SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

BOXERS MORE SUPERSTITIOUS THAN SAILORS NOWADAYS.

McAuliffe an Omen Man and Frank White Very Canny Indeed—Mr. De Cordova and His Carrier Pigeons—Brooklyn Athletes Joining the Nassaus—"Plon-Plon" Billiards as Played by Professionals.

MORE superstitions than the boxers nowadays. The other night Billy Dacey and Frank White manœuvred for two or three minutes and delayed the commencement of their bout because each had a dread of being the first to enter the ring. White, who by the way was the beaten man, absolutely wouldn't enter first, but Dacey at Johnny Stack's solicitation "broke the charm" and crawled through the ropes. White's superstitions are well known. Mike Sullivan, brother of the champion, spoke laughingly of them when THE EVENING WORLD representative was in Boston last week. It is well known that White, when walking on the street, wouldn't allow any one to go between him and a companion if he had to run back a block to get past the interloper on the other side. White, when boxing in Harry Hill's years ago, once went on the stage with his sparring-shirt on wrong side out. He had got it on thoughtlessly and feared it would bring him bad luck to change it. Boxer's superstitions extend to lucky articles, such, for instance, as an old heel of one of Yankee Sullivan's fighting boots, which John C. Heenan had in his corner when he fought Tom Sayers. Bob Smith was a Jonah till he got behind Frank Herald the night the Philadelphian knocked out Ithaca Giant Conley. "Soap" McAlpine, who never was known to have a winner, was forced by the superstitious dread of him which pugilists had to return to return to his occupation of hod-carrying. Luke Welch's place, at Eighty-sixth street and North River, used to be called unlucky as a training ground, but a decisive victory of a boxer who had trained there in spite of all warnings broke that charm. Jack McAuliffe is as superstitious as possible, but Jack Dempsey, whose record is as unspotted and whose number of winning fights is much greater, laughs at omens.

* * *

Thirty-three more members of the defunct Brooklyn Athletic Association have joined the Nassaus; initiation fees waived. The Nassau Athletic Club expects to give the boxing championships this year by permission of the "N. four A's," as it is called. This permission, it is expected, will be formally given at next Monday night's meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletes, when it is also expected that Ford will be reinstated. Ford will become a Nassau man. Miner's Theatre in Brooklyn will probably be the scene of the amateur championships boxing competitions this winter.

* * *

Who says sporting is of no use, except as an encouragement to gambling? Mr. Alfred de Cordova, Secretary and Treasurer of the Gentlemen's Driving Club of New York, who lives some three miles from the telegraph station of North Branch, N. J., has a basket of his carrier-pigeons brought to his downtown office every week or two. Whenever he wants to get home an hour or two earlier than usual he does so. At 3 o'clock a clerk attaches a little printed card which reads: "De Cordova's Aerial Messenger Co. (Limited)," and has space for stock quotations and remarks on it, to a feather in one of the pigeons tail feathers, takes it to the door and releases it. The little fellow goes right up four or five hundred feet, then darts off in a southwesterly direction. In less than an hour Mr. de Cordova can catch him in his loft, out at his country place, and get his news quicker, cheaper and more fully than by electricity. "It's wonderful," said Mr. de Cordova yesterday morning, "how much these feathered Mercurys know. We fastened a message on one's neck once, instead of to one of his tail feathers as usual. He flew right over opposite to the Swedish Consul's office and all but asked to have it taken off. I suppose he knew it would be too much of a job to attempt to fly against the wind with so much of a burden. I've been carrying on this system of communication for the past year and a half with perfect success."

* * *

The boys who play billiards have struck a new game uptown, which it is not feared will revolutionize the game, as it is so difficult to make a point that none but the professionals can score once in thirty minutes. It is called Plon Plon and is played with two white cue-balls only. The player plays on the object ball and has to send both that and his cue ball to cushions and then score by the two balls striking each other. The game consists of fifteen points.

In Sexton's billiard-room last evening two bookmakers, who are expert amateurs, were playing Plon, Plon for $20 a side. It took them about half an hour to run a game. Some very brilliant shots were made.

FAVORITES OF THE CHINESE.

Prosperous American Business Men in the Land Across the Pacific.

CHARLES DAVIS, the genial manager of Harry Miner's People's Theatre, knows as much about China, and American interests there as he does about his theatrical duties, and that is saying a great deal. He was in China for a long time, and his recollections of the celestial country have been awakened by the talk about Mitkiewicz and his concessions.

