Hall which appears to agree with the health of our local statesmen.

The members of the Democratic State Committee are in favor of the nomination of Mr. Martine for Judge and Mr. Nicoll for District Attorney. They think their nomination would help the State ticket.

When President Cleveland returns to Washington he will probably send the State Campaign Committee a check and also a letter indorsing the nominees and platform of the Saratoga Convention.

Civil Justice Michael Norton is confined to his house by a swollen leg. He will be renominated by Tammany Hall. Frank Fitzgerald, son of the late ex-Alderman James Fitzgerald, will probably be his competitor on election day.

She Didn't Care for Cold Weather.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Old Lady (to dealer,—Is them thermometers reliable?

Dealer—Yes, Madam, they are manufactured expressly for our own trade.

Old Lady—I guess yer kin gimme one of 'em.

Dealer—Yes, Madam, which will you have? They are all the same price.

Old Lady—I see some of 'em are 70 degrees an' some so degrees. Gimme an 80 degree one. I don't care much fer weather when it's too cold.

A Charmed Life.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Across the drugget the baby creeps—
The baby that knows no cares—
And the awful direction that he keeps
Leads right to the hard steep stairs.

Sometimes he climbs on the window-sill,
Where a fall his neck would break;
From any bottle he drinks his fill—
Not the same from a spoon he'd take.

He sticks his hands in the bulldog's eyes
And into the horse's nose;
The table-knife on his hand he tries,
And kicks his face with his toes.

Oh, thus does the baby run his race,
And I'm sure his soul would chafe
If he ever happened to get in a place
Where his life would be really safe.

OUR STREET LAMP-LIGHTERS.

THEIR WORK DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF THEIR PREDECESSORS.

The Electric Lights and Modern Improvements Have Robbed the Lamp-Lighter of His Picturesque Features—He is Now no Longer a Public Character, but Merely the Employee of a Company.

IN the march of improvements which land the nineteenth century in greater luxury and comfort and help to economize time the more simple and laborious fashions of past dast days are forgotten. Functions that were then sympathetic features of the life of the community are now regarded with contempt. One of these features that has sunk out of sight considerably is the humble lamp-lighter. In the old days people who lived on the corners would know his usual hour for getting along with his ladder, scrambling up the post and lighting the lamp. Children would flatten their small noses against the window-panes and enjoy the process of illumination. On a winter night, when the light flashed out and showed the old fellow in his red comforter and his pea-jacket of a coat, the collar turned up about his rosy ears, and the thick flakes fell softly about him in the warm light, he assumed the proportions of a benevolent being and the lamp-light invested him like a halo.

The old fellow was once made the subject of a novel, "The Lamp-Lighter." But now, presto! some subtle power fires the electric lights, and the brilliant points stretch like a string of diamonds through the air. More poetry, more expedition in the new way, but the sympathies are not touched.

Though there is hardly any large section of New York that has not some electric lights, there are still 24,800 lamp-posts to be attended to. Although some of the lamp-posts have been removed, there are 27,000 left. All those at the corners, with the names of streets painted on them, have been preserved as guide-posts, whether lighted or not. There are now 700 electric lights in town, furnished by the Brush and the United States Company. They will be increased, although the mast-light in Madison and Union squares are to be taken down and several smaller poles substituted in their stead. The contracts for gas-lighting have been given by the city to six companies, three for the districts this side of the Harlem, and three for those above it, nearly as far as Yonkers. The lighting of the markets is not included in the contracts. When all the electric lights under the new contracts, which have been awarded and will soon be carried out, are lit, the gas-lights will be reduced some 4,500.

The lamp-lighters are not engaged by the Department of Public Works, but by the several gas companies. The secretary of the Consolidated Gas Company was in his handsome office when an EVENING WORLD reporter called to gather some facts about that humble functionary, the lamp-lighter.

