SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

INTEREST IN WRESTLING APPEARS TO BE REVIVING.

Athletics Tending Toward Football and Cross-Country Running—Amateur Feather-Weight George Looking for a Fight to a Finish—Prize Ring and Queensberry Rules—The N. Y. A. C.'s Football Team.

JUST now the interest in wrestling seems to be reviving. The Pastime Athletic Club has always been active in this line of sports, and the big mat in the club-house by the East River is used every day in the year. Such wrestlers as Lane and the late Joseph Quinn were turned out up there and recent matches and talk of others to come are keeping the boys on the qui vive. Only two of the three principal styles of wrestling, catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman, have any championship standing among amateurs in this country. The collar and elbow style is left out in the cold, although it is the most scientific and perhaps the most useful, in an unexpected encounter, of the lot. Why collar and elbow wrestling isn't a feature of New York sports is as unanswered a question as why dog-racing, along with other English sports, is only a go in certain parts of America. The collar and elbow wrestling tournament in the old Alhambra, on West Twenty-seventh street, was a great success, and Mike Donohue showed what really wonderful things a clever man at this game can do. Most of the clever wrestlers of America come from New England—Homer Lane and William Johnson, for instance—where the schoolboys don't do much else at recess but practise hip-locks and grapevines.

* * *

The annual meeting of the National Cross Country Association will be held at the Grand Union Hotel on Monday evening, when the election of officers for the coming year will take place.

* * *

It is said that the amateur feather-weight, Joe George, is looking for a match to a finish, for $250 a side, with Al Fleischman. A contest for a fifty-dollar medal may be looked for between these men.

* * *

The members of the New York Athletic Club team, which was recently whitewashed by the Crescent team, thought the Crescents a wonderful club. The defeat of the Crescents by the Yale team on Election Day by a score of 68 to 0, puts the playing of the team of the New York Athletic Club at a pretty low notch as compared with a really crack team.

* * *

The battle between Dempsey and Reagan will be the first one fought in some time under London prize ring rules. Queensberry rules calls for rounds of three minutes duration with one minute rest between, no hugging or wrestling and a man to get up unassisted in ten seconds after a fall or knock down. London prize ring rules allow wrestling and the rounds ends only with one or both of the men going to grass; half-minute rests. There is no question that prize ring rules make the most interesting fight and they are certainly coming into fashion again. One thing in favor of Queensberry rules is that under them a "mill" need not be fought on turf, and considering the way fights have to be brought off at present this is quite a factor.

* * *

Athletics at present are running to football and cross-country running. As an inducement to cultivate endurance cross-country work is to be preferred to track racing. There never has been a great American distance runner for all the records for running, and the best American records are made by Carter, an Englishman.

* * *

A well-known sporting man has placed $1,000 with the sporting editor of THE EVENING WORLD, with instructions to bet all or any part of it on the coming Carney-McAuliffe fight, at odds of $100 to $80 on Carney.

The trained nurses of the city and the noble work they are doing, will be delightfully described in the Sunday WORLD.

OCT. 28, 1886.

Messrs. W. B. RIKER & SON.

GENTLEMEN: For the past five or six months I have been suffering from a severe affection of the chest, accompanied by a most DISTRESSING COUGH. I could find NO RELIEF. Nothing seemed to help me until I tried one bottle of your "RIKER'S EXPECTORANT," and that has effected a PERFECT CURE, and I feel like a new person. I most highly commend your EXPECTORANT to all affected with pulmonary trouble, and trust this may induce other sufferers to try it and BE CURED. I remain, very truly yours, MARGARET F. KELLY, 187 Ross st., Brooklyn, N. Y. ***

The Business Outlook was never better judging from the demand for our new brands, CROSS-COUNTRY, LATEST ENGLISH and WHITE CAP CIGARETTES. All extra fine, hand-made. KINNEY TOBACCO CO., New York. ***

A COUGH, cold, sore throat or asthma that ADAMSON'S BALSAM cannot cure is unknown. 35c.

MUSHROOMS FOR THE MILLION.

Within Reach Nowadays of the Poor as Well as the Wealthy.

