SHORT HAIR AND BALD HEADS

TWO CAUSES WHICH HELP ALONG THE WIG MAKERS.

The Women Who Had Their Heads Clipped Two Years Ago Now Appear With Beautiful Locks—A Wig as a Cure for Neuralgia—The Deception of Actresses—Uses of Men Whose Pates Are Shining Wastes.

ARCHÆOLOGY has proved that wigs were contemporary with the Pharaohs, having been found with the mummies of ancient Egypt, though the recently discovered remains of the once proud Rameses II. shows that he had more sense than to wear a mass of somebody else's hair even if he was bald. This is remarkable in view of the fact than an early historian—one Moses—charges him with such senseless performances as an attempt to make bricks without straw, &c. But then Moses acknowledged himself to have been a personal and political enemy of Rameses, and may have been slightly biased.

If he was a proud monarch, the old fellow was not so proud that he wore a wig to cover a head as bald as a coot, though wigs were in fashion in his day.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to chase the wig further back into the realms of antiquity, though it is not improbable that Adam, who farmed it for a season just outside the Garden of Eden, some thousands of years before Pharaoh, may have worn one. He was certainly subject to all the causes of baldness, save, perhaps, one—he had no mother-in-law.

With this proposition, it is easy to work up to Adam's wig. Adam is bald. He needs a covering for his denuded skull. A wig is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention. Necessity was coeval with Eve and was, in fact, a mother before her. What more probable than that one of necessity's offspring served as a covering for Adam's shiny bald poll?

Whether the first man wore a wig or not, it is certain that it has been the habit of many of his descendants for thousands of years to wear such an addition to their make-up. Not always, because the wearers had been deprived of their crowning glory by disease or the hand of women, but, in some ages, because fashion's stern decrees demanded such a coiffure.

Such a headdress has always been a part of the costuming on the stage, but it was not until the present century that any particular attempt was made to imitate nature in the construction of wigs. Heretofore wigs had been impossible-looking structures, the character of which is still preserved on the British bench and bar, but the effort of the maker of hair goods now is to produce something so like the natural article that Dame Nature would herself mistake it for her own handiwork.

This is necessary because wigs are no longer the fashion, and when a person wears one he or she expects to fool some one else, but always fails lamentably. This is not true of the stage, perhaps, for there the actress who actually displays her own hair most successfully deceives her audience with the belief that she wears a particularly well-constructed wig.

Men are the least willing to submit to wig-wearing. They will apply all sorts of restoratives, specifics, nostrums and Galenicals to prevent the depilation of their nobs; but, once their hirsute adornment gone, they make the best of it by buying front-row orchestra chairs, or becoming skating rinks for flies, or models for the artists who paint the "before" signs for hair restorative manufacturers. In fact, they find that there is still room in the world for them, if there is not a solitary hair upon their pate.

Not so woman. No matter with what a wealth of flowing locks nature may have endowed her, if the shade doesn't happen to match a certain costume; if the front will not conform itself to the decrees of fashion; if it won't make a chignon of the proper size, art must be called in to assist with wigs and waves, switches, fronts and bangs.

So universal is this custom with the fairer sex that a prominent hairdresser said to an EVENING WORLD reporter the other day: "There is not, I will venture to say, one woman in New York who is able to purchase it but wears false hair in some form or other. If it were not for the women and the constantly changing style in bangs, switches and shades there would be no occasion for our business. I seldom have a call from a man for a wig. The last one I received was on a doctor's prescription to cure neuralgia, and the patient kicked terribly at having to wear the thing.

"Once in a while a dude whose hairs happen to be about as few in number as his brains orders a wig or a toupee, designed to cover a little bald spot which is appearing on his crown. I saw one the other evening at Maillard's and he was a sight. Naturally of a light complexion, with brown eyebrows and a light mustache, he had a banged wig of straight black hair which would have suited a dark-browed Spaniard, and the confounded idiot thought he was a regular crusher.

"Women are wearing more wigs now than they ever did before. About two years ago they were struck with an admiration for John L. Sullivan and the other short hairs, and many of the ultra-fashionable had their hair closely clipped. This fashion extended and became quite the rage. The leaders having taken to wigs to conceal the cropped condition of their hair, the others have followed and it has been a fairly lively time for wig makers. This accounts for the many beautiful heads of hair you may have seen on the avenues as well as some incongruous combinations of hair, eyebrows and complexion."

BROADWAY'S BEAUTY SHOW.

An Old Applewoman Grows Eloquent Over Some of Her Customers.

NEW YORK'S handsome women are not all to be seen in Fifth avenue on a pleasant afternoon, or in theatres or in drawing-rooms later in the evening. He who would see them all must get up very early in the morning, as well as go to bed very late at night. As a matter of fact more handsome women and girls can be seen in Broadway, between Fourteenth and Canal streets, at 7 o'clock in the morning, than at any time in any part of the city.

Handsome women do not stroll down Broadway at 7 o'clock in the morning for pleasure, as at that hour the October air is keen and the sidewalks are crowded. Any one whose sense of motion is not overcome by his eye for beauty can see that they are not in Broadway for fun but for business. It is entirely safe to say that every one of the bright-eyed throng is going to that particular employment which earns her daily bread, or perhaps supports a widowed mother or an invalid father.

An old apple woman who keeps a stand in Broadway, near Spring street, knows a good many of these girls. "Bless your heart," she said yesterday, "I knows 'em all, one way or another. They're all girls as have to work for a living. Most of 'em is in stores and factories and such like, and some are shorthand writers and typewriters and bookkeepers. You can't name no occupation, sir, but what I can point out a girl as works at it. They're handsome lassies, ain't they? I used to be one of 'em myself. They look as though they was well fed and warmly dressed. No pinched, starved, ragged ones among them. You won't find a handsomer lot of girls anywhere in town. They're good girls, too. If it wasn't for the girls—and the young men—I wouldn't have much trade, for, if they don't earn big salaries, they get enough to give a poor old woman a penny now and then.