"A lamp-lighter's task is to light 150 lamps," said he. "Of course some sections are more thickly set with lamps and others less. So it is not a wooden law. Almost his whole stock in trade is his torch. It is long enough to enable him to light the gas from the sidewalk and is screened so that it cannot blow out. He pushes up the lever of the cock and lights the gas in a moment. He hardly has to stop. The glass globes of the lampposts are arranged so that the torch can be thrust through a permanent opening below, and there is no time lost in fiddling with the door as there was in the old-fashioned four-sided lamp. Oil or naptha can be burned with the torch and it has a wick like an ordinary lamp.

"Part of the lamp-lighter's duty is to keep the lamps on his circuit clean. He has to clean them three times a week. If they are injured in any way he reports at once to the office. The lamplighter is also something of a glazier. If a glass is broken he has to replace it. He has no cutting to do; it is given to him and he puts it up. So his time is pretty well taken up and he cannot well work at any other steady occupation. Each lamp burns 4,000 hours per annum."

"Of course the work does not demand a very high order of intellect or a powerful physique, so men who could not do othee things as well can find work at this. If he knows enough to come in when it rains he can become a lamp-lighter. It is not a good position for a consumptive, because the lighter has to go out in all sorts of weather."

At the rate of lights for each lamp-lighter, about one hundred and sixty-five would be required.

POLICEMEN'S FRIENDS.

Congressman Tim Campbell is a frequent visitor at Police Headquarters. He gives an exhibition of his rare linguistic powers to a crowd of admirers.

Senator Mike Murphy is a frequent visitor at Police Headquarters, and the inevitable result is the appointment or promotion of a friend on the police force.

Senator Cullen is not slow in caring for personal and political friends on the police force, and he is on especially good terms with all the Commissioners.

Supt. Murray and Inspector Byrnes are Tammany Democrats, Inspector Conlin is a County Democrat and Inspectors Steers and Williams are Stalwart Republicans.

Johnny O'Brien is not as chipper as of old. He does not relish being knocked out by the sluggers of the Civil-Service Commission. His strong hold now is the law and his weapon an injunction.

CAT-STALKING IN PARK ROW.

An Evening Sport Indulged In by the Waiters in French's Hotel.

THE waiters of French's Hotel, after ministering to the hungry demands of voracious guests, turn to diversion. The vesper hour finds them in the cellar—at least, the sporting element among them. They go there to hunt the cat. It is a new invasion of that domestic animal. Persecution in the past has taught the gentle quadruped to keep her eye hard to port as she scurries over the roof that she may mark the descending boot-jack or hurling cuspadore. Her velvet-footed passage over a moonlit fence, which began like a funeral procession, often ends like a return from the grave. The cats know their perils. They are as familiar as twice-told tales. But pussy has not yet fully tumbled to the new danger that awaits her.

The French preserves are well stocked. Wild young cats that used to sally forth into the alley and terrorize their female acquaintances now curl up under a coat and wonder why their grandsons stay out so late.

There are dozens in the cellar, bound by the closest ties of consanguinity. Then cats that belong to another parish drop in of an evening for a social purr.

They lurk in the boxes and make their lairs in old barrels. Then the stewards of the floor above doff their snowy aprons and go to the battue. At first the waiters chased him with clubs and lassoes. The method of their capture, however, is an invention of one of the waiters. A square box is stood so that one end makes an acute angle of 40 degrees with the ground. The other is supported by a light stick. A string is fastened to the stick with the waiter at the other end of it. Under the box is placed a piece of beef, *pique a la mode*. Its savory smell reaches the nostrils of the circumjacent cats.

This is the beginning of a tragedy in a cat's life. If it only had the courage to say, "rats!" and remain sequestered. But it hasn't. It starts forth, giving its hind-legs a regretful stretch. Cautiously, but with an air of concentration, it works along to the meat. The overhanging bar awakens a slight suspicion. But the cat finally concludes that it is a *porto cochere* and goes under.

The sickly glimmer of a candle illumines the cellar, and an eye has followed the feline progress. The eye belongs to the waiter. He has another eye, but that is on the string.

The cat has reached the meat, sniffs it fastidiously and settles down for a square meal. Bang! goes the box. The string has been pulled and the game is snared. The genius of the waiter has cut a small square piece from the box. The wildly fluttered cat scurries about and pokes her head through this hole. Then the huntsman takes her by the nape of the neck and pulls her forth.

