## SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

### THE NEW NATIONAL AMATEUR ASSOCIATION GAINING STRENGTH.

**Many Amateurs Made Professionals Under the Old Association Rules—The New York Athletic Club's Material for a First-Class Crew and Its Good Trainer—Athletic Clubs and Madison Square Garden.**

ALREADY the new National Amateur Association is showing its strength. Besides the New York, Pastime and Olympic Athletic clubs and the Spartan and Prospect Harriers in this city, it has thirteen out-of-town clubs, and will be joined by the new athletic club which is being formed across the Bridge. Much fault is found with the negligence of the old organization, which seems to have gotten into its dotage. New rules have been passed, as, for instance, the one requiring amateurs not to compete at any but approved athletic games, and no notices served either by mail or press. This renders all athletes who competed at the New York Athletic or Pastime Athletic clubs' recent games liable to censure. Mr. James E. Sullivan says: "The last Saturday night's entertainment of the Manhattan Athletic Club makes professionals of G. A. White the head persecutor of E. C. Carter; A. P. Roth, Al Fleischman and W. S. Halligan, as they competed in a meeting with, if not not against, professionals, which is contrary to the old National Association rules. The Manhattans are still members of the old organization." Sullivan declares the bout between Davis and McGill a professional contest pure and simple, and Halligan, says Sullivan, "is now a rank professional, for he contended for a prize against Kenny, who fought Davis three times: once a battle of thirty odd rounds for about $25. That shows the kind of people the Manhattans are," went on the Pastime's President, "to rope-in amateurs like Halligan, who is a good quarter-miler, and make a professional of him when he didn't even know the rule. These are the advocates of purity in athletics, and they show it by trumping up charges against Carter, after they couldn't get him into their ranks."

• • •

The New York Athletic Club ought to be ashamed to have to look abroad for a champion crew. They have the largest muster-roll in the country, and their list of members includes many good men and hundreds of strong young fellows, who have fine rowing stuff in them if it were only brought out. And as for training, there isn't a better coach in America than David Roach. When he stroked and coached the old Dauntless six they won pretty nearly everything they started for. Now, with all this good material and the means for developing it to the utmost, why are not the New Yorks at the head of the championship in aquatics? The answer is simple: The men won't train hard. Not even prize-fighting requires more faithful preparation than that demanded by a boat race. Let the N. Y. A. C. pick out their best rowing material, uninfluenced by cliques or personal likes and dislikes, and give Davy Roach full swing to train them hard, and they'll be much nearer the top next year.

• • •

The Nassau Athletic Club will take possession of its new headquarters, No. 276 to 282 Washington street, Brooklyn, next Tuesday.

• • •

The leasing of Madison Square Garden, or rather the high prices P. T. Barnum puts on, is an embargo on sport. The New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs have had to give up all idea of holding indoor athletic and lawn-tennis championship meetings in the only suitable and convenient place in the city, and the dog and horse shows will have to find other accommodations or be allowed to lapse.

• • •

The Scottish-American Athletic Club will hold the first of its monthly boxing entertainments this winter next Monday evening.

• • •

At the annual meeting of the Suburban Harriers these officers were elected for the season of 1887-88: President, Frank J. Kilpatrick; Vice-President, John Burckhardt; Secretary, T. Avery Collett; Treasurer, Disney Robinson; Captain, E. Corson Carter; Lieutenant, George Y. Gilbert; Trustees, Messrs. William Frank, Frederick Miller, and W. F. Thompson.


**He Did Not Shoot Himself.**

A horse ran away on Main street; so did John Simpson's wife. The horse left a buggy behind him on the street, and the wife left seven poor little children at home. Unlike most injured husbands, Simpson, although nearly crazed with grief, did not shoot himself, but like a sensible man procured a bottle of SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE, which calmed his excitement, relieved his splitting head, allayed his irritation, cleared his brain, and, allowing his runaway wife to go her own way, he set about supporting his children. Moral: The runaway horse had too much oats, the runaway wife too little, her husband just enough. *_*


## THAT HOME-MADE WELSH RAREBIT.

**People Who Know How Ready with Suggestions for Mrs. R.**

*Editor of The Evening World:*

Here is a receipt which will give Mrs. R. the cue to making a better rarebit than her husband can procure at a chop-house: Select the richest and best American factory cheese—the whiter the better, as the melting brings out the strength. To make five rarebits take one pound of cheese, grate it and put in a saucepan; add ale enough to thin the cheese sufficiently—about a wine-glassful to each rarebit; stir until all is melted; have a slice of toast ready for each rarebit (crusts trimmed), put a slice on each plate and pour over each cheese enough to cover. Serve immediately.

Brooklyn, Oct. 25. MRS. MOORE.

STILL ANOTHER WAY TO DO IT.

*Editor of The Evening World:*

A Welsh rarebit can only be made in a chafing dish. Light the alcohol lamp, fill the lower basin with water. When boiling, put into the top basin small pieces of cheese—use American cheese only. When melted, add half a teaspoonful of mustard to a pound of cheese, a little red pepper, a pinch of salt. Keep stirring constantly, pouring a little less than half a bottle of ale into it. It is then ready to be served on buttered toast, which should be hot, and eaten at once. STELLA N.

