SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

LOW STANDARDS AT THE STATEN ISLAND CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

The National Amateur Skating Association—More Rowing Handicaps Wanted—Columbia's Games This Afternoon—The Benefit to Al. Lambert's Widow—$2,500 Worth of Medals to be Given to Winners To-night.

MUCH surprise is manifested at the ridiculously low standard in the all-round championships of the Staten Island Athletic Club, which are to be held on Election Day, commencing at 11 A. M. Almost anybody ought to qualify at these contests. The standard for 56-pound weight throwing is 12 feet. The New York Athletic Club's standard at its games the 25th of last June was 18 feet. The standard of the Staten Island boys for throwing the 16-pound hammer is 46 feet; the "Mercury-foot" requisite was 70 feet. Down at Livingstone, on the 8th of November, the pole-vaulters may qualify at 6 feet; doubtless some of them could get over the bar at this height without any pole. Up at Mott Haven the standard for pole-vaulting was 8 ft. 6 in. The record for this game is 11 ft. 5 in.—Baxter's. For the rest of the events the Staten Islanders are content with a 100-yard run in 12 sec., a running high jump of 4 ft. 4 in., a 440-yard run in 65 sec., a shot put (16 pounds) of 24 ft., a 120-yard hurdle race in 22 sec., a running broad jump of 5 ft. and a one mile in 6 min.

* * *

The National Amateur Skating Association will hold a meeting on the evening of Monday, Nov. 7, to decide on a date for the annual championship meeting this year. It will probably be held some time in January, as that is as early as ice can be depended upon in this latitude. Greenwood Lake and Hackensack River, at Little Ferry, will be the principal skating grounds this season, that is if a trains are put on, as has been promised, to accommodate lovers of exercise on steel runners. Van Courtlandt Lake is too near the city and the skating crowd cannot run things to suit themselves, but have to submit to annoyance from a crowd whose main desire seems to be to get in the way. There will be more skating organizations this year than ever before, and it is thought they will manage to keep the snow cleared off the ice. The skaters in this vicinity heretofore have waited for a rain when the ice became mowed under.

* * *

The New York Athletic Club took a step in the right direction when it had the annual single-scull race for the Osberne trophy a handicap. There is altogether too little handicap rowing, and it has a serious effect on the number of contestants entered at regattas. How many competitors would there be at the athletic meetings if the events were all scratch ones? The Harlem Regatta Association's committee should consider making a number of the events in next season's regattas handicaps, and care should be taken to have the starts allowed as fair as possible.

* * *

There are fifteen handicap events on the programme of the Columbia College annual fall meeting, commencing on the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds this afternoon. They are: 100, 220, 440 and 880 yard and one-mile runs, 120-yard hurdle race, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, running, broad and high jumps, two-mile bicycle race, class tug of war and one-mile walk for collegians and a 100-yard dash and a half-mile run open to all amateurs. The fields will probably be unusually large. Silver cups are the prizes.

* * *

The benefit to the widow of the late Albert Lambert, the cue expert, packed West End Hall in Harlem, last night. J. Randolph Heiser and John Deery, the latter the old time champion, opened the entertainment with a fifty-point cushion caroms game. Heiser won by one button. There was plenty of occasion for applause when Maurice Daly and Billy Sexton came together. The Comanche won by 50 to 45. Charlie Manning beat J. L. Malone 4 to 3 and Al Frey defeated Sam Knight 6 to 4 at 15-ball pool, and Frey and Manning gave exhibitions of fancy shots, which delighted the spectators.

* * *

The Prospect Harriers will have a grand house-warming at their headquarters in Brooklyn to-morrow night.

* * *

Fifty-four valuable medals, costing nearly $2,500, will be turned over to their muscular owners at the Games Committee of National Association of Amateur Athletics' meeting this evening. Three of them are for broken records. It is an interesting problem, this record-breaking. Between thirty and forty figures have gone under this year, and this, too, when many of the events, say the running high jump and the 120-yard hurdle race, were supposed to be at pretty near the top notch. When will the limit be reached?

Go to the Cooper Union Rally to-night.

Had Him There.

[From the Philadelphia News.]

Magistrate—I'm afraid I will have to commit you as a nuisance.

