THE JACKKNIFE STILL HIS.

COL. OCHILTREE DRIVEN OUT OF HIS OLD QUARTERS BUT UNAPPALLED.

Thrilling Account of the Rescue of a Boy From a Stream of Water 300 Feet High—The Sight Made His Hair Turn Gray—The Fisherman Retaliates with a Fish that Stayed Drunk for a Year On His Whiskey.

PREVARICATION is a fine art, as has been demonstrated by Melville D. Landon, who insists that the essence of humor is in its exaggeration, and, as Eli Perkins, has achieved the reputation, at $50 a night, of being the greatest liar since "Barney" Munchausen. But there are several amateurs in this city who have achieved considerable repute as fabricators, and there seems to be something in the atmosphere in the neighborhood of that recent graduate from the Lone Star State, the Hon. (which may mean honest or honorable) Col. "Tom" Ochiltree, which stimulates the imaginations of his friends and those who come within its influence.

Col. Ochiltree comes from the biggest State in the Union. Five New Yorks might be laid side by side in Texas and still leave remnants enough to make a Connecticut, a Rhode Island and a Delaware. The grass grows so tall that horsemen are sometimes lost in its wilderness for days; and a man travelling through the State southward on a train must, for comfort, set out with his ulster, top-boots and sealskin cap, and alight at Galveston clad only in a smile and a palm-leaf fan. Perhaps the expansiveness of his native heath is accountable both for the largeness of Col. Ochiltree's spirits and his stories, and though his friends, "Larry" Jerome, Steele Mackaye and "Old Man" Duffy, the Philadelphian, have made several creditable attempts to wrest the jackknife from him, he still carries the emblem. In fact, it is said that the father of fables long ago desired to abdicate in his favor.

The Democratic State Executive Committee came along last week and demanded rooms at the Hoffman House. The house was full from basement to garret, and it was found necessary to remove the billiard-tables and give over the billiard-room to the Democrats for the campaign. Thus evicted from their usual haunt, the Colonel and his friends have stood in little groups during the past few evenings, looking as forlorn and desolate as a farmer's boy lost in a great city. But the tall stories that were wont to sadly delay their billiard games have gone one more connectedly, and some of the whoppers would do credit to Joe Mulhattan. The conversation last night ran upon a variety of topics, and if Eli Perkins is correct in his diagnosis of humor, some of the little group deserve to be registered in the book of fame.

Speaking of the new water system which is to be in operation in 1901, Col. Ochiltree said he recently visited a neighboring city, where the Fire Department gets its streams from the city pipes direct without the intervention of steam engines, and the force is very great.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you may have noticed that there is a little gray in my hair. I saw an experiment while I was in that town that would be a revelation to New York firemen. They erected a platform in the main street and, attaching a line of hose to a fire plug, passed the pipe vertically up through a hole in the middle of the platform. The hose threw a six-inch stream, and was firmly held by means of stout blocks nailed to the upper and under surfaces of the platform. Actually that stream went straight up in the air higher than the top of old Trinity's spire, and when the water came down it spread, of course, and there was a deluging storm for a block each way. Several people would have been drowned, only the water quickly started by the law of gravity for its level, and the unfortunate people who had been caught in it were floated down the street and out from under the storm. Several stores were flooded, however, because it was found necessary to use the utmost care in shutting the water off. It couldn't be shut off abruptly, you know, on account of the boy," added the veracious narrator with a candid smile as he looked from face to face.

There was the slightest shade of hesitation in Steele Mackaye's voice, as if he feared the Colonel would pass into the realms of the unreachable if permitted to go further; but he said inquiringly, "Boy! What boy?"

"Oh, I forgot. That was the most remarkable event of the day and the most thrilling scene I ever witnessed. Of course there was a great crowd there, you know, and places to sit down were scarce. It was standing-room only, and not much of that. A small urchin clambered on the platform while the men were nailing the blocks underneath, and the youngsters sat down on the nozzle of that pipe, which stuck up about a foot above the platform. Nobody seemed to notice him particularly, and when the men had finished their work underneath, they called to the man at the plug on the next corner to turn on the water. It came surging through the hose, and, gentlemen, it makes my head swim as I recall it in all its horror to my mind! But the boy sat on the pipe! The boy sat on the pipe, and when the water came through it caught him and sent him up, up, into the air nearly three hundred feet. The people looked in horror. Women fainted dead away, and the cheeks of the strong men blanched at the terrible sight. Then the eyes that had followed the little fellow in his ascent turned away, sick with horror, for it was evident that he must fall, and all shrunk at the thought. There was a death-like stillness for an instant that seemed an age as the crowd waited the culmination of the tragic event in the crushing of the little body on the pavement. Gentlemen, that was an awful moment! And an hour afterwards, when I chanced to stand before a mirror in a cigar store, I noticed those gray hairs."

"Well, but the boy?" anxiously asked Mr. Duffy.