New York, Oct. 24.

THE SIMPLEST PLAN IS BEST.

*Editor of The Evening World:*

I tried a dozen cook-books on rarebits and turned out the worst hodge-podge imaginable. The simplest ingredients are the best—cheese and ale. Only get the right kind of cheese, that's important. Not every cheese will melt properly.

South Brooklyn, Oct. 25. WILLIAM F. BURKE.

## SEEN AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Mrs. H. E. Welles—A saddle of mutton is her choice.

Broker George N. Whitehouse, who selects a loin of veal.

Mrs. Thomas Thacher, who chooses a delicate bit of lamb.

Billiardist Maurice Daly, content with steaks and chops.

Fierce-moustached G. P. Morosini picking out a prime rib-roast.

Banker Thomas B. Musgrave, with a leaning towards spring lamb.

Mrs. A. E. Outerbridge, who finds a juicy loin of beef to her liking.

Millionaire Amos R. Eno, with index finger pointed at a fat leg of mutton.

Mrs. W. B. Beekman, who apparently knew from what part of a beef the best steaks are cut.

Charles Higgins, the soap man, with his epicurean eye fastened upon a dozen plump reed birds.

The tall form of Col. Smith, of Staten Island, bending over the remains of a slaughtered lamb.

Caterer John Sutherland, pervading the market with his presence and buying of every delicacy.

Dr. G. S. Winston, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who orders his beef or lamb and is off.

Gen. Charles H. T. Collis, ordering some particularly appetizing chops for the morrow's breakfast.

Corporation Counsel Morgan J. O'Brien delivering his opinion regarding the juiciness of certain steaks.

Banker Spencer Trask, whose order implies that grouse and sweetbreads will figure in his course dinner.

President Charles J. Martin, of the Home Insurance Company. He pointed at a side of lamb and it was his.

President Le Grand B. Cannon, of the Coal and Iron Exchange, who gravitates between roast beef and game.

The wife of Justice Edward Patterson, of the Supreme Court, whose choice indicates the opinion of the Court to be in favor of veal and lamb.

Ex-Commissioner of Jurors George Caulfield, who passes by the game and other dainties to point in a "that's-mine" sort of way at a stewing piece of beef.

**Dainties of the Market.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Prime rib roast, 20c. | Weakfish, 10c. |
| Porterhouse steak, 25c. | White perch, 15c. |
| Sirloin steak, 26c. | Red snappers, 20c. |
| Leg mutton, 16c. | Halibut, 12c. to 15c. |
| Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c. | Striped bass, 15c. to 20c. |
| Leg veal, 20c. | Black bass, 10c. to 15c. |
| English mutton chop, 25c. | Sheepshead, 20c. |
| Lamb hindq'rters, 18c. | Smelts, 15c. |
| Veal cutlets, 28c. | Little-neck clams, 40c. to 60c. a 100. |
| Sweetbreads, $6 per dozen. | Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100. |
| Calves' heads, 75c. to $1. | Terrapin, $12 to $25 a doz. |
| Roasting pig, $3.50 each | Green turtle soup, $1 quart. |
| Spring chicken, $1 to $1.25 pair. | Frogs' legs, 50c. lb. |
| Roast chicken, 25c. lb. | Terrapin stew, $4 quart. |
| Dry-picked turkeys, 20c. to 23c. | Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon. |
| Squabs, $3.50 to $4. doz. | Scallops, $1.25 per gallon. |
| Boston Geese, 22c. | Celery, 12c. bunch. |
| Boston Ducks, 25c. | Peas, 25c. half peck. |
| Canvas-backs, $3.50 pair. | Green corn, 25c. doz. |
| Grouse, $1.50 pair. | Squashes, 10c. to 15c. |
| Partridge, 90c. to $1.25 pair. | Pumpkins, 20c. |
| Reed birds, $1.25 dozen. | Mushrooms, 50c. to 75c. quart. |
| Red heads, $1.50 pair. | Onions, 20c. half-peck. |
| Mallards, $1 pair. | Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c. |
| Teal, $1 pair. | Lettuce, 5c. head. |
| Venison, 25c. to 30c. | Cranberries, 15c. quart. |
| Woodcock, $1.50 pair. | Horseradish, 10c. root. |
| Fresh mackerel, 12c. to 15c. | Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck. |
| Sea bass, 15c. to 20c. | Lima beans, 20c. quart. |
| Cod, 7c. to 8c. | Egg plants, 10c. |
| Lobsters, 8c. to 10c. | |
| Bluefish, 12c. to 15c. | |


**Now that Our City is Being Turned**

inside out don't fail to have on hand a bottle of RIKER'S CALISAYA AND IRON TONIC, and take a dose or two of it EVERY DAY that you may escape from its evil effects. Pint bottles 75 cents. Sold almost everywhere.

