ON BOTH SIDES THE CURTAIN.

CHATS ABOUT CURRENT AND FUTURE EVENTS AT THE THEATRES.

Stage Grief Illustrated by an Incident at the Lyceum—Revival of "School" at Wallack's—Plans for Mrs. James Brown Potter's Tour—The Present Season One of the Best Ever Known—A New Star.

HERE is an amusing incident furnished by Miss Georgia Cayvan's wreath, used in "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre, which some time ago was the cause of her getting a black eye at rehearsal. It convulsed the audience and showed plainly how little actors and actresses feel their tearful utterances, frenzied cries and sorrowful moods after the curtain has fallen, and manage to get a little recreation between the acts. As a rule the audience does not see this recreation. It would spoil the illusion of the play. At the end of the first act of "The Wife" Henry Miller sees Miss Cayvan, who has married another, arrayed in her wedding clothes. The sight is so painful to him that he rushes forward, seizes the wreath, shrieks: "Take it off, I say, take it off," and dashes it to the ground. On the night in question Mr. Miller did his pleasant little shriek nicely. "Take it off, take it off," he cried, but somehow or other he missed his aim and could not reach the wreath. It stayed on, and the curtain descended upon the act. The applause was not particularly inspiring, as Mr. Miller had missed a good point. The large audience didn't seem to want the curtain raised, at least so Mr. Miller and Miss Cayuan thought. No sooner was the curtain down than Mr. Miller went up the stage and faced Miss Cayvan. That little lady took off the wreath, stooped in the attitude of a quoit player, and advanced to Mr. Miller. "See if you can catch it now" and was about to throw it in a sportive manner, when, to her horror and dismay, she saw the curtain was up and the audience in full appreciation of the scene. The surprise of the two artists literally rooted them to the ground. They could not see the humorous side of the situation. Miss Cayvan afterwards said that it was a case of stage fright which far exceeded that of her first appearance. Mr. Miller cannot explain why it was that he couldn't move off the scenes. But the audience laughed and forgot the mishap, and it is not likely to occur again.

* * *

"School," at Wallack's last night, drew a crowded audience that evidently appreciated the dainty humor of Robertson's charming comedy and the excellence of Mr. Abbey's company. There were several new-comers in the organization and they met with a very favorable reception. Miss Netta Guion appeared as Bella, and made that extremely goody-goody young woman as attractive as possible. Mrs. Louisa Eldridge was a capital Mrs. Sutcliffe, and Mrs. Dodworth, who was seen for the first time in an American theatre, did the unsatisfactory part of Krux very fairly. John Gilbert was heartily applauded as Dr. Sutcliffe. Mrs. Abbey was not a good Naomi Tighe. She made herself too different from the other schoolgirls. It was evident that her position in the company was superior to that of the others. She was too loud, too self-conscious and far too friendly with the audience. In the last act, however, Mrs. Abbey did capitally with the love letter. Osmond Tearle as Jack Poyntz, E. D. Ward as Lord Beaufoy, and J. W. Pigott as Bean Farintosh were conventional. "School" was well staged.

* * *

Since the announcement of the big production of "She" at Niblo's, companies with that play as an attraction have been springing up like mushrooms. A company, organized a short time ago, played one week in Williamsburg. This week a company under the management of Richard C. White is dragging through an engagement in Philadelphia. The sudden departure of its backer, Dr. Washington C. Winters, placed the scheme in a very precarious condition, so that on Saturday night it was generally concluded that no further performances would be given. However, on Monday night, without any announcement in the newspapers, the company opened again. Mr. White said in Philadelphia that he could not tell how long "She" would run. The money he received in New York to continue the performances was from a friend not in the theatrical business. The Niblo's people are not daunted by these productions. "Called Back" was treated in a similar way. So was "The Martyr" and a number of other plays.

