SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

GREYHOUND AND BULLDOG TYPES OF FIGHTING MEN.

Jack Dempsey and His Old Antagonist Dacey—Boating on the Harlem—Different Kinds of Boxing Gloves—A Talk with Champion Pole-Vaulter Baxter—Forty Athletes Leave the "Winged B" for Other Clubs.

THE four-round go between Billy Dacey and Jack Dempsey in Hoboken on Saturday night was a splendid illustration of the difference between men and the amount of improvement different types of athletes are susceptible of. Dempsey is of the greyhound and Dacey of the bulldog type. Dempsey depends on speed, Dacey on strength. Speed won on the principle that half a dozen mallets are a deal more effective than a cannon shot that doesn't land. Dacey fought Dempsey when Dempsey was a light-weight and gave him a good fight, though Dempsey made him cry quits in nine rounds. Jack has since said that Dacey bothered him more than any other who fought him up to that time, as he jabbed him with the left, and he hadn't then learned how to "stop" well. Dempsey has long since grown out of Dacey's class, and the light-weight deserves credit for courage in facing the Nonpareil. Dempsey played with him for three rounds and Dacey seemed to be getting a shade the best of it, but when Mitchell's dread cut loose in the final round it was as if Maud S. and Western Belle trotted a match evenly to the three-quarters and then the matchless queen came home as she liked, with Johnny Murphy looking back in in his seat. Another spectator likened the bout to the races between George and Myers. Myers trotted along easily behind George until the last lap, then passed him as if he were standing still and burst the tape with his hands down.

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Boating upon the Harlem has run to canoes, sailboats and barges with the close of the regatta season. There is one good race yet to be rowed, the one-mile sculling handicap for the Osborne medal, open to all members of the New York Athletic Club, which takes place on Oct. 22.

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There are two kinds of really good boxing gloves. Both sorts are made with the best of sheepskin and it is universally called kid. Boston boxers are partial to old Bill Busbee's gloves, while New York and Philadelphia sparrers prefer Fields's. The last-named glove is made with what is called extended finger-tips and aford a first-class chance to grip the hand. An effort was made to get Sullivan to use a glove with the long finger-tips, but he still prefers the variety he got his first practice with around Boston. Old Jem Ward, who died a year ago, aged eighty-four, for years champion of England, would never use any but finger-tip mittens, and they are sometimes called the Jem Ward glove. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers are just as strong advocates of the Field sparring implements. Mike Donovan, teacher of the New York Athletic Club, and Profs. Austin and Van Slycke instruct only with the New York gloves. Most of the gloves used in sparring nowadays are too small and hard. This is because no amateur thinks he has learned much till he knocks out some of his classmates.

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While Champion Pole-Vaulter Baxter walked to the dressing rooms of the Mott Haven grounds after breaking the wonderful English Vaulter Ray's record at the New York Athletic Club's medal games on Saturday afternoon, he told THE EVENING WORLD man his opinion of the British champion. "He's a wonder, no doubt," he said, "and I have not the slightest intention of disparaging him, but I don't admire his 'lapping. It seems to me more like an acrobatic feat than a fair trial of speed and strength. No, I don't have any idea of imitating Barry's method. Some of the boys say they intend to practice that style, and I think if some light-bodied, good jumper becomes an adept at pole-climbing he will raise the record to better than 13 feet if there is a good wind blowing when he is trying."

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Easy foot wear has come into fashion of late years. Time was when a man who wore low-heeled, broad-soled shoes was looked at as a clumsy chap with big feet. The best and most comfortable shoes for walking, or even for standing behind a counter in, are the seamed-down-the-entire-centre-in-front shoes of the professional and amateur athletes. Ordinary shoes have a seam running around over the instep. This is a most important part of the foot to be left free. At every step we take the long tendons on the upper part of the foot raise. If they are confined by this seam running around instead of parallel with them they cannot do their work long at a time without becoming very tired or sore. A well-fitting pair of walking shoes of the kind with the seam down the front will wear longer and can be made of heavier leather, yet weigh no more than the regular "store" variety. As an encouragement to plenty of walking, and consequently robust health, an easy, well-fitting shoe is indispensable. To secure an easy foot have the shoemaker measure your foot while you are standing. Have half a dozen pairs of shoes in use and wear a different pair each day.

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Among the forty best athletes who have left the "Winged B" Athletic Association to join the Pastime and Nassaus are Babcock, the jumper; Peverelly and Struse, the quarter milers; Burns, the all-round man, and Nicoll and Kraft, the walkers.

