ARTISTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME EXQUISITE NEW YORK INTERIORS DESIGNED BY AMATEURS.

Decorating One's Abode a "Fad" Pursued by Men and Women—New Materials Which Permit Novel and Beautiful Effects—Housefurnishings Made Easy for People With Money—Prevailing Fashions.

MANY a lady who is still a belle in middle-aged society, and many a man who still retains an interest in yachting contests and the Suburban, or takes a prominent part in politics, can remember when wall paper was introduced.

A Scotch gentleman relates how his father, a pioneer in the new-fangled but instantly popular "craze," printed wall paper forty years ago in pieces of about eighteen inches square. It was not very beautiful, looked at in the light of this year of grace, 1887, but it was very expensive when one considers the cost of print-papers of the same grade to-day. The advance in the idea which has grown into an art has transformed the paper-hanger of ten years ago into the interior decorator of to-day; and, indeed, the art is so fascinating that it has become a fashionable "fad" with both sexes.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has acquired a reputation that extends across the Atlantic as an amateur interior decorator, and her house in West Thirteenth street, decorated under her own direction, is a vision of beauty and taste. Her boudoir, a room seventeen feet square, may be taken as a sample. The walls are in granite, perhaps the most popular of the prevailing styles of paper, with a frieze thirty inches deep, of floral design, and in bright colors from terra-cotta to a warm, rich shade of green. Of course the arrangement of the furniture and the collection of bric-a-brac adds to the elegance of the effect. H. James Anderson co-operated with Mrs. Ayer in the decoration of her apartments.

Gen. John N. Knapp, Chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee, has a wide reputation for his taste in this new art. His residence at Auburn is less famous for its interior beauties than for the magnificence of the grounds only in proportion to the number of people who have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it.

Miss Belle Urquhart, the Casino prima donna, lives with her mother at the St. John, and her parlor and music room, where her guests are received, is a marvel of interior beauty. It was decorated under her own supervision, for she is an artist and enthusiast in the work. The side walls are écru, with flitter gold work for a background. The frieze is eighteen inches wide, of English paper in blue and terra-cotta of geometrical design, and the ceiling is in a lighter shade, flecked with silver stars in flitter affects.

Mrs. Morris, wife of ex-Alderman John J. Morris, decorated her home in West Twenty-first street, and it is a model of inexpensive art.

F. Hopkinson Smith, of Thirty-fourth street, Mrs. J. C. Brown, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and Mrs. Ernest Groesbeck, of Park avenue, have also achieved reputations in the same line, having made the selections and superintended the work of decorating their own houses and lent material assistance to friends.

The fashions in interior decorations are almost as fickle as the styles in millinery. White hard-finished walls are no longer seen, and this is accounted for by the fact that effects much more beautiful are now attained with wall paper or other devices at a cost much less than the hard finish or frescoes of a former day. Besides, a master of this new art will select and combine his paper so as to give an effect that will relieve the owner from the purchase of half the otherwise necessary furniture for the room. The proper thing this fall—for the fashion in wall decorations sheds the old and dons the new coat when the autumn leaves are falling—is a granite paper with a thirty-inch frieze in two or three harmonious colors, without regard to the size and height of the room. The favorite for parlor paper is in white and gold or gold effects. The granite is a solid paper of vegetable fibre, dyed in the pulp. It took its name from the first output of the mills, but it is now made in all the neutral colors. The color for the new year is much lighter, écru or unbleached muslin being the favorite, and others being lighter, down to nearly white. Paper has supplanted fresco work and other time-honored finishes for ceilings also, the effect being now attained at about one-tenth the cost.

Terra-cotta and blue combinations are still in vogue for dining-rooms, studios, offices, libraries and halls. Mosaic designs with eighteen-inch freezes to match, and ceiling paper, corner pieces and filling in the same designs and all in the same general color are very pretty. Raised flock papers are gradually growing in favor among the more expensive decorations, supplanting papier maché, embossed velvets and other raised devices. It has a resemblance to cloth, and the figures are made of finely powdered wool, attached to the paper by varnishing them over. These embossed figures are painted in colors to match the furniture or carpet by skilled hands after the paper is hung. A drawing-room of ordinary size recently finished in an embossed flock, cost complete over $200, and the expense sometimes runs as high as $500.

