SOCIETY AFFAIRS IN BRIEF.

MR. BAYLIES AND MISS WILLETS MARRIED WITH QUAKER CEREMONIES.

Ex-President Tyler's Widow Visiting in This City—Some Announcements of Engagements and Weddings—A New Substitute for the Kaffee Klatsch—The Tableaux Vivants at Tuxedo this Evening.

BESIDES other weddings this week a very pretty one took place on Wednesday evening at 8.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willets, 510 East Eighty-fifth street. Mr. Charles Baylies and Miss Emma Willets were married in accordance with the ceremony required by the Society of Friends, of which both are well-known members. The bride wore white faille Francaise, with train, the corsage and trimming of point lace and orange blossoms and tulle veil. She carried white roses and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Elixabeth Arnold, Miss Caroline Willets, a sister of the bride, and Miss Elizabeth Capron. They wore draperies of rose tulle over satin slips, cut walking length, and carried bouquets of La France roses. There were four ushers.

The widow of ex-President Tyler is visiting Mrs. I. B. Chalmers in this city.

The engagement of Mr. Walter Brooks and Miss Skillman, daughter of Mr. Joseph Skillman, is announced.

Mrs. J. F. Plummer, of 24 East Fifty-sixth street, will give a reception on Dec. 9.

The first meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club for this season will take place next Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. F. W. Goodenow, jr., and Miss May Bennett, Mr. John Munroe and Mrs. Furman Hunt, and Mr. E. L. Montague and Miss Alice Weir will take place next Wednesday.

Mrs. Robert Heywood and Miss Pierce, of 18 West Ninety-third street, will receive on Monday afternoons and evenings during the winter. They will give a musicale on Nov. 14, under the direction of Mr. Abbott Girard Thies.

Mrs. Haight, of 56 West Twenty-sixth street, will give a reception on Dec. 7.

Mrs. Edward J. Brown, of 10 West Thirty-first street, will be at home on the afternoons of Thursday, Nov. 3 and 10, from 3 until 6 o'clock.

Mrs. J. J. Van Nest, of 8 West Forty-fifth street, has returned to her home for the winter season from Elberon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McCall Elliott, née Wheeler, are at the Brunswick.

Mrs. Alexander and daughter will sail this month for Europe, to pass the winter at Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Smith and family have returned from their country-seat to their home in this city for the winter.

Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, will deliver a lecture to the National Academy of Science, at Mrs. Draper's home, 271 Madison avenue, on the afternoon of Nov. 9.

Mrs. Haddock, of 276 West Eleventh street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 16.

Mrs. Anerbach, of 546 East Eighty-seventh street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 17.

There will be a large Chai, which is the latest substitute for the Kaffee-Klatsch, given on Monday afternoon and evening at the Friends' Meeting-House, Sixteenth street and Rutherford place.

Quite a number of people will go from the city to Tuxedo to-day to attend the tableaux vivants, which will be managed by Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mrs. Grenville Kane and Mrs. James Breeze. They will go to the dance to-night and the regular Saturday evening dance, and will pass Sunday in the country.

The Prodigal Son.

[From the Omaha World.]

Prodigal Son—Father I have spent my substance and have arisen and returned to thee.

Practical Father—What did you spend all that money on?"

"Amateur photography."

"Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow."

It Wasn't His Tooth.

Countryman to Dentist—I wouldn't pay nothing extra for gas. Just lug her out. Never mind if it does hurt.

Dentist—Well, you are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.

Countryman—Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She will be here in a minute.

Two Things that Cannot Agree.

A cough or cold and RIKER'S EXPECTORANT. Insist on having Riker's and you are positively sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.

WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., New York. Established 42 years. ***

CARP FOR THE ASKING.

Commissioner Blackford Ready to Give Them Away to Any Applicant.

ONE of the curious sights at Fulton Market just now is a big marble tank at Mr. Blackford's stand filled with lively little black wigglers from an inch to an inch and a half long. These are the five thousand young German carp which came yesterday from the United States Fish Commission at Washington for free distribution in this vicinity. Twenty of the fish will be given to any one upon application, if they are desired for the purpose of stocking ponds.