Prisoner—But it is against the law to commit a nuisance.

IN AN OPTICIAN'S SHOP.

How Some Persons Act When They Go to Buy Eye-Glasses.

TEN minutes in an optician's shop shows the weak side of human nature. Those who need eye-glasses and those who do not come to buy. An aged man, leaning on his servant, buys a pair suited only to aged eyes, with a somewhat mortified air, while the young dude, who buys a gold eye-glass, reluctantly confesses that he wants only plain glass. A very pretty young lady buys eye-glasses for a "friend," and a middle-aged lady, who is evidently buying her first pair, professes greater ignorance as to eye-glasses in general and the wearing of them than is necessary. She is more anxious to get the "first" glasses than those that are best suited to her eyes, and consults the mirror and the patient clerk many times before the glasses are adjusted on her nose at the most becoming angle. The idea of a hook to hang them on, or a black silk cord—"outward and visible signs" of the coming of age—are abhorrent to her, and she will have none of them.

The old lady is from the country, and having lost her glasses she comes for another pair, relating to the clerk the ages of her dead and living ancestors, the state of her own health, and the numberless sorrows she has been afflicted with. For persons with troublesome noses, noses on which it is difficult to fit glasses, there is the "adjustable nose-piece," which will fit almost any nose; but there are noses that absolutely refuse to be fitted to any pair of eye-glasses, and can only wear "specs." For persons whose eyelashes are very long and touch the glasses, there is the "off set nose-piece," which fits the nose in the usual place and holds the glasses beyond the reach of the eye-lashes.

Lorgnettes having come into fashion, a great many are sold to ladies of all ages, both in carved tortoise-shell and rubber. The latter are far less expensive than the former. The effect is about the same. Many of these have only plain glass, and others glasses that magnify a little, the idea of the purchaser being that the latter will take the place of an opera-glass. As gold lorgnettes are very much more expensive than the tortoise-shell, there is far less demand for them. They are generally of a different style, being made with shorter handles, and are, therefore, not so convenient to use.

To-morrow is the last day of Registration. Secure your vote.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Contemporaries Continue to Comment on the Success of the Evening World.

[From the Schenectady Union.]

The success of the New York EVENING WORLD is truly wonderful.

[From the Corsicana (Tex.) Courier.]

The New York EVENING WORLD is a new venture in the journalistic field, and with the characteristic energy of THE WORLD proprietor will be pushed to a paying success. The sheet is bright, newsy and cleanly, and presents a neater appearance than any of the metropolitan evening papers, and we know them all. We wish it a large field and unlimited success.

[From the Pittsburg Light.]

THE EVENING WORLD, of New York, comes out as a new proof of the enterprise and energies of the publishers. It is a new idea in the field of daily papers, and is creating a sensation among the staid old papers of New York, and stirring up the metropolis in a vigorous manner in its new departure. It must prove a success and no one can tell what new idea will come to newspaperdom from this venture.

[From the Renwick (Ia.) Times.]

The New York EVENING WORLD, the new one-cent daily, is achieving marvellous success. Its very first edition reached a circulation of 111,410 copies. As a news gatherer and for the vigor of its editorial utterances THE WORLD has few rivals. Nominally Democratic, its lance of criticism is thrust as unsparingly into the shams of its own party as the Republican. It is handsomely printed, the illustrations are plentiful and the range of general matter is of the best.

Go to the Cooper Union Ralty to-night.

A Pitiful Plight.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Tapley—Coming down to the club to-night, Chuzzlewit?

Chuzzlewit—Can't, my boy. Wife's sick.

T.—Indeed! Anything serious?

C.—Not exactly. It is a throat trouble, but it is neither painful nor dangerous. She is suffering terribly, nevertheless.

T.—Why, how's that?

C.—The doctor has forbidden her to talk.

In a Maine Car.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Brailer—Here's Deacon Cudds right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train-boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be interesting and instructive.

Mr. Brailer—(looking over the Deacon's shoulder)—Larry Donahue's "Bar-keeper's Guide!"

Of Course He was in Love.

[From Judge.]

"What makes you think Mr. Merritt is in love with me?" asked Cora.

"Because," replied her mother, "he asked your little brother if it was true that you would have ten thousand on the day of your marriage."