* * *

The present season has been one of the best ever known in the theatrical world, so say various theatrical agencies. This is supposed to be due to the interstate commerce bill, which, instead of being detrimental to the interests of the profession, has proved beneficial. It has kept a great many of the cheaper companies from going on the road, and left the field comparatively clear for the better ones. The number of companies on the road has been reduced by about 25 per cent. The New York theatres are mostly prospering, and in the larger cities, like Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, business has never been better. Next season promises to be good from a "stellar" standpoint, though managers dread with a vigorous and overwhelming dread the effect of a Presidential election. Next year, however, Mary Anderson, Coquelin, the Meiningen Company, Booth and Barrett and Nellie Farren's Burlesque Company, from London, promise good things for the managers of those attractions.

* * *

One of the new additions to the ranks of the ambitious young men who would a starring go is E. H. Van Vechten, who played the part of the English lord in "The Little Tycoon." He will start about the first of the year with a new play. R. E. Graham, of the same company, will follow Mr. Van Vechten's example.

* * *

Mrs. Potter has reduced her time in Boston from two weeks to one. She will play in that city beginning Jan. 2. Mr. H. Clay Miner intends taking her through a great number of "one-night" towns in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Potter's reputation will undoubtedly bring her one large audience, and Mr. Miner is of the opinion that short visits will be more profitable than long ones.

ORANGES ARE SCARCE THIS YEAR.

The Crop in Florida Much Smaller and Prices Higher Than Usual.

DEALERS in Florida oranges are expecting to make big profits this year on account of the shortness in the crop. The fruit has just begun to come into market, and only one or two shipments have yet been received. It is of good quality, however, and this is encouraging.

"We have received none of the fruit as yet," said one of the largest retail dealers in the market to-day, "because the first fruit that arrives is always sour, and we have to keep it so long before it becomes sweet that it does not pay to buy it now. The later shipments are always sweeter. None of the retail dealers begin to handle Florida oranges before December or the last part of November for this reason.

"The crop is very short this year, and if reports are true there will not be more than half as many Florida oranges received in New York this year as last. I met a big Florida orange-raiser who has orchards of nearly eighteen thousand trees, the other day, and he told me that some of his orchards were not yielding at all. He could not tell what the cause of the barrenness was, but many of the trees had not blossomed at all. Many attribute it to the cold snap which destroyed so large a portion of the crop a year and a half ago, the effect of which is just making itself apparent, but others say that the climate this year has not been favorable.

"All the oranges that are received now are taken care of by the large commission merchants until the retail trade begins, when they expect to dispose of them readily enough, on account of the diminished supply. The price per box is now from $3.50 to $5, according to the size and quality of the fruit, which is a good deal higher than last year, when a fine quality of fruit could be purchased for $2.50 and $3. I don't believe that in a month from now you will be able to get any sort of Florida oranges, provided they are in good condition, short of $4.50, and prices may go still higher."

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs.

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

SOUP.
Mutton Broth.

FISH.
Fillet of Sole. Tomato Sauce.

ROAST.
Chicken, Stuffed.
Succotash. Mashed Potato.
Oyster Plant.