MUSHROOMS have been before the public for a long time without having become a general article of diet. Yet they can be gathered by any one who takes the trouble. The difference between the edible and poisonous kind can be readily learned. The four-year-old girl of a gentleman who was very fond of mushrooms used to go out and gather them from a tract where the noxious toadstool grew in company with the edible mushroom. She easily discriminated between them.

There are so many different kinds of mushrooms that a feast could be prepared of several courses of them, each having a distinct flavor from the other. The button mushroom is the one most frequently met with as a garnish to beefsteaks in the restaurants. Most of these are imported from France, where the mushroom culture is a flourishing industry. At one cavernous region there seven miles are overgrown with mushrooms.

The greater number of New York restaurants are supplied from caves and cellars in New Jersey, Long Island and Westchester. Years ago a Frenchman hired part of the old abandoned aqueduct in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Fourth street, with a view to raising mushrooms for the city. Business was such in his venture that he was afterwards obliged to hire cellars to raise a more abundant supply.

A large company has been formed in Illinois which hires cellars for mushroom culture, and it does such an extensive business that it now gets the mushroom sperm from France and grows them from this. This sperm, which is found in the black earth, looks like a ragged hair with white spots on it, or as if a piece of white thread had lain in the ground until it rotted. The sperm is put into cakes of manure, and they are broken up and planted in the fields.

Field mushrooms are better than those which grow in cellars, for the latter are soggy and not so well flavored. Some of the best mushrooms grow in sheep pastures. Several very delicious varieties are found in Central Park. One enthusiast on mushrooms frequently gathers a quart in Madison Square, opposite Twenty-fourth street. He goes out in the very early morning, before the dew is off the ground, and plucks the delicate fungi which have pricked through the ground over night, and look like tiny snowballs. He has also found them in City Hall Park, opposite Warren street, some thirty feet in.

Mushrooms are boiled or stewed and also pickled. A little good sweet oil should be used to fry them in. Butter, pepper and salt give the proper seasoning.

A good crop of mushrooms may be looked for after a rain. The bubbly appearance of the ground indicates their nascent growth. They are trying to get their heads above ground. One kind grows in a circle and is called the "Fairy Ring." It is very delicate. The shaggy mane and the puff ball are choice varieties. The Boleti are a very large kind. When any one has had experience with the fresh mushroom he cannot eat them canned with any satisfaction.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

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

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

SOUP.
Beef Broth.

FISH.
Smelts, Tomato Sauce.

ROAST.
Lamb, Mint Sauce.
String Beans. Browned Mashed Potatoes.

DESSERT.
Sago. Apple Pudding. Macaroons.
Coffee. Cheese.

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'ters, 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, $4 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 cold tongues, 12c. to 15c.
Fresh mackerel, 12c.
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. to 18c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Sheepshead, 20c. to 25c.
Smelts, 15c. to 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 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.

A COUGH, cold, sore throat or asthma that ADAMSON'S BALSAM cannot cure is unknown. 35c.

BOYS IN THE CHURCH CHOIR.

THE TRAINING OF YOUNG CHORISTERS IN OLD TRINITY.

Instructing the Boys No Light Task—Mr. Messiter's Work at Trinity and Father Young's at St. Francis Xavier's—The Singers Drawn from the Parochial Schools—Alto Voices in Boys Very Rare Indeed.

AT the present time there is still quite a prejudice among many church people against the employment of women in the choir. Perhaps this may be a scruple occasioned by St. Paul's snub to women in one of his epistles when he says: "Let a woman keep quiet in the church."

The loss of good soprano voices would be a great deprivation musically and one for which even abundant tenors could not compensate. Tenors, moreover, are never abundant, since a good tenor is as rare as a white elephant. But the boy soprano has a voice which cannot be distinguished from a woman's. When it is fresh, strong and of good sympathetic quality the voice of a boy twelve or thirteen years old is delicious.

Some thirty years ago Master Richard Coker was one of the choir boys at old Trinity, and the thrilling, dewy freshness of his pure tones will never be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing him. Of course such voices as his are exceptional, but good soprano voices are not rare among the choristers who sweeten the air of Trinity with beautiful offertories, deredos and motets.

Training the boys is no light task. Mr. Messiter, the choir director of Trinity, and Father Young, who has charge of the music at the Jesuit church of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth street, work hard to instruct the choristers. Mr. Messiter has a choir of thirty-six, twenty of whom are boys. Father Young has twenty-five boys in his choir.