Ten years ago the eighteen principal wall-paper manufacturers in this country formed a pool, and held to uniformity in prices till last July, when the pool was broken. But the disastrous effect on the smaller concerns predicted at the time has not followed, and prices for standard goods have not altered a hair. Cheaper grades, however, have not been so low in price in twenty years as at present.

Time-honored paint is still the prevailing device for interiors of public buildings, as witness the Federal Building, the Court-houses, the Grand Central Depot and the City Hall. The Washington Building, at No. 1 Broadway, is a notable exception. It is finished in cartridge paper, the rival of the granites in popular favor. Two shades, terra-cotta and blue, prevail on the Washington's walls.

The Union League is perhaps the most handsomely, most tastefully and most elaborately decorated of any of the city clubs. Hardly two rooms are alike, and it would require even more space than the EVENING WORLD can spare to describe the beautiful effects there found. Suffice it that the papers are in Japanese and French leathers, French raised papers and French flocks. Delmonico's, a wonder in the art, has in its various rooms almost every variety of paper, the French and English styles predominating.

The theatres almost universally have painted or frescoed walls. Wallack's was once finished in embossed velvet paper, but it was found to be inappropriate, and was removed and paint substituted.

The Barrett House is unique in its interior finish. Its walls show a variety of styles, from a rough-coated plaster painting, or "scrach work," as it is termed, through all varieties of paper. The Morton House tap is finished magnificently in papier-maché and the Hoffman House in lincrusta Walton in every conceivable design. There are the Mosaic, Moorish, Oriental, Japanese, Renaissance, antique, ornate and other styles in the various rooms. For a thing pleasing and inexpensive the decorations recently completed in the restaurant connected with the Lorena are to be commended. The side walls, frieze and ceiling are in olive and shades with gold and metal effects. The cornice is tinted in harmony, the cove being maroon in color and the mouldings in olive.

The decorator in these modern days learns the amount of money his customer desires to expend, makes the selections in accordance with the style and colors of the furniture; the paper is hung by his operators, and when all is done, if the decorator knows his profession, for it is a profession, the customer is delighted without having worried away any of his good nature in the selection of the goods. That is to say, this is the case if one can afford it. But probably among those who do not care to pay a decorator $50 for his two hours' work, paper-hanging will go on in the old sweet way. The mistress of the household will select the paper, and put it on the walls in seams and creases, to be the subject of the jests of the Lord of the Manor forever after.

FRIVOLTIES OF FASHION.

Dresses made at the best Paris houses have small tournures.

The newest gloves for evening wear are primrose yellow.

The popular glove for street wear is dark red stiched with black.

Princesse dresses and polonaises are to be revived for winter wear.

Ruchings for the neck and sleeves have tinsel, cut glass or pearl beads.

White lawn fur is again in fashion for house dresses and opera wraps.

An evening dress of faille française in primrose yellow is trimmed with steel and silver passementerie.

Her Little Shoe.

[From the Waterbury.]

Her hat it was a jaunty sailor,
Shading such a pretty face,
And her dress, that fitted closely,
Showed a form of perfect grace.
When first I saw her she was stepping,
Gently o'er the muddy street;
As she raised her skirts in crossing,
She revealed her dainty feet.
And at once my heart was captive
By this glance as we passed by,
When, in meeting this sweet creature,
Her little shoe it caught my eye.

The Ends of Existence.

[From the Norwich Bulletin.]

The two ends of existence in these days of car stoves are creation and cremation.

A DAY OF DRESS AND DELIGHT.

MORNING.

English walking boots of light goat, low heels and and fairly broad, well-shaped soles.

Black silk stockings.

Fine cambric underwear, with perhaps silk vest.

Silk skirt, light and soft.

Tailor dress of lady's cloth: skirt plaited on one side and draped on the other, and back of long full plaits; waist plain with slight variations as far as buttoning goes. A double row of buttons or slanting row, at pleasure.

Round hat, either of turban shape or the higher, more pointed, walking hat. May be just a trifle gay in color, if only becoming.

Gloves, Suede to match dress, with self-colored stitched backs.

No jewelry of any more pretentious sort than simple earrings, watch-guard and pin for collar. No veil if unbecoming, certainly not a thick blue abomination.

Market-books or shopping list and big square pocket-book, absolutely plain.

AFTERNOON.

Patent leather and kid boots of softest, most feminine finish.