"I have already received over one hundred and fifty applications," said Commissioner Blackford this morning, "and will send the fish off to-day. Most of them go by express. This lot is part of a carload that was sent to Eastern States in one of the commission's aquarium cars, built especially for the purpose. The rest go on to Boston and the New England States. About 3,000,000 carp are distributed about this time every year by the commission.

"They are hatched in the Government stock ponds at Washington, and all of this lot is less than six months old. Five hundred of them are blue carp, a new variety brought over from Germany about two years ago. They grow a little faster than the others. Carp are a very hardy fish and easy to raise, but the quality of the flesh is rather inferior. They are mostly eaten by Germans. It takes five or six years for a carp to reach its full growth, when it sometimes weighs eighteen or nineteen pounds. It resembles an American sucker more than anything else."

"Do you anticipate any difficulty in disposing of your entire consignment?"

"Not the slightest. The demand is always far ahead of the supply."

UMBRELLA HANDLES.

Boxwood handles are not to be despised.

A bird's head in ivory with a bill as long as a milliner's, is fetching.

Oxydized silver, wrought into fanciful designs, is one of the neatest styles.

Hazel wood, with a elephant head, gives an attractive hold to a banker's clerk.

Some youthful bloods prefer the stick of British oak and a buck-horn handle.

The fastidious young man about town likes a big Japanese handle, carved. It is very *chic*.

Real girlish girls think an ash handle curved like a shepherd's crook is the correct thing.

The I-don't-care-what-it-is individual is just as likely as not to take a maple stick and gold handle.

A beautiful natural stick is the German weichzel, a smooth, rich cherry, with neat little knots on it and deliciously fragrant.

Young ladies with a willowy, Southern grace, should select a palmetto stick from the Isthumus. It is dark, smooth and knotty.

Undertakers eye the rosewood stick with the silver handle as an umbrella made for the profession. It looks like an offshoot from a casket.

Columbia undergraduates think a Whanzee stick, or one of partridge wood, which is as hard as Bessemer steel, is the thing for a college man.

Spruce athletes of the Manhattan and New York clubs will take kindly to a lignum vitæ stick, with a big ball of oxydized silver for handle.

Something for a young widow is an unpolished ebony, without carving or mounting of any kind. It is as sombre as a hearse and far more elegant.

A good handle for believers in the late Scotch cutter (she was very late, you know,) is the thistle-root. It is tough, light, and of a bleached, taffy color.

If you are young and dudish, what about an orange-wood handle, a creamy white, something like a meerschaum after a first smoke, and smooth as satin?

For a millionaire and fifty years, nothing harmonizes better than a snake stick, with a hammered gold cap. Snake wood is as hard as a problem in the higher mathematics, and has beautiful dark stripes running around it. Snake wood comes from Grevill, Ill.

An Ascetic.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Father—Ain't you going to work?

Lazy Son—Guess not.

"I don't understand how anybody can loaf such weather as this. Why, it is a real pleasure to work now."

"I know it, but I don't want to give myself up too much to mere enjoyment."

A Balm for Many Wounds.

[From the Newark News.]

If Mrs. James Brown Potter can haul in the Bland dollars she will not care what the bland critics say.

NOTHING so wearing upon the system as a cough. Cure it at once with ADAMSON'S BALSAM. ***

CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

EFFORTS TO HAVE MRS. POTTER APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY NEXT WEEK.

Both the Lady and Her Manager of the Opinion that a Change is Desirable—Robson and Crane to Run "The Henrietta" Till March—The Vokes Company in San Francisco—Dixey to Make a Long Jump.

SOME serious questions were discussed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and her manager yesterday in regard to the lady's season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. They had supposed that "Mlle. de Bressier" would run two weeks, but the public do not seem to like it. It serves to conceal whatever talent Mrs. Potter may possess. She is sadly handicapped by it. On Tuesday night the receipts were good, but by no means extraordinary. On Wednesday night only two boxes were occupied, while about three-quarters of the lower part of the house and one-half of the dress circle were populated. Both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Miner have come to the conclusion that a change is necessary. They have no new play but "Loyal Love," which Mr. Miner saw in London, and liked no more than did the Londoners. However, all the energies of the management—they are both vigorous and numerous—will, it is said, be exerted to make some change next week if possible. Several theatrical prophets said yesterday that they believed Mrs. Potter would make a hit in a good play.