DESSERT.
Apples Pie.
French Pancakes. Cheese.
Chocolate.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c. to 20c.	Lobsters, 8c. to 10c.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.	White fish, 15c.
Sirloin steak, 18c. to 20c.	Pickerel, 12c to 15c.
Leg mutton, 16c.	Frost fish, 8c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.	Flounders, 10c.
Leg veal, 20c.	Salmon trout, 12c.
English mutton chops, 25c.	Bluefish, 15c.
Lamb hindquarters, 14c. to 16c.	White perch, 10c. to 15c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Red snappers, 15c. to 18c.
Sweetbreads, $6 per dozen.	Halibut, 15c. to 18c.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 60c.	Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Roasting pig, $3.50 each.	Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Roast chicken, 12c. to 20c. lb.	Sheepshead, 20c. to 25c.
Roasting turkeys, 14c. to 16c.	Smelts, 15c. to 20c.
Squabs, $3.50 to $4 doz.	Little-neck clams, 40c. to 50c. a 100.
Boston geese, 16c. to 20c.	Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Boston ducks, 18c. to 20c.	Terrapin, $12 to $36 a doz.
Ordinary ducks, 14c. to 15c.	Green Turtle, 19c. lb.
Canvasbacks, $3.50 pair.	Green turtle soup, $1 quart.
Grouse, $1.25 pair.	Frogs legs, 60c. lb.
Partridge, 75c. to $1.25 pair.	Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.	Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Redheads, $1.50 pair.	Scallops, $1.50 per gallon.
Mallards, $1 pair.	Celery, 12c. bunch.
Teal, 75c. pair.	Peas, 30c. half-peck.
Capons, 25c. lb.	Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Quail, $3.50 doz.	Pumpkins, 20c.
English snipe, $2.50 doz.	Mushrooms, $1 quart.
Plover, $3 doz.	Onions, 15c. to 20c. half-peck.
Rail, $1.50 doz.	Cauliflowers, 10c. to 15c.
Rabbits, 25c. apiece.	Lettuce, 5c. head.
Venison, 20c. to 25c.	Cranberrys, 10c. quart.
Woodcock, $1 pair.	Horseradish, 10c. root.
Fresh cod tongues, 15c. lb.	Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Fresh mackerel, 15c.	Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Sea bass, 15c.	Egg plants, 10c.
Fresh Kenebeck salmon, 75c.	Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.
Fresh Spanish Mackerel, 75c.	
Chicken Halibut, 18c.	
Cod, 6c.	

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists, 10c. ***

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

PEN PICTURE OF JORDAN, THE N. Y. A. C.'S STERLING ATHLETE.

A Series of Moonlight Chases Through Prospect Park—All the Harriers Ready for Cold-Weather Sport—Dog Fanciers Going South—Fine Sport Promised at the Manhattan Club's Cross-Country Run.

ONE of the best known amateur athletes in America at present is Mr. Alex. Jordan, the "sterling athlete" of the New York Athletic Club and the amateur all-around champion. Mr. Jordan is a well-shaped, splendid looking fellow, twenty-five years of age, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and scaling 150 pounds. Many claim that Jordan, who has long been recognized as one of the best amateur all-around men in the world, is even superior to Ford. Jordan's first entry into athletics was when he joined that nursery of champions, the Pastime Athletic Club, in 1879. Jordan's best hold is on the hurdles and the running broad jump. He holds the record over the timbers for 120 yards—16 1-5 seconds—and his running broad jump record is 22 feet 6¼ inches. There are only two amateur jumps of this kind in the world that are ahead of this—they are Ford's, 23 feet, and Jack Voorhee's, 22 feet 8 inches. The New York Athletic Club man is a great favorite, is one of the most gentlemanly of athletes, and has a mortgage on at least four or five medals at every meeting he enters.

* * *

The first of a series of moonlight chases through Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by the Prospect Harriers, will take place this evening, and the event has already aroused much interest in amateur sport circles. Saturday, however, will be a red-letter day for the Harriers. The Prospect Club will have their third paper chase of the season on that day; the Fleetfoot Harriers and the Crescent Athletic Club will have runs across country in Long Island, and the open cross-country handicap of the Spartan Harriers, the start being at Mount Vernon, will be run. The latter will be an important event, for such well-known long-distance runners as E. C. Coster, Skillman, Lloyd and Collett will take part.

* * *

The ninth annual field trial meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club commences next Monday at High Point, N. C., and several members of the Westminster Kennel Club, and many dog fanciers in this vicinity will start on Saturday for the South. The Westminster Kennel Club will give its dog show at the Madison Square Garden on Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 23 of next year.

* * *

The fall games of the Seventh Regiment will be held at the Armory on Saturday, Dec. 3. There will be an inter-company tug-of-war, each team being composed of four men, with the time limited to five minutes and the combined weight 685 pounds, which promises to be the great event of they day.

* * *

The annual handicap cross county run of the Manhattan Athletic Club, which will be held on Nov. 24, promises much sport. The distance is five miles, and the start will be made from High Bridge. Five medals will reward the winners.