"When I was in China," he said, "American interests were very great, and Uncle Sam's children were looked upon very favorably. Americans are scattered all through China in all the principal cities. There are American missionaries, American employes of electric light and telephone companies, Americans in the Chinese service—in the army, the navy, and the revenue service. In Shanghai I found an American hotel called the Astor House, a really first-class hotel, kept by an American named Jansen, who was born and raised in Newburg.

"I found American sail-makers, curio-buyers, ship-builders and civil and railway engineers. At Shanghai there are large American factories, coal yards, warehouses, ship yards and machine shops.

"The city is divided into three sections or 'concessions.' One of these sections is lighted by an electric light company of Cleveland, O. Then the Mitso Bishi Steamship Company, the Holt line, the Glen line, and the Peninsular and Oriental line, with their provisions and coal, all start from American Town. The water supply works were opened by the American consul, the water being turned on by the celebrated Si Hung Chang, the viceroy, who was very friendly with our consul. I need not say that American agricultural implements, arms, ammunition and clothing are extremely favored goods in China, as are also American machinery and hardware.

"In one of the Mitso Bishi steamers," continued Mrs. Davis, "I had a breakfast which surprised me a great deal. It was undoubtedly a pleasant surprise. The first breakfast I had after leaving Shanghai for Yokohama consisted of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup and corn bread—the most essentially American food, as all travellers know. We found on board this pleasant steamship all kinds of Yankee dishes—as they are called there, including even (think of this) Boston baked beans and succotash.

"In North China they even grow American apples and pears, just as large and fine looking as any you can find in this country, although their appearance is deceptive, for they are almost tasteless.

"The Chinese mandarins and officials whom I met," said Mr. Davis, "all seem very favorably disposed toward Americans. In fact they seem to prefer them to all other white races. There is no jealousy felt of their enterprise, as there is of that of the English and French. The Chinese always impressed me with the opinion that they were desirous of doing all that they could to promote American industries. The Viceroy, as I have already said, showed a marked preference for the American consul."

Where All the Tall Men Go.

The great vaulted main entrance to the Equitable Building is a good place in which to see tall men. In the first place, the owners of the building have stationed a gigantic and genial black man at the Broadway door to tell people interesting things about the polished marble and wonderful mosaics in the entry court. Beside this there is a robust, yellow-haired white man in police clothes, who walks about the corridors of the main floor to keep wicked people from hooking things. He is about seven feet high. Pretty nearly all the tall men who come from the country to see the sights of this gay and wicked town drop in for a look at the Equitable building. It is worth anybody's while to watch them sidle up to the two great watchmen and quietly compare heights. Generally the visitors go away crestfallen, but there are plenty more to take their places, for some hidden psychic force seems to hustle every stranger of great stature to measure himself against the hired giants.

How She Shows Her Love.

[From the Gibson (Ga.) Enterprise.]

Well, courting is still on a boom. We know of a certain young lady at Williamsburg that thinks so much of her fellow that when he comes to town and goes to Augusta on business, she pulls his buggy around from shade to shade all day long to keep the sun from shining upon it.

It Didn't Match Her Sacque.

[From Judge.]

"Whatever have you done with that lovely little dog you used to have?" asked Miss DeLancey.

"Why, my dear," was the confidential reply, "I had to exchange him at the dog fancier's. He was a good summer pet, but he didn't match at all with my new sealskin sacque."

As Clear as Mud.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The recent remark of a learned college professor to the effect that "denthorpomorphization is the progressive stripping off of the old idea of purpose and replacing it by the conception of physical agencies" makes the whole thing perfectly easy to understand.

FORTY YEARS OF SHORTHAND

RAPID GROWTH OF NEW YORK'S ARMY OF NOTE-TAKERS.

The Haste of the Present Day Makes Stenography a Necessity in Courts, Law Offices, Counting Rooms and Elsewhere—Men and Women Who do the Best Work—Brief History of American Reporting.

SCORE of years ago there was but one lady stenographer in New York City, a Mrs. Stafford, but the success which she met in the practice of her profession encouraged others to enter it. With well organized schools in this city and Brooklyn, and the addition of self-instructed volunteers from all over the country, there are now not less than 1,000 lady stenographers among the something less than 2,500 which represent the total membership of the profession.

Their particular line of employment is as amanuenses, but many have attained great proficiency, and their services are frequently required in legal proceedings. They do excellent work. The first as a law reporter is Miss Jennie Turner. Miss H. M. Barber and Mrs. May Carr Gulick are also noted in this line of work. Many of the lady stenographers of the city belong to the Stenographer's Association.

