BEHIND LIBERTY'S STATUE.

A LONELY AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS' GRAVEYARD.

Most of the Tombs Those of Children—The History of the Dead Forgotten and Their Names Scarcely Decipherable—The Ghost of Hicks the Pirate Alleged to be Around—Some Epitaphs on the Old Slabs.

BEHIND the stately figure of the Goddess of Liberty, out of the ken of her eyes, is a patch of earth which speaks of emancipation to many careworn hearts. By the side of the path which winds around the base of the statue is a graveyard. Its modest dimensions hardly merit so large a name, for it is simply a lot, thirteen paces by eight, inclosed by a plain iron railing, painted a sombre black. A huge willow, whose rugged trunk four men could not embrace, rises against the blue sky, and the masses of long, drooping branches screen with their affluence of shade this narrow resting-place of the dead from the sun. Several yards this side of the magnificent tree is another, its rival in superb growth.

The iron railing is on a foundation wall of brick, whose western extremity, through the slope of the ground, is six or seven feet in height, though the opposite end is on a level with the path. The mortar has fallen from the cracks, two or three slender weeds spring from its sides and sway lightly in the sea breeze, and the wash from the coping has discolored the walls with iron stains.

If you are a man you can climb over the railing and read the inscriptions on the gravestones. If you are not, then no introduction to the humble dead is possible, as the gate is locked, the lettering has been corroded by the breath of the sea to indistinctness, and not even the tradition of the epitaphs lingers on Liberty Island. The wonted lot of the dead has followed them, and they sleep forgotten beneath the sheltering shadows of the willows whose weeping branches trail above their heads.

The ghost of Hicks, the pirate, is said to haunt the barracks. But the spirits of these tenants of the grave came back only as tender memories to a soldier's heart and a soldier's household, and the soldier and his household have now become memories, too.

The long grasses, nourished by the bodies of the dead, wave with a pitying sigh in the strong, salty wind, and are yellowed by the slumber of autumn. There are a dozen graves in the inclosure. At their head droop wearily as many small American flags, with dimmed colors. Half a dozen pots of flowers complete the decoration. A scarlet geranium and purple stock supply the one cheery bit of color in the withered vegetation. One pot lies upon its side, the flower crushed. The Grand Army of the Republic decorated the graves.

There is a touch of pathos in this lonely little graveyard keeping so modestly in the background of the scene dominated by the mighty goddess. One wonders who its dead were and how they came there. Were they dwellers long years ago on the island? Who followed them to their graves? and what were their histories?

The pathos is deepened in a way when you read the conventional legends on the tombstones and find that most of them mark the final resting-place of children. Histories they had none, other than that they came into the world and went out of it. They were the children of Major David Wilcox, once stationed at Fort Wood on Liberty Island. Probably their deaths figured in the records of the post. But when the foundations for the statue were begun the military occupation of the place ceased and the records were sent to the archives of the War Department. Col. A. G. Tassin, the present commander on the island, now that soldiers are again stationed there, knows nothing about the little cemetery patch.

Within the inclosure is another, with an iron railing of the same character. Two flat tombstones are here, of white marble. One is sacred to the memory of Virginia Davis, stepdaughter of Major D. Wilcox, who died at the age of fifteen. The other is to the memory of Mrs. Wilcox, who died in 1836, and of Maria Satterlee Stewart, her daughter, a baby of five months.

The next tombstone, which is outside the inclosure, is to the memory of another infant whose mortal life was three years, four months and eleven days. She was the daughter of Edward B. and Rosina Smith, and bore the large name of Elizabeth. Her companion is also an infant, "Joseph" (in very big letters), "son of Joseph and Mary Young, aged two years."

Among the upright tombstones is one of a dark-red stone, which has been badly chipped and is covered with green from moisture. This has some obituary poetry on it, the one instance in which the elegiac muse consoled the surviving friends of the deceased with the soothing balm of rhythm.

In memory of John Case, who died Sept 1 (the year is broken off), aged twenty-two years seven months.

Consigned by death to shade of night,
He lies concealed from mortal sight,
Till Jesus from the lofty skies
Shall bid his slumbering dust arise.
Why should his many friends complain?
Their loss is his eternal gain.
From life's tempestuous seas at rest,
With joys unnumbered he is blest.
Why should we mourn?—but prepare
To meet our God, and meet him there.

The rest of the epitaph, as if conscious that the bard had undertaken too great a flight, has sunk into the earth.