* * *

The arrangements to keep Bronson Howard's wonderfully successful play "The Henrietta" at the Union Square Theatre until the last week in March are now completed. When they have brought their long engagement to an end Messrs. Robson and Crane will take "The Henrietta" to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, where they will open the first week in April. They will then go to Philadelphia and Chicago. The managers of the different theatres where Robson and Crane were booked to appear before they knew they would remain at the Union Square Theatre were offered in exchange Steele Mackaye's play "Anarchy." It has not been generally accepted, however.

* * *

Rosina Vokes and her company have not met with the same success in San Francisco that they had here. The loss of that amusing little comedian, Weedon Grossmith, and one or two other important people, injured the business of the company in San Francisco, where they opened last Monday night.

* * *

Henry E. Abbey is looking for bevies of pretty girls to appear in "School" in the school-room scene. This play will be produced at Wallack's in a couple of weeks, when "Caste," which is still drawing big houses, will be withdrawn.

* * *

Henry E. Dixey plays next week in Buffalo. Immediately after the close of his engagement he will make a quick jump—this is theatrical parlance—to San Francisco with his company and his Rice. He will appear in that city the Monday following his arrival there. The Dixey engagement in California is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. It is thought that Dixey will make a great deal of money, in view of the fact that burlesque of every description is all the rage at the Golden Gate.

Footlight Scintillations.

At Tony Pastor's next week, Adam Forepaugh, jr., will appear with his trained dogs.

Dockstader gives an election day matinee next Tuesday, with what he calls "a great programme."

Miss Myra Goodwin has made a hit in Edward E. Kidder's new comedy "Philopena" at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, this week.

A Checkered Career.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

"I think that Mr. Shaughnessy has encountered more of the ups and downs of life than most of us?"

"No, no. His life is as monotonous and uneventful as a running stream."

"That may all be, but he has his ups and downs just the same.

"How?"

"He is a hod-carrier."

A Champagne Cocktail.

If you can afford a "Champagne Cocktail" when you feel "rocky" of a morning and CAN QUIT ON ONE small bottle (G. H. Mumm's), we've nothing more to say. "It goes." There is certainly nothing better! But if you can't do that, don't heat up your stomach and brain with brandy, whiskey or gin and start your head to "jumping." Just take wineglassful of RIKER'S CALISAYA TONIC, with a little ICE or COLD Vichy, and in a very short time you will feel "O. K." Pint bottles, 75 cents.

Don't take anything but RIKER'S and you are sure of perfect satisfaction.

Sold almost everywhere.

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

HAND-ORGANS GRINDING OUT.

Crowded Out by the Easier Work of Chestnut Roasting.

EVERYBODY and everything, almost, is engaged in the sometimes vain struggle to "keep up" with the times. The hand-organ man and his instrument are no exception to this effort. As a rule this grinder of tunes, accompanied by his monkey if he has one, makes an annual call upon a man who understands something more about his instrument than merely how to turn the crank. This person makes what repairs are necessary and refits the music-box with popular tunes. But just at this season of the year no hand-organs are heard, because of late years musical tours with the hand-organ are made almost entirely by the children of sunny Italy, and these people are now engaged in the more genteel and much easier employment of selling chestnuts.

A large part of the Italians who come to this country are the owners of organs, but many forsake them if other work can be found, really preferring hard labor to the grinding of organs; but others never did, and probably never will, do anything else.

Some twenty-five years ago, during the war times and for a few years afterwards, tune-grinding was at its height, for in those times crippled soldiers with large families and small pensions could find but little else to do, and so of necessity took to grinding out the then popular war songs. But since that time there has been a gradual but steady falling off in the number of grinders and the rendering of popular tunes at 6 A. M. has been growing beautifully less, for those of the soldiers who are not dead have found other means by which to fight the wolf.