"How long have I known them?" said the old woman, as she made change for a twenty-five cent piece. "Well, that's hard to say. Some of them I've seen going to and fro for several years, and others only a few days. Once in a while one drops out. 'Where has she gone?' says you, 'She has got married,' says I. 'She married the floor-walker in the store where she worked, don't you see?' We're all happy at that, for the floor-walker is a rising young man, and some day he will have a store of his own. Once in a while one drops out, and in a few days some of the girls are crying. 'What's the matter?' says I. 'She's dead,' says they. So it goes. Some get married, some go to other places to work, a few move out of the city and some few die. I call it Broadway's beauty show. Where, will you tell me, can you find so many bright-eyed, plump, rosy-cheeked, healthy girls as you will see here on a crisp October morning?"

The girls walk whenever the weather permits. Walking in the fresh morning air brings the roses to their cheeks and blood to their muscles. It keeps them healthy and strong. Some of them make a point of walking to and from their work, no matter what the weather. When it rains they wrap themselves from head to foot in rubber cloaks. Then, with rubber overshoes, they are prepared for anything that the weather has in store. In winter they bundle up in warm wraps and walk fast to keep up the circulation.

No Love in a Cottage For Her.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Laura," exclaimed the enamored youth, hastily bringing the corner of his frescoed silk handkerchief to view above the edge of his breast pocket and speaking in the low, impassioned accents of a ten-dollar-a-week tragedian out of a job pleading with a stony-hearted conductor for a lift of a few miles on his weary way across the country; "Laura, the time has at length come when I may freely tell you of the deathless devotion with which you have inspired me, and can feel free to ask you to heed the voice of your own heart if it bids you to lisen kindly to my plea. For three long years and some odd months, Laura, I have carried this burden in my heart without daring to hint to you in words of the passion which you must have seen by my actions was consuming me. Not until my prospects in life were sufficiently flattering to warrant me in presuming upon the kindness with which you have ever treated me so far as to ask a higher and more sacred place in your esteem than that of a mere friend could I honorably disclose my sentiments. I have now concluded business arrangements, Laura, by which my future is so far assured that the grim shadow of want shall never fall athwart the threshold of the home which I now implore you to share with me. While I shall not possess wealth, I shall have a sufficiency for the wants of a modest household. While it may not be in my power to array you in diamonds and sealskin sacques"——

"George," said the fair girl, as a shadow of anxious hesitancy flitted across her eloquent face and a look of deep and searching inquiry glowed in the eyes which she bent upon the agitated young man, "what is your salary?"

"Fifteen dollars a week, Laura, for the next six months, with the certain prospect of an increase at the end of"——

"George," and the voice of the brave, noble girl, as it vibrated through the sensitive fibres of the young man's whole being, seemed to come from the inmost recesses of a far-reaching, echoless cavern—"George, you make me very tired!"

Unchanged.

[From the Boston Courier.]

In the merry days of boyhood
Of mischief he was full,
And at the teachers faces made
Behind their backs at school.

He's now a portrait painter
Noted for his skill,
And to his predelictions true
Is making faces still.

DRESSING A SHOP WINDOW.

IT HAS ALMOST BECOME A FINE ART IN A NEW YORK STORE.

Large Retail Houses Have Several Window-Dressers on Their Weekly Pay-Roll—The Best of Them Have Learned Their Trade in Europe—Constant Competition for Brilliant Effects.

Dressing shop windows has become almost one of the fine arts. It has a very practical aim and grows on a mercantile soil, but it is æsthetic, even if it is "business." In nearly all the large dry-goods stores of New York there are regular "window-dressers" in the corps of employees.

The idea of throwing out a bait to feminine eyes by a bewildering display of silk, satin, dress goods, ribbons and laces is not of recent growth. For fifteen years and more it has been a practice with the larger houses, although it has reached a height to-day which it never attained before.

It requires a peculiar taste for combining colors and stuffs so that novel and effective models for costumes are suggested. It is like the taste which American women have for dress, someting almost instinctive.

Sometimes an employee of a big house may have risen from cash-boy up to window-dresser, Many of the decorators, however, are professional dressers, so to speak. The majority of them are Scotchmen, Englishmen or Irishmen. The art finds its best field in the large dry-goods houses with a retail trade. The rich colors in sumptuous materials enable the skilled eye and deft hands of the real "dresser" to work up brilliant and effective masses. In several of the stores with immense windows life-size forms are placed, clothed in the most bewildering toilets. Some of these are "creations" of foreign artists, others are copies of these "confections," and others, really little inferior in merit, but of a much more comforting price to the paterfamilias who has to foot the bill, are designed and made in American stores by American hands.

In most of the large stores the display in the windows is changed weekly. Where the front boasts of several windows, many stores have each one arranged in a different style of goods. In one there will be soft, lustrous satins, folded in conical shape, so as to make a beautiful play of light and shade. In another there will be a whole front of camel's-hair shawls, with their rich but subdued tints. Clouds of filmy laces fill a third. A fourth looks like a rainbow, with ribbons of every conceivable hue depending at different lengths from the top of the windows. Handsome bric-à-brac and toilet articles glitter in a fifth. If there is a sixth, it may be occupied with that adjunct to the feminine toilet which is now returning to its old-time vigor as an instrument of torture—the corset. Since they come in blue, pink, cardinal, yellow, seal-brown and white satins, they have quite a decorative value.

This taste for dressing windows is by no means restricted to the dry-goods stores. All trades do something in this line. Even undertakers put their most attractive caskets and bier-supporters in their windows to exercise such fascination as they may. If a store feels that material or finery is lacking for some such display, frequently something quite foreign to trade purposes is placed in the window to catch the eye of the passers-by. Pictures and mechanical toys are the most common.

