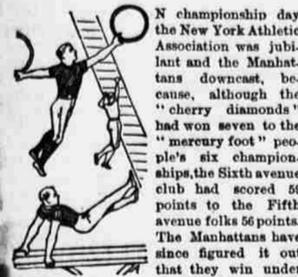


SPORTS IN DOORS AND OUT.

WILL THE NEW YORK A. C. LOSE ITS CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS?

The Manhattan Do Some Fall Flaming Under the Old Rule—A Combination of Tobacco Clubs—Carter May be Tried in England, Too—Another Incentive for Johnny Reagan to Whip Jack Dempsey.



N championship day the New York Athletic Association was jubilant and the Manhattan downcast, because, although the "cherry diamonds" had won seven of the "mercury foot" people's six championship clubs, the sixth avenue club had scored 59 points to the Fifth avenue folks 56 points.

The Manhattan Athletic Club has started a football team, which, after practice with some club, will, it is hoped, be able to give the New York Athletic Club's giant ruckers a tussle. The new team members among its prominent members H. M. Banko, Jr., W. A. Bogardus, E. L. Land and A. Fleishman, Jr., S. A. Craner and Al. Fleishman.

The Staten Island and Manhattan Athletic and Essex County (N. J.) Tobacco Clubs have formed a combination to give three master minstrel entertainments before the holidays. One will be given at Staten Island, another at Orange, N. J., and the third at some opera-house in this city.

The very latest in the Carter case is that the five-mile record breaker is to be tried in England by the "three A's," the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, as Finchley Harrier on the evidence produced at his American trial. Carter was a member of the Finchley Harriers before his first trip to this country.

Mr. C. O. Hughes says the Manhattan Athletic Club (White, Roth and Fleishman) are in no danger of being declared professionals because they sparred and swung clubs at the Manhattan's recent entertainments, because they had not competed for a prize, but only gave exhibitions, and because it was not a gate-money meeting. If Halligan made himself a professional by competing with Kenny it is supposed that he knew what he was doing.

No stranger dropping accidentally into the room in the Grand Union Hotel where the Game Committee of the National Association held its meeting last night, would have detected the score of well-appearing, neatly dressed young men gathered round a big package on the table in the centre were the crack amateurs of the world who had come for a prize, but only gave exhibitions, and because it was not a gate-money meeting.

John Jones, of the Progressive Painters, is a tall, thin, wiry man, with a strong, energetic, and somewhat eccentric character. He is a unionist, who wants harmony in the labor ranks.

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BUZZY TONGUES OF POLITICIANS.

All Sorts of Gossip and Opinions Heard Around Town.

OSMIP? Why there is no end to the political gossip one can hear at the up-town political-social clubs and in the hotel corridors and lobbies. An EVENING WORLD reporter went the rounds last evening and here is what he heard:

"There will be cutting and slashing." "Boss Power will have to resign." "I am sorry for Col. Fellows." "I am going to vote for Nicoll to down the bosses."

"Hubert O. Thompson would not have made such a blunder." "I think Fellows will be a bad third."

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CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

ARRANGEMENTS MAKING BY MANAGERS FOR COMING PRODUCTIONS.

Charles Frohman Offers a \$10 Engagement to a Fine Bonnet, and Then Discovers Little Grubb Under It—Radolph to Be Kept at the Fourteenth Street Theatre if Possible—Mrs. Langtry's Season.

OME chorus girls for "Rhe" was the object which took Mrs. E. L. Fernandez and Charles Frohman early yesterday morning to Adelphi Hall, in Fifty-third street. When they reached the hall they found the big room filled with applicants. The girls were mostly very respectably dressed, and were talking and chatting after the manner of their kind. Some of them suggested that a discrimination between girls and women was somewhat necessary, and a few were gray and wrinkled. Mrs. Fernandez surveyed them with that comprehensive motherly gaze for which she is justly famous. Mrs. Frohman was, perhaps, just a trifle less motherly.

His eye was attracted by a young woman who stood with her back to him, and who wore a magnificent walking dress and a superbly caparisoned hat.