One marble slab, very much worn, so that it could scarcely be deciphered, was "erected by voluntary subscription" to Sylvanus Brigham. Tilted against the old red tombstone is a still more dilapidated tablet. It is a small wooden one, which has rotted away at its base. It has a Roman cross at the top and the lettering is a mixture of capital and talic letters. It reads thus:

In memory of
FREDDY WATERS,
Sauve.
Who died July 2d, 1866,
Aged two months.

Freddy did not live long enough to know whether he enjoyed life or not. His is the briefest span of existence recorded in the lot.

Such is this rustic island burying-place on which the Goddess of Liberty turns her broad back and scans the thousand tokens of busy life that pass before her. The great statue stands in her queenly robe of imperishable bronze holding aloft her torch, symbol of the light she pours on men's eyes, and in her serene, lifeless beauty fixes her steadfast gaze on the gateway of the bay through which the living drift on their long transatlantic voyage, insensible to the little wayfarers behind her who have passed through another narrows on a still longer journey. The golden rays of the setting sun falls on the monument of mighty nations and the memorials of the little dead with the same impartial beam.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Gorgeous Effects of Frost Painting to Be Found in Central Park.

ONE popular out-of-door recreation for young ladies just now is the collection of autumn leaves, and parties of bright, rosy girls have been roaming over the Central Park during the past week eagerly gathering the bright-tinted treasures. The Park authorities are very lenient at this season of the year, and do not object in the slightest to these inroads so long as the leaf-gatherers do not harm the shrubbery or break the branches of the trees in their efforts.

A better place than the Park to obtain a varied collection of autumn leaves could hardly be found, on account of the many different species of trees and shrubs cultivated there. The maples are among the first of the trees to change the color of their foliage at the approach of cold weather, and these are now in their glory. They also surpass all other trees in the variety and richness of the coloring of which their leaves are capable, and are the most sought after by connoisseurs. One can find among them all shades of yellow and red, besides frequently a mingling of the two colors in the same leaf with the most delicate workings and shadings which are found in the natural painting of no other leaf. As the maple trees are plentiful in the Park, those who desire to get variety of hue in their collections will have little difficulty in securing what they want there.

Occasionally the oak is unsurpassed in the richness of its autumnal coloring, especially in the case of the black and pin oaks, which have small and deeply serrated leaves that in their natural state are a deep glossy green. The only trouble with oak leaves is that they are not so sensitive to frost as the maple, and unless it comes severe at the beginning they are apt to get a dingy tinge in their coloring. The coarser kinds of oak leaves seldom color at all.

Then there are the leaves of various vines and creepers which are capable of the most gorgeous frost-painting, especially those of the Virginia creeper, which is very plentiful in all parts of the Park. The action of the frost changes them to a deep shiny red, and a single vine will brighten a landscape wonderfully.

A striking and almost startling contrast in coloring is presented by a combination of maple and Virginia creeper leaves near the Grand Drive in the upper end of the Park. A wide-spreading maple tree, standing almost alone on a little side-hill, glories in a thick foliage of the most vivid yellow. Winding about its trunk and up in among its branches is a luxuriant Virginia creeper, whose rich vermilion leaves peep out here and there in patches between the golden foliage of the maple. To fully appreciate the effect, the spectacle must be witnessed.

Badly Located.

[*From The Omaha World.*]

Omaha Man—You make a pretty good profit out of cotton-seed oil now, don't you?

Southerner—So we do, but I don't.

"Why not?"

"Badly located."

"Oh! Too far from a railroad, I suppose."

"No, I am on a railroad, but there isn't a manufacturer of leaf lard or creamery butter within 500 miles."

Keep Him Away from the Monkeys.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

First Young Lady—"Have you ever seen that wrecked dude, Gus Snobberly?"

Second Young Lady—"Yes, I have been introduced to him."

"What do you think of him?"

"My opinion of him is that if the monkeys in Central Park see him it will make them egotistical."

Heard in Boston.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

Pittsburg Visitor—I see that Sullivan is immensely popular at Dublin.

Boston Man—Why, I did not know that Boston's favorite son had gone abroad.

Pittsburg Visitor—I refer to the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Boston Man (disgusted)—Oh!

PLEASED WITH THE BOYS.

IT WAS A JOLLY EVENING FOR THE PLAYERS IN "HARBOR LIGHTS."