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.
Julienne or Clam.

FISH.
Boiled Sun Bass, Parsley Sauce.

ROAST.
Beef or Oyster Pie.
Mashed Potatoes. Lima Beans.

DESSERT.
Squash Pie. Crullers.
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, 25c. to 28c.
Leg veal, 20c.
English mutton chop, 25c.
Lamb hindq'rters, 14 to 16c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
Sweetbreads, $6 per dozen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 60c.
Roasting pig, $3.50 each.
Spring chicken, $1 to $1.25 pair.
Roast chicken, 12 to 20c. lb.
Dry-picked turkeys, 12c. to 20c.
Squabs, $3.50 to $4. doz.
Boston Geese, 16 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, $3.50 doz.
English snipe, $3 doz.
Plover, $3 doz.
Rail, $1.50 doz.
Rabbits, 25c. apiece.
Venison, 20c. to 25c.
Woodcock, $1 pair.
Fresh Kennebec salmon, 90c.
Fresh mackerel, 15c.
Sea bass, 15c. to 20c.
Cod, 7c.
Lobsters, 8c. to 10c.
White fish, 15c.
Pickerel, 12c. to 15c.
Frost fish, 8c.
Flounders, 10c.
Salmon trout, 12c.
Bluefish, 15c.
White perch, 15c.
Red snappers, 15c. to 18c.
Halibut, 15c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Sheepshead, 20c.
Smelts, 20c.
Little-neck clams, 40c. to 50c. a 100.
Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Terrapin, $12 to $36 a doz.
Green turtle soup, $1 quart.
Frogs' legs, 60c. lb.
Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Scallops, $1.25 per gallon.
Celery, 12c. bunch.
Peas, 30c. half peck.
Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, $1 quart.
Onions, 15 to 20c. half-peck.
Cauliflowers, 10c. to 15c.
Lettuce, 5c. head.
Cranberries 10c. quart.
Horseradish, 10c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.

There is No Other Article

In the world that will CURE a cough or cold so swiftly or so SURELY as RIKER'S EXPECTORANT. Always insist on having Riker's, and you are SURE of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere. WM. B. RIKER, Druggist and Manufacturing Chemist, 353 6th ave., New York. Established 42 years. *.*

SPEED IN SHORTHAND.

Some Men Whose Oratory is Too Rapid for the Note-Taker.

Speed in shorthand writing has become as much a desideratum in these latter days as the phonographic art itself was when first introduced in its crudest and most involved form. Then it was the shorthand-writer whose services were in demand; now it is the shorthand man who is most rapid and most expert in his profession, and this demand naturally induces to the making of speedy writers

A veteran of the profession, interviewed the other day by an EVENING WORLD reporter, said: "There is much dispute as to the matter of speed in writing. Of course a person can write much more rapidly in taking testimony, because the language used is the Saxon employed in colloquial speech and is generally short and terse. In court proceedings the stenographer is sometimes compelled to write for one or two minutes at a time at the rate of over two hundred words a minutes, sometimes 225, and possibly even more. There are many in the profession in this city who can do this, but a rate of 200 words a minute cannot be sustained for any length of time."

Referring to the recent test made at the annual meeting of stenographers at Alexandria Bay last summer, the veteran said: "Isaac H. Dement, of Chicago, wrote 290 words of testimony a minute for five consecutive minutes and more than 250 for the same length of time in other trials, but in neither case was he able to read, with absolute correctness, what he had written." The average rate at which words flow from the lips of a public speaker in the rostrum or pulpit is 110 to 120 each minute. Some will speak at the rate of 150 and even 170 for considerable periods, while others do not average more than seventy. Gerritt Smith, the apostle of abolition, seldom averaged more than sixty-five words to the minute. Daniel Webster spoke at the rate of about seventy. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, on his highest flights, tried the skill of the stenographers of his period by ridding himself of words at the rate of 150 at times. Schuyler Colfax was a very rapid talker, speaking at the rate of 150 to 160.

"The Rev. Phillips Brooks, the Boston divine, is another whose torrent of words is never interrupted even by the full stop, much to the discomfiture of the unhappy stenographer who hopes for rest," continued the stenographer. "Senator William Maxwell Evarts is not a rapid talker, but in the course of an hour he rids himself of a great many words. And such words! He troubles the stenographers, not by reason of his speed of utterance, but by his long and involved sentences which require great study on the part of the writer to make the proper punctuation that his remarks may be made intelligible to the reader. A stenographer once said to this juggler of words, 'Mr. Evarts, your long sentences trouble me.' His quick retort was, 'Only criminals are afraid of long sentences.' John Graham, the criminal lawyer, was a rapid talker, but steady and even in his delivery.

"The man who is to-day beyond the reach of the shorthand men is Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, of this city, and I doubt if there is a stenographer who would have the hardihood to guarantee an absolutely accurate report of one of his speeches. He is deliberate enough at first and the man who is green at taking him is lulled into the belief that he is going to have a picnic, but when he spreads his wings and is off on one of his flights of eloquence, the poor reporter who has attempted to follow him, finds his pen brought to a standstill while he looks imploringly at the orator, who is fast disappearing though the clouds, out of the reporter's sight and hearing. He is lost. He says something about 'greased lightning,' and gives it up."

CHATELAINES.

A four-leaf clover has a long slender chain for a fan, and an antique coin has a short chain for a watch.

A design suitable for summer is a grasshopper reposing on a cluster of strawberry leaves and berries.

An appropriate design for a Christmas gift is a spray of holly and berries in silver, with three hanging chains.

A curious design for a chatelaine is a devil-fish with ruby eyes, which has a slender chain depending from each of the eight antennæ.