Black silk stockings, or colored, to match the gown.

Cambric and needlework petticoat.

Dressmaker dress of finer cloth than walking dress, lavishly trimmed with contrasting color and material. Or, soft silk gown draped in long, full, French given lines, with wrap of passementerie, either silk or beaded, to match either gown or bonnet.

Bonnet medium height, of one or at most two materials, grouped upon the bonnet itself more than sewed upon it. Strings fastened under chin with one or two good pins, or better yet, two strings at the back of bonnet, joined together at the ends and lying on one side of the neck.

Suede gloves and a judicious amount of good jewelry.

Card-case very large and showy.

EVENING.

Bronze ties, Louis Quinze heels and beaded toes.

Bronze stockings.

India silk underwear, pink or white.

Low-cut corset, pink or white.

Lace petticoat, absolutely soft and quiet.

Gown of the finest rose-pink cashmere; the skirt simple and perfect, just sweeping the floor; the waist laced in back with green lacing.

Back tight-fitting and cut V shaped; front cut square, and tight from open neck, its largest point of bust, loose over tight lining, of course, to lower edge of bodice, which has a long point in front.

Sleeve tight about five inches long, with a rosette of pink silk set on for epaulet. The only trimming of this gown is green cloth, firm and fine, pinked out in rose leaves and laid under, like a ruche, the edge of low-cut bodice, bottom of sleeves, the front of the bodice and the bottom of the skirt.

No lace or ruche other than green.

Jewelry, either pearls or garnets, a big pink rose on the hair, and a green coque feather fan.

For home dinner, no gloves; otherwise pale pink (to be extreme) or amber-colored Suede.

A smile and perfect peace.

They Speak No Longer.

[From the Bangor Commercial.]

A good story is told of a boarding-house mistress in a neighboring town. She is a widow and among her boarders is a quiet young man for whom she entertains the highest admiration. She had been trying a new style of hair-dressing and electrified the young man recently by bouncing into the dining-room with the inquiry, "How do you like my hair, Mr. Smith?"

There was a painful pause for a moment and when Mr. Smith replied candidly:

"Well, if that's yours that I just pulled out of the pie, I haven't tasted it."

They never speak now as they pass by.

Nothing Like Experience.

[From the Waterbury.]

"Yez see, docthor, I giv the ould man a dose iv the liniment instid iv rubbin' him wid it, an' goodness knows it's die I thought he would, he grew that purple in the face; but havin' bin a nurse in a public asylum, I knowed exac'ly what to do, an' I opened one iv his veins wid an oyster-knife that wuz handy, an', praised be the Lord, he's rallied a bit, I think."

Ready for the Prohibitionists.

[From Judge.]

"Why are you laying in so much liquor this week?" asked Snagley of the proprietor of a summer resort.

"Why," returned the hotel man in surprise, "didn't you hear the Prohibitionists are going to hold a convention down here to-morrow?"

Nothing New.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

While digging artesian wells in Eastern Georgia a few months ago sharks' teeth were found at a depth of 4,600 feet below the surface. This seems to show that land agents existed millions of years before the discovery of Wichita.

A Sure Sign.

[From the Yonkers Statesman.]

Large buttons will be fashionable again this winter, and when you see a row of buttons approaching you can feel assured that there is a young lady bringing up the rear somewhere.

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

THE COMING SINGLE-SCULL RACE FOR THE OSBORNE CUP.

Dacey Beats Hopper in Hoboken — Pole-Vaulter Baxter's Record to Stand—New York's Teachers of Self-Defense — A Shell's Crew Swim Ashore—Manhattan's First Winter Sparring Entertainment.

THE first annual one-mile single scull race for the Osborne Challenge Cup has been postponed to Oct. 24 at 5 o'clock. The race was to have been rowed on Saturday afternoon on the Harlem. There are ten entries. The Osborne Cup is a perpetual challenge trophy, and can never become the personal property of an athlete, but each time it is won the winner's name is inscribed on it and a fine gold medal is given him.

* * *

Billy Dacey met Jack Hopper, for his second opponent of the week, in a four-round boxing contest at the Hoboken Casino last night. The boxing was lively, with Dacey a shade the better of it all the way through. The referee, Jim Gibbons, ordered a fifth round, and then gave his decision in favor of Dacey. Dacey knocked out Hopper in four rounds in a finish fight with skin-tight gloves for $500 a side at Hempstead Bay last summer.