The Actors and Actresses of the Cast Give Their Impressions of "The Evening World's" Audience in the People's Theatre Last Tuesday Evening—The Boys Were Very Critical and Appreciative.

NEVER before in the history of the American stage has an entire theatre been tendered the newsboys of a city for their exclusive enjoyment, and when the members of the "Harbor Lights" company appeared before the newsboys of this city at the People's Theatre, Tuesday night, when through THE EVENING WORLD the boys were given one of the greatest treats of their lives, they had an opportunity as few other theatrical persons have had, to judge how keen and bright the fellows were, how they appreciated the performance, and how even they, with little moral training, upheld the good in its battle against evil.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter visited the People's Theatre last night and obtained the feelings, opinion and sensations of the prominent members of the company.

E. H. Vanderfelt, the Lieut. David Kingsley of the cast, said: "I was very much pleased with the boys, and their appreciation of the points of the play. I think they were remarkably good judges. They seemed to grasp the outlines of the plot, young as they were and championed virtue in its struggle over vice. It was a great treat for them and THE EVENING WORLD is deserving of much commendation for it."

Sidney Howard, the Tom Dossiter of the play, said: "Why, that is one of the strangest experiences I ever had. To look before one and see all those rows of upturned youthful faces, absorbed in the performance to an unusual extent, was in itself remarkable, and then to think with the little training they have had that they should so readily understand the intricacies of the performance, is wonderful. Then, all of them were shrewd. To gain their applause, you must win them, and if they did not like you, they were not slow in making that dislike known. For my part, I never received so much applause after that little recitation in my whole experience on the stage, and I don't expect ever to receive so much again."

Augustus Cook, who Nicholas Moreland excited the wrath of the youngsters, said: "I was agreeably surprised at the conduct of the little fellows. It was a wonderful idea of THE EVENING WORLD in giving the entertainment."

A. R. Whytal, who impersonates Mark Helstone, said: "They were wonderfully attentive for boys, and they recognized every good point made."

F. M. Burbeck, whose Frank Morland earned him a shower of marbles, nothing worse being at hand, said: "I enjoyed the lads' enthusiasm intensely, but I did object to be struck with that handful of marbles. Still that was an indication that the youngsters did not like the doings of the villain and an indication, too, of their desire for virtue to triumph over vice. Newsboys are among the best auditors one can find. I think it most commendable on the part of THE EVENING WORLD to tender the lads such an entertainment, for it will certainly mark an epoch in the lives of every one who attended."

M. B. Snyder thought that the boys were remarkably appreciative.

Sergeant Boyce thought that the boys were immense. He was surprised at the good judgment that they displayed.

Miss Helen Weathersby, the Dora Vane of the cast, said: "I never entered more heartily into the spirit of a performance than I did Tuesday night. Oftentimes, I must admit, I am obliged to work myself up to a certain pitch before I can successfully carry out my impersonation, but on that night there was no labor whatever. I felt light-hearted and happy at the thought of the good we were doing the little fellows, and the performance was all play.

Miss Jennie Ellison, whose Peggy Chudleigh tickled the boys immensely, said that she was as much delighted with the performance as the audience was. It was so strange to appear before such a gathering and to be given such a reception. She thought that the little fellows were very appreciative.

Miss Rose Snyder was delighted at the interest the boys showed. She liked to see them enjoy themselves.

All the remaining members of the cast spoke in the same strain. W. J. Leonard, Conway Carpenter, George Conway, Norman Campbell, Charles Clayton, W. S. Ellsbree, George W. Finch, F. W. McClellan and Frank Hackney, Miss Madge Car, Miss Lizzie Conway, Miss Genevieve Beaman and Miss Jennie Elberts, all agreed that seldom have they appeared before a more attentive, interested or appreciative audience.

An Ode to Emma.

[*From the Buffalo Express.*]

Sweet Emma, thou didst speak thy piece o' mind
In holy church, where Candler's wares gave light;
His pew-nice arguments you answer'd quite,
And gained advertisement of novel kind.
See, to thy feet we bring a silver yacht;
On the high C's your voice as silv'ry mounts,
To win an encore, or to parsons trounce—
Accept this Abbotship—and smack us not.

MR. MURPHY'S HOSPITALITY.

Obstacles Prevented Sig. Buchignani from Passing on a Hotel Scheme.

Sig. Buchignani is never tired of telling his friends how Manager A. J. Murphy, of the Academy of Music, who disappeared the other day, invited him to his house at Bath Beach to inspect a structure in the course of the day which the gentleman contemplated purchasing and fitting up as a hotel.