The hand-organ man's stock of tunes varies year by year as old airs die out or new ones become popular, but a few old ones, as "Nellie Gray," "Old Folks at Home," and the like are always to be heard. "White Wings" is on its deathbed along with the "Mikado," "Erminie," "Rockabye Baby," "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," "The Cricket Song," and "The Letter that Never Came" are among the airs to which the organ man was partial, and "Boulanger's March" is now being transposed, cut up and murdered to suit the different keys of the various organs.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Astor House.

At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for $1.

SOUP.
Mutton Broth, with Barley,
or Clam Chowder.

FISH.
Boiled Codfish. Egg Sauce.

ROAST.
Veal, or Oysters with Cream Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.

DESSERT.
Pumpkin Pie.
Jelly Cake. Cheese.
Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.
Sirloin steak, 18 to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 20c. to 25c.
Leg veal, 20c.
English mutton chop, 25c.
Lamb hindq'rters, 14 to 16c.
Veal cutlets, 25c.
Sweetbreads, 60 per dozen.
Calves' heads, 75c. to $1.
Roasting pig, $3.50 each.
Spring chicken, $1 to $1.25 pair.
Roast chicken, 16 to 22c. lb.
Dry-picked turkeys, 20c. to 22c.
Squabs, $3.50 to $4. doz.
Boston Geese, 18 to 20c.
Boston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Ordinary ducks, 12c. to 15c.
Canvasbacks, $3.50 pair.
Grouse, $1.50 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to $1.25 pair.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.
Redheads, $1.50 pair.
Mallards, $1 pair.
Teal, 75c. to 95c. pair.
Capons, 25c. lb.
Quail, $4 doz.
English snipe, $3 doz.
Plover, $3 doz.
Rail, $1.50 doz.
Rabbits, 25c. apiece.
Venison, 20c. to 25c.
Woodcock, $1 pair.
Fresh mackerel, 15 to 20c.
Sea bass, 15c. to 20c.
Cod, 8c.
Lobsters, 8c. to 10c.
Bluefish, 15c.
Weakfish, 15c.
White perch, 15c.
Red snappers, 20c.
Halibut, 14 to 18c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Sheepshead, 20c.
Smelts, 20c.
Little-neck clams, 40c. to 60c. a 100.
Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Terrapin, $12 to $36 a doz.
Green turtle soup, $1 quart.
Frogs' legs, 50c. lb.
Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Scallops, $1.25 per gallon.
Celery, 12c. bunch.
Peas, 25c. half peck.
Green corn, 35c. doz.
Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, $1 quart.
Onions, 20 to 30c. half peck.
Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
Lettuce, 5c. head.
Cranberries, 10c. quart.
Horseradish, 10c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 20c. half peck.
Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 2 bunches for 25c.

The Wail of a Ham-Fatter.

Editor of The Evening World:

If you will induce some *chef* to compile a list of good things to eat and easily obtainable which will not produce adipose tissue, I am sure a great good will be accomplished and a lasting favor conferred on one who, blessed with a good appetite and fearing corpulency, is now cautioned to eschew bread, potatoes, cream, sugar and other "goodies." It is not "how shall I get bread," but how may I do without it. Yours, truly,

New York, Nov. 3. HAM-FAT.

SWORN IN ON THE BLOTTER.

Novel Manner in Which an Italian Was Naturalized.

DAYS are busy in the Superior, Common Pleas and other courts that are empowered to issue naturalization certificates. Each year the several political organizations of the city establish naturalization bureaus, through which any immigrant who has been in this country the required length of time can become naturalized free of cost to himself.

The process of swearing in a new citizen is intended to be very solemn, but as fully two-thirds of the foreigners have not the faintest idea of the meaning of the formula, and only do as they are told because the political "worker" who brought them there told them to, it is oftener ludicrous. The sense of the ridiculous sometimes overcomes the court officers too, and must have actuated the judge who was crowning five of these new sovereigns the other day.