W. B. RIKER & SON, Sole Manufacturers, 353 6th ave., N. Y. *_*


## CUES ABOUT THE THEATRES.

### OYSTERS OR A SMALL AUDIENCE CAUSE A DISAPPOINTMENT.

**Teresina Tua Does Not Play—A Matinee of "Conrad the Corsair" for Actors—Brotherton in Advance of Dixey with a Burlesque of "Faust"—"Angela" Under a New Name—Doctors to See Dockstader's.**

NO audiences are better-natured than the American. The ladies and gentlemen assembled in Chickering Hall last night to hear Signorina Teresina Tua, accepted at the last moment a stupidly incoherent apology made from the platform to the effect that the young lady was fainting and couldn't play for two consecutive minutes. The information was given with absurd hesitation and one old gentleman stood up and insisted on knowing what the matter was. The audience, however, chattered a little and then quietly dispersed. An English audience under the circumstances would have howled and booted, and made itself generally objectionable. Conflicting stories were told of Tua's indisposition. Mr. Colell, her manager, thought that she had eaten too many oysters. Now, while every newly-arrived foreigner gloats over and rejoices at the succulent American bivalve, and invariably has one hideous day devoted to heartfelt remorse for this wild indulgence, he invariably reserves his day of reckoning, in case he be a professional, for his leisure hours. A disappointed little lady in the audience when she heard that Tua was said to be fainting, exclaimed: "Well, why can't she come and faint before us, I should like to know?" Several people declared that the slim population of Chickering Hall accounted for the Signorina's sudden indisposition.

• • •

A professional matinee of "Conrad, the Corsair," will be given at the Bijou Opera House to-day. Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. James Brown-Potter have secured the two lower boxes, while the upper ones will be occupied by Joseph Jefferson and William H. Crane. This professional matinee is given by Mr. Rice, to accommodate the "perfesh." The enormous number of so-called professional people who want to be deadheads at the theatres has caused managers to consider the advisability of giving these matinees as a regular thing. They hold that it is better to fill the theatres with the profession at a matinee than to suffer the annoyance of perpetual clamor for recognition at the gate.

• • •

It is understood that it was Henry E. Dixey's intention to burlesque Irving's version of "Faust" at the Bijou Opera-House one of these fine days, but it is now pretty certain that he will not be first in the field. George W. Brotherton, of Philadelphia, who manages "The Little Tycoon" company, is to take out an organization to be known as the Temple Theatre Burlesque Company. He is said to have purchased the English burlesque "Faust," which has been successful in London. He will present it in the principal cities of the country, being the first in the field. "Adonis" is still a mine in excellent working order to Dixey, and he could doubtless continue with it until close upon the millenium.

• • •

The lugubrious effort of Messrs. Lee and Ottomeyer, known as "Angela," which was given at a Madison Square Theatre matinee the other day, is to be rechristened "The Daughter of the Street," a sweetly sensational title by the way. Mr. Lee is to take his play on the road, probably under the management of Frank Curtis, lately of Mme. Janauschek's company. In the cast are to be Raymond Holmes, Sydney Cowell, Frank Tannebell, sr., and, in all probability, Miss Genevieve Lytton.

• • •

George B. Dickson, who controls most of the theatres of Indianapolis and those of the larger cities of Indiana, is in this city. Mr. Dickson, it is said, is about to retire from the theatrical business, and within a few days will be connected with a well-known publishing house. This is a change of an extremely rare description among managers.

• • •

Several hundred members of the College of Physicians and Surgeons will attend Dockstader's in a body on Saturday evening. Mr. Dockstader has kindly offered to the gentlemen a selection of his best jokes for their dissecting room, and some interesting revelations may be looked for. In return for this courtesy, it is understood that the physicians and surgeons are to present Mr. Dockstader with a paper entitled, "The Galvanic System of Reviving Ancient Jokes."

• • •

The exhibition of flowers, which will commence to-day at the Eden Musée under the management of Adolph Le Moult, promises to be very interesting. Workmen were busily employed yesterday in arranging the display, which will be of an extremely elaborate description.

**Footlight Chat.**

This is the last week of "The Arabian Nights" at the Standard.

"Rudolph," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, has made a hit. It is evidently booked for a run.

"The Humming Bird," with which the new Lyceum Theatre in Baltimore was opened recently, will be at the Harlem Theatre Comique on Nov. 7.

Handsome souvenirs are being prepared for distribution at the Academy of Music on Monday, Nov. 7, when "The Dark Secret" will have its fiftieth performance.

Miss Julia Marslowe, whose recent début at the Bijou Opera-House was so successful, has received an offer to play the leading rôle in "Anarchy," soon to be given in this city.

Herr Heinrich Boetel, the German tenor, appeared at the Thalia Theatre last night as Lionel in "Martha." Herr Boetel's splendid voice was heard to great advantage. Its power and flexibility roused the audience, and they accorded him a very hearty reception.