CITIZEN TRAIN, COME BACK.

There Are Those in New York Who Sincerely Mourn Your Absence.

WHILE it cannot be said that most of the people of this city have gone into mourning because of the departure of that erratic genius, Citizen George Francis Train, he has evidently left behind him a large contingent of devoted admirers, who truly deplore his loss. This consists of the little girls and boys living in the vicinity of Madison Square to whom he had endeared himself by his constant benefactions in the shape of peanuts and candy. They did not care what eccentric views he may have held on the subjects of politics, religion or government so long as he furnished them with those things that are appreciated by every youthful mind, and with them he was a favorite who had no rival. A proof of this is the fact that for many days after his departure for Chicago they collected at the regular hour about the familiar bench in the square where he was accustomed to meet and entertain them with the capacious pockets of his coat overflowing with sweets and goodies, and refused to believe that he had deserted them for good.

After continued waiting and disappointment, however, they were forced to believe that their friend had forsaken them, and there was a general howl of grief when they realized that the feasts of peanuts and gumdrops were things of the past, and that they would have to depend for the future for refreshment of this kind upon the sporadic coin that they could succeed in collecting from their parents and relatives. The prospect was apparently so dismal that some of them who obtained the address of Citizen Train and were able to write sent letters to him full of pathetic pleadings, telling him that life was a blank, devoid of pleasure without him, assuring him of their continued love for him and begging him to return to them without delay.

According to latest accounts, however, Citizen Train is so busily engaged in booming the cause of social revolution and making the blood of the good people of Chicago and the West turn cold with his terrible maledictions against the present social system and his diabolical suggestions as to what his Anarchist legions are going to do when they get hold of affairs that he has found no time to reply to these appeals of his little friends in New York, who still continue to haunt the square in the hope that one day he will suddenly make his reappearance and bring back joy and gladness to their hearts.

It is the popular belief among the children, who formerly comprised Citizen Train's entire social circle, that the good man has been enticed away from them by unfair means, and the story of some malicious person that the superior attractiveness of the boys and girls of the Western city has a good deal to do with his prolonged absence has made them wildly jealous of their supposed rivals in the West.

"I don't believe," said one little tot, with an air of conviction, "that Mr. Train thinks the children of Chicago are any nicer than we, for he often used to tell us that he thought we were the best girls in the country. At any rate, I am going to write him a letter and ask him about it, and I am sure he will answer it, and say it isn't true."

Another little girl informed the reporter that she prayed every night that Mr. Train would come back to New York, and expected that her prayers would be answered before long.

BROOKLYN POWERS THAT BE.

Postmaster Hendrix is not taking an active, open part in local politics, but he is a great power behind the throne, all the same.

School Trustee William Barthman is new to political life, but has become one of the most active Democratic leaders in the Twenty-first Ward.

Ex-Mayor Seth Low will take the stump this fall for the Republicans. Mr. Low has a large-sized Congressional bee in his bonnet and it sings pleasantly in his ear.

Mike Dady steals time from his numerous public contracts to flit about Republican headquarters and give good advice. His quondam friend, Al Daggett, prefers Wall street to politics.

Chairman Green, of the Republican Committee, is making herculean efforts to capture the Mayoralty for Baird. He claims that the registration thus far shows nearly 4,000 increase for the Republicans.

Hugh McLaughlin, better known as "the Boss," whittles a pine stick and directs his lieutenants daily in Kerrigan's auction rooms, on Willoughby street. McLaughlin began life as a fish-dealer in the old Atlantic Market.

He Preferred Plain Dishes.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Oh, Mr. Grimshaw!" exclaimed Miss Howjames, clasping her hands ecstatically, "isn't the *Atlantic* exquisite this month? Such a delightful omnium-gatherum!"

"I've never been there," replied the young man from Milwaukee; "I don't go much on them fancy dishes, anyhow. When I want a good plain stew or a clam chowder I always go to the Occidental."

Consolation.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Mr. Matterfact (to his late partner's widow)—Oh! yes, indeed, ma'am, a finer and more obliging gentleman never lived; and oh! ma'am (sympathetically), if you could only feel that he died just at the right time! Indeed, ma'am, the butter business has fallen off a sight lately, and the profits were very small for two—very—small for two.

ONE BIT OF DRIFTWOOD.

A Little Specimen of Humanity, and an Official Opinion.