Forty years ago the only stenographer of any skill in New York was Dr. Houston, who was employed on a morning newspaper. Although slow in execution and practising a clumsy method, he was considered an expert in those days. It was not until 1846 that phonography which had been published to the world in 1837, by Ben Pittman, of Bath, England, was first introduced to the United States when Henry M. Parkhurst began reporting speeches in Boston. In the same year Stephen Pearl Andrews, who later became known as the head and front of a new school of philosophy known as Universality, in conjunction with Augustus F. Boyle, introduced the new system of shorthand in New York.

Oliver Dyer became a pupil of Andrews, as did also T. C. Leland, who, with one or two others, travelled through this State organizing classes for instruction in the method. Two bright boys of the Philadelphia High School, Denis F. Murphy and John J. McElhone, learned the system and were taken by Mr. Dyer to report the proceedings of the Free Soil Convention which nominated Martin Van Buren for President at Buffalo in 1848.

In 1849 Dyer was employed by the *National Intelligencer* to report the proceedings of the United States Senate, and he secured Murphy and McElhone to assist him. Subsequently another Washington paper followed suit and employed a corps of Congressional stenographers, of which Mr. Parkhurst was made chief, and his staff were William Henry Burr, formerly a portrait painter at Syracuse, and William Blair Lord. A House corps was also organized, and of this corps a Mr. Hincks was the principal and most expert reporter. He labored under the disadvantage of an incomplete and cumbrous system, but such was his dexterity that the character of his reports was equal to that of any of the present day.

Some time after this innovation of the newspapers the official reporting of the debates was entrusted to an official corps of shorthand reporters. Richard Sutton, an Englishman, was the head of the Senate corps for a time, but he was incompetent and Denis F. Murphy was ultimately entrusted with the position, which he filled most acceptably for more than thirty years. Mr. Hincks was made chief of the House stenographers, but after his death his successor was Mr. McElhone.

The Washington demand for reporters was such that although the system had been introduced in 1846, in 1853 there were but three expert stenographers in New York. They were James Thomas Roberts, who had been connected with Gurney's staff of English Parliamentary reporters and who wrote Gurney's system; William H. Burr, who had been on one of the Washington newspaper staffs in the Senate, and T. C. Leland, before mentioned, who had at that time become established in the city.

The principal employment of these reporters was in patent cases in the United States courts, occasionally in other important lawsuits and the reporting of speeches for the different papers, for in those days a city editor's ambition was for beats in the matter of verbatim reporting. This was an ambition which was laid aside, however, after fifteen years' experience at Anglicising the press by clogging its columns with a plethora of redundant and uninteresting matter at the expense of news and brightness.

One of Leland's first pupils was Ned Underhill, who, in 1847, was an operator in a woollen factory in Western New York. In 1849, when yet a boy, he went to St. Louis, where he took a position on the St. Louis *Republican* and was the first stenographer, with one exception, who practiced his profession west of the Mississippi River. Four years later Underhill came to this city.

The stenographers of that period were extensively employed in the courts. Among them were W. W. Vaughn, now the stenographer of the First District Court; John Mullally, well known as a journalist and politician; Col. Ethan Allen, the lawyer; Martin McMahon and a Mr. Leach. There was also a young man named Weir who made fair reports for the daily press, as did also A. F. Warburton.

Underhill, who is the Nestor of the profession in this city, and now the stenographer of the Surrogate's Court, retired from the press in 1860, having, during that year, in conjunction with David Dudley Field, secured the passage of an amendment to the Code of Procedure, by which, in the courts of record in the city of New York, stenographers were made officers of the court, and he is recognized as the father of the system of official court reporting which, a few years later, was extended over the entire State and is now an established institution throughout the Union. Later laws were passed which authorized the appointment of stenographers for the Marine—now the City—Court, the District courts, the Court of Special Sessions and the Police courts in this city.

The greatest demand for this sort of service is made by corporations, lawyers and business houses, for the carrying on of correspondence.

Many of the older members of the profession have died in the harness, generally from overwork. Others have succumbed to the ravages of dissipation, while still others have become lawyers or statesmen or gone into other pursuits less irksome and more congenial.

Many who are now practising law have been admitted to the bar, and those who have spent years in recording the trials of causes are better posted as to law than many of the attorneys whose words they wrote.

The stenographers of this city have an association numbering about 250 members, with headquarters on Twenty-third street, near Seventh avenue.