With both churches parochial schools are connected, and from these are drawn the boy singers. When the boy's voice is tried, if any musical quality is discovered, the little fellow is taken in hand and taught music. The boys are trained to read it, and many of them can do so at sight.

Father Young has an additional labor imposed on him, as the Catholic Chuch music is in Latin. The pronunciation and right quantity in the words have to be taught to children who are absolutely ignorant of the language. A boy's voice changes at about fifteen, and his usefulness as a chorister vanishes. The usual term for a choir boy's career is five years.

"The difficulty of training some of the voices is enormous," said Father Young. "But if a voice has good quality, even though it is stiff and rough, I am willing to mould it. A boy's voice is worth ten girls' voices. It has a more resonant, filling power."

The music which the choristers have to execute is often difficult. At the Cathedral there are two choirs, one of mixed voices in the organ loft, and the other the boys of the sanctuary choir. In Trinity the choristers occupy benches in the sanctuary.

Mr. Messiter has practice for the boys daily for an hour or so, and a rehearsal of the programme for the succeeding Sunday or the one following it every Friday in the church. Rat-tat-tat goes his baton sharply on his music-stand when the voices do not blend properly, or fail to give the right expression, or, worst of all, strike a wrong note. Then he makes the boys go over the passage again and again till it is mastered.

The music at the Cathedral by the choristers is the Gregorian, the strictly ecclesiastical chant prescribed by the Church. At St. Francis, Father Young has a style of music which is a cross between the severe polyphonic manner of Palestrina and the modern Cæcilian. Trinity draws largely on the English composers and the classics, such as Mendelssohn, Handel and Haydn.

The range for a boy soprano is an octave and a half, from C to G. The timbre of a clear boyish soprano does not necessarily differ from that of a woman's voice, but there is a freshness and searching purity of tone which makes good boy voices very agreeable. To find a boy alto is very rare.

The Posy.
[From an Exchange.]

She gathered the reddest rosebud
That flashed in the sunny grove;
"Tell him, she whispered softly,"
For the speech of the rose is love.

She gathered the fairest lily
That drooped from its silken sheath;
She smiled on the lovely flower,
For it is the type of faith.

She gathered amid the blossoms
That lit the dark, cool grot,
The brightest of the starry eyes,
That gleam "forget-me-not."

She gathered a spray of rosemary,
She gathered a sprig of yew;
"If grief must blend in our bond," she said,
"We will have memory, too."

She gathered the purple heartsease,
She kissed its glowing breast;
"Yours is the purest gift," she said,
"For the man that I love the best."

VERY YOUNG FOR THE ROAD.

Cold-Blooded Intentions Imputed to Manager Morrissey as a Father.

James W. Morrissey, of the Standard Theatre, impolitely known as "Jimmie," has been elevated to the ranks of paternity. Congratulations have been pouring in upon him with such force that Mr. Morrissey was overwhelmed. The other day, during the performance of the "Arabian Nights," when Morrissey was thinking only of his theatrical duties, he was greeted by an acquaintance who had just stepped out of the theatre:

"Hallo, Jimmie," said he, "I congratulate you, old man. How is it?"

"Oh," said Mr. Morrissey, absent-mindedly, "it's doing capitally, but we are forced to put it on the road very shortly."

"What!" exclaimed the friend. "Take it out so soon? I wouldn't do it. My dear fellow, I assure you that it will be a great mistake."

"Can't help it," Morrissey declared. "Time is occupied. Can't break our engagement, old man; you must know that. We may revive it in New York."

"It'll need it," said the gentleman. "Morrissey, you're a cold-blooded fellow. If I ever have occasion to congratulate you again——"

"My dear friend, I trust you will have that occasion next week."

"What on earth do you mean, Morrissey?"

"Why, we produce 'Dorothy.'"

"Then all this time you're alluding to 'The Arabian Nights?'"

"Yes, and you?"

"To the juvenile Morrissey. Ha! Ha!"

MEN AND WAYS IN HARLEM.

Frank J. Dupignac, counsel for James A. Richmond, is a Harlemite of long standing.