"What does she want with \$10 a week?" whispered Mr. Frohman to Mrs. Fernandez. "I don't know," she replied. "I'm pretty sure."

"Well, she's worth engaging," continued the artist. "Her name, I'm sure, is Radolph. I'd better engage her."

"Why," said the lady, "you've put me in charge of these girls. Why bother yourself with her?"

"Well," said Mr. Frohman, "you have so much to do I would like to relieve you."

"Word was then sent to the owner of the back of the room to wait for her. She came. The lovely Violet Bonnet was within a yard of him. He glanced up and started back in amazement.

"Charlie Frohman!" he exclaimed. "You here," he went on; "you seeking an engagement at \$10 a week? Oh, I must be mistaken."

"You are," she said. "I don't want \$10 a week," she said. "I want to get positions for those poor unemployed girls over the street."

"Efforts are being made to induce Demman Thompson to release Manager Rosenquist, of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, from the contract which calls for Mr. Thompson's appearance at that theatre shortly."

Meetings for To-Night and To-Morrow. James E. Quinn and others will speak at a United Labor party meeting in Howard Square to-night.

On a Cash Basis. "Boreas does business on a cash basis, I observe," remarked the editor of the "World."

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TO-DAY'S SOCIETY TOPICS.

A ball will be given at Short Hill on Nov. 14.

Mr. E. Berry Wall is at present teaching Washingtonians the style.

The engagement of Mr. Harry Salisbury and Miss Mamie Wood is announced.

Mrs. M. Haddock, of 976 West Eleventh street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 16.

Mrs. J. H. Bishop, of 80 West Forty-eight street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 16.

The engagement of Mr. Howard Wheeler and Miss Lillie Carr, daughter of Mr. William R. Carr, is announced.

Dean Hoffman, of 426 West Twenty-third street, will give a reception on Tuesday evening, Nov. 1. Pinard will serve.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Churchill, nee Gillman, will receive their friends after Nov. 15, in West Thirty-first street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. King, nee Campbell, will be at home Thursdays in November, at the Lefferts, in the Lefferts place, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. McClatchy, nee Wright, will occupy their new home in Harlem on their return from their visit to Washington.

A concert was given in Rutherford on Nov. 14, at which Mr. A. Forwood Bower, Mme. Hun King, Mr. C. C. Ferguson and Mme. J. De Ruyter assisted.

Mrs. George N. Lincoln has returned to her home, 661 Fifth avenue, after a month's absence in the West. She will, as usual, receive her friends on Wednesdays.

The marriage of Mr. G. A. Richard and Miss Alice Barton Miner, daughter of Mrs. V. Mumford Miner, will take place at 8 o'clock next Wednesday evening, in St. Thomas's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Donohue, Jr., when they return from their Western trip, will take up their abode in their new home, in the Vanocler Apartment-House, in West Fifty-sixth street.

The reception at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which takes place on Monday, Nov. 7, will be unusually interesting. Many notable additions to the collection of paintings have been recently made.

The Viscount de Chauvaun-Lansac and Miss Bancroft will have a large wedding next month in Washington. The Viscount is the guest at present of the great artist of his fiancée, Mr. George Bancroft, the historian.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick W. Goodenow, Jr., and Miss May Bennett, will take place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. H. Bennett, 161 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

Invitations have been sent out to the marriage of Mr. Edward Howard Tindale, of this city, and Miss Anna J. Noone, which will take place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, at the home of the bride at Kingston-on-the-Hudson.

See the Sunday World for a story that will interest all employers and housekeepers.

SKIN SCALP BLOOD.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, which all doctors and methods and remedies failed, I deem it my duty to recommend them. I visited Fort Springs to no avail, and tried several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay, to whom I shall ever feel grateful, advised me to try CUTICURA. I bought a box of CUTICURA, and to my great relief, after a few days' use, I found that I was getting better, and in a few weeks I was cured. There is now no more about me. I think I can show the largest scar on my shoulders from a fall from a tree in the State. The CUTICURA REMEDY are the best blood and skin cure ever discovered, refer to druggist John P. Finlay and Dr. D. C. Montgomery, both of this city, and to Dr. Smith, of Lake Lake, Miss. Also, ALEXANDER BEACH, Greenville, Miss. Mr. Beach, of CUTICURA REMEDY, at our request, will send us a copy of his book.