"After that fearful moment of silent horror there was a great shout, and turning my eyes aloft again I saw that boy bobbing up and down on the top of that powerful stream like a dancing-ball in a Bowery shooting-gallery. Quick wits and steady hands saved the boy. The fire chief directed that the water be turned off slowly and steadily, and in this way the youngster was lowered little by little till he was about on a level with the tops of the buildings. Of course, it would be sheer death to attempt to lower him to the ground this way, as the stream is not so steady as the force is lessened. Other methods were necessary, and the boy was kept bobbing up and down in mid-air for a full minute longer, while the firemen thought of another remedy. Then a truck with a revolving ladder was sent for, the ladder was run up alongside the stream, and Assistant Charlie Margison, of Engine No. 21, who chanced to be over there, ran up the ladder to its top, which was about even with the top of the stream, picked the boy off and brought him down the ladder in safety and placed him in the arms of his mother, who had fought her way through the crowd and had been wringing her hands in an agony of grief. The woman dropped in a dead faint, but the boy was all right, but a bunch of cigarettes the boy had in his trousers pocket were so wet that he couldn't smoke them."

A good deal of "reaction" was required to restore the equilibrium of Col. Ochiltree's hearers after this story, but presently the fisherman of the party remarked that he had had a remarkable experience on his last fishing trip. Said he: "I was fishing on a little pond in the Berkshire last year, and by a sudden lurch of my skiff a bottle of medicine from which I was just taking a dose to keep off chills—or sunstroke, I forget which was jerked out of my hand into the water. Well, I dropped my line in about the same spot the other day. Luck hadn't been flattering, but presently I got a bite and I began to haul in what pulled so hard that I thought perhaps I had caught a snag. I pulled her up and what do you think it was?"

"Your old jug! That's too old!" growled some one.

"Yes, it was my old jug, but there was a fish inside, as I found when I took the bottle to get my hook out—a nice, big, fat fellow. He was a good deal bigger than the mouth of the bottle and he must have got into it shortly after I dropped it, and grew so big he couldn't get out. But the most curious thing about it is yet to be told. Gentlemen, on my honor as a fisherman, that fish was drunk! There was some of the medicine still in the bottle, too."

This statement was greeted with incredulous "aws!" but the veracious disciple of Izaak Walton continued, "I account for this fact in this way: You see, confined in that bottle the fish would have died for lack of sustenance. He might have got out if he hadn't got muddled on the contents. He got staving drunk and was on a spree so long that he got bloated so he couldn't get out through the neck of the bottle. But his nose was probably above the liquor. Then he began to grow, and as he grew and filled more space in the bottle, he crowded the whiskey up just enough so that he could get at it, and in that way he kept himself comfortably drunk for a whole year, and there was enough liquor left to last him another year."

As proof of the truth of this narrative, several doses of the veritable medicine were brought on, and doubters were converted.

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

WILL MALCOLM W. FORD REPRESENT THE N. Y. A. C. IN ENGLAND?

Some Inside Information as to the Reason for Getting Him Reinstated as an Amateur—Jim Glynn Ready to Fight Joe Lannon—Weight-Thrower Barry Tells Some Amusing Stories—His Go with Donovan.

SINCE late last spring poor Malcolm W. Ford has languished in the Long Island College Hospital, recovering from illness brought on by overtraining. A more ambitious athlete than Mr. Ford never put on spiked shoes, and his long siege of sickness ought to serve as a warning to those brainy and brawny young men who will persist, in spite of all warnings, in trying to do too much in the field and on the path. One bit of good news comes with the prospects of his speedy restoration to health. It is very likely—in fact, it is almost certain—that Mr. Ford will be one of the New York Athletic Club's champion team that will be sent to England next year.

* * *

It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that the New York Athletic Club is going to send a strong field and track team to England early next summer to see whether Uncle Sam's boys aren't as much cleverer than John Bull's younglings ashore as they are on the water. The team will include Joe Queckberner, W. J. M. Barry, E. C. Carter, Aleck Jordan, G. Y. Gilbert, Baxter, the pole vaulter; C. E. Smith, and other strong men with fine records. It will be a wise move to have Malcolm W. Ford in that team. He easily won the all-round athletic championship of America, and held it up to the time certain jealous people in other clubs tried to kill him off with charges of professionalism. Just as likely as not, the reason the New York Athletic Club has defended his cause before the N. A. A. A. A. so warmly was not only the club's heaven-born love of justice, but their canny desire to have the best all-round man in America in their British army of invasion. It was not that they loved Malcolm less, but that they loved championships more. Aleck Jordan won the American championship when Ford was temporarily out of athletics, still the chances are that the N. Y. A. C. will send both to Albion on much the same principle that the Dwyer Brothers often have two lively colts in the same event.

* * *

Jim Glynn, the Williamsburg heavyweight, who refused to fight Fallon because the latter could not raise stake enough to make it an object for him to leave his saloon business, has declared his readiness to meet Joe Lennon, of South Boston. A sporting writer, who was on here, went back to Boston to-day to see about making the match. It ought to be a slashing fight, the mill between Lennon and Glynn. If the match is made Glynn will go down to Ruland's, at Rockaway, where Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe have been training since Sunday.

* * *

The Governing Committee of the New York Athletic Club will hold a meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 1. Action will be taken in regard to the proposed winter indoor games, as to hold them in Madison Square Garden is now impracticable. A date will also be set and announcement made of the annual boxing and wrestling championships given by this club.