A big tattered slouch hat; then a dirty brown face, whose most assertive member was a peculiarly crooked gray eye, and was further adorned by a turned-up nose and protruding upper lip; and lastly, a pair of slight shoulders clad in a blue-checked shirt and almost hidden by the broad straps of a pair of men's suspenders, successively became visible above the rail in the City Hall police station where Serg. Pickett sat to-day, as their owner leaned a pair of ragged elbows on the rail and clinched a pair of dirty hands above them.

"I done just as you told me 'bout that business, Chief," said a voice.

Sergt. Pickett started. Then he said: "That's right. Keep your hands off things that don't belong to you, go to school every day and stay at home nights, and you'll soon be a man."

"I can't go to school, 'cause I'm workin'. I'm errand boy in a meat shop," said the boy, and that crooked eye looked curiously about the walls of the station.

"Born for State prison," said the Sergeant in an undertone. "He lives up in my old precinct, the Twentieth. His father pounds him and abuses him shamefully." Then to the boy: "Take off your hat."

The big hat was removed, displaying a head which rounded up very large in the rear, but had a sloping forehead and was very narrow across the temples.

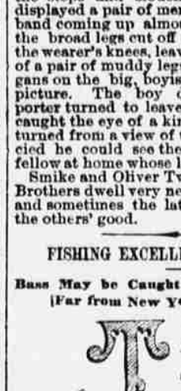
"The head of a natural-born thief," said the Sergeant," again in an undertone. He's only eleven years old and he is fitting for State prison as fast as he can. Now, you go along to your work, boy, and mind what I tell you and you'll come out all right."

The lad moved away, and, as he mounted the steps and slouched out into the Park, displayed a pair of men's trousers, the waistband coming up almost to his arm-pits and the broad legs cut off at a point just below the wearer's knees, leaving bare the lower half of a pair of muddy legs. A pair of army brogans on the big, boyish feet completed the picture. The boy disappeared. The reporter turned to leave, too, with a sigh. He caught the eye of a kind father who had just turned from a view of the same lad, and fancied he could see there a thought of a little fellow at home whose lot was so different.

Smike and Oliver Twist and the Cheeryble Brothers dwell very near together sometimes, and sometimes the latter seem powerless for the others' good.

FISHING EXCELLENT AT PRESENT.

Bass May be Caught Without Going Very Far from New York for the Sport.



THE fishing is excellent at present around New York City, and the rod and reel are getting in splendid work. Weakfish, striped bass, kingfish, porgies and flounders are the spoil that the anglers bring home at this season. Very good bass can be taken at Hell Gate and City Island, so that those who do not care to go as far as the Shrewsbury need not be without the hope of catching these gamest of fish.

Bass fishing has the most votaries among the piscatorially inclined. It is a high-toned kind of fishing, and if a man can land a three or four pounder he is happy. The nineteen-pound bass, nearly three feet long, caught at Hell Gate a week ago is the despair of all the fishermen. A bass doesn't often start out with the inborn conviction that he is a whale and grow accordingly.

The best bait for striped bass is blood worms and sand worms. The tough fringe on a soft shell clam will fetch him, too. Bass average about a pound and a half to two pounds, and a fisherman is quite willing to show his basket if he captures fifteen or sixteen of these.

Weakfish are found in the same localities in which the bass are caught, but in deeper water. The bass love the shoaler places and feel most comfortable in three or four feet of water. They feed on the meadow grass, while the weakfish scurries about for his sustenance among the oyster beds.

Flounder fishing is good at Jamaica Bay and Rockaway. Along the shores of Long Island "shedder" crabs are found, and they are very good bait for weakfish.

No Acting in That.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

Robert Mantell, familiarly known as "Bob" among those who know him well and delight in listening to his "tales of the road," recently told a good story regarding himself. Said he: "I have no hesitation in saying that there is a peculiar satisfaction in touching the gods of the gallery. But sometimes they refuse to be touched, and the corresponding disappointment is something that we can all appreciate. While playing an engagement in Cincinnati I happened into a resort adjoining the theatre and was obliged to to feel amused at the conversation I overheard between a couple of the gods, though it wasn't exactly complimentary to me. They were braced against the bar, sampling some wet goods, when one of them spoke up and said:

"'Who's playing here this week?'

"'Bob Mantell,' was the response.

"'Any good?' inquired the first speaker.

"'Any good!' was the reply. 'No! He's one of those fellers that walks around in a swaller-tail coat with a crush hat in 'is 'and, then sits down. Do ye call that hacting?'"

The Style in Dakota.

[From the St. Paul Globe.]

Presiding Elder to Dakota Merchant—Can you tell me where Rev. Dr. Masher lives?