"I went out early on the premises," said Sig. Buchignani, "and Mr. Murphy met me. He was delighted to see me and suggested that we have some champagne.

"We had more than one bottle and lingered over our drinks affectionately, discussing matters of various kinds and becoming extremely good-humored. Then he proposed that we should go to the house. We did so, and no sooner had we entered than Murphy insisted upon celebrating the occasion by opening a bottle of champagne. I agreed with my usual charming acquiescence, and we sat down and resumed our conversation. His champagne was wonderfully good and when he uncorked another bottle, how could I refuse to join him? We talked and drank for two hours and then Murphy declared that I must visit his kennels, as they were well worth seeing.

"By this time we were jovial and light-hearted to a degree that I cannot describe. We viewed the dogs, however; not that I could accurately describe them when we left the stables.

"'Buck,' said Murphy, 'what do you say to——'

"'Yes?' I asked quickly.

"'Some champagne,' he went on. I thought it an excellent idea. So we had some more champagne. I remember nothing more until the following morning when I awoke in New York Murphy came to see me during the day. 'Old man,' said I, 'what about that hotel at Bath Beach?'

"He was astounded. 'Why, I declare,' he exclaimed, 'I don't believe you saw it, after all. Come down again, Buck, any time, and after we've seen the hotel, I'll show you my dogs, and we'll have a drink together.'"

AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

Young Robert Campbell Explains What He is Doing in the Theatrical Line.

Young Robert Campbell, son of Bartley Campbell, the playwright, was standing at the door of the Hoffman House surveying the passing throngs. He was presently joined by a dapper youth who shook him warmly by the hand.

"You are not doing anything in the theatrical line, are you, Robert?" asked the youth.

"Indeed, I am," was the answer. "You're very much mistaken."

There was a moment's silence. "I'm with A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre," continued Mr. Robert Campbell.

"Indeed, that's awfully nice."

"It is, yes."

"I suppose you play in one of his companies?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Campbell, calmly and pleasantly, "I'm at the box-office."

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Young Mr. Thiess is the handsomest youth in the Nassau Boat Club. He pulls a strong oar in the eight and the ladies are always glad to see him.

Bob Stowe hasn't rowed so much this year. He's a clipper when he gives his time to it, but this season he has devoted his energies to getting up trophies for the boys.

Billy Morse of the N. Y. A. C. hasn't sculled a great deal this season in his handsome paper boat. He'd rather be Master of Ceremonies at a club boxing bout.

The youthful but robust figure of George Wies, a wearer of the blue and white, may be seen on the river any day until ice drives him away. He is good at either sweeps or sculls.

Washington Content strokes the Atalanta's junior four scientifically. They made the New Yorks hustle last Saturday, and they'll give a better account of themselves in the spring.

The Friendships, Eagles and Wyanokes stand highest of all the Harlem clubs in the esteem of theatrical people. Their men were among the select few oarsmen invited to see the "Dark Secret."

Ike Maas, stroke of the Nonpareil's eight shell, is the sole proprietor of a fierce, warlike, brown moustache. The boys say that when he is whooping things up in a tight race every hair stands out like a spike.

George Delaney is the handsomest man and fastest sculler in the Nonpareil Rowing Club. The boys call him "Foxy George," because he is the wisest, canniest lad that ever rowed a race. No professional could rattle him.

Eugene F. Giannini is the Apollo of the Dauntless eight. A more evenly developed man never pulled off his jersey for a race. He is a swift half-mile runner, too, and has captured many medals for throwing the fifty-six-pound weight.

Great big Queckberner has blossomed out as a valiant fireman. At College Point the other day he did prodigies of valor, and even tumbled into the salt, wet Long Island Sound in quenching flames aboard the Gramercy naphtha launch Erminie.

A mention of the Nonpareil's famous men would be incomplete without a few words about Bob Webb, son of the popular police captain. He is the heaviest, most rotund and jolliest man in the club. His specialty is long-distance swimming. His friends would back him to float across the Atlantic.

CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

M'KEE RANKIN IN DANGER OF A LAWSUIT OVER "THE GOLDEN GIANT."

Six-foot Supers With Beards Scarce—An Australian Manager In Search of Stars and Plays—John A. McKay's New Piece—An Old New York Crime Dramatized by Leonard Grover—A New Parthenia.