THINGS IN THE MIMIC WORLD.

THE TROUBLE BETWEEN COL. MILES AND THE ACADEMY'S BIG TANK.

Plays in which Tanks Acted Long Ago—Preparing for Mary Anderson's Tour—The Production of "Editha's Burglar" in London Unauthorized—"Fascination" in New York—Dresses for "The Wife."

GRAVE is the difficulty which has arisen between Col. R. E. J. Miles, of the Bijou Opera-House, and the great tank at the Academy of Music. Col. Miles intends using a tank in his production of Leonard Grover's "Lost in New York," at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and the big tank at the Academy of Music claims that if this is done its patent will be infringed. "They can't enjoin me from using this tank," said Col. Miles to-day, with scorn. "They have no patent for it, though they may say they have. They've put in an application for one, but even when they get it, it won't hold. You know you can patent the hat you wear, or the stick you carry, but that doesn't follow that the patent will hold. In 1831 a tank was used at the Bowery production of 'The Seige of Tripoli,' and twenty years ago I used a tank when I gave 'The Cataract of the Ganges' in Boston. So you see it's no novelty. The tank I intend using was patented two years ago, long before this 'Dark Secret' affair was thought of." It is rumored that Col. Miles intends to serve papers upon the 'Dark Secret' managers, turning the tables on them, and enjoining them from using their tank.

* * *

Miss Mary Anderson's tour through the country is rapidly being booked by the ever-enterprising Henry E. Abbey. Dates have been secured as far ahead as April, 1889. Miss Anderson will probably be the most important star in the dramatic firmament next season. Her only rival will be Coquelin, and he is certainly too gallant to consider himself as such. Coquelin, Anderson and possibly Wilson Barrett are the only "big" attractions in sight at present.

* * *

The sketch of "Editha's Burglar" which is announced at the Princess' Theatre, London, will be done there without the sanction of the Lyceum management in this city. W. W. Kelly, of the Princess', cabled here for terms, and immediately afterwards announced the production of "Editha's Burglar" though he made no arrangement for legitimately securing the sketch. It is thought that a shorthand writer took a copy of this dainty little play and sent it to Mr. Kelly, who claims to be a representative American manager in London, and with whom Messrs. Mallory and Palmer have entered into business arrangements. In the meantime the Lyceum management are trying very hard to discover the name of the person who sent "Editha's Burglar" to London. If they succeed, they declare that it will be published.

* * *

Col. W. E. Sinn, of the Brooklyn Park Theatre, will produce "Fascination" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next season for a seven weeks' run, with Miss Cora Tanner, surrounded by a strong cast. The play was given for one week in Brooklyn with so much success that Col. Sinn thinks he is warranted in elaborately staging it for a New York run. Col. Sinn also controls "Alone in London," which has been touring the country for three seasons. It will also be booked for next year.

* * *

"The Wife," which opens on Tuesday night at the Lyceum Theatre, will be a splendid vehicle for the costumers' art. Seventeen "dreamy" dresses will be divided between Mrs. Georgia Cayvan, Miss Henderson, Miss Dillon and Mrs. Walcott. A summer costume for Newport, an evening dress for New York and a winter dress for Washington will be in view.

* * *

A farewell supper will be given to "Ed" Sothern by a number of his friend to-morrow night, when he leaves the Lyceum Theatre for an extended tour. On Saturday he will depart for Washington with "The Highest Bidder" Company and Charles Frohman. Mr. Sothern will return to New York and the Lyceum next May.

To-morrow is the last day of Registration. Secure your vote.

Not What Was Meant.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

An abbreviated word frequently puts a new meaning where it is not intended. A glove dealer has a sign up which says "6 but. kids." The kid that cannot but more than six times is not strong.

The Homeliest Man on Earth.

The editor of a paper in Dubuque, Iowa, once handsome, was a little over six months ago changed into probably the homeliest man on earth. This terrible change was due to a sudden attack of paralysis of the muscles of one side of the face, following prolonged neuralgia. After electricity and the doctors had failed he tried Dr. BUCKLAND'S ESSENCE OF SCOTCH OATS, and in thirty days was perfectly cured and lost the unenviable notoriety of being the homeliest man on earth. *.*

HE STOPPETH ONE OF THREE.