"He lives two blocks up this street, but he ain't at home now."

"Not at home?"

"No; he's away on a vacation."

"Did he take his wife?"

"No; he took mine."

The Statue, Not the Picture.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mother—Clarence, who is this bold, brazen-looking female?

Clarence (who is busy and can't stop to look around)—Oh, that's a little sketch that I took of Miss —— at Mount Desert. It represents her in her walking costume.

PLAYERS AND THEIR PLANS.

DANCING-ANIMALS CAUSE A HITCH IN THE PRODUCTION OF "SHE."

A Question of Dressing-Rooms—"Editha's Burglar" Wanted in London—Richard Golden and M. A. Kennedy to Star Together as Comedians—One-Night Stands to be Abandoned by Myra Goodwin.

EXPERIENCE seems inadequate to cope with a difficulty that has arisen with respect to the coming production of "She" at Niblo's, which, however absurd it may appear, has, nevertheless, a serious side. Those who have read Rider Haggard's novel will remember the "dance of death," in which the animals peculiar to the region described in the book took part. Of course this dance of death is to be given at Niblo's. Years ago ingenuous supers, more or less clumsily clad in skins, would have represented the Terpsichorean beasts, but we've changed all that now. The management are unwilling to entrust such realistic work to supers. They have suggested the advisability of introducing trained animals, and have been discussing that idea very extensively. Now, in case real animals be introduced, they will clash very painfully with the human members of the cast. The actors and actresses insist upon having their dressing-rooms on the stage in consequence of the many changes the play requires them to make. The animals will need these rooms for obvious reasons, and that is why the actors and actresses strenuously object to this sacrifice to realism. This difficulty has caused a hitch in the arrangements and a temporary stoppage of work. It will probably be overcome during the ensuing week.

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The Bijou Opera-House has not been lucky since last May, when Henry E. Dixey assumed a portion of the management of the house. The ensuing season is felt to depend almost entirely upon the production of "Conrad the Corsair" to-morrow night. A number of out-of-town managers are coming to New York to witness its production.

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An offer has been received by cable from W. W. Kelly, manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, for "Editha's Burglar," which the London manager is anxious to give at his house in connection with Miss Grace Hawthorne's performances, which are shortly to take place there. In the event of this arrangement being made, the American child, known as little Oelie, who will be remembered by those who saw "The Golden Giant" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last season, will play the part now being rendered at the Lyceum Theatre by little Miss Leslie.

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Richard Golden and M. A. Kennedy are to follow the example of Robson and Crane and Evans and Hoey, and be starred through the country as comedians of equal merit, under the management of W. W. Randall. They are to appear in a farce-comedy entitled "The Fourth of July," written by C. A. Byrne. This will probably be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next May. Mr. Golden's wife, known to the dramatic profession as Miss Dora Wiley, has retired from the stage and is now singing in a Boston church choir.

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The ponies which are to be used on the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, in the coming production of "Rudolph," are said to have been recently brought from Scotland, and to have cost $1,000. Mrs. George Knight is to manage these steeds, and to keep them from careering into the orchestra. They will be attached to a phaeton in which Mrs. Knight will be seated, and the turn-out will be in keeping with Rotten Row's latest edict.

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Harry Paulton, who is known as the writer of the libretto of "Erminie," will be in the cast of "Dorothy," the production of which at the Standard Theatre is to succeed "The Arabian Nights." "Dorothy" will probably be given on Oct. 31, in case "The Arabian Nights" can be sent on the road by that time. Richard Golden will then play the part of Chou-Chou; and William Gill, who is responsible for "My Sweetheart," will play the Policeman.

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Miss Myra Goodwin has abandoned "one-night stands" this season, and declines to play at any insignificant town. One-night stands have long been regarded as the bane of the theatrtcal profession. It is said that an actor who goes through a season of one-night stands comes out comparatively spoiled. He is obliged to adopt a ranting style, without which he could not be tolerated by these country audiences; he is obliged to interrupt himself and the play to make way for the lusty applause, and all this tends towards deterioration.

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Sig. Italo Campanini is with us again, and he received a hearty welcome yesterday from his friends when La Champagne arrived. Sig. Campanini has a comprehensive company engaged for his concert tour, including Mme. Elvira Repetto-Trisolini, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, Signora Metaura Torricelli, Sig. Giovanni Baldini, Antonio Galassi, Romano Manetti and Baldassare Corseni. Alfredo Gore is the conductor and accompanist. The first concert will be given on Nov. 10 at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

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Tony Hart's friends are wondering what is the matter with him. The once glib-tongued, merry comedian is strangely changed, and no one seems to know when the change began. Mr. Hart speaks with difficulty and only manages to articulate with a most painful drawl. Added to this he stammers somewhat. Mr. Hart entered the office of a theatrical manager yesterday and asked for Mr. Golden's address in such a strange manner that every one in the place stared at him. As soon as he had made his departure, a torrent of questions were indiscriminately put as to what ailed Tony. He is not playing at present, as it would be utterly impossible for him to get through his part.