Said an old disciple of Pittman the other day: "While it cannot be claimed that stenography is hereditary, it seems to run in families, like a wooden leg. There are a half-dozen, more or less, of Bonynges, all experts; E. F. Underhill has a wife and a daughter, to say nothing of other relatives of different degrees of consanguinity, all proficient in their profession; there are at least two Warburtons. The history of shorthand writing is replete with instances where families have taken to stenography like ducks to water."

Among other New York stenographers eminent in their profession, besides those already mentioned, are the Bonynges, Robert and William; Fred M. Adams, Edmund T. Davis, Charles P. Young, Charles B. Collar, who was one of the House of Representatives' newspaper corps as early as 1851; James B. Sheridan, afterward elected Judge of the Marine Court; James E. Munson, author of a presentation of Pittman's system, which is largely practised; Albert Cochran, William Anderson, who began his career with Fowler & Wells, the phrenologists; George R. Bishop, of the Stock Exchange; Frederick Meakin, whose first procession was that of a clergyman; Wayland Turner, an English Parliamentary reporter; Leopold Woodle, A. W. Caswell; Charles L. Guy and F. J. Warburton, of the City Courts; Edward B. Dickinson, stenographer of the Democratic State Committee; James H. Fish, of the United States District-Attorney's Office; Geo. C. Appel, Ernst C. Kieb, D. C. McEwen, Bart. Moynahan; Henry A. Playton, who writes and speaks English, French and Holland Dutch; Frank McBennett, another linguistic reporter, and Frank A. Pollard.

SKETCHES FROM THE STUDIO.

Gilbert Gaul, one of John G. Brown's pupils, does a good deal in the way of illustrations. Gaul is a clever, rising young artist.

Bertha von Hillern was in town last week. She still wears the deepest mourning for a friend who died in Florida more than a year and a half ago.

Bolton Jones and his brother Frank returned to their studio in the Sherwood Saturday. Charles J. Turner, 35 West Fourteenth street, came back with them. They had a good deal of bad weather at Annisquam during the summer

In one of the uptown studios, full of artistic bric-a-brac, there is a unique tapestry. The design, an old galleon, is worked with straw. This has retained its color better than gold or silver bullion would have done. The piece is one of three in the same style and was picked up at a round price in a Hotel Drouot sale. Harry Mills owns one of them.

The Society of American Painters has about as fair a jury to sit on pictures offered for exhibition as any art body in the land. It numbers thirty judges. They weigh a work with an impartial spirit and try to avoid any clique spirit. In fact, a painting by one of themselvts is occasionally rejected, though of course a member does not usually vote against his own picture.

Toby Rosenthal's picture of "Elaine" has been brought to New York for exhibition. Rosenthal was a pupil of Piloty. He shows traces of it in his work. Although Piloty is a careful draughtsman and can balance the parts of a large composition well, there is something flat and dry in his coloring. His pictures lack life. This is the main defect in Rosenthal's "Elaine." The "dumb servitor" has a face that speaks no more than his tongue. The boat is too short for its width. The garlands of flowers are stiff and conventional. In composition the picture is good, although it would be an improvement if the red canopy were omitted. The sky and distance are well rendered.

TURNOUTS FOR BONNIE BABES

GROCERY BOXES ON THE EAST SIDE AND PERAMBULATORS FOR FIFTH AVENUE.

Some of the Latest Notions Devised for Giving the Dainty Darlings of Fashion an Airing—A Span of Bonnes With Babes and Bustles Suggested—Some Disadvantages of Mulberry Street Pattern.

SOME of the newest things in perambulators are enough to make a body's mouth water. Not that it takes a great deal to start a rivulet from an infant's mouth. But when admiration is the cause of the mouth-watering it is quite another thing. Then it is based on æsthetic feeling.

Baby-carriages are manufactured in varying degrees of perfection. Sometimes the vehicle in which an East-side baby is carted about is too primitive to shoulder so big an appellation as baby-carriage. It consists of a big grocery box with wooden wheels, or, as frequently, none at all. The little unfortunate is crammed into it and bumped along over the sidewalk. As a hardening process for his tender frame it is a tremendous success, one that Spartan mothers might have yearned for. Castigation in later years to one of their toughened children is robbed of half its horrors.

But the delicate sprig of Fifth avenuedom has his frame cast in easier places. His equipage is a dream on wheels, and sways in the air like an oriole's nest. Baby-carriage fails to express the merits of it properly. It is a perambulator.