## HERBERT KELCEY'S DEJECTION.

**A Secret Sorrow Which Admiring Crowds in Broadway Could Not Help.**

Herbert Kelcey, in mute dejection, walked slowly down Broadway a couple of days ago, his lustrous, ox-like eyes riveted upon the cold, unsympathetic sidewalk, and his gait betokening some oppressive sorrow. Mr. Kelcey's wonderfully fitting coat revealed the lissome manliness of his shapely form, while the black gloss of his silky hair was seen below his shining hat.

Yet Mr. Kelcey was unhappy. His fingers strayed tremulously from time to time in the direction of his mouth, as though he were seeking to remove any traces of emotion from that mobile feature.

Bevies of dainty girls gazed at him. They knew that he was temporarily wifeless—that the fortunate Caroline of his bosom was in England. Perhaps they had hoped that he would recognize their glances of admiration more satisfactorily, now that she was gone—now that the faithful companion of his Broadway walks was transferred to that city where Regent street and Piccadilly reign supreme.

Ah! Their sweet hope was not to be realized. Mr. Kelcey walked slowly down Broadway, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His hand still sought his lips; his dejection was still conspicuous.

At Twenty-second street he stopped before the window of a well-known photographer. The crowd of ladies surrounding it made way for him. He stepped to the glass, and gazed with fearful intensity within. At whom could he be looking? Was it at Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, Lillian Grubb, Pauline Hall, or Mrs. Booth?

It might have been. Mr. Kelcey remained for fully five minutes before the glass. His hand still played nervously with his lips; the expression on his face was one of ardent admiration. He was the cynosure of female eyes.

At last he moved away, and the tongues of the ladies were loosened.

"Who was he looking at?"

"Could you see his face?"

"It's clear his wife's away."

"Oh, what a bad man!"

Then a dainty little girl made herself heard and addressed her companions:

"You stupid girls," she said, "don't you know that this is one of the best dark windows in the place. One side of Mr. Kelcey's moustache hung lower than the other, and he was arraigning it, pretending to look at the photographs. That's all there was to it. I know the man well."

## RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Ollie Stevens, the Union man of high degree, can "hold" any sculler on the river. Being champion senior is no novelty to him.

Hod Walters's long-range smile is missed nowadays on the river. He has given up his crew and "the market" to go down the Chesapeake for ducks.

Alfredo Francisco Camacho, sometimes called "Comeashore" for short, has the sweetest voice on the river. He can scull, row and steer as well as Davy Roach, and swim faster.

Mel Hard has stroked more New York crews than any other man in the club. He is a young man still. It is said that he chews fine-cut when in training to help his wind. He is a giant in the stroke seat.

Capt. Jack Canavan says that he will have four Nonpareil crews in the next regatta. He has made up his mind to bring home the Sharpless Cup from Philadelphia next year. There is a neat niche waiting for it in the club parlor.

Arthur Mullen, of the Nonpareils, has been sick lately with a bad cold. He is mending rapidly. He says that he is proud of only one thing that he did last summer. With a Sicilian mate, in a heavy pair-oared gig, he beat a crack six-oared barge from College Point to Harlem.

Tom Fitzsimmons, the pride of the Unions, can't scull so fast as he used to, because he can't find time to practise. Nowadays he is full of sure tips on who will win medals on the river. He says that he will have an eight next year that will lam the champion Dauntless crew. He said the same thing last year.

**A Startling Suggestion.**

He—These are very comfortable seats; don't you think so?

She—No, I don't. There's no place at all for one's bustle.

He—Can't you take it off?

She—Certainly not. How can you be so silly? (Giggle.)

He—What's the matter with having it checked and left at the door?

## OLD FLINT-LOCKS HARD TO FIND.

**More Valuable as Curiosities Than They Ever Were as Weapons.**

THE old style of flint-lock, muzzle-loading pistol will bring twice the price to-day that it commanded when it was the finest thing known in the way of small firearms. But it is purchased as a relic, a curiosity. It is very hard to get one. They are, of course, no longer made, and those who chance to have one hold on to it because it will get still more valuable as it becomes older.

The old style of pistol was never of much use. The flint lock went off only about once in ten trials. Then it took about as much time and bother to load as a gun. The handle of this old pistol was generally of black walnut or some hard dark wood with cuts crosswise to give a better grasp. The handle was also made long so that it could be held the more steadily. The old-style weapon was some ten inches in length, about 36 calibre, and with a hair-trigger. It could not be carried conveniently except in a belt.

The best manufacturers of these pistols were a Dublin firm, McMullan Brothers. The firm no longer exists. They are not regularly manufactured in these days of revolvers. Some few are made, dragged around in the dirt to make them look scratched and worn, and when the barrel gets a little rusty they are offered to the public as antiques.

"These old pistols," said one of the employees of the Remingtons, "can hardly be found anywhere in this country. It is hard to tell where they have vanished to. I have been all over the United States, and even out in Dakota you don't meet with them. There are some in Europe and in Costa Rica. They are used for duelling. The old style of pistol is now an object of interest only to collectors. But the best specimens have already been bought up."