* * *

Champion Weight Thrower W. J. M. Barry, the New York Athletic Club infant, who weighs only 240 pounds stripped, would be an amusing companion for a transcontinental trip. He was one of the judges of the first annual single-scull handicap for the Osberne trophy upon the Harlem yesterday, and divided his running fire between Capt. Schuyler and THE EVENING WORLD representative. Barry's accent would make him a fortune if he didn't have one already in prospective. He is much elated over the victory of his football team over the champion team at the Staten Island Athletic Club grounds last Saturday. "We had one little bit of fun, anyway, down there. Some fellow passed a remark on Charlie Coster, Mike Donovan's best pupil, and Coster told him to wait till the game was over and he would give him a licking. The fellow was willing enough, but when some one told him it was Charlie Coster, the boxer, he got his gang around him and said a few cracks over the head with a stick would be good for the dude. You ought to have seen Coster sail into him after the game. He hit him once with the left and it stood him on his head ten feet off." If Barry's way of telling how he took a lesson from Donovan could only be imitated! "I got up in front of that Mike," he tells, "with the gloves, and after showing me how to do it he got telling how to hit whenever you'd see a good chance, so then, as his jaw was right up close to me I thought I'd take a chance just then. I hit as hard as I could, and tumbled him all over in a heap, but he was up before I could draw back for another welt at him, and I take my dying oath he hit me four times all at once. I didn't undertake to spar with him since. It's more fun to box Queckberner.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARKS.

This Year's Geraniums Will Blossom Next Year if Treated Properly.

CHIEF GARDENER George C. W. Woolson, of the Park Depar'ment, and his men are preparing the beds in the small parks for the reception of the tulip bulbs for next spring's first floral glories. Beds are preparing for the spring settings of pansies, portulacca and other early blooms also.

In the work the geraniums, which brightened and beautified the parks in July, August and September are removed, and when the plants are thrown out on the paths about the beds there is a general scramble for them by the crowds of people gathered to watch the work. They are all captured, not even a leaf remaining.

An EVENING WORLD reporter on inquiry has learned that these plants will not yield glorious blossoms under the best of treatment before next summer, and that the best way to prepare them for next season's work is to give them complete rest by hanging them, roots up, in a dark place of regular temperature, neither too warm nor too cold, till spring. The cellar is the best place. In the spring set the stalks in a window box of rich earth, cutting off the withered leaf branches to the very stalk. In a short time those who follow this advice will be rewarded by many blossoms.

BONNETS AT THE THEATRES.

Velvet bonnets predominated at Wallack's last night, and black and very bright red seemed the favorite colors.

A lady seated on the twelfth row from the stage, somewhat to the left of the centre isle, at Wallack's, wore a dainty black velvet bonnet with a green bird's wing.

A little lady in the front row of the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night wore startlingly pink gloves The initiated, however, assert that the color was "vieille rose."

A very handsome short wrap, worn by a lady in the dress circle, was of Gobelin blue plush, trimmed with iridescent beads that did not make a horrible jingle every time she moved.

Pretty little Bijou Fernandez never overdresses, as such a popular child might conscientiously do. Last night she wore a dark red and black check cloth, made perfectly simple, and a big black hat.

The new colors were noticeable at Dockstader's. One bonnet had four shades of green and a bird, while another, more attractive, stood very high, and with its numerous different tints of red somewhat resembled a midsummer sunset.

Another black velvet bonnet that was particularly tasty was worn by a lady who sat in the fourteenth row from the stage at Wallack's. It was set off by a pearl-gray feather that matched a bewitching wrap. It was the admiration of everybody in the house.

A portly matron who sat in front, close to the aisle, wore a handsome old gold plush wrap, made in folds, so that the sheen of the material could be seen. It was so much looked at that the lady could not find it in her heart to remove it during the evening.

From the display of handkerchiefs made by ladies last night it might have been supposed that an epidemic of colds was raging. Not a bit of it. It is the fashion now more than ever to let the daintily-tinted handkerchiefs peep coyly from the bosom or the belt, so arranged that any monogram or embroidery can be seen.

The Usual Way.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Omaha Dame—I have come on a sad mission, my dear; prepare yourself for terrible news. Oh! how my heart goes out to you?

Sweet Girl—Mercy on us! Has that dressmaker spoiled my wedding suit?

"Worse, dear, far worse. The young man you intended to wed came to our house last night in a state of beastly intoxication, and I have just found out that he has been for years a confirmed sot."

"Horrors! Don't for the world breath a word about it. If pa should hear that he wouldn't let me marry him."

Won the Old Man's Heart.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"I love your daughter, sir, and ask your consent to win her if I can."

"I am sorry, but"—— began the old man, when he was hastily interrupted.

"And I would like to arrange to press my suit, sir, in the afternoons instead of evenings, until gas becomes a little cheaper."

Then the old man bade him God speed.

At the Museum.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Miss Howjames (at museum)—I have often seen engravings of the giraffe, Mr. Grimshaw, but I never knew before that the animal was so—so—décolleté.

Young man from Milwaukee—N-no. Got an all-fired long neck, too, hasn't he?

Pretty Good Evidence.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

First Citizen (breathlessly)—Can you tell me where the fire is?

Second Citizen—I think it is the school house. There were a lot of boys dancing and cheering down on the corner.

A Strong Resemblance.

[*From the Maitland (Fla.) Courier.*]

New flannel and Anarchists are alike in one respect. Both shrink from washing.

WALKING UP BROADWAY.

Actors and Actresses and How They Look and Behave Out of Doors.