This is the moment of deadliest peril. Not as thrilling as when the cat's tail disappears beneath the box, it is more dangerous. Your adult cat resents being treated like a kitten. The entrapped feline is passed over to one of the boys, who knocks it in the head or turns it loose in the square.

It is not as exciting as a tiger hunt, but cat-stalking may perhaps be elevated to the dignity of a sport, if Henry Bergh does not interfere.

LABOR MEN'S CANDIDATES.

Edward Finkelstone, President of the Barbers' Union, is a candidate for Comptroller on the Progressive party side.

Edward Goldsmith, the co-operative hatter, is prominently mentioned as a candidate for Alderman by the Progressive party in the Tenth District.

The United Labor party organization of the Twentieth Assembly District will have a banner-raising this evening at its headquarters, on the corner of Third avenue and Forty-ninth street.

William Hawley, satchel-maker, and Joe Vince, cigar-maker, are the Aldermanic candidates in the Twelfth District, the former on the Progressive side and the latter on the United Labor party.

If Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will accept the nomination for State Senator in the Seventh District he will probably receive it from both labor parties.

The Barbers' Unions hold their National Convention at Buffalo Dec. 5. Delegates from this city will be elected on Monday, Oct. 27, and at the same time delegates will be elected to the American Federation of Labor, which holds its Convention at Baltimore on Dec. 13.

Daniel S. Jacobs, delegate of the Shoe Salesmen's Union, and Max Boehm, of the United Clothing Cutters, are candidates for the Assembly in the Tenth District on the the Progressive Labor party ticket. Jacobs is popular and will probably get the nomination if he desires it.

The Difference.

[Paris Soir.]

The question, "What is the difference between the first love and the last?" has elicited the following reply: "One always believes that the first love is the last, and that the last is the first."

MARRIED.

BARNES—MORRIS.—On Thursday, Oct. 13, at the West Presbyterian Church, on 42d st., New York, by the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, assisted by the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, of New York, FRANCES ISABEL, daughter of John A. Morris, of Westchester, N. Y., to THURLOW WEED BARNES, of Boston, Mass.

New Orleans and Albany papers please copy.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!—SURREY (PORTAGE County, Wis.) lady writes: "I have used the box of DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS you sent me, and I feel so much better already; you are the dearest man in all the world for preparing so valuable a remedy; I think they are 'splendid'; please send me three boxes more." By mail, $1. Depot, 148 West 16th st., New York. All druggists.

AMUSEMENTS.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th ave. Matinee Saturday only during this engagement. MINNIE PALMER "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.

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.

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. HARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "CLIO." Box office always open. Beware of speculators. Oct. 17—THE WILBUR OPERA CO.

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

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL.....Manager. "THE HENRIETTA IS BOOMING." EVENINGS, 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2. The comedians, ROBSON AND CRANE, in Bronson Howard's comedy, THE HENRIETTA. SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE. LAST WEEK. Last three nights. Saturday Matinee at 2. SALSBURY TROUBADOURS, in their latest success, THE BLUEBIRD. *** Tuesday, Oct. 18, RICE'S BIG BURLESQUE CO., in a grand production of THE CORSAIR. Seats now on sale.

CHICKERING HALL. TUA. Monday, Oct. 17, and Wednesday, Oct. 19. Debut of SIGNORINA TERESINA TUA. F. VAN DER STUCKEN.....Director of Orchestra. A. Lambert, Pianist, Oct. 17; William H. Sherwood, Pianist, Oct. 19. William Thaule, Musical Director. Admission, $1; Seats, $1.50 and $2.

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.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. Wed. Mat. MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN IN THE GOLDEN GIANT. Sat. Mat. Next week—CLARA MORRIS. Next Sunday—PROF. CROMWELL will illustrate LONDON AND VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

STAR THEATRE. SPECIAL. Commencing next Monday Evening, Engagement of Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who will appear as Rob Acres in THE RIVALS. Seats now on sale.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. 4TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. MRS. LANGTRY, accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company in her successful production AS IN A LOOKING GLASS. Splendid scenery and appointments.