From the scaly body of a twisted serpent hang three chains, and the same number hang from the points of an oxidized silver oak leaf.

A silver ivy leaf has a lizard in oxydized silver, and a silver butterfly has four chains depending from his slender wings, on which hang a tablet, scent-bottle, watch and pencil.

Playing Buffalo Bill.

[From the Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.]

Two negro boys were playing Buffalo Bill at the Compress yesterday morning, and as is usual in such cases, one of them got hurt. One was impersonating a wild, roving red man of the plains, and the other was the traditional scout that comes to the rescue of the distressed maiden. The Indian had captured the maiden and was carrying her off, when the brave scout let forth a blood-curdling yell and made a dash at him. He had a hatchet in his hand, and, mistaking his distance, commenced cutting at his Indianship, when all of a sudden he commenced crying "bloody murder," and a stream of blood struck him in the face. He had nearly severed the foot of the Indian, and for the time being play was stopped.

Remarkably Successful.

[From Puck.]

Reporter (to eminent Physician)—Anything new this morning, Doctor?

Eminent Physician—Oh—um—ah, yes—an operation at the Cheek and Chin Hospital, one of the most wonderful known to science. I took out the inner lining of a man's pericardium, put three stitches in it, and restored it. Patient lived twenty minutes. A most rare and successful case!

$5,000 GOLD is offered for a case of cough or cold ADAMSON'S COUGH BALSAM cannot cure. 10c. *.*

HIS PLAN WORKED WELL.

A Street-Car Driver's Novel Scheme for Getting Sound Horses.

"Quite a spirited team for a street car," said an EVENING WORLD reporter who was on the front platform of one of the surface cars the other evening.

"Well, yes. But a driver's got to be pretty fly to get as good a team as this," said the driver. "A fresh driver will get the worst hospital cases you ever saw in harness and wonder why the other fellows are so much luckier than he is until he's 'struck' for a tip by the stable boys, and then he knows the reason. Unless a driver's got a good deal of kick in him it'll cost him from 25 cents to 50 cents a week in tipping and boozing the stable boys, if he wants to drive good, sound horses."

"Don't you meet the stable boys' extortionate demands?" queried the interested reporter.

"What, don't I chip in, do you mean? No, sir. I'll tell you how I got the best of 'em—I got arrested. You see they'd been leadin' out bone-yard material to me till I got tired of it. I knew I could get good horses if I would pay, but I wouldn't; so I thought I'd fix 'em. One day a stableman led out the worse pair of split-hoof cows you ever saw for me to make my trip with. They had no business to be out of the hospital, and wouldn't be of much use if they had hospital treatment for a year. I told the fellow that he'd hear from that team, an' he did. I showed that pair of rack-a-bones up at their very worst on that trip and was collared by one of Bergh's officers. My defense was that I was made to drive them by the company. Well, if there wasn't a good deal of hustlin' when the President, the Superintendent and the boss stableman were summoned! I guess yes! And I haven't had to drive any limpin', lop-eared stock since."

THE SCENE AT A HANGING.

Why People Who Have Witnessed an Execution Oppose Capital Punishment.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

Did you ever see a hanging? If you did, the chances are that you have ever since been opposed to hanging on general principles. It is not easy to imagine a man who, having once stood close to a victim of the law's most terrible mandate during the sacrificial moment, could favor a continuance of the policy of capital punishment. I stood once within three feet of a victim—a mere boy of nineteen years, who had in a moment of bravado shot a playmate—and during the two or three minutes which passed while the minister was praying that poor creature fixed the awful gaze of his eyes—his death look—on me. I tried to turn my eyes away, but the fascination of the terrible scene was too great. The last look in that boy's eyes can never be forgotten. That final glance before the black cap was pulled over his face was a most eloquent protest against the barbarism of capital punishment. It was a hideous object-lesson, before which all logic must stand mute. On another occasion I saw a young man who had helped kill a companion while under the influence of liquor. He was brought from a distant part of the jail, through a long corridor, to the place where the scaffold had been erected. On either side of him walked a deputy, behind him were other deputies; ranged along on either side of the gallery was a crowd of curiosity seekers, between whose two rows of staring eyes the culprit had to pass; outside the jail were soldiers with their guns to make doubly sure that no deed of courage or recklessness might save the condemned. The picture made by that helpless, manacled boy walking to his doom before the curious gaze of a multitude was a most vivid one. A Christian mob eager and pushing to be in at the death of a weakling. Society rising up in its might, and with the strong voice of the majority performing the very deed which had brought this miserable to his fate—taking a human life. His crime was committed in a frenzy of intoxication, in a quarrel, when he was mad with passion and irresponsible from drink. Society is calm, deliberate, merciless. But now is it that the culprit can contain himself—that he can refrain from crying out with all his strength against the monstrous injustice of his doom? He walks steadily—up iron stairs, down iron stairs, along an iron corridor—never wavering nor flinching, not even when he turns to walk upon the death-trap. How can he do it? For explanation, look at the bright object in the hand of the black-robed priest who walks just in front of him. It is a crucifix. Upon it his eyes are fixed throughout all the journey to death. It fills him with strength, makes him calm, saves his heart from breaking and gives him hope of a life into which such scenes never entered. There is nothing in the religion of Mr. Salter, who is playing such a prominent part in the mercy movement for the Anarchists, that could give such comfort to a gallows victim.

Women "Make Up" More Than Ever.

[From an Exchange.]

There has been an amazing increase within a year or two in the use of cosmetics and other "beautifiers" among people of fashion and ladies who never before condescended to such artificial aid to overcome the deficiencies or ravages of nature. The art of "making up," as it is now called in fashionable slang as well as on the stage, is spreading and there were well authenticated cases last winter of reigning fashionable belles who were not deficient in it. There is probably no remark so often heard at the fashionable assemblies applied to fashionable women by each other, as "Oh, she's made up; she looks well to-night, but she's made up." Enamel is used to a considerable extent and there is a professional enameller in Philadelphia who has a large patronage. All the pharmacists in the fashionable quarter of the city report a greatly increased demand for face washes, face creams, powders and "beautifiers" generally.