Walking up Broadway the other day in the company of a dainty little lady who is extremely partial to that thoroughfare between the hours of 11 and 2, I could not help feeling rather surprised at the enormous interest she developed in actors and actresses, and the vast amount of information she possessed about them.

"Oh," she said scornfully, look in at a dark window and settling her refractory wind-tossed bangs, "most girls nowadays are mad on the subject of the stage. I could name several society girls who read the dramatic papers weekly, and can tell at a moment's notice exactly where an actor is at a given time."

She laughed and stopped to look at a photographer's window. She was soon gazing at Kyrle Bellew, elaborately done up, with a wistful, utter look in his always pensive eyes, and a ruffled shirt front that would have done credit to any Troy laundry in the city.

"I don't admire him," she said sharply. "He's too effeminate. Some girls rave about his perfection. Bah!" (Bah! is not elegant, but it is useful as a climax occasionally.) "Come up Broadway as far as Thirteenth street," she continued, "and I'll point you out my beau ideal. He's always out at this time."

"There's John A. Mackay," she said, as we passed the Hoffman House. "No, he's not a beauty, but there's something very pleasant about him, don't you know. Girls I know would give a fortune if they had hair of the same tint as his. It's very rare, indeed—that ruddy chestnut hue. I mustn't let him see me looking at him," she went on. "Actors are insufferably conceited. They think all girls are hopelessly impressed by their charms."

"There's Ada Rehan across the street," she exclaimed, nudging me with extreme vehemence. "Doesn't she dress terribly? I've never met that woman without seeing all the colors of the rainbow about her costume. She has the most odious taste. They say," sinking her voice to a whisper, "that it is only Daly's exquisite ideas on dress that save her from frightening her audiences.

"Ah," as we passed the St. James; "I knew we should see him soon. Who? Herbert Kelcey, of course, formerly of the Madison Square Theatre, and my beau ideal. I think him grand—tall, shapely, quietly but elegantly dressed, and so unconscious of any of his merits. Guess who nearly always accompanies him in his walks. You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you: Miss Caroline Hill, his wife."

I was astonished. She intended I should be.

"Yes," she resumed, "strange as it is that an actor should walk out with his own wife when there are so many other people's wives knocking about, it is nevertheless quite true, I assure you. Those two are always out. Kelcey never glances at any of us. I've tried awfully hard to make him look at me—don't let this go any further—but I have failed. I don't believe he'd notice me if even I whistled. Lucky Miss Caroline Hill!

"Yes, that's Dixey" she said presently as we passed the Bijou, "how any one can admire him, I don't know. He fatigues me. He's always talking with that same group of unshaven men outside the theatre—that is when he's in town, or anywhere near town. Hasn't he a vacant expression in his eyes? If you see him a month hence, don't forget to notice his fur-trimmed overcoat. He always wears one.

"Look at that dear little Mrs. Agnes Booth getting out of that Broadway car. I think she is perfection. They say she is one of the few women on the stage who have a good word to say for their sister actresses. You know they are a fearfully jealous lot. You remember the matinée Sarah Bernhardt gave to the profession the last time she was here? When it was over, a group of actors and actresses stood picking the performance to pieces when Mrs. Booth came up. 'What did you think of it?' they asked her. 'Oh,' she said, 'I don't believe I'll ever go on the stage again. After seeing that woman, I'm convinced that we none of us know what acting means.' You should have seen their faces. No; I didn't see them, but—well, never you mind.

"Ah," she said, a few minutes later—we had turned back and were opposite Delmonico's. "There's Kyrle Bellew sitting in that window, partaking of a frugal repast, where passers-by can see him. He makes me smile. That man sees every glance sent in his direction, though he pretends he don't. Don't talk to me of Kyrle Bellew. I can't endure him—positively I can't. He doesn't begin to compare with Herbert Kelcey."

"Poor Lillian Russell!" continued my voluble friend as we passed that portly lady attired as surely Solomon—or rather one of Solomon's wives in all her glory, could never have been attired. "She's very overdressed, ain't she? Look at her hair! Have you ever known such a poisonous yellow tint to be natural? I never did. I feel sorry for Lillian. She had at one time such brilliant prospects, and nobody marred them but herself. She lives in first-class style in a sixty-dollar-a-month flat, with her baby, a capital cook and a nurse. I don't envy her"—this with a beautiful sigh.

"There's John Drew—oh, yes, you must see him. Look for a nose and you can't mistake him. I admire John Drew's nose. It shows character, and I do like that in a man's face, don't you? John Drew is always in a hurry and always walking away from Daly's Theatre. Yes, you're right; that's old Mrs. Gilbert walking beside him. She's a dear old soul, really splendid on the stage. They say she's pious and nice and a regular attendant at the Madison Avenue Congregational Church.

"And now," stopping in front of a milliner's store, "I must go. I've got purchases to make. I like your impertinence! As though I should tell you what they are! No, don't attempt to wait for me. I shall be hours."

ALAN DALE.

ICE IS NO HINDRANCE.

New York Canoeists Who Sail Their Little Ships All Winter.

THE New York Canoe Club has practically gone into winter quarters. Going into winter quarters does not mean very much for this club, as the members persist in cruising in New York bay and its tributaries all the year round, no matter what the weather. The presence of floes of ice in the water makes but little difference to these canoeists, for if they cannot force a passage through the ice they go off to one side.