PRETTY BONNETS AT WALLACK'S.

In one of the lower boxes a young woman appeared in a handsome white silk dress, cut low. She attracted a great deal of attention.

Mrs. Abbey's bright red dress in the first act matched a number of the bonnets seen in the audience. Red is very popular at the theatres.

A curious bonnet had a foundation of black velvet. It was dotted closely with jet beetles and surmounted with black and white feathers.

A costume suggestive of the Puritan maiden was of light gray cloth, plainly made. The bonnet was of gray and so were the gloves and the cloak.

A little lady who arrived in an enormous hat and took a front seat removed the offending Gainsborough. She was rewarded by a number of grateful glances.

A lady in a back seat wore a plain gray cashmere dress, which was set off and decidedly enlivened by a large white silk embroidered sash, elaborately arranged.

The New Wrinkle for Cigarette-Smokers.
[From the Philadelphia News.]

The heart of the ultra-fashionable youth has latterly begun influencing his pocket to the extent of $12 or $15 for a half-ounce weight cigarette-holder. The tiny bowl and stem are made of solid gold, with daintily enamelled forget-me-nots scattered over the surface. The mouthpiece is of clouded amber.

When All Else Failed.
NEW YORK, March 31, 1887.
GENTLEMEN:
After many so-called remedies had failed to CURE me of a very sore and inflamed throat, with loss of voice, I tried a bottle of your EXPECTORANT, and am very glad to say that long before I had taken the contents thereof I was ENTIRELY CURED. Please send C. O. D. three bottles of your "Riker's Compound Sarsaparilla" and oblige
MRS. ELLEN TROST, 1229 10th ave. ***

TWO TESTS OF A HALF DOLLAR.

Col. Billington Crum and an Alderman Gain Valuable Knowledge.

"WONDER if that's good?" remarked Punderson, meditatively, as he sounded a half dollar on the bar at Alderman P. Divver's Park row resort. The piece fell with a dull, sickening thud, and Col. Billington Crum snuffed contemptuously. "Any fool would know that was bogus," he said. "You must have picked that up over in a macaroni restaurant or stale beer dive."

"No, I didn't, but the Alderman says it ain't good for the cocktails for you and me."

"Any man who would take a piece like that ought to be sent to an idiot asylum," remarked Col. Crum, sententiously.

"Well, I think you are both wrong," said Punderson, argumentatively; whereat the Colonel's combativeness became aroused and he ejaculated impatiently: "I'll bet you $10 it's bad, and leave it to anybody."

"I'll take that bet," replied the other, apparently much excited; and he laid two V's on the bar.

The Vice-President of the City Legislature became interested, and readily assented to Punderson's proposition that he hold the money.

Col. Crum had offered the wager by force of a bad habit of always clinching an argument by this expression of the courage of his convictions, and not because he meant it, for he detests wagers and dreads contact with the betting lunatic. But he laid a crisp $10 note in the hand of P. Divver, whereupon Punderson picked up the piece which had caused all the discussion and slowly peeled off a tinfoil covering which had been nicely fitted and pressed on the genuine half dollar. Then he again sounded the piece on the bar. It gave forth the true silvery ring.

He reached for the money in the hands of the Aldermen, while the stakeholder and the victim were too dumfounded to speak. The Alderman was so lost in admiration of Punderson that he failed to hear the call of the latter for "those cocktails, and take somethin' yourself" till it had been repeated. Then he ejaculated in a dazed sort of a way, "By George! that trick's worth as much as my Alderman's berth to me."

Col. Crum was dejected. He declares, however, that he is done betting a man at his own game.

ABOUT-TOWN GOSSIP.

Big Isidor Wormser, of the German banking-house of that name, navigates around the floor with a fiercely curled mustache. He is jolly enough when not attending to business.

Secretary Ely, of the Stock Exchange, is a handsome man of medium height, with iron gray hair and mustache. He knows more about the Exchange routine than any one in this town.

Victor Newcomb, one of the most substantial of Wall street's prominent men, is of medium height, with a full brown beard, and wears eyeglasses. He is quiet in dress and demeanor.