EVERY indication points to the probability of litigation over "The Golden Giant" before many weeks have passed over McKee Rankin's head. It was Mr. Rankin's intention before opening in this play at the Grand Opera House this week to let Ralph Wetmore play the leading role, and take no part in himself. Rankin proposed, but T. Henry French disposed.

"'The Golden Giant' shall not enter the Grand Opera-House unless you appear in it," said Mr. French to Rankin, who played in the piece last season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. That settled matters, and McKee Rankin is now playing at the Grand Opera-House. Now it happens that Rankin is extremely busy at the present time making arrangements for the production of "Macbeth," which it has been the "dream of his life" to present in good form. His partner, Fred Maeder, has, consequently, stepped in and absolutely refused to consent to Mr. Rankin appearing again in "The Golden Giant" after the Grand Opera-House engagement. After that the company was engaged to appear in Harlem and in Philadelphia. The managers, however, declare that the play shall not be given in their houses without Mr. Rankin, who has announced that he cannot possibly appear. That is how the matter stands at present.

* * *

For the "Macbeth" production, Mr. Rankin is looking for supers who must be six feet in height and wear beards. He has considerable difficulty in finding many of these structures, and is rapidly coming to the conclusion that he will have to be satisfied with beards made to order.

* * *

John A. Mackay has shelved the tissue of nonsense called "Circus in Town," and will be starred through the country under the management of Leander Richardson. The vehicle this time for the display of Mr. Mackay's eccentricities is at present called "A Glimpse of Paradise," a play written by Joseph Dicky and originally produced at Ealing, England, last January. The play is due to arrive in this city on Saturday. The name will probably be changed, as Mr. Richardson does not believe in Paradise—for stage purposes.

* * *

It seems rather absurd to name a play "Lost in New York," as the American metropolis is a city in which it is not particularly easy to get lost. It is to be presumed, however, that Leonard Grover, in naming his new play to be produced at the Brooklyn Grand Opera-House on Monday, was thinking of "Lost in London," and supposed it was as possible to go astray in one city as the other. Mr. Grover's play deals with a crime which is said to have actually taken place in the region of Gramercy Park years ago. Mr. Grover believes that the people conspicuous in the surroundings of the crime are still living. He does not say whether he expects they will visit the Brooklyn Grand Opera-House, nor whether he intends sending them tickets for the "first-night" production.

* * *

One of that vast army of young women who give matinées just to know what the dear public and the kind critics think of them is to hold forth next Thursday at the Bijou Opera-House. This is Miss Julia Marshall, who is but nineteen years old. At the age of fifteen she made a tour of the New England States, appearing as Parthenia, Juliet, Julia in "The Hunchback," and Viola in "Twelfth Night." She was then, very sensibly, taken from the stage to study for the profession. She will appear in "Ingomar" on Thursday, and in her subsequent seasons will be managed by Col. R. E. J. Miles.

* * *

Miss Henrietta Crossman, one of the pretty Madison Square Theatre Hazel Kirke's, is to become a member of the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre.

* * *

Miss Minnie Palmer's curious costume on Broadway yesterday attracted considerable attention, as the little lady presumably intended it should do. She wore on the back of her head an enormous blue Tam O'Shanter hat, of such colossal proportions that the effect was—it must be said—ludicrout. The little actress had brilliantly rosy cheeks and a conscious smile which none could fail to observe.

Footlight Chat.

Lew Dockstader announces that at his theatre the laughter and applause are always the same, though the "menu" is different. Next week Courtis D'Alton, a new baritone, will make his appearance. The sketches called "Shakespeare or Bacon—Which?" and "Cleveland's Western Trip" will be continued.

The Bijou Opera-House will be closed Monday evening, in order that arrangements may be made for the gorgeous production of "Conrad the Corsair" on the following night. Dixey has been doing a big out-of-town business in "Adonis."

The serenade written by Anthony Reiff and sung by Zalamboo in the "The Arabian Nights," seems to have caught the popular taste and receives at least a couple of encores each night. Miss Celia Ellis has resumed her place in the cast.

Miss Clara Morris, at the Grand Opera-House next week, will play in "L'Article 47" on Monday and Tuesday, in "The New Magdalen" on Wednesday, on Thursday and Friday in her new play, "Renée," and on Saturday, at the matinée and evening performance, in "Alixe."

Salsbury's Troubadours will close a successful engagement at the Bijou Opera-House to-night. After this season they will sail from San Francisco and visit Japan, China, India, South Africa, Australia, England, Scotland and Ireland under the management of Frank Maeder.