William Reed, a Boston dealer in firearms, has made a very good collection of arms. But the finest collection in the country is said to be that of Morosini, Jay Gould's old associate. He has three large rooms filled with all kinds of antique firearms. Though there are very few gentlemen who make collections of this kind, a great many who are fond of shooting like to get one of these old muzzle-loaders. Bachelors stick them up in their rooms.

## SOME NEW YORK ETCHERS.

Mary Nimmo Moran has acquired a good reputation as an etcher.

"The Three Graces" is a delicate piece of work by David Law. Three slender trees are the graces.

J. C. Nicoll, Secretary of the Etching Club, has etched his own work, "A Winter Morning."

"Hanging of the Crane" is Frank Jones's etching from his own picture. The face of the man is strong and the composition good.

James S. King is a successful etcher. Leon Moran's picture of a girl sitting in a meadow surrounded with geese is beautifully reproduced by Mr. King.

C. Y. Turner has a very large etching called "The Wedding Procession." A rustic groom walks by the side of a bull on which his bride sits. A group of villagers follow.

Hamilton Hamilton has etched a marine by Winslow Homer, called "The Fog Warning." The effect of the painting is not fully produced in the etching, in which the waves have a very heavy look and no movement.

**Just So.**

*[From the Boston Courier.]*

"How do you get along without watermelon in winter, Uncle Joe?"

"Sah, dar am chickens in wintah."


**Catarrh to Consumption.**

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and of tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and distressing cough.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and an IMPROVED INHALER, with treatise; price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



**Uterine Pains**

And Weaknesses instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a Perfect Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness. A new, most agreeable, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster, especially adapted to relieve female pains and weaknesses. Vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.



# EHRICH BROS.,

## SPECIAL OFFERINGS

## IN FINE CUT JET DRESS TRIMMINGS,

LOT 1.—FINE-CUT JET PASSEMENTERIE FRINGE, 14 INCHES WIDE, 10 ORNAMENTS TO THE YARD, WORTH, WITHOUT EXAGGERATION, $6.48 PER YARD, AT $4.87

LOT 2.—FINE CUT JET PASSEMENTERIE, 4½ INCHES WIDE, 16 ORNAMENTS TO THE YARD, REAL VALUE $2.00 PER YARD, AT .99

LOT 3.—FINE CUT JET TRIMMINGS, 2½ INCHES WIDE, WITHOUT EXAGGERATION WORTH $1.50 PER YARD, AT...... .79

LOT 4.—FINE-CUT JET PASSEMENTERIE FRINGE, 7 INCHES WIDE, 11 ORNAMENTS TO THE YARD, ACTUALLY WORTH, WITHOUT EXAGGERATION, $5.25 PER YARD, AT $2.96

LOT 5.—CUT JET DROP TRIMMINGS, 3½ INCHES WIDE, 9 ORNAMENTS TO THE YARD, GENUINE VALUE $1.25 PER YARD, AT .59

LOT 6.—BEAUTIFUL PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMING, IN ALL COLORS—OUR REGULAR $1.00 GOODS, AT.................. .54

**Eighth Ave., 24th and 25th Sts.**



AMUSEMENTS.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. CORNER 31ST ST. Prices, 10c., Reserved Seats, 20c. and 30c. SOUVENIR PERFORMANCE, TO-NIGHT. EDWIN ARDEN in EAGLE'S NEST. A positive success. Hundreds turned away. Last Matinee Saturday. Oct. 31, JAMES A. HERNE'S "HEARTS OF OAK."

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Every evening This Week and Saturday Matinee, JOSEPH JEFFERSON As BOB ACRES in THE RIVALS. Monday, Oct. 31, Tuesday, Nov. 1, Wednesday, Nov. 2, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH and LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS. Seats now on Sale.

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

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.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST THREE 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.

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

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.

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. COR-SAIR.

CHICKERING HALL. TUA. LAST TUA CONCERTS. Friday Evening, Oct. 28, at 8. LAST MATINEE, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2.

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

THALIA—TO-NIGHT, FIRST TIME, JUNKERMANN, Reuter's best comedy, Durchlaucht. Friday, Boetel Flotow's opera, Martha.

The distinguished inventor was an immense sufferer from neuralgia. Close application and confinement to his laboratory caused this, and the most skilled physicians failed to give him relief. When in this condition he determined to make a personal effort to save himself. His researches and experiments resulted in the production of

**POLYFORM,**

which cured him. He gave away many bottles to friends who were troubled with Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other kindred diseases, and the cures became so numerous that, after much solicitation by eminent men, he consented to give this great scientific discovery to the world as attested by the following certificate:

MENLO PARK, N. J.

I certify that the preparation known as Edison's Polyform is made according to the formula devised and used by myself. THOMAS A. EDISON.

If you suffer from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Nervous Headache, or any Nerve trouble, Polyform will cure you. For sale by all druggists and dealers. Price $1 per bottle. Manufactured only by the EDISON POLYFORM COMPANY, 3 Congress st., Boston, Mass.



AMUSEMENTS.

EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAYS, 1 to 11. GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE. GIRON'S GREAT PAINTING, "DEUX SŒURS." Concerts daily from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11, by MUNCZI LAJOS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. TO-DAY (THURSDAY), OCT. 27, Opening of A. Le Moult's great FLOWER SHOW, FOR ONE WEEK ONLY. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c. AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

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. GEO. S. KNIGHT as RUDOLPH. *World*—Instant success. *Herald*—Brilliant and forcible. *Journal*—Scores a hit. *Sun*—Tenderness and strength. *Times*—Merit and cleverness. *Star*—A great hit.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st. bet. 4th ave. & B'way. 10c., 20c., 30c. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat. T. S. Arthur's Great Moral Drama, TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM. Next week—Wallack's Theatre IN HIS POWER.


## WHERE DIRECTORIES ARE OF USE.

**One Method by Which Business Men Identify New Customers.**

Near the desk in one of the largest dry-goods houses in the city there is a small library of eighty-five or ninety volumes. It is a special library, all the works being on the same class of subjects. They are directories of the leading cities in the United States.

"When a salesman sells an article and it is not paid for, he gets the buyer's address and his work is done," said the manager to a reporter. "But the office has to determine who the persons are. If the name he gives and firm are found in the directory it is already some identification of the person. Other large houses have directories, but very few have the number we have."

To strangers goods are sent C. O. D., but a known customer, who has not a regular open account, receives the goods, and in a week or so the bill. In all the big houses there are series of regular customers, whose names have been on the books for years. A "statement" is sent in monthly to all regular customers.

"Sometimes our richest customers are remiss in settling their bills," said the head of a large firm. "If the man is a business man, the bill is usually paid when presented. If he simply lives on his money and has a good time, he is more likely to be negligent. This isn't because he doesn't want to pay; but simply because he doesn't bother about the thing."

## HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

*Continued from Wednesday's* EVENING WORLD.

"I WAS busy, my dear," he said.

"Busy!" she repeated, in playful anger, "and you consider that an excuse for keeping me outside your door? Papa, you do not seem to understand the enormity of the offense. I have been allowed always and at all times to come and go as I please; pray what were you doing."

A little shadow crossed his face.

"I was setting my house in order," he answered, gravely.

"Setting your house in order!" she answered, slowly. "Papa," she went on, "is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, love," he answered. "Nothing, Kate," for she had come close to him, "only I wanted to speak to you a little and tell you in what manner I have set my house in order; believe me, Honor, my darling, I am quite well."

"Then, papa, what need to speak of such dreadful things?"

"My dear," he said, seriously, "there is nothing to distress you in what I am going to say, only I thought it right to let you and dear Kate know something which has happened. You have always thought me a rich man; I have been a rich man; I have had a purse to draw upon to the bottom of which I could never get, but it is closed to me now—I can never put my hand in it again. I cannot tell you how this is, but there is nothing to be lived upon now excepting what can be earned. There is a little money saved, £30,000 as near as I can make out, which is money that has been made from the—the books, and interest on stocks and shares which have been bought with it; this money, of right, belongs to Kate, every penny of it."

Her face quivered and she gazed at him entreatingly, and replied, with a quick-drawn breath: "No, no, Max, it is yours—all yours."

"I cannot tell you why or how," Max went on, "but that is the case; perhaps she may tell you herself some day."

"No, Max, never," Kate said; "and the money I will never take."

"This £30,000," he went on, "I have—anticipating what Kate has said—left in my will to be equally divided between you, Honor, you Kate, and Arthur. Some people might think that I need not have treated Arthur as I have treated you, but I have brought him up so that he hardly knows the value of money, it seems right to me to do what I can for him."

"You have done quite right, papa," Honor said, softly; "but it will be many, many years, I hope, before we have to discuss your will. If it is only that we have grown poorer I shall not mind that, my happiness cannot be less so long as I have your love."

"But Bruce, Honor, what will he say?" her father asked.

"If he loves me less because poverty has come to me, he is not the man I think him," she answered, bravely; "therefore I shall not regret it if he wishes for his freedom, but I know him better."

"You think he would cling to you through everything?"

"Yes, papa."

"Through good report or ill?"

"Ill report could never come to me," she answered, a little startled.

"I hope not," Max said, softly; "my darling, I trust not. Now, Kate, good night, and, Honor, good night; whatever the world says of me, it cannot say that I have not loved you dearly."

He kissed them both, holding Honor as though he could not let her go, kissing her again and again.

"Let me stay with you," she said.

"No, no, my darling," he said; "I have something to do; good night once more, dearest Kate. My little Honor, kiss your father again."

She did so, tenderly, and then they went away silently, their arms twined about each other, she saddened by something in his manner, something vague and undefinable but strangely depressing.

He was alone again, with the study door locked; for a moment he sat down as though to collect his thoughts, then rose, unlocked a cabinet and touched a spring. A hidden drawer flew out, he took a white paper packet out of it and walked again to the table, then once more he sat down.

"Forty years of age," he said, slowly, "in the prime of life with my fortune at my fingers' ends, and yet it has come to this."