Adele Cornalba, the dancer, is the wife of Polifonte Morrelli, the restaurant proprietor of East Twenty-eighth street. Mme. Cornalba practises daily, and says that graceful dancing requires a great deal of hard work.

Sergt. Walter L. Thompson, of the Harlem Police, at the Harlem Democratic Club the other night, presented Cyrus W. Hubbell, the successful Aldermanic candidate of the Twenty-hub and Assembly District, with a wheel-hub and bell decorated with ribbons and flowers in honor of his victory.

Col. John A. McCaull submits the manuscripts of any plays he may receive to that sterling actress, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly. He abides by her judgment, which is said to be excellent. She reads everything, and no author who confides a play to Col. McCaull can complain that his work has not been considered.

Too Previous.
[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

Lady Patron—I want to get some good rat poison.

Druggist (with embarrassment)—Really, you are in a great haste, aren't you?

"Haste? I don't see it. What do you mean?"

"Well, you know you've only been married to your fourth husband two months and"——

"And?"

"For the sake of appearances you ought to wait a while. I am afraid you will have to go elsewhere for it."

Nothing Wrong in It.
[From the St. Paul Globe.]

College Professor—Mr. Samson, what's that you've got in your hand?

Samson—A hatchet.

"Is that a rope on your shoulder?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are those spots on your clothes?"

"Blood."

"What have you been doing, sir?"

"Hazing the new student."

She Felt So, Too.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Laura," said the young man, despairingly, "I know it is growing late, but this may be the last evening I shall ever see you. If there is no hope for me, Laura—if your answer this night is a final one—there is no happiness for me in this world except in the grave. Wide and deep it yawns before me, but I fear it not. It yawns"——

"So do I, George; so do I," said Laura, wearily.

Anti-Poverty in France.
[From Voltaire.]

"My dear friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"

"By a very simple method."

"What method is that?"

"When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

AMERICAN GYPSIES ON THE MOVE.

The Wild, Wandering Life of a People with Millions of Dollars.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

From the 1st to the 15th of November the great movement of American Gypsies from their wandering merripen, or life, upon the road to winter quarters is in full progress. Some begin to fly from the frosty days a month earlier. Others wait with a dogged sort of clinging to the tent-homes until fairly driven from them by howling December storms. Frequently the larger bands divide into several smaller portions. These gradually work their way back from extreme northern points, to their winter homes in cities and towns, or to where the climate is tolerable for a little longer stay in their loved out-of-door existence. Their far annual pilgrimings are remarkable. I have visited Gypsy bands in New Brunswick whose members owned property in Central Texas. Beginning on February they are travelling leisurely in the finest of wagons, and with droves of the finest horses, trading, selling, dickering, telling fortunes along, as the season advanced, fairly coming with the spring from the South, until June found them, like many a more aristocratic wanderer, along the shores of the noble St. Croix. During September they would traverse the New England States. In October they were across New York and Pennsylvania and well into Kentucky; and before the Christmas-tide had come they were back at their own home for a two-month putter and preparation for the next February departure, perhaps, across Missouri and Iowa, away into the dingles of the Sauk River Valley of Minnesota. These annual journeys often amount to 5,000 miles, an almost incomprensible distance when their apparent ceaseless roadside tarryings are considered.

I have no doubt that a half million of the million and a half Gypsies we now have among us are what are known among the Romany as drom Gypsies, that is, Gypsies of the road; Gypsies whose heritage of patriarchal and pilgriming tradition will no more permit them to herd in towns, save out of necessity, than will foxes. Of these, as I have previously stated in print, I have names and addresses of nearly a thousand heads of families, or petty tribes, whose combined wealth exceeds $200,000,000. Hosts aside from these have gained, or are securing, little properties. These largely consist of fine farms, country taverns stands, toll-gate privileges, tracts of woodland of which they are very fond, livery and sales stables in the smaller cities and villages, and, not infrequently, extensive town properties, particularly the larger sales stables in metropolitan cities. Thousands upon thousands are able to live comfortably without effort upon rentals and other incomes. But they are never idle, and they never fail of passing some portion of each summer upon the road. Their tradings, or preparations for trading, never cease. Nor does their fortune-telling, for the wife of a Gypsy worth a quarter of a million—and I have the acquaintance of more than one of these—will as nimbly tell your fortune for silver as would the wife of the most poverty-stricken Gypsy tinker I ever helped solder a pan or patch a kettle.