Bicyclists and tricyclists enliven the broad avenues of Harlem on every pleasant afternoon.

Harlem boasts the biggest combination fancy grocery and meat and fish market in this town.

The Harlem Democratic Club will soon give to District-Attorney Martine a big reception.

Col. Fellows's friends on Washington Heights will give the District-Attorney elect a reception in a short time.

Col. Emanuel B. Hart, "the veteran warhorse of the Democracy," has recently taken up his residence in Harlem.

Assistant District-Attorney Vernon M. Davis lives in a pretty frame cottage on West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street.

The ancient Apthorpe mansion (Elm Park) which antedates the Revolution, will be torn down shortly to make way for modern dwellings.

Despite his defeat Mr. Nicoll has many friends in Harlem, and the badges of the young lawyer's candidacy are still seen in the button-holes of uptown admirers.

The Argosy Social Club held a reception at the rooms of the club, Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, on Friday evening, which was largely attended.

Judge-elect Martine always goes downtown on the Sixth avenue elevated road from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. He finds scarcely time enough while waiting for a train to shake hands with his numerous Harlem fellow-citizens, who are eager to congratulate him on his election.

But They No Longer Speak.
[From the Boston Courier.]

"I'm going to take riding lessons," she said, as she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and my father is going to buy me a horse."

"Ah!" he murmured, as he fondled one of her re—auburn tresses, "a white one, of course?"

Two minutes later he was wending his way home a sad and solitary man.

Footlight News.

A souvenir will be given at the Union Square Theatre Monday night, when "The Henrietta" will be played for the fiftieth time.

The Sunday popular concerts will begin at the Casino to-morrow week. Signorina Teresina Tua, Max Heinrich and Alexander Lambert will appear.

Edward E. Kidder, playwright, poet, manager and general Pooh-Bah, has resigned his position as Dockstader's acting manager. Mr. Lew will lose one of his best friends on Nov. 23.

The first of the series of American concerts, under the direction of Frank Van der Stucken, will take place at Chickering Hall Tuesday night. Walter J. Hall, Edward Herrmann, Dora Hanings and Adolf Hardegen will take part in Walter J. Hall's concert at Steinway Hall Thursday night.

Have You a Humor of Skin or Blood?

IF SO, THE CUTICURA REMEDIES WILL CURE YOU.

I was induced, after all other remedies had failed, to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES on my boy, four years of age, who had running sores from his thighs to the ends of his toes. The nails fell off. His arms and face were also covered, and he was a horrible sight. The CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP were all that I used. Two days after their use we could see a change for the better, and in six weeks the child was perfectly well.

I was then induced to try them further, as my wife had what we termed dry scale tetter, or psoriasis, for nearly fifteen years; and I tried everything I could get hold of and asked the advice of the most eminent of the profession, but all in vain. It was all over her body and all over her head and face. She used but one bottle of the RESOLVENT, two boxes of the CUTICURA and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and in one week from the time she began their use I could see a change for the better. It is now nearly one year since she stopped using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and there is no return. I pronounce her entirely cured. No one, only those who have had the disease and those who are constantly about diseased patients, can realize the torture in which they are placed.

I have recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all whom I have met that were in any way in need of a skin cure. One man to whom I had recommended them had suffered for over twelve years, and in that time spent nearly five hundred dollars to be cured; but nothing helped, and now, after the use of five bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT and several boxes of CUTICURA, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, rejoices in having found a cure. I have others at present under treatment, and with good prospects. In no case, to my knowledge, have the CUTICURA REMEDIES failed.

I take pleasure in sending this to you, trusting that it may prove a blessing to you and to the suffering.

DR. L. MILLIRON,
Kimball, Brule Co., Dakota.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier internally, are a positive cure for every form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofula.

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

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.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest Pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy and Inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for weak lungs.

ALL FOR LUCK.

Kate Claxton will never sleep in a room numbered 13.

McKee Rankin will never rehearse on Sunday under any circumstances.

Lotta invariably stops to pick up a horseshoe when she finds one in her path.

William R. Hayden will never touch any play or organization with thirteen letters in its title.

Henry E. Dixey wears a signet ring, with a turquoise and amethyst, on his thumb. Nothing would induce him to remove it, as he thinks it has brought him good luck.