NOTED IN POLITICAL RESORTS.

Frank Opinions About Public Men and Current Events.

OUR local statesmen are having a good deal to say about the coming campaign and election. Here are some bits of conversation overheard last evening by an EVENING WORLD reporter in going the rounds of political resorts:

"Come, let's have a drink."

"He has been a Senator four years and is broke."

"Then he is either honest or has had hard luck."

"The Navy-Yard is good for 4,000 Democratic voters."

"Yes, and you can put down 6,000 for the Aqueduct."

"He puts on airs because his brother is an Alderman."

"Is that Tom Ochiltree? Why, he looks like a Democrat."

"I'll bet $100 that Henry George will get 60,000 votes in the city."

"How many votes did John Kelly get for Governor in 1879?"

"Why, he got 77,000, of which 43,000 were polled in this city."

"The clambake season is over, and Col. James J. Mooney looks sad."

"Maurice J. Power, P. J., is a self-made man."

"Yes, he made himself a Police Justice."

"Why don't the police stop the bosses when they begin to raffle off the offices?"

"It is easy for me to stop drinking, but it is just as easy to begin again."

"He was the best primary inspector I ever saw. Now he is hid away in the Custom-House."

"Guess the leaders are sorry they coaxed Abram S. Hewitt so hard to accept the Mayoralty nomination."

"Here comes Chief-Justice Patrick Gladstone Duffy."

"Have you seen Fred Gibbs to-night?"

"Wait till the boys know how the offices are to be divided up, then they will declare themselves candidates."

"He will be a candidate for the nomination for Surrogate if Tammany Hall gets it."

"What a chance we Republicans will have if you Democrats nominate favorites or unfit candidates."

"Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien will bet $1,000 that Henry George will get 100,000 votes in the State."

"What a roll-call the names of the bank cashiers, defaulters and boodlers now in Canada would make."

"Politics, not baseball, is the national game."

"I wonder if they will want us to carry torches next year. I carried a torch in 1884 and here I am with rust on the creases of my trousers."

ACTORS WHO LIKE TO FISH.

McKee Rankin is a devoted fisherman.

Joe Murphy has a fishing outfit in Maine.

William Crane fishes when his yacht is becalmed.

Lawrence Barrett finds fishing conducive to study.

Edward Harrigan is a handy man with pole and line.

Edward Sothern fishes because it facilitates meditation.

James Collier boasts of his Sheepshead Bay achievements.

Dixey generally finds his bait stolen, but he likes to fish.

Al Follin likes to troll for blue-fish in the Great South Bay.

Oliver Doud Byron drops a hoop in the Shrewsbury River.

Frederick Robinson is a familiar fisherman in Canadian waters.

Ned Marsden has almost fished out Schroom Lake this fall.

Frank Mayo has the reputation of knowing every trout stream in Pennsylvania.

Lester Wallack spends days and days angling off the dock at Mamaroneck.

"Billy" Florence would not act well if he could not fish occasionally in the Restigouche.

Competition Should Be the Life of Trade.

but our "Latest English," "White-Caps," and "Cross-Country" cigarettes have been manufactured with such care that they find no competitors. They far surpass any cigarette ever produced. Kinney Tobacco Co., New York, sole manufacturers. ***

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

O'Connor and Desmond, the Irish patriots, who have gone to Philadelphia, are expected back in a day or two.

Friends of Miss Marian Booth, the actress, called her attention to the fact that she was the centre of a group of six short-haired women on Broadway yesterday. Pretty girls seem to be going in for fighting "crops" in unusual numbers this fall.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who registers at the Everett in a dashing hand from "The City Temple, London," left this week for a brief lecturing tour in Connecticut. He will be back to-morrow but is not expected to preach Sunday, owing to fatigue from his recent engagements.

The Rev. John Browne, of Derry, who is here raising funds to help his congregation build a manse, heard that THE WORLD said something pleasant about him Sunday, but he wouldn't buy a newspaper on the Sabbath to read what it was. He was surprised to learn that newspapers were permitted to be sold on Sunday in New York.

A great many Panama dealers buy tobacco in New York, although they reach here on the Havana line steamers. Central Americans at the Union Square Hotel now number F. Ytaza, Diego de Ytaza and J. Humphreys, of Panama; Frank Arias, of Acapulco, and Dr. José Weber, of Cartagena, in their ranks. Rafael de la Cove, of Venezuela, and J. O. Sarget, of Panama, are at the Hoffman.