An Ancient Mariner's Boat Arouses Milton III. to Rage.

The crowded sidewalk was full as full could be with shoppers. New York's beauty parade never looked braver, and the delighted club-men who were taking their daily after breakfast walk abroad at 2.30 in the afternoon were charmed to see many bright, happy faces in Union Square.

It was an ancient mariner, and he stoppeth one of three. The way he did it was what caused a row and superinduced a panic that made the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth street look like a kaleidoscope for a while.

The ancient mariner was tall and lean and bent. The wind was free from the southeast-half-south, and as he was walking slowly downtown it burbled through his white locks and fluttering whiskers. His glittering eye wouldn't have stopped anybody, because yesterday wasn't it's glittering day; but he wore a fierce, fiery red coat that would have stopped an express train. Slowly and solemnly he progressed, his face bent towards the pavement, each hand mechanically dealing forth cards which advised people to go to Blank's for their winter wraps.

The one of three who was stopped answered to the name of Milton III. He was a dark red Irish setter. His companions were another setter and a meek man. All three were unshackled and unmuzzled. When Milton III. saw the red coat, he sprang for it with loud barks of discord and rage. The old man made a wild misdeal of all his cards at once and tried to climb the nearest telegraph pole. He nearly upset a dozen pretty shoppers as he went, but that didn't stop him. The ladies screamed, Milton III. growled and barked all the more, and the meek man tried to quiet the racket. The more he tried, the wilder it grew. Such a mass of flying color hadn't been seen even on Broadway for many a day. The last that was seen of the old gentleman with the red coat, he looked like the burning of Babylon, and the Irish setter looked like a volunteer fire department going to put him out.

To-morrow is the last day of Registration. Secure your vote.

IT HAD INDIA-RUBBER SEAMS.

A Coat that Big Tom Costigan Would Not Rip Up the Back.

Tom Costigan's daily walk abroad led him through the mazes of Baxter street this morning. George Lyons was with him. As the two men wandered through the swaying rows of beautiful trousers and rainbow-lined overcoats the pullers-n gazed at Tom's bulk in despair. Eight of them with a full supply of ropes and tackle couldn't have hauled him in through a doorway.

He is nearly as tall as Commissioner Tom Brennan, and since he began to grow fatter than ever editing the *City Record* he weighs a trifle more than 475 pounds.

Little George tripped airily at his elbow like a modern Jack the Giant Killer leading a particularly Blunderboreau Blunderbore into camp. The genial October sunlight warmed 119 square feet of Mr. Costigan and made him, if possible, a trifle more peaceful and happy than usual. George saw this sign in a window: "Great Men's Suits; All Sizes! Only $14!!"

"Go in and split the biggest they've got," said George to Tom. The corporeal reverberations of the great man's laugh made the earth rumble, and he slapped his thigh with a mighty whack and said: "I'll go you."

The clothing artist was rattled for a moment, but for only a moment. He handed down a coat that John L. Sullivan would have rattled around in like a dry Bostonian bean in an overgrown pod. He and Tom strove with it for five minutes, and then the great man was surprised to find the coat triumphantly buttoned around him. He inflated his nether chest and bulged his shoulders, hoping to see the coat fly apart in shreds. He was horrified to feel it expand and contract like an artificial skin. He tried again. The coat held its own.

"How's this?" he faltered, in a dejected way to the salesman.

"Just the thing for you," said the young man, with a grin of triumph. "It's a special article for stout gentlemen. The seams ain'd sewed together; they're cemented tight on strong rubber. The coat will wear you a lifetime."

Tom couldn't back out. He paid for the suit, and then looked around for George Lyons. The slim youth had fled. Tom is going to sue him for the price of the clothes. He says that it was a put-up job.

Go to the Cooper Union Rally to-night.

LAST NIGHT AT IRVING HALL.

It looked as if Irving Hall was still in existence.

There were fully 2,000 persons in the hall, and how they cheered for Nicoll.

"Say," said Nicholas Haughton, "does this look as we were shadows? Well, I guess not."

The convention was much larger than the one that nominated Edward Cooper for Mayor in 1878.

The delegates from the Sixteenth Assembly District sat together. "They are fine looking men," remarked Commodore Tooker.