Maggie Mitchell would not appear in Philadelphia for twenty-five years, owing to the fact that at the outbreak of the war, when playing in that city, she was called "The Little Rebel," and met with financial loss.

See the Sunday WORLD *for an autobiographical sketch by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Values His Autograph.
[From the Kansas City Journal.]

"I see that Ben: Perley Poore's collection of autographs is to be sold," said a bright young lawyer who would shine in a community where lawyers were less plentiful. "But I don't believe," he continued, "that any autogr ph in the collection will bring more than mine."

"And what is the market value of your autographs?" asked Mr. Rustler.

"To the best of my knowledge only one has ever been sold and it brought first $400 and then $500."

"And who were the unfortunate purchasers?"

"Mr. Noteshaver bought it for $400, which was 50 per cent. of its par value, and I myself secured it from him at a slight advance of $100. I am rather choice of my autographs, and I shall put no more on the market unless hard pressed."

Struck Him Hard.
[From Puck.]

Miss Goldsby—How does my new gown strike you, pa?

Pa (laconically)—For about two hundred and fifty, I suppose, my dear!

Chronic Catarrh

Cannot be cured by local application. It is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength and health.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all within my reach." LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Conn.

"I suffered severely from chronic catarrh, arising from impure blood. It became very bad, causing soreness of the bronchial tubes and a troublesome cough, which gave great anxiety to my friends and myself, as two brothers died from bronchial consumption. I tried many medicines, but received no benefit. I was at last induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in health or feelings. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and a dyspepsia trouble, with sick headache, have all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN, 35 Chamber st., Boston. N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Especially Bright!

TO-MORROW'S

"WORLD."

A FEW FEATURES:

Bill Nye as a Critic in a Bowery Variety Show.

Explorer Greely on the Future of North Pole Searching.

The Trained Nurses of the City and Their Noble Work.

An Autobiographical Sketch by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

And the Duke of Marlborough's Impressions of the American Republic.

30 PAGES 3 CENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

This great picture is destined to preach many a powerful sermon to reverent as well as irreverent beholders. Long live the artist Who can create such sublime works of art.
Rev. JAMES HOADLEY, Faith Presbyterian Church.

MUNKACSY'S GREAT RELIGIOUS PAINTING,
CHRIST ON CALVARY.
NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE 23D STREET TABERNACLE, WEST OF 6TH AVE.
Open daily, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P. M.
ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.

STAR THEATRE. Lessees and Managers.....Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau
TO-NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK, MR. HENRY IRVING, MISS ELLEN TERRY AND THE LYCEUM COMPANY.
"THE BELLS."
MATHIAS (his original part).....MR. HENRY IRVING
"LOLE" (First Time.)
Alfred Jingle (his original part), MR. HENRY IRVING
Box office now open for the first two weeks.

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

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. John Stetson
To-night at 8, Last performance of
MRS. POTTER
IN
"MLLE. DE MAUPIN."
Supported by MR. KYRLE BELLEW
(By courtesy of Mr. H. E. Abbey, of Wallack's).
MONDAY, NOV. 14, "LOYAL LOVE."

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

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. PIXLEY.
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
WEDNESDAY—MATINEES—SATURDAY.
ANNIE PIXLEY in THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.
Next Week—FREDERICK WARDE.
Next Sunday—Prof. Cromwell's New Lecture, PARIS, THE MAGNIFICENT CITY.

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

AMUSEMENTS.

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.

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.

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.

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

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."

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

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. EIGHTH WEEK.
EVENINGS AT 8, MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.
The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama,
PARK.—ROW T.
RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and $1.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE—BURLESQUE.
BRICE'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

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.

WALLACK'S.
LAST TWO PERFORMANCES OF
AMY ROBSART
TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 15,
SCHOOL.

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

H. R. JACOBS'S THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.
CORNER 3D AVE. AND 31ST ST.
OUR SEATING CAPACITY TESTED NIGHTLY.
THE ACKNOWLEDGED POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK.
MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
PRICES ALWAYS THE SAME. 10c.
RESERVED SEATS 20c., 30c. and 50c.
NEXT WEEK} FRANK HARVEY'S GREAT PLAY, THE STRONGEST MELODRAMA OF TO-DAY,
THE WAGES OF SIN.
PRESENTED BY H. R. JACOBS'S OWN COMPANY.
BOX OFFICE ALWAYS OPEN. TELEPHONE, NO. 345 39TH.
SEATS SECURED ONE WEEK IN ADVANCE.