* * *

The record Pole-Vaulter Baxter made on the Mott Haven Athletic Grounds last Saturday is to stand. There was some discussion about this because some claimed Baxter only got over the bar on the fifth attempt. It is certified that he broke his pole on the second trial, with the bar at 11 ft. 6 in.; that the judges told him to take a fresh pole and try it to see if it suited him, then try for a record. The bar was by some misunderstanding placed at 11 ft. 5 in., and Baxter cleared it at the third attempt.

* * *

There are only half a dozen teachers of self defense in New York now, where there used to be a score, but instruction in the art has been reduced to a fine point. A dozen experts are turned out now where one was made proficient twenty years ago. The amateur sparring competitions have much to do with this result. A youngster who has sent in his entrance fee for a public bout at the New York Athletic, Manhattan, Spartan Warriors or some other big club's championships, spares no pains to learn every point and to get himself in thoroughly good trim. Mike Donovan, the boxing instructor to the New York Athletic Club, stands at the head of the city's list of teachers of sparring. Prof. McClellan, who met Donovan in the prize-ring three times, teaches up at Wood's. Prof. Austin, who learned at Bill Richardson's old place in Shoreditch, London, has rooms in West Forty-second street. Harry Umlah is doing well in his new rooms in Union Square. Prof. Van Slyke, whose rooms are over Daly's Theatre, taught even before the famous Prof. Ottignon, and now gives lessons to the sons of former pupils. Billy Edwards, who used to be the rage, turns over all applicants now to his brother Warwick. The Racquet Club athletes are well attended to by Prof. Jimmy O'Neil. Prof. John Long teaches a lot of aspirants, and the Seventh Regiment boys depend on ex-amateur middle-weight champion Frank Sahulka.

* * *

A crew from the New York Athletic Club started to row around the island in an eight-oared barge on Sunday. They got as far as off One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street on the way back, when Dan Sterns stood up for a moment's rest. His foot went through the bottom of the fragile boat, which sank, and the athletes had a swim for shore. They had to transport the barge home by hand, and got more fun than they bargained for. Yesterday C. T. Schlesinger and Davy Roach made the journey successfully in a pair-oared gig.

* * *

The Manhattan Athletic Club will hold its first sparring entertainment of the winter at the Fifth Avenue Club-House on Saturday evening. A number of clever amateur boxers will give exhibitions, and a clever brace of professionals will have a four-round go at the finish for a wind-up.

All Riker's Family Medicines

and toilet requisites are warranted satisfactory in every respect or your money is returned. Try them; it costs you nothing if you do not receive ALL the benefit or satisfaction you EXPECT. Sold almost everywhere. Descriptive catalogue and price list sent free on application to

WM. B. RIKER & SON,
Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists,
Established 1846, at 353 6th ave., New York.

POLITICAL SNAP SHOTS.

Echoes from the Hum of Conversation at the Hotels Last Night.

UPTOWN hotel guests are complaining. They say that if more sofas and chairs are not placed in the lobbies and corridors they will have to lean against pillars and walls. Local politicians who gather at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman and the Morton House every evening have caused a corner in seats. An EVENING WORLD reporter who went the rounds of these hotels last night caught the following bits of gossip on the fly:

"What has become of Maurice B. Flynn?"

"Senator Daly would like to be Comptroller."

"I am for Joseph Gordon for the Assembly in the Eighteenth District."

"I heard that Edward P. Smith, a Wall street broker, will be the united Democratic nominee for Alderman in the Eleventh District.

"The Democratic State Committee is looking for a $1,000 check and wishes for success from President Cleveland."

"Harmony makes the leaders rather independent."

"Yes, and you cannot get near enough to some of them to hand them a hot-house peach."

"I have stopped betting hats. I won five last election and only got one."

"That young fellow is Assemblyman George M. Weed, of Plattsburg. He is a member of the Democratic State Committee and a son of Smith M. Weed."

"Gov. Hill will be here again in a few days."

"I don't think George will get 45,000 votes in this city."

"What is the use of being a member of a conference committee? The bosses fix up the slate."

"Won't there be fun if the Democrats do not nominate De Lancey Nicoll, and if the Republicans put him on their ticket!"

"Boys, look out for a citizens' movement to indorse the best candidates on all the tickets!"