The Fourth, Sixth, Ninth, Twelfth, Twentieth and Twenty-second Assembly District delegations came in a body headed by drum corps.

"Why," remarked ex-Deputy Sheriff James Fay, "we are with the people this year. We are not tied to Tammany Hall or the County Democracy."

Edward Hovey, one of the Young members of the Third Assembly District organization, said: "Mr. Nicoll will have 17,256 more votes than Fellows. I have it down fine."

The following Irving Hallites were not present: Aqueduct Commissioner Ridgway, City Court Judge Ehrlich, ex-Senator Cornell and ex-Assemblyman Peter F. Murray.

Ex-County Clerk William A. Butler was present. He ran for re-election in 1882 on a citizens' ticket and without Republican support. He polled just 51,000 votes. John J. O'Brien was the Machine Republican candidate and Patrick Keenan the Union Democratic nominee. Keenan was elected, but where would he have been if the Republicans had indorsed Butler?

The Fourth Assembly District delegates had the largest turn-out. They had the Dahlgren Post, G. A. R., Drum Corps and the other delegations received them with great applause.

"There is no use talking," exclaimed Oscar H. Bogart, of the Eighth Assembly District. "Nicoll and Martine have the people with them. In my opinion Col. Fellows will be third in the race."

"Nicoll will get 98,000 votes," said ex-Assemblyman Joseph P. McDonough, "and how can he be beaten in a three-cornered fight? Why, 70,000 Republicans and at least 28,000 Democrats will vote for him. It is the Hackett ticket of 1875 over again."

Lawyer John Stacom had a front seat. He is running for Civil Justice in the Second District against Justice Charles M. Clancy. "My platform is this," said Stacom, "Clancy has served twelve years and has drawn $72,000 from the city treasury. I just want a chance for six years and $36,000. I am not a boy."

Go to the Cooper Union Rally to-night.

ALL HALLOWE'EN FROLICKINGS—OCT. 31.

The informal evening usually begins with allowing the men who like water to "bob" for apples in a washtub.

The last thing the girls are supposed to do is to go to some dark room with a candle and brush their hair before a mirror and watch for the dear one's face.

Apples are prophets on All Hallowe'en more than other at any time, and their skins are thrown over the shoulder and their seeds are counted then in a never-failing curiosity.

Hang some apples by long strings in an open door, one apple for each young man, and then tell them that the one who eats his first, his hands behind him all the while, shall marry first.

The adventurous man and maiden may melt a bar of solder bit by bit in an iron spoon, and drop it a little at a time into a tumbler of cold water. Babies, coffins, bridal wreaths and rings are expected to show themselves in due order.

Whatever the weather, there must perforce be an open fire. Each girl must take one chestnut for herself and another for the man she dreams of but does not know, and lay them before the fire. Her future is sure to snappy, placid or lonely just as these two mates meet their fate.

The last thing the girls usually do is to cut out each a paper ladder and set it at the foot of her bed that the spirit lover may run up and peep at her over the foot-board, then to eat a thimble full of salt, hang her clothes wrong side out over a chair and then go to bed backwards.

When it comes the young men's turn, they are blindfolded and led up one by one to stick their fingers in one of three bowls. If a man sticks his finger in the bowl which is empty he will never wed. If he gets it into the one which holds clear water, he will marry a maid. If he chances on the last, the one which is filled with dirty water, alas! the shout arises: "A widow!"

To-morrow is the last day of Registration. Secure your vote.

"Dickey" Shirt Fronts at a Bargain.

The wholesale dealers in men's furnishings lately tried to revive the old-time custom of wearing "dickeys." They made up large quantities of the ancient form of stiffy starched, shield shaped shirt fronts, with standing collars and colored tape ties attached. Then they sprang samples on all and sundry dealers in men's apparel and tried to boost them on the market. They were intended to give an air of sweldom to the humblest and dustiest flannel shirt, and to retail at 50 cents apiece. The wise and fly young men of this town, however, wouldn't have anything to do with them, and they became a drug on the market. Yesterday the biggest firm dealing in them hung out this sign: "5,000 lots of dickeys at $1.50 a dozen; formerly $4.50. The chances are that big Western dealers who send stuff to the faraway frontier will buy them, and that within a couple of months starched dickeys over flannel or buckskin shirts will be the correct thing for full-dress wear at cowboy receptions.