The court copy of the Bible on which the oath is taken was not in its usual place, and no attendant was within call. The Judge was pressing a blotter on the blank certificate which he had just filled out, when he discovered the absence of the book. But he was equal to the emergency, and, extending the blotter, said: "Put your right hand on the blotter," and then went through the formidable and solemn oath of allegiance to the Land of Liberty and Politics; and at the close of the solemn formula he wound up with the business-like "So help you, God. Kiss the blotter."

EATING IN A HURRY.

Everyday Features of a Busy Downtown Restaurant.

A downtown lunch room is as packed as a sardine box from 1 to 2 o'clock. Men struggle in and cope with corned-beef hash, sandwiches, spaghetti, salad, pie and coffee as well as their neighbor's elbows allow them to. When they squeeze out after this training for dyspepsia the victim goes to a counter, tells what he has had and gets a check, which he hands in to the cashier and pays for.

"What prevents anybody from eating half a dollar's worth and getting a check for a sandwich?" an EVENING WORLD reporter asked of a young man who was feverishly dealing out apple dumplings.

"They do. We lose about $20 a day. But they're likely to be caught. There are several detectives in the room at this time, and they drop on a fellow when they see him playing that game."

"What do the men say when they are caught?"

"Oh, they'll tell you they thought the whole thing was 10 cents. If they kick and won't pay, why the policeman out there is called in. But we don't mind the little loss that comes that way. It doesn't make much difference."

"How much do you take in on an average?"

"About $200 a day. The average price for the lunch that a man gets here is 15 cents. But you see there are a good many of them," the waiter added, as he looked at the squirming mass of lunch and lunchers.

Sam Jones's Fish Story.

[From Sam's Sermon at St. Louis.]

I tell you, brethren, I am a good friend of the Baptists. I love the Baptists, and have some good solid friends among them, but I'll tell you an incident, not as a joke on the Baptists, but as an illustration of what I want to say.

Some fellows were fishing in Maine a few months ago, and they all went fishing daily. When they got to the waters they were fishing in they caught, among others, a very curious fish. It was the strangest-looking fish any of the men in the crowd ever saw. One looked at it and another looked at it, and they discussed it a good deal, and then turned to an old Maine man and asked him:

"What sort of a fish is this stranger?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know the real name of the creature, but we always call it the Baptist fish."

"Why? What do you call it the Baptist fish for?"

"Well," he says, "don't you know it's because they spoil so soon after you take them out of the water." (Laughter.)

Of course that ain't true about Methodists, but some of you Methodists spoil mighty quick after a big meeting.

"Agin It."

[From Judge.]

Imported Citizen (to embryo citizen just arrived at Castle Garden)—AV coorse, Moike, yes'll be afther votin' th' Dimicratic thicket this fall?

Immigrant (who is a fugitive from English misrule)—What's that ye say? Phat I have yes a government here?

Citizen—AV coorse we have.

Immigrant (decisively)—Thin begob Oim agin it.

Forethought.

[From Puck.]

Never forget to be kind to dumb animals. A few extra handfuls of corn thrown to your turkeys in these cold autumn days may make you feel a great deal happier by Thanksgiving.

Black Sam's Famous Tavern.

[New York Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.]

The most interesting relic of old New York, perhaps, is Black Sam's or Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Pearl and Broad streets. It was here that Washington was lodged after the evacuation evacuation by the British, and here that his memorable farewell to his officers was spoken. The building is a plain brick structure, five stories high, though it is not improbable that the two upper stories have been added since the present century came in, the great thickness of the honest old walls making such an addition easily possible. The house was built about 1750 by the DeLancey family, and Samuel Fraunces opened it in 1763 as an inn. It was the Saturday night rendezvous of a gathering of choice spirits, who called themselves the Social Club and remained open throughout the war, Black Sam, though known to be on the Liberty side, being a favorite of the Tories as well. It is now kept by one Jacob Etzell, who is very proud of the history of the old place, and looks with scorn on the claims of spurious Washington's headquarters elsewhere. The dining-room where the last toast was drank and the last handclasp given before Washington took boat at Whitehall to lay down his commission before Congress, is on the second floor; a low-celled room with deep window seats that would put a modern builder's flimsy walls to shame. A portrait of Washington hangs in it and long tables are ranged up and down its length.