"There goes Surveyor Beattie, District Attorney Martine, Edward Kearney, Col. Fellows, James J. Kelso and Alderman Mooney."

"Six cards. A misdeal. Shuffle them up again."

"Jay Gould and ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt want Judge Donohue renominated."

"Senators Plunkitt and Cullen are still fighting for renomination."

"The brewers are having a good deal to say about Senatorial and Assembly nominations."

"Wait a week longer before betting on the State election."

"Col. Murphy and ex-Congressman Muller are both seeking Rexublican support for Senator in the lower district."

"My father was killed at Gettysburg, but the brown-stone fellows would vote against me because I am a Mc."

"Poor Mike Cregan is already forgotten."

"Let's stand up. If we sit at a table we won't get our drinks as quick."

"He carries different branks of cigars in each pocket. Guess this came out of his five-cent pocket."

"I am in the Custom House and they won't force me to pay an assessment. I think it would be appreciated just the same if I would fork over $25."

"You are right. My doctor don't send in a bill when he don't attend me, but he smiles at me 'round Christmas. He don't ask, but he accepts."

"This harmony conference committee is as good as a play."

Music and Musicians.

Banker Sternberger has just composed a new song without words, which critics say is very pretty and full of melody.

Theodore Thomas's bald spot has grown a little since last year. He is very proud of it and cultivates it with much care.

Herr Alvary has learned to blow the bellows like a strong-armed blacksmith in preparing himself to ring the role of Siegfried at the Metropolitan.

Walter Damrosch is conducting the Buffalo Musical Festival to the Queen's taste. The youngest of our Kapellmeisters, he promises to become one among the best. When dressed up in a cocked hat he looks something like Napoleon the Great.

Most of the members of the newly organized Wagner Society are metaphorically kicking themselves for allowing the "Seidlites" to capture nearly all the executive positions the other night. The men who took advantage of the innocent and trusty Wagnerites are to be asked to resign promptly.

Bob Ingersoll is an enthusiastic Wagnerite. When at Long Beach recently he promised the Kapellmeister that he would pay him $5 for every piece of Wagner he placed on his afternoon programmes. The conductor hustled around for scores of the great Bayreuth Master and put on five pieces on every programme. Robert paid up, however, like a little man.

WAITING FOR MISS JUSTICE.

Recent Repairs to the Dome and Walls of the City Hall.

SUPERINTENDENT of Repairs and Supplies Bergen, of the Department of Public Works, told an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that he was being driven nearly crazy by the delays which were being made by the man out West who is manufacturing the figure of Justice for the dome of the City Hall. The pedestal has been ready for several days past, and the statue should have been here last Saturday, but nothing has yet been heard of it. It is expected any minute, however, and Mr. Bergen says that it will surely be in its place before the end of the week.

The statue will represent a figure of Justice, with scales and sword, and will be 10 feet 1 inch in height, including the small pedestal. It will be made of thin copper plates, inclosing an iron framework just like the big statue on Bedloe's Island. It will be painted white, however, in imitation of marble, in order to make it match the trimmings of the City Hall. The statue is only an architectural figure and is not intended to bear close inspection as a work of art. At the height at which it will stand it will be necessary for the lines to be bold and rugged in order that they may be brought out strongly, but at the same time the outlines will be artistic in detail.

It was decided to make the figure of metal, because it would be so much lighter. This is an important consideration when it is remembered that the dome of the City Hall is hardly able to support a very heavy weight upon its summit. Since the old statue was removed, however, a great deal of repairing has been done about the dome, and it has been braced and strengthened in various ways. One improvement will be the rebronzing of the clock, which will put it quite in a new dress. In addition to this it was found that large scales of the brown-stone on the rear wall had begun to fall off, rendering it dangerous for pedestrians in the park below, as some of the scales were a foot or two in diameter and half an inch thick. These have all been removed and the entire tower and dome of the City Hall has been put in first-class condition. The cost of the new statue for the figure-head will be about $1,000.

Answers to Correspondents.

L. S.—If you move out of the district you will lose your vote.

F. G.—"A bets that the Thistle has a porcelain bottom; B bets she has not. Who wins?" B wins. No such thing as a porcelain bottom has ever been known to yachting men.

A. W. L.—You must send two copies of your play to the Librarian of Congress. Send him $1 and he will return you full instructions in regard to your copyright, which the $1 will pay for.