Kismet.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Her father was against the marriage set;
He did not like the youth; that's what he said.
But as they loved, they oft in secret met,
And to elope they both determined.

But pa suspected, and he kept an eye,
A keen espionage upon the pair;
They knew it, and the maid began to sigh,
And mope and fret—the lover to despair.

But fate is fate, the orientals say,
And this, just now, we're not inclined to doubt;
When lovers have resolved to run away,
There's something will occur to help them out.

What's written's written, what's to be will be;
Fate had decreed that it should be a match
And so they got away one night when he
Was winding up his Waterbury watch.

Coal.

[From Puck.]

We don't care how high coal is this winter. We don't even care if it is Lehigh. But we hope it may be so high that the railroad companies will not be able to heat the cars with it.

A Good Appetizer.

"You seem to be hungry to-night, old man," said a gentleman to a friend who was seated in Delmonico's before a dinner that nearly comprised the bill of fare.

"I am; ravenous."

"I wish I could eat a dinner like that," went on the first speaker, enviously. "What do you take, cocktails?"

"No; better appetizer than cocktails."

"Well, what is it?"

"Biker's Calisaya—Tonic.

"You can get it almost anywhere for 75 cents. Big bottle, too; lasts a long time."

"By Jove! I'll get one to-night.

"Gad! I'd give seventy-five dollars to tackle my feed like that." *.*

RIPENING BANANAS FOR MARKET.

The Fruit Brought Green to New York and Heated in Close Rooms.

EVERYWHERE one may hear the cry: "Bananas, all ripe!" Few people know where they come from, who imports them, how they are ripened and put upon the market. The yellow variety, the kind most extensively imported, is brought principally from Jamaica, although Port Limon and Aspinwall, each export many thousands of bunches yearly. The red variety is wholly imported from Baracao.

One firm now employs three steamships which ply between New York and Jamaica, and are used solely for the importation of fruit, chiefly bananas. These steamers were build expressly for this business, and are constructed with countless ventilators and numerous moveable decks. The fruit is packed in a rather peculiar way. The bunches are stood on end, and two layers are thus spread over the bottom of the vessel's hold, when a movable deck is fitted over them. Then two more layers of the fruit are laid down, and so on until the cargo is complete. A vessel carries from 8,000 to 18,000 bunches per trip.

The middlemen in the banana business purchase their stock at the wharves as soon as the vessel begins to unload. They buy from 100 to 1,500 bunches at a time and cart them immediately to the cellars, where they are ripened. The banana reaches this country in an extremely green condition. Upon reaching these cellars the bunches are hung on hooks suspended in rows along the ceiling. In the center of the cellar is a gas or oil stove, which is generally so regulated as to preserve a temperature of 60 or 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Here the fruit ripens gradually until it is ready for the retailers.

Sometimes, however, when the demand is large for the ripened food, the cellar is heated to 75 degrees, and sometimes even 80 degrees, but at this temperature the banana is apt to "cook," as it is called, and lose its flavor. In general the temperature of the cellar is varied as the condition of the fruit demands. If the fruit is chilled, a high temperature is imperative.

Some little time ago ice-boxes were introduced to the ripening rooms. In the top of the box is a large apartment into which the ice is put, while underneath long dripping-pans of galvanized iron are placed. The heat from the gas stove converted the ice into water, which slowly runs down into the pans below. There it quickly evaporates and reaches the top of the room where the bananas are hung. This addition was at first regarded as a great improvement, for it ripened the fruit evenly and brought out a golden color on the skin; but it was found that when ripened in this manner the fruit was extremely delicate, and that it spoiled almost immediately when exposed to an open atmosphere.

The banana must be nursed as carefully as a child. Any sudden change of temperature or exposure to inclement weather is very sure to produce a bad effect. The fruit may be ripened in twenty-four hours from the time of its arrival, but it is much better if a longer time is taken.