During past winters the cruisers fitted up what they called Marmalade Lodge, at West Brighton, S. I., and spent Saturday nights and Sundays there, spinning sea yarns and cruising about in their canoes. They did their own cooking and slept in blankets on the floor. It is expected that a room at the club-house at Tompkinsville will be fitted up for the use of the winter cruisers this year.

In these cold weather trips C. Bowyer Vaux, winner of innumerable trophies at the annual meets of the American Canoe Association, is a leading spirit. He is always ready for anything from a friendly race to a long cruise at midnight. E. C. Delavan, jr., tells a story capitally, and sails a canoe better. Charles J. Stevens, Secretary of the club, deserts the winter cruisers once in a while to tramp over the Staten Island hills on snow-shoes. W. P. Stephens, who has designed many fast canoes, comes in strong as an amateur cook for the winter cruisers. His services are always very much in demand. Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, an authority on the literature of canoeing, helps to keep things moving when he has time to visit the winter quarters. Poultney Bigelow quite often goes down the bay for a voyage among the ice-floes in his fast cruising canoe. R. B. Burchard knows how to make things lively around the camp-fire when he puts his mind to it. Commodore C. K. Munroe used to be a jolly winter cruiser, but now he spends the cold weather months in Florida writing interesting books for boys.

The English champions did not come over to America this year to capture the international challenge cups. The lamentable failure of last year made them cautious. L. W. Seavy, who clings to the ancient Indian birch bark canoe with a heroism worthy a better but less picturesque cause, thinks that the Englishmen are learning to handle their canoes in the American style, so that when they get perfect in it they can come over here and win a boat load of silverware. This view of the case is strengthened by the fact that the Englishmen have built no end of canoes on the American model this year. It is proper to say, however, that all owners of birch-bark canoes are prejudiced.

NOTES OF THE CLUBS.

The Beefsteak Club is organized for the season.

The Union League has no millionaires posted for a few cents.

The Mohicans expect Dixey to preside at the next "High Jinks."

The Lotos is preparing for its first "Saturday night" this week.

The Century is again agitated over a proposal for more memberships.

The New York Athletic Club has only twelve professional members.

The Whist Club is again in full winter trim, with ex-Collector Bailey as Grand Mogul.

There are rumors of a factional row in the Manhattan growing out of campaign complications.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c. to 20c.	Lobsters, 10c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to 26c.	Bluefish, 16c.
Sirloin steak, 18c. to 20c.	Weakfish, 14c.
Leg mutton, 12c. to 14c.	White perch, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c.	Red snappers, 20c.
Leg veal, 22c.	Halibut, 18c.
English mutton chop, 25c.	Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Lamb hindq'rters, 16 to 18c.	Kingfish, 25c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Sheepshead, 20c.
Sweetbreads, $3 to $6 per dozen.	Spanish mackerel, 50c.
Calves' heads, 50c.	Smelts, 18c.
Roasting pig, $2.00 to $4.00 each	Little-neck clams, 50c. a 100
Spring chicken, $1 pair.	Soft-shell crabs, $2.50 a doz.
Roast chicken, 20c. lb.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to 20c.	Terrapin, $10 to $25 a doz.
Choice dry-picked spring, 25c.	Green turtle soup, $1 quart.
Squabs, $2 to $3 dozen.	Frogs' legs, 50c. lb.
Geese, 22c.	Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Ducks, 18c.	Shrimps, 40c. quart.
Canvas-backs, $3.50 pair.	Scallops, 30c. quart.
Grouse, $1.25 pair.	Celery, 12c. bunch.
Partridge, $1.50 pair.	Peas, 25c. half peck.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.	Green corn, 25c. doz.
Red heads, $1.50 pair.	Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Mallards, $1.25 pair.	Pumpkins, 20c.
Teal, $1 pair.	Mushrooms, 25c. quart.
Venison, 25c. to 30c.	Onions, 20c. half-peck.
Woodcock, $1.50 pair.	Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
White bait, 40c.	Lettuce, 5c. head.
Sea bass, 15c.	Cranberries 15c. quart.
Pompano, 40c.	Horseradish, 10c. root.
	Spanish onions, 4 for 25c.
	Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
	Lima beans, 20c. quart.
	Egg plants, 10c.

The Condition of Our Streets

Makes it imperative that every one should take one or two doses a day of RIKER'S CALISAYA AND IRON TONIC, and thus insure safety from the scourge of "Malaria" and other diseases. Pint bottles, 75c. Sold almost everywhere. **

Cipher on a Tombstone.

A recent examination of Shakespeare's tombstone with a powerful magnifying glass has enabled Prof. Donnelly to find letters heretofore undiscovered, which indistinctly appear to be S. O. E. They may relate to important discoveries as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, but whether or no, they certainly do represent the initials of SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE, which is the greatest Nerve and Brain Food and curative for Neuralgia, Nervous Exhaustion and Hysteria known. **

SOJOURNERS IN THE CITY.

Judge Shipman, of Hartford, is booked at the Murray Hill.

The Duke of Alba and Count Villagongolo are at the Brunswick.

Col. C. R. Dilworth, of Pittsburg, is stopping at the St. James.

Charles S. Hill, of Washington, occupies rooms at the Park Avenue Hotel.