Died of Worry About His Money.

[Boston Letter to the Providence Journal.]

A Boston man who, until he was forty, lived an economic, hardworking life, and one which was both happy and useful, had the misfortune at that time to inherit from a relative a fortune of some millions. He was instantly overwhelmed with importunities from all sides. Gifted with an acutely sensitive New England conscience, he was not only anxious to do good with his wealth, but he was almost morbidly afraid that through ignorance or carelessness he should do harm with it. He investigated with the most painful care the cases presented to him, and he literally agonized over the things he desired to do, that he feared to do and those that he was urged to do. Two years of this worry killed him. His physician said afterwards that the certificate, to be accurate, should have been filled out to read, "Died of his money," and the statement would have been literally true.

Contempt of Court.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Gentlemen," said the Judge of an Arkansas court to the attorneys during a trial, "I don't mind your shooting at each other occasionally if the circumstances seem to justify it; but I see that one of your bullets has hit an overcoat belonging to the Court and broken a quart flask in the inside pocket. I wish it to be distinctly understood that if there is any more such careless shooting in this court I'll lift the scalp of the galoot that does it. Now go ahead with the case."

He Didn't Know Where She Lived.

[From Judge.]

"I think you will find these delicate extracts of cologne more agreeable than that musk you have selected," said the druggist to his fair customer.

"Perhaps so," she replied, "but they wouldn't be of the least use to me. You see I live in Hunter's Point."

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE?

If so there is no system of treatment that offers the certainty of cure and economy of time and money as do the CUTICURA REMEDIES. We will send free to any sufferer "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials, every one of which repeats this story:

I have been a terrible sufferer for years from diseases of the skin and blood; have been obliged to shun public places by reason of my disfiguring humors; have had the best physicians; have spent hundreds of dollars, and got no relief until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which have cured me, and left my skin as clear and blood as pure as a child's.

COVERED WITH SALT RHEUM.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

NEWARK, O. J. W. ADAMS.

HEAD, FACE AND BODY RAW.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful.

DECATUR, MICH. MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE.

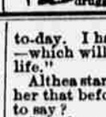
A FEVER SORE CURED.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever night years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. GASOR, merchant, of this place. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainsboro, Tenn.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin preserved with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



KIDNEY PAINS

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-subduing plaster. All druggists, 25 cents.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. D.—Your inquiry should be addressed to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., whose business it is to answer all proper inquiries relating to his office.

Jennie.—The courts of New Jersey grant divorces for non-support and abandonment. It is necessary for you to live three years in New Jersey before you can bring an action for divorce.

S. V. A.—THE WORLD must insist upon its rule that letters unverified by the name and address of the sender, and unaccompanied by a post-paid and directed envelope, shall be dropped into the waste basket without reading.

S. P.—Parents are bound to support children and children are bound to support parents. It is a misdemeanor in the State of New York for them to neglect to do it. It is not necessary for them to refuse to do it to bring them under the law.

F. J. B.—"Does the Constitution of the United States permit men to carry arms, and, if so, why are men fined for so doing?" The Constitution says that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," and the courts of this State have decided that any regulation in regard to the "keeping and bearing of arms" is an infringement which the State has no right to make. Any police magistrate interfering with a man for carrying arms violates his oath to support the Constitution and laws of his State, and any magistrate who fines a man for keeping or bearing arms commits grand larceny, for which he may be sent to State Prison. They have not a shadow of excuse, for the city ordinance which they attempt to enforce, has been three times declared unconstitutional by the highest criminal court in the 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, by MUNCZI LAJOS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Immense success of A. LE MOULTS GREAT FLOWER SHOW. EXTENDED TO SUNDAY, NOV. 6. Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c. AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

DOCKSTADER'S Mrs. Blotter IN "MLLE. DE BRASS EAR," accompanied by CURLY BELLOWS DOCKSTADER, OXYGEN, "CLEVELAND'S TRIP," NEW JOKES, BALLADS, DANCES. Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. EDWARD HARRIGAN.....Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY.....Manager. EDWARD HARRIGAN AND THE LEATHER PATCH. An Artistic Triumph and a Brilliant Success. DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR ORCHESTRA. WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY. Next Week—CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Last 2 nights of engagement of JOSEPH JEFFERSON. To-night (Friday), last performance of THE RIVALS. Saturday night and Saturday matinee, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH and LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