Some twenty years ago a bridegroom, who may be called John Smith as an aid to identification, brought his wife on the wedding tour to a well-known Broadway hotel. He has come back now with another bride of precisely the same age as his first, and has prevailed on the hotel clerks to permit him for a while to conceal his identity. He remembers how his New York friends guyed him in 1864 about marrying so young a woman. He was pretty well off then, but he counts his fortune in six figures now and is a big man in a city not very far off.

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 opereitta,
THE RING AND THE KEEPER.
will begin. And at 8.30 the popular fantasy,
MY WIFE'S MAID.

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 "GLIO."
Box office always open. Beware of speculators.
Oct. 17—THE WILBUR OPERA CO.

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

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

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., between 4th ave. and Broadway.
ADMISSION 10 CENTS. RESERVED 20 CENTS. 30 CENTS.
ADA GRAY IN EAST LYNNE.
4 MATINEES—Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat.
Week of Oct. 17, by arrangement with A. M. PALMER, the Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE.

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

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 Tbaule, 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.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE. Broadway and 30th st.
PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT AT 8.
SALSBURY TROUBADOURS,
in their latest success,
THE HUMMING BIRD.
Tuesday, Oct. 18, RICE'S BIG BURLESQUE COMPANY in a grand production of THE CORSAIR.
Seats now on sale.

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

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

WALLACK'S.
THE MOUSE-TRAP. under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Charles Groves, E. D. Ward, Sam Sothern, Misses Rose Coghlan, Enid Leslie and Maude Abbey. Evenings at 8, 15. Sat. Mat., 2.15.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st.
Matinee Saturday at 2.
At 8.45, THE GREAT PINK PEARL, OR THE PEA'S PIPE.
PRECEDED BY EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

THALIA TO-NIGHT—First appearance of Junkerman in "Inspector Braesig." Monday—First Boetel night. "Il Trovatore."

DEJA.

BY LINN BOYD PORTER.

When I was a student at Cadiz,
I played on the Spanish guitar,
(ching! ching!)
I also made love to the ladies.—

I AROSE and shut my window. The tum-tum of that banjo and the light, boyish carol of that old college song were more than I could bear to hear. Charlie Trenholm used to sing that song. How often he has dropped into my room on the Rue de la Sorbonne, thrown himself into a chair and struck out that tune from his guitar, accompanying the music with the familiar words. He sang beautifully and I never tired to hear him, but I don't like to hear any one else sing those words, and never will if I can help it.

We were students together at the University. He at l'Ecole de Droit and I at l'Ecole de Medecin. He came from England and I from America. We met entirely by chance, but in a very few days after we found ourselves neighbors in the Hotel Lafayette we were perfectly inseparable. "Jim," he used to say, "if I had never met you I should have gone back to London within a month of the time I came here. This law business is so awfully dry, you know. I ought to have been a painter—or a sculptor—or anything else than a barrister. Won't I look frightful in a wig and gown!"

We found time during our first year to explore Paris from end to end. There was no by-way with which we were unfamiliar within the city walls; no path in the Bois and no corner in the Louvre which we did not know as well as our own faces. Many a night, during the warmer portions of the year, it was daylight when we came home from our strolls. We found the heights of Montmartre or the recesses of the Luxembourg cooler after the boulevards were deserted than our chambers. But from November to April Paris does not present many charms out of doors after midnight, and it was in November that the adventure occurred which formed the basis of this story.

Trenholm and I had been to the opera. We had crowded in with others who preferred paying two francs for a standing place to giving twenty for a seat, and had been almost carried away with the grand rendition of Verdi's masterpiece. Neither of us was impecunious. We had ample resources for all possible needs, but a student has his notions, and we would have thought it very un-Bohemian to take a box. For the same reason we lived at the Hotel Lafayette instead of some fashionable pension, and alternated between the restaurants in the Place San Michel and the cafés on the boulevards. It was not far from 12 o'clock when we crossed Pont Neuf on the night in question, and as we turned into the quai on the other side, we saw a child lying asleep on the sidewalk, with one arm curved gracefully under her head for a pillow.

I am not hard-hearted, I hope, but I have seen many children during my stay in Paris who might quite as well have induced me to pause as this one. I should, therefore, have continued my walk without interruption had not Trenholm, whose arm was passed through mine, detained me.