It is made of reed or cane, varnished or enamelled. The rattan has an outer shell which may be cut through and removed, leaving an inner cane. Both are used for perambulators, those plaited from the cane being higher-priced. The "Thetis" and the "Galatea" are the latest and daintiest patterns and do not differ very greatly. The front part of the perambulator is swan-shaped at the sides and the body is like a shell.

The wood is selected, white ash, or oak, light but very strong. In front are two heavy "C" springs, and behind is a coil spring. This gives the young aristocrat a most delicious oscillation, and all the babies on the block who haven't got a "Galatea" turn and writhe with envy, like young Polyphemuses, when they see him bob up and down like a float.

The springs are nickel-plated, and the wheels have a rubber tire.

Some of these turnouts have a hood of the same material as the carriage, some have a canopy, and some have a parasol. The parasol hangs from a support which goes behind the carriage and sets in a ball and socket joint. By this arrangement it can be turned in any direction. The parasol harmonizes in color with the upholstery.

The dainty cane carriage is upholstered in cretonne, silk tapestry, corduroy, broadcloth, or plush. Pale-blue plush is one of the prettiest colors. The parasol is of pongee silk, or satin, with an overcover of dotted mull or Nottingham lace, with a deep hanging edge.

When the infant Cræsus is deposited on the softly padded seat, a brilliant Afghan tucked about him, and his pink toes buried in a fluffy lamb's-wool mat, he is almost happy. The carriage has a wheel-guard to keep his surroundings tidy.

The only thing he yearns for then is a span of bonnes, or a tandem of nurses. This is a brilliant idea which has not yet struck his mamma. When it does, probably two beautifully matched nurse-maids will be employed, gentle, but with a spirited action. Any fond mammas who have wondered why baby cried when he was put in the perambulator are here given the benefit of this suggestion. Give him a span of bonnes with banged locks and docked bustles and he will be happy. Infancy can ask no more.

The price of a perambulator of this type is only $50 or $60. They come even cheaper when bought by the dozen. They are strongly made, though so light, and a good one will last a dozen years of babies. The Mulberry street pattern is much cheaper, and costs no more if decorated with a tea label or canned-fruit design. But it isn't easy to get it over curb-stones, and leaks so on wet days that the baby is liable to float out.

Wanted it Well Done.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

A smart youngster of six years, living under the parental roof at the corner of Cottage and Hudson streets, was recently denied the privilege of joining his schoolmates in play by his mother, who remarked that the weather was too raw. The next day the precocious boy looked innocently into her eyes as he remarked: "Ma, isn't the weather cooked to-day? I must go out to play."

Woman's Voice.

[From Judge.]

I love a low, sweet voice in woman,
It brings a balm to heart and ear;
It can more readily subdue man
Than eyes, however brightly clear.

The low, sweet voice speaks rarer, truer
Than all of beauty's charms combined;
To hear well you must come close to her—
Another charm in that I find.

NOTES ON HOUSEHOLD ART.

"Domestic art" seems to still mean principally waste-paper baskets and pincushions.

Large squares of floating India silk make exceedingly graceful covers for tiny stands or corners of tea-tables.

It is really a graceful fashion, this of knotting back curtains with sashs of silk instead of bows of stiffer ribbon.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the less "manufactured" a drapery or household article looks the better is the effect.

Small Russian bowls, flowing with an appropriate mixture of wool and silk, are thought to make very fine pincushions.

The graceful little three-legged tables are still being made popularly ugly by means of tinsel-embroidered skirts and worsted ball-fringe.

"Oh, paint the milk-stool red," cry the maidens. Gild it no longer, and use it for a tiny table to hold a big vase or frame of photographs.

Low basket-chairs of terra cotta wicker-work are made comfortable as well as attractive by pale-blue cushions of art muslin. A thoroughly good combination.

Mantels painted white with enamel paint are really not half as ugly as the bare white marble, but it is the same as fighting fire to try and convince an old-fashioned landlord to that effect.

To satisfy the demands of a recent chimney-corner fairy you must cover a plain pine easel "deftly" with brown or black and gold wall-paper and put it in the corner, not forgetting to drape it with art muslin! Yea! the darker the corner the better the art.

Piano-covers are joining in the march of progress, and are becoming quite civilized in their simplicity. Anything uglier than the brilliant peacock blue felt, embroidered with poppies and wild roses as we have so often seen it, would never dared to live.

Our friend, the small dog, has his bones accommodated nowadays on a common rush doormat covered with serge, decorated with a bow of ribbon on one corner and holding a plush cushion in the centre. The drawing-room sofa used to be quite good enough for these little upstarts.