He opened the packet; there was a light gray powder inside.

"The wages of sin is death," he said, "and yet 'tis hard to die."

He took the little packet of hair from his pocket, kissed it, then replaced it.

"The bitterness is past now," he said, taking up the packet, "and this leaves no trace of poison; they will put it down to heart disease."

He held up the paper, then with a firm hand poured the contents into a tumbler of pure water and stirred it round, then without a moment's hesitation drank it down, next he washed out the glass, opened the window, and tossed the contents on to the ground.

"I wonder how long it takes?" he thought. "I hope it is not long working its end; it would be horrible waiting and expecting death's grim hand to be laid upon my shoulder every moment."

He sat down in the easy chair and leaned his head backward.

An hour passed, then a drowsy feeling began to steal over him, he closed his eyes and set his teeth; he felt no pain, only anguish unutterable. Once he spoke Honor's name, once his wife's; then, all of a sudden, his head dropped forward, his long, slender, white fingers clutched for a moment the arms of the chair, a spasm of agony shot through his frame; then his fingers relaxed their hold, his body seemed to sink further into the chair, to droop and shorten, a deathly pallor crept over his face, and Max Selwyn, the successful novelist, the successful forger, was dead.

The Earl sat at breakfast. The Countess was not yet down, but Mary and Bruce were seated at the table with their father. A number of letters lay by the Earl's plate. He took them up and turned them over slowly. Mary glanced at the letters as he laid them down.

"Why," papa," she said, looking at one he held in his hand, "that is Mr. Selwyn's handwriting; I wonder what he is writing about?"

"It is only a matter of business," he said.

He opened one of his letters and pretended to busy himself with the contents; after a little while he rose and went to his study, locked the door, sat down, and taking up Max Selwyn's letter opened and read it.

"DEAR SIR," it ran—"By the time you receive this I believe that I shall be no more. Whether I am what you have been told, I shall not say; I neither admit nor deny the fact. I write to make no excuse for myself, neither do I write to criminate myself, but simply out of love to those I love.

"I am not a rich man. I have been setting my house in order, and I find that I have but £30,000; that money has been earned by the books which bear my name; but lest, thinking of me as you do, you should think even that money contaminated, let me tell you the one great secret of my life. I am not a writer. Of all the books which have appeared in my name, I have not written one; they are the work of my cripple cousin, Kate. She shrank from the notoriety they would bring her, I coveted it; she had no wish to enter society, I had reasons for wishing to know great people, and I consented to let the books appear in my name. They made me famous, and that made her happier than ever the fame itself would have done.

"But the money they brought in I said must be hers; at first she would not have this, but afterwards we made a compromise—she took half, I the other. The £30,000 I leave is my half-share of her earnings, somewhat added to by judicious speculation, but not, I give you my word of honor (will you take it, I wonder), by any other means.

"I have left this latter sum in equal parts between my daughter, my cousin and my nephew; it is little enough.

"Your son loves my daughter, and if you let him wed her he will have the best wife in the world. It may be that you will not; in any case, spare those who are dear to me the knowledge of what some say Max Selwyn was; it does little good to blacken the character of a dead man.

"Whatever my sins have been, I expiate them to-night. MAX SELWYN."

The Earl read the letter through, growing paler and paler as he read. The man did not acknowledge his guilt, but he did not deny it; it was evident enough that he was guilty, and from the way he wrote it almost seemed that he must be dead. Had he made away with himself?

The Earl rang the bell and desired the servant to ask Lord Bruce to come to him; then, pale and worried, he waited for his son.

"What is it, dad?" Bruce asked, entering.

"I have something to tell you," he said; "something that has upset me terribly, and that must upset you." Then, in as few words as possible, he told him Mr. Selwyn's story.

The color left Bruce's face; he felt sick at heart.

"It is very dreadful," he said. "May I see the letter?"

The Earl handed it to him, and he read it through slowly.

"He is guilty, of course," he said, hopelessly; "this letter proves that, to my mind. Is he going to take his own life?"

"It reads like it," the Earl answered; "but I can scarcely believe it, Bruce, what about Honor?"

The young man grew paler still.

"I shall keep faithful to her, of course," he said, firmly; "whatever her father is, is no fault of hers, and his sins shall never be visited upon her. If I can help it, she shall never know."

Some one rode furiously past the window as he spoke; the next moment Arthur entered the room, white and breathless. The Earl and Bruce rose.

"What is the matter?" the young man asked.

"My uncle," Arthur stammered, "he—is dead; he died alone—last night—of heart disease, the—doctor says. I want—Bruce to come back with—me to comfort Honor—she seems half mad."

"I will come," Bruce answered, flashing a warning look at his father. "You say the doctor has seen your uncle?"

"Yes."

"And he says it is heart disease?"

"Yes—he has no doubt of it. We have telegraphed to the doctor who used to attend my uncle in London, but we scarcely know what to do; it is a terrible shock."

"Terrible, indeed," Bruce answered; "I will come with you, Arthur, and do what I can. Father," turning to the Earl, "I shall stay so long as I can be of use."