Minnola.—If you came to this country under the age of sixteen, you can take out your naturalization papers at any time after you reach the age of twenty-one, without any previous declaration of intention.

L. G.—"Please give the Thistle's racing record previous to crossing the Atlantic." The Thistle started fifteen times. She won eleven races, came in second once and third once, and twice she failed to get a place.

A. J. S.—"Does not the law compel an employer to give a reason for discharging his employee. If an employee is discharged without cause, does the law compel the employer to reinstate him." The answer to both questions is no.

I. C. H.—It is not lawful for a police captain to grant a permit to a man for carrying a pistol. It is "petty treason" for him to assume power to do so, for which he would be sent to State Prison under a proper administration of the laws. He has no more right to grant permits to carry pistols than he has to grant permits to wear collars.

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. to 14c.	Red snappers, 16c.
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 to $3.50 each	Smelts, 18c. to 20c.
Spring chicken, 20c. lb.	Little-neck clams, 40c. a 100
Roast chicken, 18c. lb.	Soft-shell crabs, $1.50 a doz.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to 20c.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Choice dry-picked spring, 20c. to 22c.	Terrapin, $12 to $16 a doz.
Squabs, $3.60 dozen.	Green turtle, $1 quart.
Geese, 20c.	Frogs' legs, 50c. lb.
Ducks, 18c.	Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Canvas-backs, $4 pair.	Shrimps, 40c. quart.
Grouse, $1.50 pair.	Scallops, 30c. quart.
Partridge, $1.30 pair.	Celery, 3c. bunch.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.	Peas, 25c. half peck.
Red heads, $2.50 pair.	Green corn, 30c. doz.
Mallards, $1.25 pair.	Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Teal, $1 pair.	Pumpkins, 20c.
Venison, 25c. to 30c.	Mushrooms, 50c. quart.
Woodcock, $1.20 pair.	Onions, 25c. half-peck.
White bait, 40c.	Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
Sea bass, 12c. to 15c.	Lettuce, 5c. head.
Pompano, 40c.	Cranberries 15c. quart.
Lobsters, 10c. to 12c.	Horseradish, 10c. root.
Bluefish, 12c.	Spanish onions, 4 for 25c.
	Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
	Lima beans, 30c. quart.

LEASED TO CIRCUS MEN.

The American Institute Building to Be Used for a Winter Show.

New York is to have a winter circus this year. Frank A. Robbins, the circus man, Samuel Booth, the Centre street show-printer, and others whose name are not given, have leased the American Institute Building for the purpose of giving a circus performance every week day this winter, with such matinees and extra performances as circumstances seem to warrant. Mr. Robbins will bring his entire show to town. It will be enlarged by the addition of special features calculated to interest the New York public.

It is understood that before he secured the winter lease of Madison Square Garden Barnum made strong efforts to get the American Institute. It is said that he offered Robbins, Booth & Co., $60,000 for their lease of the building. Had he failed in leasing the Garden he would have been shut out of New York entirely unless he went to great expense in fitting up a building of his own.

To Greet Mr. Breslin Down the Bay.

The "out-of-town" friends of James H. Breslin, including Gen. Magee, Austin Lathrop, C. J. Langdon and Edward Ellis have arranged to meet "Our Jim" on his arrival from Europe on Saturday. The Tug Ivanhoe, with lunch and fixings, will leave the foot of West Twenty-second street at 2.30 P. M. and await the Umbria at or near Quarantine. On Monday Mr. Breslin will be given a dinner at the Gilsey House, to which between thirty and forty have already accepted the obligation of being present. The occasion will be an enjoyable one, especially Mr. Breslin's speech on what he saw abroad.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOCKSTADER'S.
MERRY MULTITUDES.
"SHAKESPEARE OR BACON—WHICH?"
CLEVELAND'S WESTERN TRIP.
"NEW BABYLON"—FUNNIER THAN EVER.
DOCKSTADER'S "HASTY MAN."
NEW SONGERS 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 WORLD'S OPERA CO.
Repertoire—Mon. and Tues.—"Merry War." Wed. and Thurs.—"Grand Duchess." Fri. and Sat.—"Gipsy Girella." 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.