WALLACK'S, under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. THE MOUSE-TRAP. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Charles Groves, E. D. Ward, Sam Sothern, Misses Rose Coghlan, Enid Leslie and Mrs. Abbey. Evenings at 8.15. Sat. Mat., 2.15.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st. Begins 8.15 with EDITHA'S BURGLAR. At 9.45 THE GREAT PINK PEARL. THE GREAT PINK PEARL. THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

THALIA—LAST TIME. DROP OF POISON. Saturday Matinee—Strakosch and the Thalia Company. Evening—First appearance of Junkermann, Inspector Braesig.

WATCHES.

There are nowhere to be found such a variety and large stock of Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver watches to suit everybody's purse. These are the watches we make a specialty of:

SOLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE American movement, Elgin or Waltham; key-winder, $8.

SOLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE American movement, Elgin or Waltham; stem-winder, $10.

SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, STEM-winder, American movement, Elgin or Waltham, cases chased and engraved; gentlemen's, $25.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, stem-winder, American movement, $20.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, $11.

BOYS' SOLID SILVER HUNTING-CASE watches, $6.

A BEAUTIFUL IMPORTED SOLID GOLD STEM-winding Watch, warranted 14 carats, $16.

A GENUINE E. HOWARD & CO. WATCH, WITH heavy, solid 14-carat gold cases, $65.

WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH every watch for three years; if not as represented money will be refunded.

FINEST GRADES OF FLY-BACKS, SPLIT SECONDS and repeating watches; also watches with handsomely ornamented cases and studded with genuine diamonds, for ladies and gentlemen, at half the price charged elsewhere.

A SOLID GOLD STOP-WATCH, WITH MINUTE chronograph, heavy 14-carat case, very fine movement and accurate timer, $60.

SOLID GOLD WEDDING RINGS, 14 and 18 carats, a specialty.

CASPERFELD & CLEVELAND, 144 BOWERY 144. OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 8; SATURDAY, 10 P. M.

Why Adam Melton Married His Housekeeper.

[A STORY BY NYM CRINKLE.]

Continued from Thursday's EVENING WORLD.

THE moment John was out of the room Ju came and dropped upon her knees at the head of the bed and wound her arms about me, and laying her face upon mine, I could feel the wet lashes and the warm, wholesome breath as she tried to coax me with embraces back to life. But in vain. No fibre of my body could answer with an assuring tremor to her fidelity.

"John came up again in a few moments with an imperative message from his mistress. The girl was to close the room up and come down. Her conduct was disgraceful.

"'Is it?' said Ju, quietly. 'Tell her that I'm going to stay here till Dr. Cruden says he's dead, and then I'll close the room.'

"John made some kind of an ejaculation and went away.

"Dr. Cruden could not be found till afternoon. He was sent up to look at the body as a mere formality and to make out a certificate. He, at least I felt could make no mistake. He was accompanied to the door by John, who left him there and went down again.

"When the doctor came in he went over to the window and sat down by Ju.

"'Ah,' said he, 'so the poor fellow's gone. I expected this for some time!'

"There was a sudden movement of a chair. Ju must have got up quickly, for the bed-clothes were moved and I heard her say: 'You expected it, and so did he. I'm not sure that he's dead. Are you?'

"'Then he must have placed a chair for her rolled up his sleeves. We'll soon determine that,' he replied.

"I felt his hand upon my heart with the unmistakable and inquisitive pressure of a doctor's fingers, felt the weight of his head as his ear was pressed down hard to catch the faintest murmur. The suspense and agony of that moment were beyond the portrayal of language. I knew that everything depended upon the inflexibility, the courage and the fidelity of the girl, and I knew that the doctor had all those virtues at the mercy of his decision. If intensity of emotion could add but one throb to my heart as his hand rested upon it I was safe. My whole soul was concentrated into that effort as his hand was withdrawn. I thought he detected it, for his fingers went suddenly back as if for reassurance.