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

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager. SIXTH WEEK. ENORMOUS SUCCESS. The Comedians, ROBSON AND CRANE, in Bronson Howard's Great Comedy, THE HENRIETTA. 50th Performance, Monday, November 14. Elaborate Souvenirs. Seats secured two weeks in advance. EVENINGS AT 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2. Carriages at 10.45.

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Second week of GEO. H. KNIGHT, in Bronson Howard's and David Belasco's new play, RUDOLPH. A great stage portraiture. A panorama of home love. Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 30c., 50c., 75c., $1 and $1.50.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. (Unparalleled Success.) Proprietor and Manager.....MR. JOHN STETSON. MRS. POTTER, in her brilliant and beautiful creation, FAUSTINE DE BRESSIER. Supported by Mr. Kyrle Bellew (by courtesy of Mr. H. E. Abbey, of Wallack's).

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

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Wed. Mat. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, $1. A BUNCH OF KEYS. Sat. Mat. Next week—ANNIE PIXLEY. Next Sunday—Prof. CROMWELL'S Summer Ramble in Sweden.

CASINO, BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. The sparkling Comic Opera THE MARQUIS. Received with roars of laughter. Admission.....50 cents.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Seventh week. Elaborate production of the melodramatic success, A DARK SECRET. Evenings at 8. Matinee Sat. at 2. Reserved seats, 50c., 75c., $1; family circle, 25c.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE.—BURLESQUE. BRICE'S BURLESQUE COMPANY. Rice & Dixey's Sumptuous Production, THE CORSAIR, with its gorgeous attractions. 65 ARTISTS. Eve's at 8 (sharp). Mat's. Wed & Sat. at 2.

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM. 728 Broadway. 7.30. 25c. Admission; Children, 15c. BURMESE HAIRY MASCOTS. GALATEA. Entertainments from noon till 10 P. M.

CHICKERING HALL. LAST TWO TEA CONCERTS THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, NOV. 4, AT 8. To-morrow (SATURDAY), NOV. 5, MATINEE AT 2. Admission, $1. All seats $1.50.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st. Every Evening at 8.15 and Saturday Matinee. THE WIFE. Messrs. Kelcey, Miller, Lemoyne, Wheatcroft, Dickson, Miss Coghlan, Mrs. Vernon, Henderson, Dillon, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Walcot.

POOLE'S THEATRE. 8th st. near 6th ave. 10c., 20c., 30c. Matinees, Monday, Thurs., Sat. IN HIS POWER. A great play. Next week Sid. C. France in MARRIED FOR LIFE. Extra Holiday Matinee ELECTION DAY.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. GOOD RESERVED SEATS. 14 Stamps Tuesday and Friday. TONY PASTOR HOME. LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY and a full grand company. 25 CENTS.

WAS SHE IN LOVE WITH HIM?

IT was an altogether monstrous and unheard-of thing! He was forty, if he was a day, and she, a little chit of a girl barely twenty-one, hardly older than his own children. By the by, only the other day Mrs. Vandaleur had been expatiating upon the advancing age of the young lady in question to a select circle of acquaintances.

"Yes, Althea Rayne must be at least twenty-six—getting to look quite faded; she was grown up, you know, when Agnes was in the school-room—one of those altogether odd girls, learns all sorts of queer things and is terribly blue. No, Agnes never saw much of her—not her style at all."

Mrs. Vandaleur was right about one thing—her own discreet, insipid daughter and Althea were widely different.

As to the vital question of age, Mrs. Vandaleur had exaggerated somewhat upon both occasions. Althea was twenty-two.

"If it had been anybody else," she went on, wringing her hands; "but Canon Charteris, who has the entree of the very best county society—some more tea, dear Mrs. Headley? sugar I think you said—to choose the daughter of an obscure country clergyman. It is not even as though she were a person of some distinction, but just an ordinary, commonplace girl, little more than a child."