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There is a scheme on foot to start another dramatic agency, under the management of the Actors' Fund and with the co-operation of leading managers, who will hire their actors and actresses entirely through that medium. Several of the larger managers, such as A. M. Palmer, Henry E. Abbey and Frohman and Randall, have been approached respecting this project. It is quite possible that during the coming week some definite plans of action will be arrived at. J. J. Spies is to have the management of the agency and to receive a salary from the Actors' Fund for his services. All the fees paid the agency will go to the Fund, which it is hoped to greatly benefit by the institution. An agency of somewhat similar intent was started some time ago, but was so badly managed that it was given up.

Stage Chat.

Bunnell's Museum is worth visiting.

The big tank is still at the Academy of Music.

"The Mouse Trap" at Wallack's still catches large audiences.

The Wilbur Opera Company is at the Third Avenue Theatre to-night.

Signorina Teresina Tua will give a concert at Chickering Hall to-night.

Miss Clara Morris will play in "L'Article 47" at the Grand Opera-House to-night.

That old favorite, "Hazel Kirke," will be the attraction at Poole's Theatre to-night.

At the Union Square Theatre people are manifesting a lively interest in "The Henrietta."

The business at Dockstader's is still so large that people are reluctantly turned away nightly.

Mrs. Langtry's success in "As in a Looking-Glass" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is unabated.

The veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, will begin an engagement at the Star Theatre to-night in "The Rivals."

At the Lyceum Theatre "The Great Pink Pearl" and the charming little sketch, "Editha's Burglar," can still be seen.

Herr Heinrich Boetel, the German tenor, will be heard for the first time in this country at the Thalia Theatre to-night in "Il Trovatore."

Miss Minnie Palmer will appear in "My Sweetheart" and "The Ring and the Keeper" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre this week.

The Bijou Opera-House will be closed to-night in order that preparations for the production of "Conrad the Corsair" to-morrow night may be made.

THE KIT-KATS' NEW IDEAS.

Reproducing Poses from the Old Masters and Bringing Nature to Town.

The Kit-Kat Club has introduced two new ideas into the system of work for the coming winter. By one idea the posing of miscellaneous models just as the fancy seems to strike the Committee on Models is practically abolished. As a substitute the members of the club now work from a model posed after the most successful poses of the old masters. Steel-engraved copies of the old masterpieces are kept as works of reference in the club's library. When the principal points of a picture are to be reproduced the model is posed to resemble, as far as possible, one figure in the picture. When this figure is done the pose is changed to some other picture. In this way the members of the Kit-Kat Club will in time become familiar with most of the figures of the best painters.

The other new idea is the introduction of nature itself into the studio. During the winter time the artists cannot go to the country, so they bring the country to town. The Executive Committee is now busy setting up in the club-rooms specimens of vines, leaves, ferns and branches of trees. This week a load of pumpkins, cornstalks, apples and other farm products will be received from the country. The presence of these things in the club-rooms will obviate to some extent the necessity of the artists going to the park or to the country.

The season promises to be an interesting one for the Kit-Kats. Most of them are doing good work, and are rapidly coming to coming to public notice in their art. The officers of the club are as follows: President, Lafayette W. Seavey; Vice-President, F. G. Cusachs; Corresponding Secretary, Louis L. Roush; Treasurer, Edward D. Connell. Among the best known of the members are Frank De Haven, William Bengough, C. J. Gibson, James Fagan, J. S. Rowe, Joseph Fleming, C. H. Davis, H. W. McLellan, Frank Fleming, Henry Henken, Otto Armbruster, Alfred Moses, T. S. Plaisted, Albert Operti, Charles W. Witham, W. F. Watson, G. B. Smith, Edward Cary, Adolph Reinold, William McDougal, Joseph Folsom, John Rough, S. Moreno, Victor Dangon, T. Exsergian and F. F. Martinez.