"That's a pretty girl," he said, observing the child with interest. The moon shone brightly upon the quai, and it was nearly as light as at noontide. "She ought not to lie there, but probably she has no better place, poor thing!"

The child moved slightly in her sleep, and her brow contracted as though her dreams were of an unpleasant nature. Then the lips parted, and in a tired and discouraged tone the single word "déjà!" came forth.

"Come!" I whispered to my companion, "we must not let her awaken and find us here staring at her."

"No," assented Trenholm, but he did not stir; and the next thing I knew he was kneeling on the curbstone and stroking back the child's long, black hair, which hung unbraided about her face. His touch was so gentle that it did not rouse her at first, and I feared to urge him too much lest my voice should disturb her. Besides, Trenholm was a terribly set fellow when he liked to be.

To my discomfiture the girl suddenly opened a pair of large black eyes, and gazed in astonishment at the unfamiliar face so near her own; but she did not spring up and run away as I imagined she would, and Trenholm and I were now hardly in a condition to retreat, either.

"Why are you sleeping here?" he said to the girl, using the French language, which her exclamation showed she understood. "Do you not know that such a thing is very dangerous?"

The girl raised herself to a sitting posture and said, ironically:

"Where would you advise me to lodge, monsieur? At the Grand Hotel?"

"Surely at some other place than this," responded Trenholm, gravely.

"Oh, it is very good, this place," said the girl, looking him boldly in the eyes. "See, the bricks are firm, they will not break down. There is plenty of air in my chamber, and the rent is cheap. What more could one ask?"

Trenholm looked at her without the trace of a smile in answer to her bantering words, and presently she seemed to relent a little beneath his earnest gaze.

"Come!" she said, "I will tell you all. You are quite right. This chamber is not good. I was on my way to a better one when I sat down here for a moment and fell asleep. Had I not done so I should have been by this time in a fine bed, a quiet one, where I could have slept as comfortably as I pleased and as long as I liked. See; I will show you where I intended to sleep. It is there!"

We both started violently. For this child had run to the side of Pont Neuf and was pointing down into the stream below.

Trenholm caught her roughly by the arm as if he feared she was about to plunge over the parapet.

"What is that you are saying? You were going to drown yourself?"

"You are right," replied this strange child, imperturbably. "And why not? How many people do it! Every day you can see the boats fishing for bodies. I know. I have watched them. I have been to the little building back of Nôtre Dame, also. The persons on the slab there are still as Pont Neuf is at this moment. Nothing troubles them. They are never hungry. To-morrow—no, perhaps not till Wednesday—but surely this week you will find me there if you care o look. And now, messieurs, *bon soir*."

She started to leave us, but Trenholm tightened his grasp on her arm.

"Listen to me," he cried. "Why would you do this? Is it hunger? Let me take you to a restaurant. I will pay for all you wish to eat."

The girl looked incredulous for a moment, but seemed to believe him at last. She shook her head, however, and threw back her long hair.

"You would give me a supper?" she said. "Very well, and what then? To-morrow I must eat, and the next day; yes, even the day after that on. It is so strange that people must continue to get hungry."

Then she tried to break away, but he held her as if in a vise.

"My child, do you think I shall allow you to throw yourself into the Seine before my very eyes? Of course not! Come with me to my hotel in the Rue de la Sorbonne, and stay at least to-night. Perhaps in the morning I can get some reason into your head. I will see that you have food and a good bed—yes, and to-morrow, too, I will not let you go away penniless. You *must* come with me or"—for the girl still shook her head—"or the gens d'armes shall lock you up."

She seemed frightened by the last threat.

"The gens d'armes, monsieur! Oh, do not give me to them! But I cannot go to your hotel, monsieur—to your room. Indeed, indeed, I cannot!"

She reddened like a rose, over face and neck.

"Bah!" exclaimed Trenholm, savagely. "Will you understand nothing? You shall have my chamber, and I will sleep with my friend here; or, if you object to that, there are many unoccupied rooms in the hotel. You are not fool enough to be afraid of me. Answer! Shall it be my hotel or the gens d'armes?"

I was not much pleased with the idea that this beggar girl should accompany us to the Hotel Lafayette, but I could not desert my friend. I comforted myself with the reflection that the hour was so late that few people would notice us, and, without doubt, he would send her away the next morning. But the girl still protested;

"I would rather not," she answered, pleadingly. "Let me stay here and go to sleep where you found me. I will promise you positively