A. B. FINLAY & CO., Druggists. SAVED MY MOTHER'S LIFE. Ever since I can remember, my mother has suffered from a milk leg. Nothing would do her any good. She had the best medical talent, but they all did her no good. She suffered with her leg for thirty years and never knew a moment of ease. It was not until she used CUTICURA that she was cured. She is now a well woman to-day. Her leg is entirely healed, and her health was never better. She can go out every day, something she has not done in ten years, so you see I can show about my mother's cure. I have saved my mother's life, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude. I have advertised your CUTICURA REMEDY far and near.

EDWARD LUKER, 1505 Broadway, N. Y. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, prepared from its extract, and CUTICURA RESOLVER, which cures all skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc., and all forms of skin and blood diseases from pimples to every form.

WORMS IN THE BLOOD. Sold everywhere. Price CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVER, \$1.00. Prepared by the PORTER MEDICINE CO., 1505 Broadway, N. Y. "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, sent free on request.

PAIN EXPELLER, black, black, black and city skin, sold by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

WORMS IN THE BLOOD. In one minute the Cuticure Anti-Pain Expeller relieves Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Strain and Weakness. The first and only pain-killing plaster. 25 cents.

NEW NOTIONS IN CHINA. Rose bowls are revived. Pale blue, blue or cream, with designs in gold is the newest fashion for expensive ware.

Individual olive dishes are in heavy cut glass. They are round, square, leaf or boat shape. Cut-glass butter plates are more popular than those in china, and many persons prefer them to silver.

Decanters are engraved with birds, butterflies, grasses and flowers, and the stopper is of blown glass. Engraved champagne glasses are funnel or shell shaped, the latter being the most popular, and decidedly the prettiest.

Candelabra will be more used at dinners this winter than ever. Some new designs are shown in blue and pink, in Saxton china. The harlequin style of having each plate in a different color and design has gone out. The plates for one course are now all alike.

There is always a demand for custard cups. The newest design is in low, round cut and engraved glass, with handles. They cost \$50 a dozen. In engraved glass, which is becoming extremely popular, there are high straight glasses, and decidedly the prettiest.

In the beautiful Douleur ware are many ornamental pieces in quaint designs. A pitcher has a dragon for handle, and a doll-shaped vase is used as a handle, ornaments the cover.

Register before 9 to-night or you will lose your vote. On a Cash Basis. "Boreas does business on a cash basis, I observe," remarked the editor of the "World."

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An Extraordinary Number.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD, A NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE COMBINED. 32 PAGES, 224 COLUMNS, FOR 3 CTS. PARTIAL LIST OF BRIGHT FEATURES:

THE SERVANT QUESTION. NELLIE BLY'S EXPERIENCE IN EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS. BILL NYE ON EUROPEAN COWBOYS.

THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY. A Chapter from Donnelly's Shakespeare Volume.

MILLIONAIRE FRANKLYN'S RISE AND FALL. FROGS AS DOMESTIC PETS—H. G. CARLETON. RICH STUDENTS' ROOMS AT HARVARD. THE HERMIT OF THE GILA. TEACHING CHILDREN HOUSEKEEPING.

HOW CHOLERA HAS GAINED A Foothold IN THE COUNTRY. NYM CRINKLE on the Drama, Mrs. James Brown Potter, &c. MRS. SHERWOOD'S LETTER FROM PARIS.

AS OTHERS SEE US. Here Flattering Remarks by Contemporaries On "The Evening World." This great big paper the NEW YORK WORLD, has announced the publication of an evening edition. The new candidate for popular favor is the brightest of all the New York evening papers.

The NEW YORK WORLD has begun its issue of an evening edition which it sells for one cent. It is a lively sheet, with many of the sterling qualities of its morning brother. As its circulation on the first day was 111,410, there is no danger of its being neglected by New Yorkers who want the news.