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.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. CLARA MORRIS.
Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
CLARA MORRIS. To-night and to-morrow night,
Her new play, RENEE.
Next week—THE WITCHER. PRIMROSE & WEST.
Next Sunday—PROF. CROMWELL will illustrate BERLIN, HOME OF THE KAISER WILLIAM.

CHICKERING HALL. TUA.
TWO TUA RECITALS.
To-morrow (FRIDAY) EVENING, Oct. 21, at 8, MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK, Pianist.
SATURDAY MATINEE, Oct. 22, at 2. MR. ALEX. LAMBERT, Pianist.
Admission, $1. All seats, $1.50.

WALLACK'S.
Last three 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.

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 BURLESQUE COMPANY
In a Grand Production of the Spectacular Burlesque,
CORSAIR. CORSAIR.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., near 4th ave.
Admission—10c., 20c., 30c. 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
THE GREAT PINK PEARL. BURGLAR.

THALIA—TO-NIGHT AND SATURDAY EVENING, JUNKERMANN, Aus der Franzosenzeit. Friday and Saturday matinee, Bostel, Il Trovatore.

HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

THE afternoon sun was pouring down full upon Castle Dolan, making each window sparkle like a huge diamond; no breath of air moved the surrounding trees or stirred even the surface of the river, which wound its way noiselessly along between its green banks. It was very hot, the flowers hung their heads, the leaves upon the trees doubled themselves up as though in pain, the birds sat silent and cheerless upon the blistering branches; even the brazen-faced sunflowers hung their heads, instead of staring their godmother out of countenance as usual. Now and then a faint and distant rumbling broke the silence, but when that died away you might have heard a leaf fall. No bee hummed busily from flower to flower, no wasp droned lazily by, no butterfly or gnat fanned the hot air with its gauzy, rainbow-hued wings. Nature was silent, fainting with the heat.

For long there had been no rain; for weeks the sun had shone unblinkingly, ripening the harvest and scorching up all else. Tall and straight the corn stood, a field of brightest gold stretching away and away, up hill, down dale, as far as the eye could reach; a week ago the poppies, like tongues of fire, gleamed here and there, disputing proprietorship with the yellow corn, but now they hung dead or dying, drooping their heads down, down until they rested upon the parched breast of mother earth.

Oh, for a cloud in the sky, one freckle of feathery white to skim across the uniform blue and cover for a moment with a gauzy veil the golden sun. Here and there the earth had split asunder gaping great mouths and calling for rain, but there was no sign of their mute cry being heard, not even over the tall tree tops was a cloud visible.

Suddenly, as the distant rumbling grew nearer, a shiver seemed to pass over the ground, the grass bent, the leaves fluttered faintly, the stronger flowers seemed to lift their heads as though listening, a darkness crept up from behind the hills towards which the sun was travelling, coming on and on against the rising wind; a flash of lightning gleamed like a fork of fire across the moving clouds; the thunder, following close upon it, echoed and re-echoed among the woodlands; the sun shone fiercely as well; then, as the grass and leaves stirred once more, the rain came pattering down.

How the earth welcomed it; how nature rejoiced in it. Down from the trees the birds flew, fluttering their wings and fluffing all their feathers out; frogs and toads and all creeping things issued from their hiding places; in the river the fish swam to and fro, leaping now and then to catch the falling rain drops.

Again and again the lightning flashed, again and again the thunder crashed overhead and rolled away in the distance; each moment the wind grew stronger, tearing away at the tree trunks and waving their branches high in the air; the clouds had swept across the sun and the rain poured down in torrents.

Not a pleasant afternoon to be out; nothing save four walls and a roof could stand against such rain. No wonder a man, driving in a high dog-cart with a young girl at his side, pulled up at the lodge of Castle Dolan with the intention of asking shelter.

"Do you think you can hold Prince?" he asked of his companion, screaming the words at the top of his voice, so as to be heard above the raging of the storm. "He pulls pretty hard; but I must get down and knock, they will never hear us otherwise."

For answer the girl took the reins in both her small gloved hands and the man leaped to the ground; the horse started forward but was quickly pulled in, and stood trembling in every limb, his veins showing clearly through his satin skin, his nostrils dilating, his eyeballs starting from their sockets.

Once, twice, thrice the man knocked at the door of the lodge, but received no answer; again the lightning split the clouds with a zig-zag line of fire, again the thunder crashed and the wind swept with even fierce fury across the earth. 'Twas well the girl had nerve and strong, steady wrists, for the horse started forward once more and neighed with fear, but she sat straight and firm, controlling him easily, seemingly almost unconscious of the storm. In a few moments the man took his place once more, repossessed himself of the reins and drove off in the direction of the castle.