His Girl's Picture in a Pocket Coin.
[From the Philadelphia News.]

"I gave you a silver dollar for some cigars half an hour ago. Will you look over your money-drawer and see if it has been passed out?"

It was in a Chestnut street cigar store late Saturday afternoon. A well-dressed young man was the speaker. His face wore a worried and anxious look and betrayed considerable perturbation of spirit over the loss of the silver dollar. The dealer found that he had just eleven of the coins and he spread them in a row on the counter. The young man took them up one by one, weighed each in turn in his hand and an expression of vexation overspread his face as he laid the last down very carefully and murmured:

"I knew I couldn't tell that way."

Then he went at them again. This time he grasped the dollar firmly with one hand and pressed his nail upon the letter "E" in "States." At the eleventh dollar, to which he applied the nail of the little finger, all the others having been broken in the fray, there came a sudden change in the appearance of the coin. Half of it slid one way and half the other, and in the lower half, covered with a flat crystal, was the miniature of an extremely pretty girl. The young man heaved a sigh of relief, laid down a greenback in exchange, and left the store ruefully regarding his broken finger nails.

The Mazy Waltz Just 100 Years Old.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]

"The waltz," said a dancing-master last evening, "is the most beautiful and most popular of all dances. It is danced all over the world. And, by the way, the one hundredth anniversary of its birth occurs on the 20th of December in this year. On that day, one hundred years ago, a Spanish composer, named Vincent Martin, presented an opera in Vienna which contained a new dance that at once captivated the people. It was adopted at the balls immediately, and the furor rapidly extended to all parts of the world. That dance was the waltz. Some changes have been made in it, of course, but the time and principal movement remain the same."

Riding Trousers for Ladies.
[From the Philadelphia Press.]

The outfit complete consists of three pieces—habit bodice, skirt and trousers and melton cloth of different degrees, according to the use to which it is to be put, is recommended as superior to any other make of cloth. There are three grades of meltons in use—the heavy resistant for hunting purposes, the fine, full-faced but firm and warm for winter wear, and the flexible meltons, a lighter cloth with a minute rib for spring and summer wear, or warmer climates than ours. The trousers take the place of the underskirts. They do not show, but they fall over the tops of the boots and have straps which keep them in place. They are hemmed up at the bottom, are unlined, excepting at the brace and in the seat, and set into a deep, yoked band of firm, rich satin, black or the shade of the cloth. On the inner seam of the right leg, which goes over the pommel of the saddle, there is a little fulness and fitted lining of soft, French twill, which gives ease and perfectly fits the knee when it is raised, while it is not enough to be loose or ill-fitting when on the ground. The seat of the trousers is lined with wash leather, but the fastenings and finish, in every respect, are exactly in accordance with the best models of tailor-made trousers for men.

Where Jet Comes From.
[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Jet is the commonest substance in use for personal ornaments, and yet not one out of 1,000 persons knows where it comes from or what it is composed of. The English jet, which is the most popular, is dug on the coast of Yorkshire, near Whitby and Scarborough. The trade from Whitby dates back to the latter part of the sixteenth century, and jet is known to have been used for ornaments by the early Britons and their Roman conquerors. The price of the raw material is from 10 to 18 shillings a pound. It is worked altogether by hand. Pieces are sawed to the proper size and then the pattern is scratched upon the jet with a sharp pointed instrument. Then the workman takes a knife and commences to whittle the jet just as you might a stick of wood, the material working easily. With this knife and with small chisels he works out the pattern, after which the piece is taken to a grindstone and the rough parts are ground off. Swift whirling wheels do the polishing, except where there are deep incisions in the ornament, in which case boys finish the polishing with thin strips of list. Brilliancy is given to the ornament by sprinkling on a little rouge and polishing lightly with a rubber. Jet was once used almost entirely in the way of pins, bracelets, &c., but now the larger part of the output is made up into dress trimmings.