The arrivals at the Everett to-day include Sir Ambrose Shea and Lady Shea, of Bermuda.

Henry T. Rogers, the well-known railroad lawyer, of Denver, is registered at the St. James.

Among the guests at the Murray Hill Hotel are Gen. R. H. Mason, of Saville, Fla., and J. L. Perry, of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga.

The Albemarle register shows the name of Oliver W. Minx, Comptroller of the Union Pacific Railroad, and that of Gen. J. C. Palfrey, of Boston.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Brunswick are Duncan McIntyre and family, of Montreal, and H. D. Burnham, well-known in society, of Stonington.

Give Credit Where It's Due.

[*From Puck.*]

Boston furnished the boat; but it must not be overlooked that New York furnished the wind and water.

AMUSEMENTS.

THIS EVENING
CHARLES DICKENS
will give his first Readings in America FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS
AT CHICKERING HALL,
TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M.
Tickets, with Reserved Seats. 75c., $1 and $1.50.
Now on sale at Chickering Hall.

EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAY, 1 to 11.
New Groups. New Pictures. New Attractions.
CH. GIRON'S great painting, "DEUX SOEURS" (Two Sisters).
Concerts daily from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11, by MUNCZI LAJOS AND PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY'S ORCHESTRA.
Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c.
AJEEB, the mystifying chess automaton.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—From Oct. 27 to Nov. 2 a GREAT FLOWER SHOW will be held by A. LE MOULT at the EDEN MUSEE. There will be no advance in the usual prices of admission.

CHICKERING HALL. TUA
LAST TWO CONCERTS. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26, AND FRIDAY, OCT. 28.
LAST TUA MATINEE, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, AT 2.
MR. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone.
MR. R. GOLDBECK, MR. F. KLAHRE and MR. ALEX. LAMBERT, Pianists.
MR. W. THAULE, Musical Director.
Admission, $1. Seats, $1.50.

DOCKSTADER'S.
BRILLIANT BILL.
THE COARSE HAIR;
Or, THE NORTHERLAND SISTERS.
ARABIAN KNIGHTS;
Or, FUN ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
Last night "FALL OF NEW BABYLON."
Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager.
FIFTH WEEK.
SUCCESS BEYOND PARALLEL.
The Comedians, ROBSON & CRANE,
In Bronson Howard's great Comedy,
THE HENRIETTA
Seats secured two weeks in advance.
Evenings at 8.15; Sat. Matinee at 2. Carriages at 10.45.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th ave.
Matinees—Wednesday and Saturday.
MR. GEO. S. KNIGHT AS RUDOLPH,
in Howard's and Belasco's brilliant new play.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1 and $1.50.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. MINSTRELS.
Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
WED. MAT. THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST SAT. MAT.
NEXT WEEK A BUNCH OF KEYS.
Next Sunday, Prof. Cromwell's New Lecture,
IRELAND AS SEEN BY AMERICAN EYES.

POOLE'S THEATRE,
8th st., between 4th ave. and Broadway.
Prices—10c., 20c. Reserved Seats—30c.
T. S. ARTHUR'S GREAT MORAL DRAMA, TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.
Matinees—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Next week—Wallack's Theatre, IN HIS POWER.

5TH AVE. THEATRE.
LAST FIVE NIGHTS. Matinee Saturday.
MRS. LANGTRY,
accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company, in her grand production,
AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.
Next week—Mrs. Potter Seats now on sale.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving place.
6TH 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.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st.
Last week. Last matinee, Saturday.
THE GREAT PINK PEARL. Editha's
THE GREAT PINK PEARL. Burglar at 8.15.
Wednesday Matinee, THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
Tuesday, Nov. 1, THE WIFE.

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

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

WALLACK'S.
ROBERTSON'S BEAUTIFUL COMEDY,
CASTE. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, H. D. Ward, Chas. Groves, T. W. Robertson, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Ponisi and Mrs. Abbey. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday, 2.15.

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

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM. 728-30 BROADWAY. Sacred Hairy Family. Dog Circus. Wonders. The Greatest Show. Admission, 25c. Children, 10c. Continuous Entertainment. Noon till 11 P. M.

ADELPHI HALL, 52d st., near Broadway—Spiritual Phenomena, musical and test seance, this evening, 8 P. M. Seek and ye shall find.

THALIA TO-NIGHT—JUNKERMANN BY REQUEST, INSPECTOR BRAESIG.
WEDNESDAY—BOETEL, MARTHA.

HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

[*Continued from Monday's* EVENING WORLD.]

"YOU startled me," she answered. "I thought you loved me, but I did not think you would tell me so soon."

"And you hoped—what did you hope, Mary?"

"I hardly know," she answered. I was content—fully content—in knowing, in feeling perfectly sure that you loved me. I was not anxious for you to say so, because that will disturb things; you will have to tell my father."

"And you think," growing pale, and holding the little hands more firmly, as though nothing should make him give them up, "that he will be displeased—that he will think his little daughter too great a blessing for me—that he will say (which is true enough) that I am your equal in no respect."

"He will not say that," she said gently, "he has so great a liking—so great a respect for your uncle, that he will be glad—more than glad for me to wed his nephew; but, Arthur, he may insist upon seeing that you have the will, as well as the power to work, before he will promise some day to give me into your keeping."