She Would Not Love Him.

[Huntsville (Ala.) Despatch to Montgomery Advertiser.]

This morning at 1 A. M. a young negro by the name of Bob Miller went to the house of a young negro woman, Millie Strong by name, and on her refusal to open the door to him, broke it open with an axe. The girl jumped through a window in her night clothes for the purpose of escaping, but Miller fired one shot from his pistol, which was a six-shooter, and broke her arm. The girl ran until stopped by a wire fence, when Miller caught her by the hair. He sent one bullet through her neck, and, holding her in his arms, sent the remaining four through her breast. Any of the shots would have proven fatal, and she died immediately. The refusal of the girl to marry him was the cause of the shooting. The negro is now in a swamp seven miles south of this place, and a hundred negroes are in search of him. He was seen there about noon to-day, armed with his six-shooter and an old double-barrelled shotgun.

STEBBINS AND HIS PAMELIA.

He is a Loving Husband, but He Draws the Line at Travelling.

[Clara Belle's New York Letter.]

Mr. Stebbins has been an admirable husband for ten years and you will see, after reading what he suffered, that he is not cruel in vowing that he will never again go travelling with his wife. She is exceedingly domestic, and her trip a few days ago kept her away from her home-bed for the first time in years. Stebbins was already tired when they took the six-something train for Philadelphia. A friend met him in the office of a hotel next day and says he never saw a man so discouraged. Stebbins confided his troubles to the friend, and, though the case is not without parallel, it is of sufficient interest to let it go. Stebbins says that the journey to Philadelphia completed his exhaustion, and he was truly delighted to be ushered, about 11 o'clock, into elegant hotel apartments. Stebbins remained in the drawing-room to look at some evening papers and smoke a restful cigar, while Pamelia unmade her toilet. He spoke to her at 11.45, 12.15 and at 12.55. On all these occasions the lady was either brushing her hair, or folding something, or searching in a toilet bag; and she would not let him go to bed before her, for fear he would fall instantly asleep, leaving her lonesome and nervous in the strange place; at all events, the poor man was taking his first nap when Pamelia said: "Oh, dear; I have forgotten to wind my watch;" and out of bed she plied; coming back she asked him if he had put the cough medicine in his satchel or his overcoat. Trying to think of the locality of that bottle waked him completely, and the clock was striking three when he went to sleep again. At 3.15 Pamelia said that she must have a glass of water, and he fetched it. At 3.30 she heard something picking at the lock, and asked him about burglars' nippers and how they used jimmies. That got him into a cold perspiration with disquieting conversation. At 4 she knew gas was escaping, and went around to examine all the burners. She came back to bed with her feet like cakes of ice. At 4.10 she knew he had forgotten to bolt the drawing-room door, and her sealskin sack was on the piano. Stebbins made that excursion. At 4.25 she sat up in bed, and whispered in a curdling voice that some one was concealed in the room; she had heard strange sounds in the corner. Stebbins listened. It was heat going off in the pipes, and he explained that to her. At 4.30 she knew a spider had bitten her hand; she must get some camphor, and up she got.

Stebbins thinks that Pamelia was out twice during the little nap that he had, but at 5.11 he was brought up standing by a hideous scream. There was a mouse in the room; she had seen it run up the lace curtains; he could see it, too, if he looked. It was an unusually large and ferocious mouse that shook the lace curtain in a threatening manner. The discussion and its consequent excitement kept poor Stebbins awake till 6. The man was trying to get forty winks and prevent having a sick headache next day, when Pamelia slid out to pull down a blind, taking the precaution to cry "shoo, shoo," several times and rap on the floor with a slipper before she put her foot down. At 7.30 Pamelia got up and began her toilet. About noon a friend found him asleep in a chair.

"What I want to know," said Stebbins, "is how I'm going to live if this thing goes on during the six months of our proposed tour, with Pamelia in a new room nearly every night?"

Stebbins's face brightened only once that day. It was when he went out for a walk and found this sign on a doorway: "Divorces procured in any State without publicity." He had to be torn away from this legend, and he says that the only ray of hope that illumines his tour is that refracted gleam from a tin sign.

A Case of Incredible Impudence.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Of all the cases of plagiarism which have come under our notice none has equalled in impudence that which M. A. Dreyfus pointed out the other day in the *Gil Blas*. A Spanish author, it appears, translated literally the well-known French play "Un Crâne sous une Tempête," and had it played on one of the Madrid theatres, without changing anything but the title. On the title-page of the pamphlet it was announced that this was "the original work of Don Ricardo Blasco," and as such M. Dreyfus's work was dedicated to the Spanish "author's" mother, while the following notice was appended: "This work is the property of its author, and no one is allowed to reproduce it without permission in Spain or in those countries with which the international treaties of literary property are held. The author reserves to himself the right of translation"—by which arrangement the publisher of M. Dreyfus's "Un Crâne sous une Tempête" has been subjected to a prosecution by Don Ricardo Blasco, who maintains that the French play is a translation of his "Aqua oa"! Fortunately, M. Ollendorf's publication appeared two years before that of the Spanish play. It should be mentioned that Don R. Blasco is a member of the Association for the Defense of Literary Property.