Books Mrs. Cleveland Buys.
[Washington Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.]

As I entered one of the leading book stores not long ago I passed Mrs. Cleveland coming out. She had been making a large purchase for her library, and she bought editions of a number of poets lately. She buys good bindings, but not the most costly ones, and though she never attempts to cheapen the price of any book, her selection is so good that she invariably gets the worth of her money. Mrs. Cleveland buys standard works, novels of the better class, and her favorite poets are not the trashy ones by any means. The day she returned from the constitutional celebration at Philadelphia she ordered a long list of books, and she has read a great deal this summer. She evidently buys for herself and not for the President, and the President has not been in a bookstore since he came to Washington.

SCALY, ITCHY SKIN

And all Scaly and Itching Skin and Scalp Diseases cured by Cuticura.

Psoriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scalp Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are instantly relieved and speedily cured by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D.D.S., having practised dentistry in this county for thirty-five years, and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.
NEWTON, N. J. JOHN J. CASE, D.D.S.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.
TEXARKANA, ARK. J. F. SMITH & CO.

DUSTPANFUL OF SCALES.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED.

For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
E. B. RICHARDSON, New Haven, Conn.

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.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

OLD FOLKS' PAINS.

Full of comfort for all Pains, Inflammation and Weakness of the Aged is the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing, Strengthening Plaster. New, instantaneous and infallible.

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ, Wauseon, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold." MRS. G. B. GINN, 1029 8th st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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

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100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Boston Girls Chew Gum by the Ton.
[From the Boston Post.]

A man whose business is that of selling chewing-gum informed me that about forty tons of that delectable compound are sold annually here in Boston alone. The company that he represents have invested over $50,000 in boxes which are ingeniously constructed to deliver five good, liberal "chews" to the customer who deposits a "nickel" in the top of the box. These boxes are distributed free of charge all over the city and country and it requires a small army of men to collect the coins and refill the boxes with chewing-gum. I inquired if unscrupulous persons did not occasionally deposit articles other than the coin of the realm, in order to obtain the gum result, and he replied that old knife blades, buttons, bits of iron and lead and other débris were often found in the boxes, but they hardly ever responded unless they heard the ring of the true metal. The non-chewing public have very little idea of the extent to which this innocent habit of exciting the salivary glands is practised. Perhaps it serves its purpose in allaying the craving for nervous excitement so common to the American people, and if, as I am informed is the case, it often cures the inveterate tobacco chewer of his disgusting habit, it will prove a blessing, and its use might be encouraged by legislative enactments. Who knows, as the agent aforesaid exclaimed, what diminution of crime, what purity in politics and what cleaning up of the moral atmosphere might not result from a liberal supply of gum gratuitously furnished in certain quarters.

AMUSEMENTS.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. JOHN STETSON
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.
MRS. POTTER
in first presentation in America of
LOYAL LOVE.
SUPPORTED BY MR. KYRLE BELLEW
(By courtesy of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, of Wallack's)
AND MR. JOSEPH HAWORTH.
MONDAY, NOV. 21,
McCAULL OPERA COMPANY,
Presenting the Hindoo Comic Opera,
THE BEGUM.

DOCKSTADER'S.
GRAND PRODUCTION OF THE
BLACK FAUST.
Splendid Scenery, Costumes, Singing and Electrical Effects.
THE GREAT FIRST PART.
CLEVELAND'S TRIP—Revived by Request.
EVENINGS, 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.30.