Our Chinese Wall.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

The import and exports of China reach annually almost $400,000,000. We on the Pacific are nearest her of all Western peoples. We in the end consume more of her productions than any like number. Yet our trade is less than 8 per cent. of all her world traffic. We resign the influence the Republic should wield over the world's destiny and leave to free trade England, with less than half our population, full 75 per cent. of that great commerce on which she builds her power. And this solely because commerce demands export for import. We cannot buy unless we can sell and we cannot sell because we protect by high duties our antiquated machinery against the cheaper product of power more scientifically applied to manufacture.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c.	Sea bass, 10c. to 15c.
Porterhouse steak, 24c.	Pompano, 40c.
Sirloin steak, 18c. to 20c.	Lobsters, 10c. to 12c.
Leg mutton, 14c. to 16c.	Bluefish, 10c. to 12c.
Lamb chops, 25c.	Weakfish, 10c.
Leg veal, 25c.	White perch, 12c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Live cod, 8c.
Sweet breads, 40c. pair.	Red snappers, 15c.
Calves' heads, 75c.	Halibut, 15c.
Roasting pig, $2 to $4.50 each.	Striped bass, 15c. to 25c
Spring chicken, $1.25 to $1.50 pair.	King Fish, 20c.
Roast chicken, 25c. lb.	Sheepshead, 20c.
Dry-picked turkeys, 23c.	Spanish mackerel, 60c.
Squabs, $4 dozen.	Smelts, 20c.
Geese, 20c. to 25c.	Little-neck clams, 40c. a 100
Ducks, 20c.	S-ft-shell crabs, 50c. a d z.
Canvas-backs, $3 to $3.50 pair.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Grouse, $1.25 to $1.50 pair.	Terrapin, $12 to $18 a doz.
Partridge, $1.25 pair.	Green turtle, $1 quart.
Reed birds, $1 d zen.	Frogs' legs, 50c. lb.
Red heads, $1.50 to $1.75 pair.	Shrimps, 40c. quart.
Mallards, $1 to $1.25 pair.	Scallops, 30c. quart.
Teal, $1 pair.	Celery, 15c. bunch.
Venison, 25c. to 30c.	Peas, 25c. half peck.
White bait, 40c.	Green corn, 15c. to 20c. doz
	Squashes, 15c. to 20c.
	Pumpkins, 20c.
	Mushrooms, 75c. quart.
	Artichokes, 75c. quart.

HOW BUCKET-SHOPS ARE RUN.

New York Offices With Branches All Over the Country.

AS everybody knows that the New York Stock Exchange is the great speculative centre of the country, and those of speculative propensities who wish a guarantee of security in their dealings are almost compelled, no matter whereabouts in the country they may live, to transact their business through a New York broker. There are legitimate Exchanges, to be sure, in all of the principal cities of the country, but their lists of stocks are comparatively small, and the volume of their speculative dealings correspondingly limited, as compared with those of the New York Exchange.

Within the past few years the demand for speculative trading facilities, not only in the large cities, but in many of the smaller ones, both in the United States and Canada, has been met in a manner that enables the people in these interior cities to trade in stocks dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange, and at New York figures. This is done by the establishment of branch "bucket-shops" in all these different cities, which are in private telegraphic communication with the central office in New York, whence they are directly supplied with the New York quotations.

As a rule these places are patronized much more extensively than the regular Stock Exchanges, and as they are usually fitted up in an attractive, not to say gorgeous, style, they have a much more aristocratic air than the ordinary bucket-shop. As a matter of fact, they are not commonly known by this opprobrious title, but are held out as branch offices of some New York stock brokerage firm, and those who gamble in them are regarded as the customers of the firm. Their transactions are called contracts the same as if they were dealing with a legitimate member of the Stock Exchange here, and although no stock is ever really bought on sale or delivered on those contracts, which are merely in the nature of registered lists, the same as in an ordinary bucket-shop, they are usually run by people who have some capital back of them, and it is regarded as comparatively safe to trade with them so far as the ability to collect possible profits is concerned.

It requires considerable capital to run a system of offices of this description, for some of these firms or companies maintain as many as a score of branches in different parts of the country. They are to be found in almost all the cities in the interior of the State, throughout New England and in Canada, and it was only a day or two ago that it was reported that two gorgeous palaces of this kind had just been opened in Montreal.

Except that it is not so common for the proprietors of these places to "lay down" on their contracts, as in the case of an ordinary snap bucket-shop, the methods of dealing are almost identical, and are just as unfavorable for the speculator.

There are several of these companies in New York which maintain out-of-town branches and they are in hot water nearly all the time on account of the opposition which they meet everywhere from the legal authorities. It frequently happens that when a customer has been wiped out after putting up a big margin, he will take advantage of the law and sue the company for the amount of his losses, pleading the Gambling Act, and showing that there was no legal contract.