Built a Castle with Pocket Money.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The original Castle of Balmoral was the property of the Earls of Fife, among the greatest land-owners in Great Britain. In 1848 the Queen and Prince Albert took a lease of the place, and liked it so well that in 1852 they bought the fee-simple of the estate for $160,000. Then came the building of the present castle, which is wholly modern. It is said to have been built entirely out of Prince Albert's own pocket money; and, as he had an allowance of $150,000 a year, and was of a prudent disposition, the statement may well be believed. It was enough for the Queen that the Prince Consort liked Balmoral best of all the royal residences and that he had planned its principal features himself. With that fanatical devotion to everything associated with the Prince Consort, it became the resort of her widowhood, and the four or five months in the year she spends there would be twelve if she could have her own way.

The Terrible Tarantula's Bite.

[From the Palestine (Tex.) Advocate.]

Mr. J. A. Ferguson, who has formerly been employed in the machine shops, six months since while at Vicksburg, Miss., was reaching his hand upon a shelf when he was bitten by a large tarantula. Every effort was made then and has been since to eradicate the poison, but in vain. It remains in his arm and hand, which have become almost paralyzed. Several times he nearly died from its effects, and is yet unable to work. Both hand and arm are discolored and have lost their vigor. Strange to say that during the night the arm is as cold as death, but with solar heat regains some life and warmth just as the sun rises toward its meridian.

Girls Live at a Rapid Pace.

[From an Exchange.]

The effects of the rapid life now led, which uses up a girl in a store in about a year and makes almost every attractive girl at school a wreck before she has been graduated, are nowhere so startling as in social life. The "beauties" that are chronicled and so much talked about as coming out at the Assembly or making a stir the first season at some watering place are never heard of the season after.

Some Guests at the Hotels.

Prof. M. C. Vincent, geologist, of London, has arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Col. Albert A. Pope, the bicycle manufacturer, of Boston, registers at the Albemarle.

Ex-Assemblyman Titus Sheard, of Little Falls, is at the Sturtevant House temporarily.

Sir John Swinburne has returned from Philadelphia and is again quartered at the Hotel Brunswick.

Ex-United States Commissioner Charles H. Dennison, of Utica, is a guest at the Grand Hotel.

Owen Murphy, Member of Parliament for the Province of Quebec, registers at the Union Square Hotel.

With others who claim the Fifth Avenue Hotel for their temporary home to-day is ex-Collector R. W. Daniels, of the port of Buffalo.

Recent arrivals at the Murray Hill Hotel are George N. Crouse, of Syracuse; J. C. King, of Montreal, and George G. Sill, of Hartford, Conn.

United States Senator A. P. Gorman, of Maryland, and his lieutenant, Congressman Barnes Compton, of the same State, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Congressman Benjamin Butterworth, of Cincinnati, whose hobby is commercial union between the United States and Canada, arrived at the Astor House yesterday.

George Bleistein, of the *Courier* Company, Buffalo, is congratulating himself and his Democratic friends on the great victory in the State at the Hoffman House.

Assemblymen Floyd J. Hadley, of Malone, C. T. Saxton, of Clyde, and D. E. Ainsworth, of Oswego County, of the Telephone Investigating Committee, are staying at the Morton House.

At the Windsor Hotel this morning were Major James H. Dooley, of the Richmond and Danville Railroad; J. B. Brown, a railroad man of Chicago, and Michael B. Nairn, the Scotch carpet manufacturer.

Lucky for Him.

[From Puck.]

"Ah, me," he sighed, "it is a cold world. The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust!"

"Yes, John," said his wife, "and that ought to be a source of great consolation to you. You have no reason to complain."

AMUSEMENTS.

STAR THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers......Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau
TO-NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK,
MR. HENRY IRVING,
MISS ELLEN TERRY
AND THE LYCEUM COMPANY.
FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES............MR. HENRY IRVING
MARGARET........................MISS ELLEN TERRY
MATINEE FAUST SATURDAY.
SATURDAY NIGHT, 12TH NOVEMBER,
"THE BELLS" AND "JINGLE."
SATURDAY NIGHT, 19TH NOVEMBER,
"LOUIS XI."
Doors open at 7.30. Commences at 8.

DOCKSTADER'S.
"ELECTION DAY,"
or FUN AT THE POLLS.
"MLLE. DE BRASS EAR."
The Musical Kings,
WOOD, BRYANT AND SHEPPARD.
GREAT FIRST PART.
Matinee Saturday, 2.30.
MONDAY – FAUST.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN....................Proprietor
M. W. HANLEY.................................Manager
CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.
EDWARD HARRIGAN
In his great character, DAN MULLIGAN.
DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra.
WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY.
Look out for PETE.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager..........Mr. John Stetson
Last performances of
MRS. POTTER
IN
"MLLE. DE BRESSIER."
Supported by MR. KYRLE BELLEW
(By courtesy of Mr H. E. Abbey, of Wallack's).
MONDAY, NOV. 14, "LOYAL LOVE."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
J. M. HILL..................................MANAGER
SEVENTH WEEK. CONTINUED SUCCESS.
THE COMEDIANS,
ROBSON AND CRANE,
in Bronson Howard's great comedy,
THE HENRIETTA.
50th performance, Monday, Nov. 14. Elaborate souvenirs.

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
THIRD WEEK AND LAST BUT ONE OF
GEO. S. KNIGHT
In Bronson Howard's and David Belasco's new play,
RUDOLPH.
Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1 and $1.50.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE
CORNER 31ST ST. AND 3D AVE.
Prices, 10c.; Reserved Seats, 20c. and 30c.
MATINEE TO-MORROW,
GEO. C. BONIFACE IN
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
Nov. 14—H. R. Jacobs's "WAGES OF SIN."