23D ST. TABERNACLE.
THIS EVENING AT 8 P. M.
SUGGESTIVE LECTURE BY
REV. SAM W. SMALL,
THE FAMOUS EVANGELIST,
ON MUNKACSY'S GREAT PAINTING,
CHRIST ON CALVARY,
RESERVED SEATS, $1. ADMISSION, 50c.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN.....Proprietor
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
LAST NIGHTS OF
EDWARD HARRIGAN
IN CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.
Dave Braham and his popular orchestra.
WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY.
PETE, Nov. 22.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Manager.
—EIGHTH WEEK.—
Robson and Crane
IN BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT COMEDY,
THE HENRIETTA.
"Mr. Bronson Howard's new comedy has scored."—Sun.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,
PRICES: 10c. Reserved Seats, 20c., 30c. and 50c.
Cor. 3d ave. and 31st st.
People turned away in crowds.
H. R. JACOBS'S OWN COMPANY IN
THE WAGES OF SIN.
Nov. 21—Benj. Maginley in INSHAVOGUE.

STAR THEATRE.
MR. HENRY IRVING,
MISS ELLEN TERRY,
and the Lyceum Company Every Evening and Saturday Matinee,
FAUST.
Saturday Evening, LOUIS XI.
Week Beginning 21st November,
Every Evening (except Saturday) and Saturday Matinee,
FAUST.
Saturday Night, Nov. 26, THE BELLS and JINGLE.

14TH STREET THEATRE—CORNER 6TH AVE.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
LAST WEEK OF
GEO. S. KNIGHT.
In Bronson Howard's and David Belasco's new play,
ADOLPHE.
MONDAY, Nov. 21—DENMAN THOMPSON,
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
Frederick Warde
Matinee, VIRGINIUS. To-night, GASTON CADOL.
Next week—A Parlor Match.
Next Sunday—PROF. CROMWELL'S beautiful lecture, AMERICA, OUR HOME.

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

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

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday 2.15.
ROBERTSON'S COMEDY,
SCHOOL. Characters by Messrs. John Gilbert, Osmond Tearle, E. D. Ward, J. W. Pigott, Mrs. Louise Eldridge, Miss Netta Guion and Mrs. Abbey.

LYCEUM THEATRE. Begins at 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY.
THE WIFE.

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

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
Howard Atheneum Specialty Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. LAST WEEKS.
EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.
The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama,
A DARK SECRET.
RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and $1.

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

POOLE'S THEATRE—8TH ST. AND 4TH AVE.
10c., 20c., 30c. Matinees Mon., Wed., Thur., Sat.
DOMINICK MURRAY in RIGHT'S RIGHT,
with Marvelous Mechanical and Scenic Effects.
Next Week—THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

WINNING A WIFE.

HIS STORY.

UP to my twenty-fourth year I lived in a flourishing New England village, where my father, a well-to-do lawyer, had always resided. He had an unbounded respect for his profession, by which he had amassed wealth and gained the reputation of being a cute lawyer. I had not the privilege of deciding upon my own calling, my father early deciding that I should follow in his footsteps. So, after being educated at Harvard, I commenced the study of law in my father's office. Upon arriving at the age above mentioned, and having been admitted to the bar, a position was secured for me with a New York law firm, where I would have the chance of "showing what was in me."

Metropolitan life was new to me, and, while I did not plunge recklessly into its dissipations, I was disposed to see life. Every evening found me at the theatre, and later hours were too often spent in gambling saloons. My allowance of money was liberal, and I found no difficulty in spending it.

One night I drifted into a leading Broadway theatre, and took an orchestra chair. I had seen the piece before, so it did not particularly interest me. Thus it was that my eye wandered from the stage to the audience, and rested upon the face of a woman in one of the boxes. My gaze was instantly enchained; for it was one of the most perfectly beautiful faces that I had ever seen. No description of mine could do it justice. So wrapt was I in my admiration of her queenly beauty—looking at it with a sudden passion that was deeper and more real than any I had ever felt in my life. I was thinking what I would give, what peril I would dare, to call this woman my own. All this lower world seemed nothing to me when weighed against her; and in such a moment a man of my stamp rarely remembers any other world. Very possib