Mrs. Vandaleur's was not the only house at Torford where the new engagement formed the staple topic of conversation during afternoon tea.

Nearly everybody in the old-fashioned cathedral town had his or her private impressions to disclose upon the subject. The eligible single ladies, especially those of a certain age, doted upon Canon Charteris, presented him with sermon-cases and slippers, worked most energetically in his large and populous parish, presided over mothers meetings and clothing clubs—in fact, did everything to win his good graces. But Althea had done nothing; she just stayed at home, and, if she worked among the poor at all, did so in her father's quiet little parish, where nobody heard of it. All the ladies—even the married ones—idolized Canon Charteris, and all combined in being hard upon Althea. She was unanimously declared "a forward, scheming girl" by the fair portion of the population.

Did they care for each other? was the resulting problem which exercised every one. What had led to the affair, love or policy? They, the couple themselves, who after all were most concerned—more, even, than the good people of Greater Torford—were quiet and matter-of-fact enough. She was oftenest to be seen with his children, either rambling along the lanes or tucked into their little low pony-carriage, than with Canon Charteris. Those children, instead of being bitterly prejudiced against Althea, as they ought to have been, according to the orthodox custom, could not make enough of her. Besides being a delightful story-teller, she was still sufficiently a child herself thoroughly to enjoy a good romp. Generally the Canon met them in those drives, and a corner was always found for him by Althea's side. But that was all; no stranger would have guessed the relationship between them. The same question that puzzled the gossips so much would obtrude itself occasionally into the Canon's own thoughts, not whether they cared for each other—he was sure enough of his feelings—but if she cared for him.

He scarcely remembered when he first knew Althea; her father had been an acquaintance—though not exactly an intimate one—of his for years, a clever, well-read man, versed in science, somewhat narrow-minded, and by no means practical. No, the attraction lay in Althea herself. He had a dim recollection of her in short petticoats, and then suddenly she dawned out into new life for him. It befell upon a summer's day, when Canon Charteris rode over to Boskyne Rectory in order to discuss a recently published pamphlet on natural selection with his scientific neighbor, and he had seen Althea. What the two clergymen's views were upon that all-important question is neither here nor there; suffice it to say they each possessed very decided opinions, especially the Canon.

Mr. Rayne's study was a comfortable room, with long French windows opening out upon a gravelled walk. There was a garden gay with flowers; a big, shady lawn; and a girl standing in the sunlight—that was all. Her hair was bright, her face earnest and rapt if not positively pretty; a little figure in a flowered cotton dress, and a pink sun-bonnet which had fallen back.

"Who is that?" inquired the usually polite Canon, interrupting without the slightest show of compunction his companion's eloquent argument.

Mr. Rayne elevated his eyebrows a little; he was not given to exhibiting signs of surprise, but he did think his good friend trifling and inconsiderate. However, he answered quietly enough:

"Why, only my little girl, Althea. Have you forgotten her?"

I am afraid natural selection stood a poor chance after that.

Mr. Rayne wondered first why Canon Charteris was so uncommonly dense, and eventually began to think, after the manner of humble-minded men—not women—that there must be something wrong with himself.

As for the Canon, he must have lost his head, for he promised a harvest thanksgiving sermon, quite regardless of previous engagements. And Althea stood on in the sunlight; her dress fluttered in and out among the flowers; her hands were full of roses, and she had fastened some into her waistband.

The Canon rode away at last, after wasting the good Rector's time in a most unconscionable manner, and having quite interrupted the progress of an important paper which must be sent off by that night's post, and with him went the vision of a fair face and small hands full of flowers.

Alathea herself never saw him at all; but when he was gone Mr. Rayne beckoned from the window.

"Come in, my dear. It is very unfortunate that Canon Charteris came just when I was busy. I want you to copy out this article—there is a quotation, by the bye, which you must verify; Ovid, I think—I have to go and see poor Mrs. Todd. However, I have got a sermon out of him, which is a comfort."

"Isn't he a nice man?