His head was down upon my breast. I could hear him breathe. His mouth was close to my ear. No, he was whispering. '*It's my turn now!*' He said it twice. The awful import of the four words seemed to add some new paralysis to my system. My nature refused to believe in any revenge like this. There were no faculties in a human being to apprehend such cruelty. He asked her to give him the little mirror from the shaving-case. I felt its cold surface placed on my lips, and I knew this was a horrible, hollow mockery. Then I heard him say: 'He's dead! without any doubt, and been dead for six hours. It was heart disease!'

"In that supreme instant hope died. I had then arrived at the long-dreaded crisis, and there was no longer any human help for me. Not a friend to stand by me.

"Ju got up as the decision was announced. I felt that she and the doctor were silently looking each other in the eyes.

"Suddenly she emitted a little cry, and was down by my side. Her warm fingers were in my hair. This lock on my forehead was lifted.

"'Does a man turn gray when he is dead?' she asked with vehemence, and I felt the turning of her body as if she were looking him in the face and pointing to the lock that she held in her hand.

"His answer was hesitating. Could she be detecting his duplicity in his countenance! And, believe me, the man capable of a monstrous crime was not equal to this emergency.

"He stumbled. He betrayed himself. He replied, 'Oh, that was gray before!'

"If he had only carried his authority a little further and told her it was a common occurrence!

"'It was, was it?' said the dear girl. She, who knew every lock in my head, was not to be deceived in that direction. She got up and held the door open for him.

"'Go and make out your certificate, Dr. Cruden. You may fool the world. But here I stay. And if you or any of the doctors in New York bury Adam Melton before I pronounce him dead you will have to bury me with him. Do you understand that?'

"And the moment she was alone she had my head in her arms and was sobbing as if her heart would break. 'I don't know if you can hear me,' she cried, with gasps and tears; 'but I won't desert you. They'll have to tear me in pieces first. Do you hear? It's me—Ju. I want you to live. There's nobody else cares a bit. Perhaps, O God, you are dead! No, no, no, no, I did not mean that. I know better. O heavens, how cold you are. Don't mind me; I wouldn't do this if you weren't in danger. I'll stay here until you open your eyes. I'll bolt the doors. Not a soul shall come in. Not even she. She was to be your wife. Why, she sent word that she preferred not to see you!'

"And so on, in a broken rhapsody of grief and endearment.

"But she was as good as her word. Down stairs the solemn preparations for the funeral were going on. It was officially given out that I had died of heart disease. The announcements were sent to the papers. The day of the funeral was fixed. Crape was ordered, letters of condolence were received. Nobody who has not been through my experience can know what a thin partition there is between the hopefulness of high health and the everlasting darkness of the tomb. Grief, affection, love itself, is but a hurrying and a putting away the instant your heart ceases to beat.

"I knew now that everything depended upon the bravery with which my stanch friend would hold out against the imperious conventional usages. And I confess that I had little hope that she would be able to resist the mistress of the house, backed as that mistress would be by science and law.

"There were long gaps of time. I heard the girl in the room. She appeared to be searching for something. John brought her up a lunch. I heard him tell her the coffin was down stairs and the men waiting to come up. And I was astonished to hear him refer to my having died yesterday. She must have been with me all night. And all through the lonely watches I had felt her warm, odorous palm upon my forehead at intervals, like an arm stretched out by heaven into hell.

"The undertakers got into the room before she could prevent it. She ordered them out.

"'Who are you?' one of them said gruffly.

"'I'm the nurse,' she replied promptly. 'We're not ready for sextons yet.'

"'Well,' said the same gruff voice, 'we're ordered to take the body down stairs, and we've got to do it.'

"'Easy,' said somebody in a whisper. 'Tell her we only want to move him from one room to another. Once under screws, it'll be all right. We don't want a row. It won't do.'

"With that one of them put his arm under my head. There was a quick rustle of a dress. The arm was pulled suddenly away. I heard the click of my revolver, felt Ju's long hair sweeping my face, and knew she was standing over me like another Judith.

"'If you touch him again,' she said, 'there'll be blood on it. Stand off! My life for it, he won't go out of this room till he's dead or I am.'

"'The woman's stark mad,' said the man's voice. 'Come away. The Board