WALLACK'S.
ROBERTSON'S BEAUTIFUL COMEDY,
CASTE. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, H. D. Ward, Chas. Groves, T. W. Robertson, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Ponisi and Mrs. Abbey. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday, 2.15.
. Tuesday, Nov. 15, Robertson's comedy, "School."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER..................Sole Manager
Begins at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.
THE MARTYR.
WITH A STRONG CAST.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8TH ST., 4TH AVE. & B'WAY
10c., 20c., 30c. MATS. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat.
SID. C. FRANCE in MARKED FOR LIFE.
Next week DOMINICK MURRAY in RIGHT'S RIGHT.
SUNDAY EV'G NEXT, the Eminent Entertainer,
ALFRED H. WESTON—"7,000 Miles in 7,000 Seconds."

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. EIGHTH WEEK.
EVENINGS AT 8, MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.
The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama,
A DARK SECRET.
RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and $1.

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

EDEN MUSEE.
New Groups, New Pictures, New Attractions.
Concerts Daily. Admission to all, 50c.

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM, 728-730 BROADWAY. A million marvels. Submarine divers at work. Aztecs; 3 stages; 10 hours' performance. Admission, 25c.; children, 10c.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st.
Every evening at 8.15, and Saturday Matinee.
THE WIFE / THE WIFE / THE WIFE — Messrs. Kelcey, Miller, Le Moyne, Walcot, Wheatcroft, Dickson; Misses Cayvan, Henderson, Dillon, &c., &c.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST.
TONY PASTOR AND NEW SHOW.
LITTLE TICH—JOHN T. KELLY AND A HOST.

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.

"STEPHEN, I do sincerely hope and pray that nothing may occur to mar your prospects, for I should certainly consider a rupture at this stage a calamity of the most lamentable kind. Dear old fellow, here you are full five and thirty"——

"Not quite."

"Well, you lack not more than three months and two days. But, seriously, Steve, I am more anxious than you think. I want you to have a home, and to be settled down in it; and, moreover, I want you to secure the priceless woman whose love you have won. What a man you might be with an aim in life above yourself."

So spoke Dadmun Carter to his friend Stephen Langdon.

Dadmun had been married almost fifteen years, and had a happy family beneath his roof-tree, while Stephen had wandered alone, though not without such friends as the free-hearted, careless possessor of wealth must ever find.

Several reasons had thus far held Stephen aloof from matrimony. First: He was by nature diffident and cowardly in female society. Second: The class of women with whom it had been his fortune to be thrown in contact had not been of a character to command his respect; and third: He knew that many fair and scheming damsels had aimed to capture him only that they might enjoy his wealth; for, be it known, he was wealthy. Though he had for years lived at the top of his bent, he had not spent his income.

The massive principal lay intact, just as his father had left it.

But at length Stephen Langdon had found a woman whom he not only loved, but who, he believed, loved him in return.

Laura Dempsey was her name; an orphan, two and twenty years of age, healthful, cheerful, happy, beautiful and good.

Since the death of her father, who had been one of Stephen's warmest friends, she had been engaged as teacher of music and drawing in one of the select schools; and the true feminine graces and virtues were all her own.

To be sure, Stephen was the elder by thirteen years, but still he believed she really loved him, as he loved her.

He felt that he could take her to his heart and hold her there, safe and true—beloved always—while life should last.

"Only," he sometimes asked himself, "will she love me the same? When my hair becomes gray, will she love me as now? And is it Steve she loves, or his back account? Does she think most of resting her head upon this faithful bosom, or of wheedling this hand of mine to sign her checks?"

Poor man! Had he loved Laura Dempsey less he might not have suffered, but his very heart—his life—was bound up in her, and it would have made him utterly miserable to know that she could speak his name without warm and generous emotion.

"Ay, Stephen, what a man you might be, with an aim in life above yourself," said Dadmun. "And where will you find"——

"Hush! I know all you would say. Bless her dear heart. She is an angel, and would bring a very demon to the foot of the cross, I believe; but I don't want her to try. I have made up my mind, old fellow. I know she will be my wife when I say, for I have meanly drawn that admission from her without committing myself. My only wonder is—and that militates somewhat against her care and judgment—how she came to set her heart upon a man so much her senior, and above all else, a man whose life has been so lightly and loosely spent as has mine."

"Stephen, you do not pretend that you are ignorant in that direction. Ah, don't play the hypocrite."

"Hypocrite! What do you mean?"

"Why, Steve, I mean this. You know why and how the heart of that girl, with all its wealth of faith, love and devotion was drawn to you. Don't shake your head. Listen. If ever a human being worshipped any earthly thing, Laura Dempsey worshipped her father."

"Ay," cried Langdon, with enthusiasm, "and she had reason. Dear old Dempsey! I loved that man as though he had been my own brother."

"Ah, Stephen, you have answered your own proposition. Don't you suppose—don't you know—that Tom Dempsey loved you in return, and didn't Laura know all about it? Do you not know how the father pictured you to his daughter? And then, Stephen, when you came to open your purse to that man as you did—so kindly and so quietly—lifting him and his loved ones from absolute suffering into comfort and peace, do you not know how the daughter's tender, generous heart must have gone out to you in gratitude? And, Stephen, you stultify yourself when you pretend to wonder what a girl can find to admire and esteem in your manliness."

"Say no more, Dadmun. If you knew how I loved that girl I think you would tremble for me. But I shall not let more time slip—ah! whom have we here? That Stark woman, upon my life!"

"Matilda Stark?"

"Yes. She has come to get my subscription in behalf of her Cosmopolitan, Interchangeable, Universally Embracing Alleviation Society."

"Then I'll take myself off. I can't endure that woman."

Dadmun Carter left by one door, and Miss Matilda Spark, a lady who had refused to grow old through many years, entered by another.

Miss Stark had gained Mr. Langdon's subscription to her new enterprise, and then she contrived, in a very adroit and seemingly sympathetic manner, to introduce the name of Laura Dempsey.

Never mind all she said.

A bewildering torrent of whimpering, mincing, winking and blinking preceded her main subject. Finally she discharged the broadside at point-blank range.