"I will work," he replied, colouring slightly, for he knew that he had in no way shown that the ability to work was in him; "I shall have an incentive to work now. Mary—something to work for. I will show you, my dear, that it has not been want of ability which has made me such a failure, but carelessness, though to be sure that is no excuse."

"I will make it one," she said, smiling so sweetly up at him that he would have been curiously constituted, indeed, had he not stooped and kissed her lips; "you have been pampered and petted, dear—reared in the lap of luxury, with a Fortunatus purse in the person of your uncle. I think, dear, it is a wonder you are not more spoilt than you are. Shall we go to the others now—they will be wondering at our long absence?"

So, slowly, with lagging, unwilling footsteps, they retraced their steps to the house, pausing often under pretence of examining some flower, to make the sweet time spent together longer; but the longest journey must at length come to an end, and they entered the drawing-room at last. Mr. Foster was talking, telling some story of which they only heard the end, and the laugh which followed it.

"Mr. Foster can tell a story so well," the Earl said, looking at Honor, "no doubt he can write also. You should get get him to write something in your album."

"Could you—would you? Honor said, looking up, "with the exception of the Earl's, I have had no contributions lately. Have you ever written anything in an album, Mr. Foster?"

"In an album! no," he answered, while Max looked up at him quickly. "I was under the impression that albums were those melancholy books which people are so fond of thrusting into our hands, which are full of the photographs of their own relations. I am mistaken, it seems."

"Not at all," the Earl answered, "there are two kinds of albums, the photographic and the literary; you will find Miss Selwyn's really interesting, if only"—he laughed—"because it contains my autograph."

The detective gave a little start, so light as perhaps to be unseen by anyone.

"I should greatly like to see it," he said.

"I will fetch it," Max answered. "Don't trouble, Honor."

He left the room quickly, returning in a moment.

"I cannot find it, Honor," he said.

"Not, papa?" she answered. "Why, it's in its place, I know. I will get it in one moment."

However, she came back without it.

"It's gone," she said, "and I saw it there not more than an hour ago. Have you moved it, Aunt Kate?"

The tired copyist was leaning wearily back in her chair, a little distance from the rest, her pale, dark face haggard from want of rest; her great curious eyes like two brilliant lamps in which shone the light of a great intellect. Lost in thought, she almost started at the sound of her own name, but answered readily:

"No, dear, I never touch that most valuable book; it must be somewhere about."

"Please do not trouble, Miss Selwyn," Mr. Foster said, "I can see it some other day, cannot I?"

"But you ought to be able to see it now," she said; "it is tiresome that it should have disappeared."

"Perhaps, when you find it you will let me know," he said. "Have you the names and productions of many celebrated people in it?"

"Yes," she answered, "there is Baron Stockforth, he has written——Did you call me, papa?"

She looked up, her father had spoken her name.

"Yes, dear," he returned. "I wanted to ask you for a little music."

"Yes, papa." She turned to Mr. Foster. "I shall find that book when I have time for a good hunt," she said. "I am sorry I could not let you see it now."

"I do not regret it," he said, politely, "the pleasure is yet in store for me; and now I am going to have the good fortune to hear you play and sing."

"Perhaps you will not think it good fortune when you have heaard me," she laughed. She moved towards the piano, Bruce following; he had been looking a trifle black, as lovers are apt to, while Honor chatted to Mr. Foster; his face was clouded still, but she did not notice it. She chose a pretty song with a pretty refrain, and as she sang it the shadow cleared away from her lover's face.

> O let the world, dear heart, go round,
> And change from day to day,
> But love that once our life hath crowned,
> That cannot pass away.

She sang more than well; her voice had matured and been trained in sunny Italy; no expense had been spared to perfect what nature had bountifully bestowed.

Then Mary sang, softly, sweetly, like a little dove cooing to her mate; there was no power in her voice, but it was sympathetic, a beauty in song which cannot be overestimated. Then the elder folks settled down to cards, and the younger ones wandered about in the moonlit garden.

"Honor," Bruce said, taking her hand, and drawing it through his arm, "you made me very unhappy this evening."

"Unhappy!" she repeated, looking up at him; "why, dear?"

"You flirted so with Foster," he said, with unreasoning jealousy.

"Flirted!" drawing herself up; "it is not true."

"Forgive me," he said, penitently, "but, darling, I love you so well, I cannot help feeling envious when I see you talking to others. Honor, have you said anything to your father yet?"

"No."

"And when will you speak, dear—to-night?"

"If you wish it."

"If I wish it! Why, Honor, can you not imagine how anxious I am that your father should give his sanction to our love?"

When the young people returned to the house the card party was just breaking up.

"We must congratulate ourselves that we are winners, Mr. Foster said, looking at the Earl—"the cards have favored us to-night."

He crossed the long room as he spoke. The curtains had been drawn across the window which led into the garden—there were no shutters. He parted the curtains, looked out at the moonlight scene; then making sure that no one was looking, pushed back the latch and removed the screw.

"A lovely night," he said, coming back to the others; "we shall have a glorious drive home."

The good-byes were said; the Earl, the Countess, Mary and Bruce went inside the carriage, Mr. Foster preferring the outside. However, before they had gone much beyond the drive of the Hollies, he stepped down, telling the coachman he should walk.