Lounge quilts are made of interlaced satin-ribbon in two colors, bound with plush and lined with sateen. The cost of such a cover would be about $15, and the maker must judge for herself of the wisdom of the purchase. For other than girlish boudoir use it is doubtful taste.

Old silk scraps certainly go better in rag curtains than in any other way, for they can be put far from sight and do not suggest anything worse than an imitation Indian or Turkish effect. But the silk quilt! the patchwork quilt! It should be a sure ground for divorce in this benighted land; and the "crazier" the pattern the surer and quicker should be the release.

Like Her Mamma.

[From the Yonkers Statesman.]

An usher at one of our fashionable churches noticed a little tot of a girl waiting about the vestibule until the bell had stopped ringing and the services begun. Then he kindly offered to find her a seat.

"No, fank 'oo," she said, sweetly, "I want to go in yeal late an' make a thenthation, like mamma!"

The Cause Of It.

[From Judge.]

Guide (explaining the view of mountain to a party)—And here is the place where a young lady jumped off and committed suicide.

Lady—From melancholy?

Guide—No, ma'm; from Boston.

Beginning of a New Era.

[From the San Francisco Alta.]

The worm has turned at last. A Minneapolis woman slapped her cook's face and gayly paid a fine of $10 for the privilege.

Answers to Correspondents.

A.—No license is required for marriage, which is a civil contract.

P. R.—The Volunteer did not beat the Thistle in any part of the race by three miles.

R. W.—If you were born Nov. 9 you are entitled to vote Nov. 8. A man is of age the day before his birthday.

Anxious.—There are several evening schools for short-hand in this city. Inquire at the office of the Cooper Union.

W. S.—The Canadians sent two yachts to capture the America Cup, the schooner Countess of Dufferin and the sloop Atalanta.

J. S.—A conviction of felony disfranchises a man. He is not entitled to vote thereafter unless restored by the act of the Governor.

G. K.—The quotation you want is from Sir William Jones's "Ode in Imitation of Alcæus":

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c.	Weakfish, 10c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to 25c.	White perch, 12c.
Sirloin steak, 18c.	Live cod, 8c.
Leg mutton, 12c.	Red snappers, 15c.
Lamb chops, 25c.	Halibut, 15c.
Leg veal, 25c.	Striped bass, 15c. to 25c
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Kingfish, 25c.
Sweetbreads, 40c. pair.	Sheepshead, 25c.
Calves' heads, 75c.	Spanish mackerel, 60c.
Roasting pig, $2.50 each.	Smelts, 18c. to 20c.
Spring chicken, 20c. lb.	Little-neck clams, 40c. a 100
Roast chicken, 18c. lb.	S-ft-shell crabs, $1.50 a d. z.
Dry-picked turkeys 18c.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Choice dry-picked spring, 20c.	Terrapin, $12 to $16 a doz.
Squabs, $3.60 dozen.	Green turtle, $1 quart.
Geese, 20c.	Frogs' legs, 50c. lb.
Ducks, 18c.	Shrimps, 40c. quart.
Canvas-backs, $4 pair.	Scallops, 30c. quart.
Grouse, $1.20 pair.	Celery, 15c. bunch.
Partridge, $1.20 pair.	Peas, 25c. half peck.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.	Green corn, 30c. doz.
Red heads, $2.50 pair.	Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Mallards, $1.25 pair.	Pumpkins, 20c.
Teal, $1 pair.	Mushrooms, 50c. quart.
Venison, 25c. to 30c.	Onions, 25c. half-peck.
Woodcock, $1.10 pair.	Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
White bait, 40c.	Lettuce, 5c. head.
Sea bass, 12c. to 15c.	Cranberries, 15c. quart.
Pompano, 40c.	Horseradish, 10c. root.
Lobsters, 10c. to 12c.	Spanish onions, 4 for 25c.
Bluefish, 12c.	Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
	Lima beans, 30c. quart.

AGAINST SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Police Officials Not Satisfied with the Special Sessions Decision.

The decision given in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday declaring that Sunday concerts are lawful is regarded by police officials as calculated to interfere greatly with a general enforcement of the Sunday law. The Corporation Counsel has been asked for an opinion on the subject, and until it is received Sunday concerts will not be interfered with.

Inspector Steers said this morning: "In the absence of an interpretation by a high court of the Sunday law, the police are bound to respect the decision given by the police-justices in Special Sessions. This opinion will interfere with the police enforcement of the law for a few Sundays, or until a test case can be prepared to secure an interpretation of the law by the upper courts. If the decision of the Justices is good law, then every small saloon that has a music license can set a band, piano or orchestra at work on Sunday, and the intent of the law is defeated."