She had arrived at the important climax by carefully regulated gradations.

"Ah, me! this is a strange world, Mr. Stephen. But—I think you ought to know it—I don't like to tattle—I will not tattle! But it is my duty to tell you this. I heard Laura Dempsey say—she said in my hearing, and I doubt not it was meant for my ears. I heard her say these words. Said she, in speaking of you, when some one had laughingly joked her about becoming the wife of Stephen Langdon—said she, in direct response to the calling of your name—'I don't care for him—why should I? But I do care for his money!' Those were her words, sir, just as she spoke them. But I thought to myself—I guessed all her care, one way or the other, wouldn't matter much to Stephen Langdon. And I think I judged rightly."

The man replied as best he could.

By a mighty effort he restrained his deeper feelings, and kept them mostly out of sight; and the pythoness went away, believing in her heart that Stephen Langdon had no love for Laura Dempsey.

An hour later Dadmun Carter found his friend pacing to and fro, bearing in his bosom the sharpest, keenest agony of all his life.

At first he refused to speak, but at length the true friend succeeded in drawing from him the whole story.

"Dadmun, there is no truth in woman. I was a fool to think she ever loved me for myself. Had I been poor and lonely she would have passed me by with utter contempt. But, ah! I did love her deeply, truly."

For a full minute Carter witnessed his friend's great agony in contemplative, pitying silence.

At length he spoke.

"Stephen Langdon, I had not thought you so weak and unjust. I had thought you a man true and earnest in your friendship, not a man to desert his duty at the first cry of the wolf."

"Dadmun Carter! are you mad?"

"I mad? Stephen, you are the madman. Look at it. As between an angel and a serpent, you side with the serpent. As between an angel and a serpent! As between Laura Dempsey and Matilda Stark, you jump to faith in Stark. Oh Stephen!"

"But—man alive—did you not understand what I told you? What she—Matilda Stark told me?"

"Well, there you have a cause in trial between Stark and Dempsey. Have you heard the defendant? Oh, man, man, have you lived all these years with the need, at this late hour, of hearing from me that the case never was between man and man that had not two sides to it? But beyond that, in this case, who is the complainant? First, what is her character? Do I need to tell you?"

Langdon shook his head blankly, but indicative of negation.

"Next," went on Carter, "what interest, if any, has she in the matter? Stephen, are you blind? Don't you know that Matilda Stark sought your smiles, your society, your hand, so openly and so unblushingly, and so persistently, that everybody smiled in disdain? And do you not know that she has since labored to bring about a union between yourself and her younger sister?"

Stephen looked up like a man trying to find the light.

"Come, Stephen Langdon, have you the courage to follow this thing up?"

"What? go to Laura? Go to her with such—I'm afraid I've been a fool; but you don't know how it hurt me."

"I do not doubt it; but I don't fancy the hurt will long remain to give you pain. If there were need of going to Laura, I should hope you would have the courage and manliness—to say nothing of good faith—to go to her; but, thank fortune, there was a third party present, and one whom I know you will credit; though, be sure, Miss Stark did not know she had another hearer. Your old nurse, Betty, was in an adjoining room, and heard every word. Let us go to her. She will be circumspect where you are concerned."

"But Dadmun, how come you to know?"

"Because I chanced to call on Laura very shortly after Mrs. Stark had gone away, and I found her in tears. I confess to the weakness of curiosity, and, so far, of intermeddling. I waited until I could speak with old Betty apart, and from her I learned the truth. Let us go now. Laura is absent this afternoon."

Stephen Langdon went with his friend.

They found Betty alone, and to her Carter stated the business in hand.

"Oh the falsifying, mischief-making thing!" snapped the old lady. "I'll tell you, Master Stephen, just how it was—for I heard every word—every word, just as plain as though I'd sat right before her."

And then she went on and told the story.

Matilda Stark had come on purpose to sow the seeds of discord and unhappiness if she could.

She had told Laura, directly and distinctly, that Langdon cared no more for her than he cared for many others; and she tried to impress it upon the girl's mind that she was doing a thing dangerous to her peace, and, it might be, dangerous to her reputation, in suffering the frequent visits of such a man, a man, she said, old enough to be her father.

And so the evil woman had gone on, until she had goaded the poor girl almost to madness.

"But," said Stephen, "Miss Stark told me that Laura distinctly told her that she cared not for me, but that she did care for my money!"

The old woman put out her hand.

"Oh, the wicked woman! If she had told you all that the dear girl said, it would have sounded very different; here is what Laura said, I can give her very words—Miss Stark had told her that people accused her of hunting for a rich husband, and that she never would have looked with favor upon Stephen Langdon had it not been for his wealth. And then Laura said—'I care not for Stephen Langdon wealthy! I never cared for him as owner of vast estates, never.' And then the serpent said to her in her wheedling way, 'and so you wouldn't care for wealth?' and Laura answered to that, 'yes,' she said, in her sweet way, 'I should care for wealth, because with wealth I could make so many people happy. I should love to be able to lift the burden of sorrow from every human heart; and the possessor of wealth can do so much! Oh, so much!' That's what she said, Stephen."

The sunlight had come, and Stephen Langdon's heart bounded up.

And that very evening he sat by Laura's side, with her hand clasped in his, and listened to the story from her own lips; and before he went away he had set the day for their marriage, for he knew that the girl loved him truly and devotedly.

Years have passed since that time, and Stephen Langdon has never had occasion to doubt the love of his wife.

And, moreover, the forecast of Dadmun Carter had been fulfilled in every particular.

Stephen has been raised to a plane of healthful, happy life before unknown; and, under the guidance of his wife, entering into her schemes of love and blessing, he has earned the love and blessing, in rich return, of all who have the heart and the will to appreciate true Christian goodness.