In the transportation of this fruit very great care is used. The bunches are first carefully enfolded in paper bags and then packed in patent heated cars. These cars contain oil stoves, and are fitted with patent ventilators, which preserve an even temperature about the fruit. The demand for bananas is largest from about April 10 to July 1. They are the most expensive during the last two weeks of April. At this time of year the middle man has to pay from $2 to $2.87 per bunch for the best of the yellow bananas, and from 90 cents to $1.60 for the red ones. The people must pay accordingly.

No Loss Without Some Gain.

[From the Kansas City Journal.]

"I see you have a new barn, Mr. Thrifty."

"That ain't a barn; that's a wood-house."

"A wood-house?"

"Yes, and it's full of wood, too. What's the use of paying tax bills to have your street paved with cedar blocks on a cypress plank foundation, if you can't make something out of it?"

To-morrow is the last day of Registration. Secure your vote.

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'ters, 18c.	Smelts, 15c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Little-neck clams, 40c. to 60c. a 100.
Sweetbreads, 60. per dozen.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Calves' heads, 75c. to $1.	Terrapin, $12 to $26 a doz.
Roasting pig, $2.50 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 25c.	Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Squabs, $3.50 to $4. doz.	Scallops, $1.25 per gallon.
Boston Geese, 22c.	Celery, 15c. bunch.
Boston Ducks, 20c.	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, 25c. 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, 30c. 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.	

HANDBILLS ARE IN SEASON.

They Will Strew the Streets Until After the Holidays.

In the language of the deep sea mariner, the handbill season is close aboard on the weather bow. From now on until the close of the holidays the bill distributor will be a conspicuous although unobtrusive feature of crowded city streets. The handbill printer will grow rich and fat, and the waste-paper dealer and the rag-picker will do a thriving trade. The sidewalks and gutters will be strewn thick with sixteenth-sheets as the gully in the maple woods is strewn with leaves after an October storm.

Handbill advertising is costly. The cheapest kind of sixteenths cannot be had lower than $1.50 per thousand. Good printing on machine-finished book paper will bring the handbill up to $3 a thousand. By the average printer's way of counting a thousand handbills number only 960 at the most, to say nothing of those spoiled in making ready the printing press and in the work of printing.

A wide-awake bill distributor will give away $30 worth of handbills in a day. A dishonest man will dispose of the same number of bills in a way known only to himself.

"Hereafter, I shall do all my advertising in the newspapers," said a retail merchant yesterday. "Heretofore I have distributed hundreds of dollars worth of handbills and circulars in the streets every holiday season. It pays, of course, because a certain number of people out of the many who take the bills, read them and come to my store. I have come to the conclusion, however, that the same amount of money put into newspaper advertising will do me twice as much good."

Snow in the Air.

Snow-storms have been prevailing not far distant for several days past, and as the season of inclement weather is now upon us, it is advisable that all persons should prepare in time to protect their health by properly clothing themselves. The best and cheapest goods for men, youths and boys are now selling at the GREAT CAPITAL AND LABOR CLOTHING ASSOCIATION, five hundred and fifty-one (551) 8th ave. Their special bargain in men's overcoats at $4 is made of chinchilla cloth, lined with farmer's satin, and elegantly made and trimmed. This is an immense bargain and equal to any $10 coat in the city. Their $10 all-wool cheviot suits are of the latest style, imported goods, very nobby and very handsome, and worth $25. Other styles of suits and overcoats for men and boys equally as cheap, at the CAPITAL AND LABOR CLOTHING ASSOCIATION, five hundred and fifty-one (551) 8th ave., between 37th and 38th sts., New York City.

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. FOR ONE WEEK ONLY (OCT. 27 TO NOV. 2), A. Le Moult's gress

FLOWER SHOW.

Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c. AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

DOCKSTADER'S.

BRILLIANT BILL.

THE COARSE HAIR;

Or, THE NORTHERLAND SISTERS. The great "FIRST PART." Last night "FALL OF NEW BABYLON." Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER 81ST ST.