UNDER A CLOUD.

IT was a cold, dark night in February. The snow had been lying on the housetops for a fortnight. The trees in the squares seemed like frosted skeletons. Everywhere overhead the snow was still white and pure. Underfoot was a damp, cold, slushy mixture of ice and mud, such as London only can produce, which chills the badly-shod wayfarer to the bone. The lamps gave but a dim light in the side-streets, and the few pedestrians, marching silently along in the quiet thoroughfares, seemed, with their noiseless footsteps, to be so many sorrowful ghosts condemned to a weary pilgrimage in a silent city of mist and darkness.

Frank Denton, however, felt none of these things. At five-and-twenty one enjoys a walk undeterred by fears of cold and rheumatism; indeed, the driving rain or gently-falling snow gives a zest when one is young, well-fed, well-clothed, and blessed with the knowledge that the struggle with the elements can be ended at pleasure.

Frank, although he was not particularly favored by fortune, was one of those lucky people. His father had been a poor clergyman, who, struck down by fever, left his wife and son totally unprovided for. Frank, then sixteen, had been placed by one of his father's friends in a merchant's office. Here he had remained, gradually improving his position, and gaining the confidence of his employers.

For the last two years, having had the misfortune to lose his mother, he had been living alone in London, and being of quiet and studious habits, had passed most of his evenings in the company of his books. He was out this evening, after a couple of hours' study, and had been walking briskly along for some time, his thoughts busy with a bright, imaginary future. For the last few minutes he had been vaguely aware of a female form flitting along in front of him, and was conscious that, whilst one-half of his brain had been busy building castles in the air, the other half had been as busy admiring the pretty figure in front of him.

Just as Frank was about to pass her, she seized him by the arm and forced him rudely back two or three paces, and, before he could recover himself, there was a muffled sound of rushing hoofs and rattling of harness, a horse and trap dashed madly over the spot where he would have been, and in another moment the vehicle was caught against the lamp-post at the corner and smashed to pieces. In a minute the solitary street had a decent-sized crowd in it. It is a marvelous characteristic of London that no sooner does the most trifling incident occur than a crowd seems to grow up at once. Where the people come from is a mystery. They seem to ooze up from the road, to emanate in some manner from the very bricks, to descend with the blacks, to float in upon the wind.

Frank, however, took little notice of the crowd. He was too much occupied with his fair preserver, who, the danger past, had fainted, and would have fallen but for his promptness in upholding her. In two or three minutes the cool night air revived her, and they walked on together till they found themselves in one of London's broad and busy streets. Here she would have wished him good-night, but he insisted on accompanying her a little farther, to which, after a faint resistance, she agreed.

The strange manner in which they had been introduced to each other; the service she had rendered him, for which, he protested, he could never sufficiently thank her; the earnest rejection on her part of any merit in what she had done; gradually launched them into a lively conversation; so that in a short time they were talking as familiarly as though they had known each other for years. He learned that she was employed at a fashionable milliner's establishment at the West End, and that she was making her way to her home near Islington.

In spite of her humble position there was a tone of refinement about her, and his quick ear told him that her speech was that of a well-educated person. Her face was that of a charming girl, and her figure was in keeping with her face.

Too soon the walk came to an end, and Frank had to say good-night and once more thank his fair preserver for the service rendered him. His lodgings seemed very lonely and gloomy; and as he could not settle down to his books he retired to rest, in the hope that he might perhaps be so lucky as to dream of his new acquaintance.

All the next day her face kept appearing on the ledger or the letters he was working at, and, perhaps, it was not so very remarkable that soon after Mary Emerton had left Mme. Michaud's she met Frank. She could not refuse to acknowledge his salutation, indeed she had little wish to do so, for his bright face and winning manner had made a great impression. There had been little romance in her dull, gray existence.