In addition to stock quotations these companies usually furnish to their branch offices the prices of wheat, corn, petroleum and cotton, but the speculative dealings in these commodities are not as extensive as in the case of stocks.

ABOUT THE CITY'S GUARDIANS.

Inspector Williams owns a fast catboat and is ready to race against any officer on the force at any distance.

Ex-Judge Gunning S. Bedford is a frequent visitor at Police Headquarters and tells wonderful stories of his electioneering success.

Col. Emmons Clark, of the Health Board, is now in Berlin and proposes to instruct Bismarck how to run a regiment.

Chief Clerk Kipp, of the Police Board, is an enthusiastic Seventh Regimenter, and sports with pride his new diamond-crested badge.

Ex-Alderman Masterson is conspicuous as one of the very few civilian clerks who are employed in the Police Department at Headquarters.

Mr. Hopcroft, the private secretary of Supt. Murray, is known among the police as "Happy George." He is a hard worker and never loses his temper.

Sheriff Grant drops in at Police Headquarters frequently and has a pleasant social chat with his personal friend, Supt. Murray—not about politics, of course.

President French and McCord, the ward leaders, are inseparable friends. The burden of their private conferences is how best to serve the Republican party.

Police Commissioner McClave is very fond of horse flesh and rarely misses race day at Jerome Park. He handles the ribbons behind a valuable bay trotter.

Everything points to a general shake-up among police captains. Tony Allaire is sighing for pastures new, and may find suburban air very conducive to good health.

Gossips at Police Headquarters assert, with a significant toss of the head, that Capt. Reilly will not remain in command of the Nineteenth Precinct after the election.

Inspector Byrnes is kept busy nights revising the proof sheets and manuscript of his new book. "How a Great Railroad King was Blackmailed." Jay Gould is the central figure in this detective's yarn.

THE truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is a fact and is universally acknowledged. Our new brands, LATEST EPOLISM, WHITE-CLARA, CROSS-COUNTRY, are perfection itself. All extra fine. KINNEY TOBACCO Co., New York.

TO CATCH THE PUBLIC EYE.

The latest thing in signs is a battered wooden background with a copper-colored facing and raised wooden letters tipped with gold.

A sign made of mahogany background, with raised gold letters, is a novelty, having been on the market but a short time.

In metal, a brass sign, with a triple plate of silver and plain black letters, is most substantial, defying the weather and being more easily cleansed than the ordinary brass sign.

Signs typical of the various trades are going out of fashion by reason of the recent ordinance aimed at the "sandwich men," who used to block the streets.

Swinging signs are falling in disuse, and the old-fashioned plain wooden sign, with plain gold letters on a black sand background is in demand.

In card signs there will probably never be a change, the plain letter in black, red and blue with the stereotyped trimming of a similar color being always in demand. The enamelled cloth sign is still growing rapidly in popular favor, with colors and designs of many varieties.

Not a Man of Experience.

[From the Richmond Dispatch.]

A St. Louis reporter, in describing Cleveland's reception, says a hundred shakes to the minute is a physical impossibility." That reporter never had a chill."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WHY EVERYBODY LIKES RIKER'S FAMILY MEDICINES AND TOILET REQUISITES. BECAUSE:

1st. They DO EXACTLY WHAT IS EXPECTED of them. In AT LEAST 95 cases out of 100.

2d. They are always reasonable in price, being sold at about one-half the prices charged for the PATENT NOSTRUMS, &c.

3d. Should they in ANY CASE fail to do all that is expected of them you need only say: "This has not proved satisfactory," and your money will be CHEERFULLY RETURNED.

4th. Their preparations WITHOUT EXCEPTION are the most RELIABLE, REASONABLE, SATISFACTORY and best value of any manufacturer in the U. S. Send for their illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which is mailed free on request.

Their goods are now for sale almost everywhere, or may be obtained direct from Riker & Son, Druggists and Mfg. Chemists, 353 6th ave., N. Y. Established 45 years.

AMUSEMENTS.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. TUESDAY, OCT. 18. Gala opening of the fall and winter season.
Rice's Burlesque Co.
65 ARTISTS
In a grand production of the spectacular burlesque, THE
CORSAIR,
With its charming music and delightful Novelties. Evenings at 8. Saturday matinee at 2. Sale of seats now progressing.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER 31ST ST.
Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c.
MATINEES MON., WED. AND SAT.
THE WILBUR OPERA CO.
Repertoire—Mon. and Tues., "Merry Wives." Wed. and Thurs.—"Grand Duchess." Fri. and Sat.—"Giroflé-Giroflá." Oct. 24—Edwin Arden's "Eagle Nest."