Prices, 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. 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."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Manager. FIFTH WEEK. SUCCESS BEYOND PARALLEL. The Comedians, ROSOR & 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 to RUDOLPH. KNIGHT to RUDOLPH. World—Instant success. Herald—Brilliant and forcible. Journal—Scores a hit. Sun—Tenderness and strength. Times—Merit and cleverness. Star—A great hit.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Every evening This Week and Saturday Matinee. JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS ROB ACRE 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, $1. WEB. MAT. THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WESTON. NEXT WEEK A BUNCH OF KEYS. Next Sunday, Prof. Cromwell's New Lecture, IRELAND AS SEEN BY AMERICAN EYES.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST TWO NIGHTS. Matinee Saturday. MR. I. L. SNYDER'S PRESENTATION OF THE ROMANCE, IN SEARCH OF LOVE, accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and his 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. 5TH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mats. 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. *.* Next Tuesday, Nov. 1, THE WIFE.

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

BUNNELL'S OLD MUSEUM. 728-30 BROADWAY. HAIRY MASCOT FAMILY. King Water Walker. The Largest Show. Admission, 25c. Children, 10c. Entertainment from Noon till 10 P. M.

POOLE'S THEATRE. 8th st. near 6th ave. 10c., 20c., and 30c. THE GREAT MORAL DRAMA. TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Next week—Wallack's Theatre IN HIS POWER.

THALIA TO-NIGHT—BOETEL in Flotow's Opera MARTHA. SATURDAY—BOETEL MATINEE—MARTHA. EVENING—JUNKERMANN DURCHLAUCHTING.

Strange Story of the Emily Brand.

BY ANDREW HUSSEY ALLEN.

HARDLY suppose that any one will believe this story. Indeed, I would hesitate to tell it were it not that its principal events are to be found recorded in the correspondence of the Department of State at Washington, and in the official reports of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Gibraltar, both of which sources of verification are, I have no doubt, accessible to the reader. I have myself seen the despatches of our Consul at Gibraltar, and can vouch for their substantial correctness. I have often wondered why they have never been published, but for some reason, better known to the department than to me, they have been left to be forgotten among the dust-covered archives.

I therefore now present the facts for what they are worth. I have no theory to propound. I am not aware that I possess the gift of "second sight." I certainly do not "believe in ghosts." I am not a Spiritualist, not a Theosophist, but—in spite of myself—still a sceptic. I can only hope that the reader—a deeper student of the occult sciences than I—may devise some satisfactory explanation of the power that produced the key to the otherwise insolvable mystery of the Emily Brand.

I was at Nice, where I had been sent a month earlier, a tardy and restless convalescent, when, on the morning of Nov. 20, I found among my letters at breakfast one from my old friend, Jack Drayton, dated two days earlier "On Board the Nomad, Marseilles Harbor," and begging me to go for a cruise to the Azores with him. His fellow voyagers, he wrote, had deserted him at Malta to go crusading to Jerusalem with some friends they had met there, and he urged me to go on this cruise with him as well on account of my health as on his account.

I called on my doctor, who agreed with Drayton that the voyage would set me squarely on my feet again, and as I knew of nothing I would like better I decided to go. I packed my trunks, took the early train for Marseilles and boarded the yacht on the afternoon of the next day at 5 o'clock, and by 8 the following morning we were under way.

The Nomad was a schooner of 280 tons, stanchly built for ocean cruising and luxuriously equipped and furnished. Besides the captain, two mates, steward, cook and Jack Drayton's servant, she carried a crew of seventeen men. Her owner was himself an "able seaman," and his yacht was his home. He and I were such old friends and had lived together for so many years that we not only did not fear tiring of each other, but were reasonably sure of very good company. On this occasion, however, we had a companion in Roy, a thorough-bred English mastiff that Drayton, who was very fond of animals, had taken to sea with him for the two preceding years. I never had appreciated before this cruise how much of a companion a dog could be. Roy quite won my heart. Unprejudiced by my affection for him, I think he was the noblest animal I have ever known. Stately, high-bred, intelligent and lovable, he was "a gentleman and a scholar" from the jet of his handsome muzzle to the tip of his tawny tail.

We ran down the Mediterranean to the straits with a fair, fast wind, feeling as we passed the fortress that we were well started on our voyage. But outside on the ocean Æolus became capricious, as is his wont, and bestowed his favors elsewhere. From that time on until the 5th of December we loitered sadly and uneventfully, with light northerly winds. On the morning of that day, however, the breeze freshened somewhat, the smooth surface of the sea began to glitter with little ripples, our spirit rose with the prospect and soon after 9 o'clock we sighted a sail about three points off the port bow