One hundred and eleven thousand copies on the first day. A nice little circulation that starts a new paper of this kind. The NEW YORK WORLD, morning, evening, Sunday, or what you will, is causing a bustling among the dry bones of New York journalism.

The NEW YORK WORLD has expressed an evening edition. The WORLD is nothing if not enterprising. It is now the most enterprising journal in this enterprising nation.

The NEW YORK WORLD has started an evening edition, and it is meeting with the phenomenal success which has marked the career of the morning edition since it became the property of Joseph Pulitzer. The first evening's edition of the new paper was over a hundred thousand copies, and the circulation is bound to increase. The editorials have the right ring and will take with the masses. The EVENING WORLD gives all the news for a cent.

Answers to Correspondents. C. N.—Oct. 11 engaged apartments in the same ward but different section district, not moving in till the 15th or 16th. Have I lost my vote?

J. C.—Please to inform me whether both the Herreshoffs (the constructors of the battleship) are blind, or whether only the designer, Mr. Nathaniel.

J. C.—Please inform me what is the law in regard to the eligibility of a naturalized citizen for office in the United States Congress? There is no law in relation to it.

C. J. H.—If a man knocks his wife down and otherwise maltreats her, can she get a divorce from him? She can get a divorce in Connecticut. Both parties may remain in Connecticut but both must be citizens of Connecticut.

J. B.—If a person born in France of French parents, but naturalized in the United States before France before the age of thirty-five, should be impressed for military service in France, would the French Government have the power, if any, to make him a citizen of France. Whether this government would interfere so one can't tell. All the old American spirit of the nation is now being destroyed by twenty-four years of Republican rule, during which even native-born citizens were impressed into foreign armies without a word of protest from Washington.

One Way to Achieve Fame. Mr. Edison, the electrician, has invented a pipe which it is said "will make a sensation among smokers." Why doesn't Mr. Edison endeavor himself to humanity and win immortal fame by inventing a pipe which will make a sensation among cigarette-smokers?

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Strange Story of the Emily Brand.

BY ANDREW MURKIN ALLEN. (Continued from Friday's Evening World.)

S we turned back to the cabin I noticed that that part of the deck over which I had seen the stranger pass, dripping with water five minutes before, was perfectly dry, as were also the brass plate on the companion ladder down which I had seen him disappear. This discovery bothered me not a little, as may be readily imagined. Still I remained firm in my conviction that I had actually seen the man, and had not, as Drayton evidently believed, simply suffered an optical illusion.

I paced the deck until the yacht's boat arrived with the men and Roy. When they had boarded the brigantine Drayton came on deck again and we made another thorough search of her with the dog running on ahead and with the aid of two bull's-eye lanterns that the men had brought over. This second search was as fruitless as the first. It was after 10 o'clock, and we were at the point of returning to the yacht to prepare for dinner when I decided that

it would be best to lock the cabin. We entered it for that purpose, and after having secured the doors of the storerooms and closed the hatch, we turned to leave it. Drayton preceding me towards the deck. Half-way up the companion-way it suddenly occurred to me that I had left my cigar-case on the table and I returned to get it. As I again stepped into the apartment I saw, clearly defined, at the upper end of the bulkhead on the starboard side upon the partition, close by the storeroom door, the shadow in profile of the face and figure of a man. The shade appeared to be cast by some very tall person sitting on the bunk to my right, forward; but there was no one there, as a matter of course I bent down to look at the evidence of my senses and stood for a moment looking about me in bewilderment. Recovering myself, however, I approached the corner, convinced that the dark-gray shadow was a stain upon the paint. Apparently it was near the chair near the harmonium I took a close sheet of music, and, holding it between the shadow and the light, I looked behind it and perceived that that portion of the shadow, a part of the head and face—between which and the light I had interposed the obstacle had been obliterated. On looking at the surface of the upper part of the shadow, I noticed the portion of the shade clearly illuminated thereon. Having thus satisfied myself that it was a shadow and one cast by some (to me) invisible and impalpable thing or substance, I returned to the deck. I became somewhat excited. I shouted to Drayton, who immediately ran back into the cabin, followed by the dog. His examination of the phenomenon resulted exactly as mine had. On turning at its conclusion, as I spoke to Roy, we found to our surprise that he had left us. Although we tried our best neither by persuasion nor command could we move him to enter the cabin again. We looked at each other nonplussed, Drayton and I, and I am willing to confess that mingled with my feeling of triumph at my own discovery was a feeling of uneasiness. I got up to examine the shadow, and, turning my back to Drayton, as I did so I heard the peculiar double click of the ham-