For a moment a struggle went on in the old man's mind. He thought of his unstained name, upon which disgrace had never fallen; of the wives of earls of generations past who had come from great and noble families; then he thought of Honor, of her sweet face, her innocent pride in her father's name, of the great trouble which had fallen upon her and he took his son's hand.

"Help our friends, of course," he said, "and give my loving sympathy to Honor. Tell her," after a slight struggle, "that she has a father still."

"God bless you, dad!" Bruce said, pressing his hand; "I shall never forget those words."

The young men left the room together. Bruce ordered his horse, and after twenty minutes' hard riding, they reached the Hollies. They flung themselves from their horses, and entered the house.

"Where is she?" Bruce asked.

"There," Arthur answered, pointing to the study.

"Is she—is she alone?"

"No—with him."

With hushed steps Bruce entered the room. The shutters were closed—he could scarcely see, coming as he had out of the bright sunshine. In a minute his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. At the far end of the room he saw a dim white outline, and in a moment more Honor kneeling beside it. He crossed to her gently and knelt also. Already all that remained of Max Selwyn had been prepared for the grave. He lay in his shroud calm and peaceful as though he slept, and the despairing tears of anguish that flowed from the eyes of the woman who served and loved him had not the power to stir the pulseless heart—to make it throb with living pity for her bitter pain. "Honor," Bruce said, softly.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him for a moment.

"You!" she said, in a dazed sort of voice. "Why did you come?"

"I have come to comfort you."

"It is kind; but no one can comfort me now."

"Honor, am I nothing?"

She did not answer. She put her arms round the dead man's neck, she laid her warm, soft cheek against his icy cold one, calling him to come back to her.

"Honor, darling," Bruce whispered, "come away; it is not good for you to be here."

"Oh, yes," she said, curiously, "it is good; I shall not have him much longer; let me stay, Bruce, let me stay."

And so he let her have her way, kneeling with his arm around her while hour after hour sped away. Sometimes she spoke to her dead father in whispers, but after a while she was silent and sat motionless. His own limbs ached unbearably; he wondered how she could endure it and called her name, "Honor." No answer.

He called again, then grew frightened and lifted her head; her face was deathly white; her eyes were closed, she had fainted.

He caught her up in his arms and bore her from the room, then with loving care he tended her till the sweet eyes opened again and a little tinge of color came back into the pale cheeks.

"Oh, Bruce," she said softy, "I am glad, so glad you are with me."

• • • • •

Six months have passed away since Max Selwyn was laid in the grave. Three people only—the detective, the Earl and Bruce—knew that he and the successful forger were one and the same man. The world never will know; the papers and the public mourned him as a novelist whose place could not be filled; they little knew the truth; it is a thing the world seldom does know. No posthumous works appeared; when Max died Kate Nolan laid down her pen for ever; she had never wished for fame for herself, only that she might give it to the man she loved.

And Honor. Time, the healer, closed the wound that her father's death had made in her heart after a time; it ached still, but not with the same intensity. She would never forget him, she would love and revere him always, but happiness would come to her again.

The world never knew that Max Selwyn's death was not natural.

Arthur Stamer went back to London to work earnestly. If he could make a name, Mary was to be his wife—not if he remained a failure; and the spur of poverty did him good, he was never plucked again.

In the sweet evening twilight Bruce and Honor walked together. Now and then she would speak softly and proudly of her father, and he never by word or look let her guess the truth.

"Dearest," he said, softly, "I was speaking to my father to day about the time when I should leave the Castle for a home of our own, and he answered that he did not see the need of our going elsewhere, that there was surely room enough for us all. Darling, would it be pleasant to you to live at the Castle?"

She looked half frightened.

"Bruce," she answered, "we cannot think of anything of—of that sort yet, it is too soon."

"But we may talk of pleasant things, may we not?" he answered, smiling a little. "And Honor, he—your father—would wish you to be happy."

"But not to forget him."

"Need you forget him as my wife, dearest? I want to see you looking brighter and happier and I could make you so happy. There is nothing to wait for, will you not come to me soon, dear?"

"Oh, I cannot! Think, it is but six months since he died."

"Then in six more, when a year of mourning has passed; let it be then, dear. Don't say no, Honor: why should you not make my life perfect, since you can?"

He drew her into his arms and kissed her—kissed her once, twice, many times, and the kisses did more than ever words could have. She wanted to be happy again and she loved him dearly.

"Have it as you will, Bruce," she said, smiling and blushing a little. "And now—now let us come to my father's grave. I almost feel that if we go there he will know."

So hand in hand they entered the great church yard, where a white marble broken pillar marked the spot where Max Selwyn lay; bright flowers bloomed there, and those who passed it hushed their voices as they spoke of the novelist. Bruce knew the truth, but he bared his head as he stood beside the grave.

"How proud I am of him," Honor said, touching the white pillar softly. "Oh, Bruce! if he had only lived I should have had nothing to wish for."

And he, thanking God in his heart that she would never know the truth, stooped and kissed her.

[CONCLUSION.]