Precisely what course the police will take will not be known until Corporation Counsel O'Brien is heard from. Inspector Williams says that he had the Eden Musée proprietors fined $5 for giving concerts on Sunday when he made a test case, and it is very likely that the power of the Grand Jury will be invoked against some of the Sunday concert gardens at once.

Workingmen in Politics.

Progressive Labor party leaders say that their organization will not nominate a Judiciary ticket.

Edward Gottlieb, the Progressive Labor party candidate for the Assembly in the Eighth District, is to take the stump.

Benjamin F. Douras, a deputy assistant in the District-Attorney's office, is a candidate for the Civil Justiceship in Justice McCarthy's District, and expects to get the support of the Labor men.

Miner's West Side Theatre has been selected by Messrs. George and Shevitch for their joint debate next Sunday night. The latter is to open the debate and Mr. George is to close it. An equal number of the friends of both gentlemen are to be admitted free and 500 tickets are to be sold at 25 cents each to cover expenses.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOCKSTADER'S.
MERRY MULTITUDES.
"SHAKSPEARE OR BACON—WHICH?"
"CLEVELAND'S WEST-PER'S TRIP."
"NEW BABYLON—FUNNIER THAN EVER."
DOCKSTADER'S "HASTY MAN."
NEW SONGS AND SINGERS.
GILT-EDGE MINSTRELSY.
Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

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 War." Wed. and Thurs.—"Grand Duchess." Fri. and Sat.—"Gloriosa, Giroflé." Oct. 24—Edwin Arden's "Eagle Nest."

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

CHICKERING HALL. TUES. This (WEDNESDAY) EVE., Oct. 19, at 8 P. M.
LAST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
of Signorina Teresina
TITA,
Assisted by Mr. VAN DER STUCKEN and Orchestra, Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD, Pianist, and Mr. W. TRAULE, Musical Director.
TITA'S FAREWELL.
FRIDAY EVE., Oct. 21, and SAT. MAT., Oct. 22.

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.

WALLACK'S.
Last four nights and last matinee,
THE MOUSE TRAP.
MONDAY EVENING—First time in this theatre of Robertson's Beautiful Comedy,
CASTE.
Produced under the personal supervision of T. W. ROBERTSON.

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.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. CLARA MORRIS.
Reserved Seats, Orchestra, Circle and Balcony, $1.
CLARA MORRIS, to-night, THE NEW MAGDALEN.
This afternoon the company in LONDON ASSURANCE.
Next Week—Mr. Schatcher, Primrose and West.
Sunday—Prof. Cromwell will illustrate "BERLIN, HOME OF THE KAISER WILLIAM."

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM,
Broadway.—Continuous entertainment from noon until 10 P. M. Performances by 20 artists.
SEAL CIRCUS,
MIDGETS, GIANTS, WONDERS.
Admission, 25 cents. Children, 10 cents.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST 2 WEEKS.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
MRS. LANGTRY
accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company in her grand production,
AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—"CORSAIR."
Evenings at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.
RICE'S BRILLIANT COMPANY
In a Grand Production of the Spectacular Burlesque,
CORSAIR. CORSAIR.

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. Broadway and 13th st.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON
As ROB ACRES in THE RIVALS.
Seats now on sale for next week.

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

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st.
Begins 8.15. Matinee Saturday.
THE GREAT PINK PEARL. AND EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

THALIA, TO-NIGHT, Friday and Saturday Matinee, Heinrich Bötel, "Ultimatum." Thursday, Saturday—Junkermann, "Aus der Franzosenzeit."

Major Standiford's Wife.

BY S. SIDNEY.

[Continued from Tuesday's EVENING WORLD.]

THE ball, like all military balls, was a pretty one. The band crashed merrily. Young fellows, with red stripes down their legs, waltzed and polkaed, and old fellows, with red and yellow striped legs, also stood around and conversed sagely with the dowagers. Marjorie danced almost incessantly. She had reflected that she could only dance with one man at a time, while if she sat down she could not prevent half a dozen congregating around her chair—and for her then, she would cheerfully have given all their lives for the Major's little finger. The Major walked through a quadrille or two with a wall-flower—he was tender-hearted to women when they allowed him to be—and listened as attentively to her mature gush as if that night was not to take Marjorie from his home perhaps forever. The Major, too, was a proud man. He hated and feared the bandying of his own, as well as his wife's name at the officers' mess and the women's tea-tables. But he was also brave and true, and it could not turn him from his course.