beginning to tell on my nerves and to excite my imagination disagreeably as to what was to come next. Still I entertained not the least doubt that I was the victim of some jugglery practiced upon us for some unexplained reason by hidden human agents. I was morally certain that this was the case. I had not, of course, had time to reason why, but I was of the only natural one, and certainly no other explanation of what I had seen occurred to me. Consideration of possible supernatural causes or solutions was out of the question with both of us. Jack Drayton was as free from superstitious fancies as he was incapable of fear, and I may claim to have been no less so in the formation of my opinion.

Slowly, as we looked upon it, the strange shadow faded out. After a vain search of half an hour, and fruitless experiments with the lights and shadows of the cabin, we sought the companion-way and returned to the yacht to dine.

By 8 o'clock, having completed our arrangements, we went back to the brigantine to pass the night in her cabin. Roy recovered us on deck, and we tried again, but in vain, to induce him to enter the apartment with us. His refusal annoyed us both. It was inappreciable. He, however, prepared ourselves for a night. Drayton climbed himself in the forward starboard corner on the bunk, looking at the shadow's corner. I made myself comfortable in the port corner of the cabin, and Drayton, who had raised the weapon again, but even as he did so the face and hand disappeared. Not instantly, but as if drawn slowly back, they seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness without. As I supposed, at the report of the pistol, the shadow faded away the light in the cabin waned again; and crying to me, "Stay where you are and keep the dog with you" (the dog had bounded into the cabin half involuntarily, I suppose, at the report of the pistol), Drayton hurried on deck.

I seized Roy's collar, and at the moment the doors of all four storerooms, although they were not closed, all at once suddenly extinguished, and only a small lantern left burning on the table. The atmosphere became oppressively hot and a musty, moldy

panion-way—blasting me in alone with the dog. My recollection of what followed is perfect by clear-cut, vivid—but it is not in my power to write an adequate description of it. All I can do is to relate what occurred as I actually saw and felt it. Appreciation of the horror of my position must leave, with but one reservation, to the imagination of the reader.

On finding myself thus closed in by my first undefined terrors, naturally was to reach the bulkhead, and I did so, but I did not think I was afraid at first. Some new trick was about to be played upon us, and I wanted him to see what it was with me. It came to me that the companion hatch could have been made fast, so I turned to the steps, the dog accompanying me closely—too closely in fact. As I raised my foot I felt that I was unable to place it on the step, and I was obliged to raise it up. I tried to speak, but my voice came out as a hoarse, guttural sound, and I was perfectly conscious that I had full possession of my senses. During all this time the dog had been pressing close against me, trembling like leaf—trembling, as I well had tried to walk through a wall of solid rock, and still, in extending my hands and looking before me, I felt nothing but a soft, spongy forbidding pressure, and a roaring in the open air. I cannot say whether my sensation was one of terror or bewilderment—perhaps it was a mingling of the two. I called aloud with the full strength of my lungs, but the sound of my voice seemed strangely muffled, even while I was perfectly conscious that I had full possession of my senses. During all this time the dog had been pressing close against me, trembling like leaf—trembling, as I well had tried to walk through a wall of solid rock, and still, in extending my hands and looking before me, I felt nothing but a soft, spongy forbidding pressure, and a roaring in the open air. I cannot say whether my sensation was one of terror or bewilderment—perhaps it was a mingling of the two. I called aloud with the full strength of my lungs, but the sound of my voice seemed strangely muffled, even while I was perfectly conscious that I had full possession of my senses. 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