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite Waverley place.
Admission, 25 cents. Children, 10 cents. Performances continuously from noon until 10 P. M. REAL CIRCUS SIMPLY WONDERFUL. MIDGETS, GIANTS, CURIOSITIES. 20 BIG SHOWS IN ONE. A GREAT FAMILY RESORT. Take all the children and be happy.

DOCKSTADER'S.
MERRY MULTITUDES.
"SHAKESPEARE OR BACON—WHICH?" "TWO JAYS ARE SPEAKERS ENOUGH." "NEW BABYLON"—"SUNNIER THAN EVER." DOCKSTADER'S "HASTY MAN." NEW SONGS AND SINGERS. GILT-EDGE MINSTRELSY. Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
J. M. HILL.....4TH WEEK.....Manager
"THE HENRIETTA IS BOOMING."
The comedians, ROBSON AND CRANE, in Bronson Howard's comedy,
THE HENRIETTA.
EVENINGS, 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th ave. Matinee Saturday only during this engagement. LAST WEEK OF MINNIE PALMER. In her delightful double bill, THE RING AND THE KEEPER and MY SWEETHEART. Oct. 24.—GEO. S. KNIGHT, in RUDOLPH, Baron von Hollenstein.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving place. 5TH 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.

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

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST 2 WEEKS. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. THE NEW YORK STAR COMPANY, accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company in her grand production, AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS. Beautiful scenery and appointments.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. CLARA MORRIS. Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. CLARA MORRIS. To-night and To-morrow night—L'ARTICLE 47. Next week—THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST. Next Sunday—PROF. CROMWELL will illustrate BERLIN, THE HOME OF THE KAISER WILLIAM.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st. Begins 8.15 with EDITH'S BURGLAR. At 8.45 THE GREAT PINK PEARL. THE GREAT PINK PEARL. PRECEDED BY EDITHA'S BURGLAR. WEDNESDAY MATINEE—THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., near 4th ave. Admission—10c., 20c. Reserved—30c. The Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday. Next week—TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.

STAR THEATRE. Opens Monday, Nov. 7. MR. HENRY IRVING, MISS ELLEN TERRY and the LYCEUM COMPANY in "FAUST."

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. JOSEPH JEFFERSON As BOB ACRES in THE RIVALS. Supported by an excellent company.

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

THALIA—TO-NIGHT. First appearance of BOETEL, Il Trovatore. To-morrow, Junkermann, Aus der Franzosenzeit.

DEJA.

BY LINN BOYD PORTER.

Continued from Saturday's EVENING WORLD.

"HOW long do you intend to go on with this thing?"

"What thing?" he answered, yawning. "There are many things in this world, my dear boy."

I pointed toward the door.

"Oh, Déjà?"

"Yes, Déjà."

He was a handsome fellow, the only handsome blonde man I ever saw. He looked at me with his blue eyes and pulled his blonde mustache leisurely, but did not immediately reply.

"What's the matter with Déjà?" he said finally.

"Matter?" I replied. "Matter enough! You brought her here to keep her from taking her life. That was all right. You detained her until you were sure she would not rush back to the Seine. You gave her money to buy decent clothing. I don't find fault with that, but—"

He looked at me quietly, continuing to pull his moustache.

"Well, old boy? That is a very good list of the things you do not object to about myself and *la petite*. Now, be explicit. What do you find fault with?"

"She must be sent away," I said firmly.

"Why?"

"Do you realize how old she is?"

"That is something no one knows," he responded. "The Gascons ar too poor to afford to give their children birthdays."

"I'll wager she's not less than sixteen," I said.

"I wouldn't wonder a bit," he responded.

"I did not seem to be making much progress.

"But you have told me that you are engaged to a young lady in England," I blurted out in desperation.

"Undoubtedly," he admitted, opening his blue eyes very wide. "Now please to tell me what the deuce your last statement has to do with the subject through which you introduced it."

"I will," I said, taking up the gauntlet. "You are either in love with this Gascon girl, or so near it that you will soon be unable to tear yourself from her."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Trenholm, coolly.

"Or at least," I continued, "she is in love with you, and if you do not break off with her at once there will be a nice rumpus in store for you later."

"Nonsense again."

"Very well," I said, turning away. "Do as you please, but don't for