"We must ask for shelter there," he said, loudly; "they cannot very well refuse it upon such a day. You must be wet through, Honor; you will catch your death of cold."

The girl smiled and shook her head, but did not speak. Apparently the negative gesture was not strictly truthful, for her clothes must have been saturated. Probably she wished to ease the man's mind as much as possible. The rain beat against her face, the wind hurried by, sweeping her hair—which would curl in spite of the damp—back from her broad white brow; glistening drops hung upon her long, dark lashes, and trickled over the faint pink of her cheeks. She was a very beautiful girl—beautiful even under the trying circumstances. Her eyes shone violet as that sweet-smelling flower of the forest, and her small red mouth looked like an opening poppy bud.

She looked straight before her, facing the storm with her head held well up. Only once, when the lightning struck a great oak, splitting it from branch to root, scorching and burning it, licking up the sap with greedy fiery tongue, did the color leave her cheek for a moment, and her little hands clasp each other more tightly. She glanced round at her companion, and he smiled back at her with a perfect absence of fear.

"Giants love not to war with dwarfs," he said, bending his head down to hers; "when the elements wreak their vengeance, they take a worthy victim. You and I are safe."

As he spoke, once more the clouds were rent asunder—once more the fork of fire gleamed across the darkened sky, darting downward, playing along the earth like a serpent of electricity, coming nearer and nearer, till with a cry which was almost human in its agony, the horse rose upon his hind legs, beating the air for a moment with his hoofs, then fell heavily on one side—dead, throwing the man and girl from the cart to the damp ground.

They rose almost simultaneously, apparently unhurt. The man stood still—the girl moved a step or two, and looked down at the dead horse, a moisture in her great violet eyes not brought there by the rain; then she turned, held out her hand to her companion, and they ran together towards the castle, reaching the friendly shelter of the portico out of breath, but almost fearless still.

Fortunately the accident had been seen from the castle, the great doors were thrown open, and the Earl himself came forward with a welcome.

"You must be wet through," he said, speaking to the man; then glancing quickly at the girl. "What a terrible storm!"

"Terrible, truly, since it has robbed me of my good horse, and you of one of your finest trees," the man answered; "but very magnificent. I know of nothing in nature to beat a thunder storm. We must apologize for coming here; we tried the lodge, but apparently there was no one in. Had I been alone I should have driven on—I mean, of course, had the lightning not seen fit to strike my poor Prince—but a man scarcely likes to keep his daughter out in such a storm if it is possible to beg shelter."

"Of course not," the Earl answered, heartily. "You must get into dry clothes, both of you. Mary?" raising his voice, "come here."

A door opened, and a tall, fair girl crossed the hall.

"Do you want me, papa?"

"Yes, my dear," the Earl answered. "Will you take take this young lady up to your room and find her some dry clothes?"

"Yes, papa."

She turned to Honor, and held out her hand as children do.

"Will you come with me?" she said, faintly, as she spoke, and looking almost timidly into the great violet eyes.

"Thank you," Honor answered, taking the offered hand with a little smile; and so the two girls went up the broad staircase together.

"Now I must see what I can do for you," the Earl said, heartily. "We are about the same height, I think; can you dress in a quarter of an hour and join us at dinner? We are quite alone—my wife, son, daughter and myself."

"You are more than kind," the stranger answered.

"Then I will send my man to you; he will give you everything you require."

"Thank you."

They had reached the Earl's dressing-room, and already the stranger had divested himself of his coat, displaying a shirt of exquisite texture and whiteness. He was a very handsome man, with a delicate, refined face, large, dark-blue eyes and a heavy dark mustache, which hid a beautiful, though slightly weak mouth.

As he threw his coat upon a chair a sudden thought seemed to strike him; he took it up again, put his hand in the pocket, took out his card-case and handed a card to the Earl.

"That is my name," he said; "it is just possible that you may know it."

"'Max Selwyn,'" the Earl read, a smile of surprise crossing his face. "Of course I know it; who does not? So you are the great novelist; I congratulate myself that I have been able to be of use to you. My wife will be delighted; I have been almost jealous of you sometimes; there is