Many an evening did these young people meet, and although some would blame Mary for admitting the acquaintance of one who was a total stranger to her, it must be remembered that girls who have to work for their daily bread, and are accustomed to struggle in the everyday fight of the world, are, as a rule, quite capable of taking care of themselves. If Mary did not at once inform her parents of this new friendship, it was more out of shyness than for any other reason.

Time went on. Frank was anxious to have a home of his own, and felt that his position justified one of his humble tastes in "giving hostages to fortune."

Mary had long ago told him of her position and that of her parents. He knew that her father gained a living as a law-writer; that he had once been in a better position; that he had assisted and guided his daughter in the studies that had made her far superior to most of the girls among whom her lot was cast, but that she had never heard from either parent what their former position had been, or by what misfortune it had been lost. Mr. Emerton was of a very retiring disposition, and never encouraged any one to intimacy, and this was the reason that Mary for so long objected to Frank's making himself and his wishes known to her father. She feared that this would end her sweet romance, and that the pleasant walks and happy castle-building they both indulged in would come to an abrupt conclusion.

One Saturday evening, Mary was busy in making preparations for tea of so sumptuous a nature in that humble home, that it was evident "company" was expected. She went about the little room, gaily singing, her eyes bright, her face lit up with joyful expectation. And this was the cause. Her story had been confided to her mother, by whom it had been, somewhat hesitatingly, communicated to the father, who had received it more graciously than had been expected. Mr. Emerton had at once admitted that Frank should be invited to visit them; but said that what might occur in the future must depend on what he thought of the young man, and how he—Frank—would receive the communication he had to make to him.

"THE NOTES I LOST."

A knock was heard at the door. Mary ran to open it, and after a longer time than might have been absolutely necessary, she ushered into the little parlor "Mr. Frank Denton."

Now did the anxious Frank make the most strenuous exertions to please the old people, and there is no doubt he fully succeeded. Still, Mr. Emerton's face was clouded during the repast, as though there were some great care or anxiety which would keep obtruding upon his pleasanter thoughts.

Frank lost no time in coming to the great question he had upon his mind, and after explaining his parentage, position and future prospects, he, holding out his hands to father and mother, asked them to entrust their drughter to his care.

Mr. Emerton arose and walked a few times up and down the room, then resuming his seat, he said:

"Mr. Denton, I thank you for the straightforward manner in which you have dealt with us, and I welcome the thought of having such a protector for my dear girl. I am getting old, and her future has often given me much anxiety. I am poor, and if you take her as your wife, you must take her for herself alone. This you know; but I have something far more important to say, and, until you have heard it, I must consider that your offer has not been made. There is a cloud resting upon my name and life which has caused me for years to hold myself aloof from all acquaintanceship or friendship—has obliged me to earn a poor livelihood by hard and incessant labor, and has condemned my girl to daily toil.

"Fifteen years ago I held a good position in a city house. There were only two clerks above me, and had things prospered with me, I might by this time have had a share in the business. I knew the work thoroughly, was shrewd and fortunate in what I undertook, was respected, and, I thought, trusted thoroughly. The junior partner, I always fancied, disliked me, yet I cannot say that he ever acted unjustly towards me, or that his feelings ever did more than bias his judgment against me. One day there had been a great rush of business, and during the morning one of the partners handed me over £800 in bank-notes that I was to pay into the bank later in the day. I thought at the time that I had opened my desk and pushed them in a corner, but I may have laid them on the desk at the side of a ledger I was consulting. However, I soon afterwards went out to luncheon, locking my desk carefully, according to my custom, before I went. In the afternoon I was preparing to go to the bank, and opening the desk felt for the notes in the corner where I imagined I had placed them. I could not feel them, and opening my desk to its widest extent, I looked with anxiety in every corner, but, to my horror, in vain. At that moment the junior partner came up and asked me what made me look so white. Was I ill? I could hardly gasp out:

"'The notes!—lost!'

"He assisted me in the search, but the missing notes were not to be found.

"'It is very peculiar,' I said.

"'It is indeed very peculiar,' said Johnson, eyeing me in a strange, searching manner.

"There was much excitement in the office; everyone was questioned and cross-examined, but no information could be obtained. In more than one private interview with the partners I was compelled to admit that I had no reason to suspect anyone. I had locked my desk before going out, and it was certainly very unfortuntae that I had left the office between the receiving of the notes and the discovery