Max and Honor sat together in the great drawing-room, he in an easy chair, she perched upon the arm.

"Honor," he said, a little wearily, "I have the old restless feeling—the wish to travel again coming upon me."

She looked surprised.

"So soon, papa," she said; "I thought we were so happy here. Are you not feeling well, dear?"

"No," he answered, "I am worried. I have a trouble on me now that I cannot share with any one."

She put her arms round his neck and laid her soft cheek to his.

"Not even with me, papa?"

"My darling, no, least of all with you."

The wind sighed round the house and the window creaked.

"But the trouble will pass, dear."

"I hope so, little one—I trust so. There was something I wished to say to you—ah, yes! do not get too friendly with that Mr. Foster. I mistrust him. And, child, when you find your album, do not give it him to write in; and do not tell him the names of those who are already there—be polite, but distant to him. And now, good-night, my darling."

"Are you not going to bed?"

"Not yet, love."

She kissed her father, half crossed the room, then came back again.

"I have something to tell you," she said, standing behind him with her hands upon his shoulders; "it will please you to know, I think, Lord Bruce loves me; he has asked me to be his wife."

A look almost of fear crossed Max's face; she did not see it. He put up his hands and drew hers round his neck.

"And you, darling?" he said.

"I am glad he loves me," she answered. "Will you not say that you are glad also? I promised Bruce I would tell you to-night; he will speak with you to-morrow."

"Do his people know?"

"Yes—they are pleased, darling." She came round and knelt at his side. "Say you are pleased."

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Pleased that some one will rob me of the light of my life, and leave me in darkness?" he asked. "Ah! well, love, I must be pleased for your sake. Good-night, dear."

"Say, 'God bless you,' father."

He hesitated a moment and grew pale.

"God bless and keep you," he said, huskily. "Go now, love, I have something to do."

"Writing, dear?"

"Yes, dear—writing."

She left the room slowly. He listened to her footsteps as they went softly up the old staircase, then went swiftly into his study, and returned with Honor's album. He turned down the gas, lighted a lamp—the whole room was in shadow.

He opened the album, looked slowly through it, read the ridiculous verse the Earl had written in it, then took a pen in hand and wrote slowly.

The curtains at the far end of the room parted noiselessly. Mr. Foster stood watching paper after paper Max wrote and destroyed, putting the torn fragments carefully in his pocket. At length, his task, whatever it was, was done. He folded a letter, put it into an envelope, looked carefully at an oblong slip of paper, and put that into his pocketbook; then he took up the album, looked round the room and placed it into a cabinet.

"I can lock it up to-morrow," he said, half aloud.

He took the lamp in hand, left the room, closing the door after him. His coat and hat hung in the hall; he put them on, opened the front door, and with great care closed the door after; then he walked quickly down the drive.

Half an hour later Mr. Foster stepped into the drawing-room, struck a match and lighted a candle, stepped to the cabinet, opened it and took out Honor's album.

Next he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a leather case. From this he took a paper with a number of names written upon it; then he slowly turned the pages of the album, placing a cross against different names on the paper until all were so marked; the last name on the paper and the last in the album was that of the Earl.

Mr. Foster got up from the table, stretched himself and smiled.

"I think I have put salt upon the bird's tail now," he said. "But upon my word it was an ingenious way."

He put the album back in its place, blew out the candle and left, as he had come in, by the window.

"Now for London," he said. He looked at his watch. "By Jove," he said, "I shall but just do it."

He began to run, and reached the little station out of breath.

"The up train is due, is it not?" he asked a porter.

"Just gone, sir," the man answered.

"Gone!" He pulled out his watch and looked at the time. It was five minutes slow by the station clock.

"I must telegraph," he said.

"There ain't no telegraph here, sir," the man answered, "and if there were it wouldn't be open at this time of night."

Mr. Foster slipped something into the man's hand.

"Where is the nearest telegraphic office?" he said; "it is of great importance that I send a wire."

"Three stations off, sir," the man answered, more civilly; "but it would be shut now. There's another train at eight in the morning."

"What time does that reach town?"

"Eleven, sir; it's an express, don't stop at all."

"Then I could not telegraph if I went by that?" "No, sir."

"Did any one go by the train that has just left, I mean from here?"

"Yes, sir, two passengers, man and wife."

"What makes you think they were man and wife?"

"Well, sir, because he was impatient like with her, told her to hurry up in."

"What class did they travel?"

"Third, sir."

"The man was not a gentleman then?"

"Don't think so, sir; the woman wasn't. I mean," grinning broadly, "she was not a lady." "Thank you, good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

"I shall be in plenty of time," Mr. Foster said, walking slowly away. "I can easily watch to see if he comes up by the first train to-morrow; it was a silly idea to think he might have gone to-night."

He walked over to the Railway Inn, knocked them up and asked for a bed there. The next morning he caught the first up train, and arrived in town about 11.30, jumped into a cab and drove off to the bank where the Earl banked. He asked to see the head cashier.

"I have come about a disagreeable business," he said, when that personage appeared. "You will probably to-day or during the week receive a letter of advice from the Earl of Dolan to pay, on presentation of a check, a certain amount of money. I have come to warn you that both are forgeries, and to request you to detain the presenter of the check."

[*Continued in Wednesday's* EVENING WORLD.]