It was getting on toward midnight when supper was announced. The poor Major had gone through it all, but toward the last his courage failed him. They were to leave on a train which passed at 2 o'clock. He could not bear to give up that last two hours to all the popinjays and idlers who fluttered around Marjorie. They had agreed to leave the hall at 1 o'clock, so that Marjorie might change her gown, and they only had fifty yards to walk to the little way station. But the Major's heart began to ache too intolerably. Marjorie was on her way to supper on Col. Meyrick's arm when Major Standiford stopped her.

"I don't want to interrupt your enjoyment—but do you think it's quite safe to leave ourselves so little time—we might miss the train,' he said, lamely enough.

"I think we'd better go now," answered Marjorie hurriedly, disengaging her arm. "It is a very little time," she added, in a trembling voice. "A very, very little time, indeed!"

"Why, this is perfectly preposterous," cried the Colonel, kindly, who suspected that Major and Mrs. Standiford hadn't had any too good a time, and with the usual blundering of masculine good will, thought it well to prolong the agony. "You really can't and sha'n't go. Major, as your superior officer, I insist that you shan't break up the ball this way. Come, Mrs. Standiford, don't mind him."

"But I must mind him," said Marjorie, with a little, piteous smile. "And what he says is very true. You know I'll be gone some time," she said, steadying her voice. The Major turned a little away when she said this.

"Sorry to hear it—but you'll return to us even more blooming than before," gallantly replied Col. Meyrick, who was complimentary, not to say flowery, when Mrs. Meyrick's back was turned.

"So," said Marjorie, holding out one slim hand, "I'll say a real good-by. There are so many others that I can't say good-by to—and you'll tell them—I didn't like to break up the ball. You've been very kind to me," she said with a sudden impulse, and then stopped short. Was she indeed going away? and was this the last time she could hold up her head and look the world bravely in the face? The Colonel murmured all sorts of polite things, and presently she slipped away, and she and Major Standiford walked arm in arm in the darkness along the road where Mrs. Meyrick had stopped the Major a few days before. They scarcely spoke. They were not yet familiar enough with their trouble to speak of it.

The Major opened the door, and they went into the little sitting room, where some of their happiest hours had been passed. The embers gave out a dull, red glow, as they sat hand in hand waiting the stroke of the clock. The Major, like a man, was restless in his anguish. He would leave Marjorie and walk fiercely up and down the dark cold hall outside, and then come back and fling his arms desperately around her. Marjorie, like a woman, was patient in her pain. She thought of everything. The Major but for her would have gone away in his uniform. But at last the clock struck the quarter of the hour, and a soldier came and tapped on the window. "Train's coming, sir," he said; touching his cap. Marjorie rose and gazed around her by the dim light. How sweet it had always been, this home. How sweet, now that she was about to leave it! The Major read her thoughts. He carefully raked the embers down, led her from the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. "So long as I live in this house nobody but me shall enter this room until you return." "And if—and if—I should not return." She had meant to say something to thank him for all the peace and happiness she had known in that house, but she could not—and besides that they had reached the front door, and the soldier stood there holding a lantern.

And so these two unfortunates made their sad way under the gloomy trees, with the wind soughing dolefully through the branches; while afar off shone the lights of the ball-room, and the faint echo of dancing feet and merry music floated out on the still air.

After that the days were dismal to the Major at the fort and to Marjorie at the little town a hundred miles away. For Tom Forester was indeed alive and plaguing for money, which the Major would have given him had not Marjorie and Aunt Emeline wisely prevented him. The Major wanted Marjorie to apply for a divorce from the wretch, to which she agreed willingly enough. But after the divorce, Marjorie cried as if her heart would break, when the Major stormed and she fainted dead away, when he at last broke down and fell on his knees before her, imploring her to take pity on them both and agree to a remarriage after the divorce. But the woman who had been "talked about" was brave enough to withstand it all.

"I took that wretch for better or worse—it has turned out to be worse. I'll agree to the divorce to keep him away from me—but to marry again—could I ever look you in the face?" She said this many times to the Major, and she wrote it to him—and at last he sullenly accepted it. Nothing but to wait until whiskey should kill the wretch, or rascality should direct a bullet into his heart.

Meanwhile no suspicions had gone forth. There was no need to tell anything for the present. The amateur detectives at the fort had found out that Mrs. Standiford was really with Major Standiford's aunt—and also that Mrs. Standiford had not been well, and the air of the little