SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

JACK M'AULIFFE'S GREAT PROWESS AS A RUNNER.

Racquet Club Members Sail for England to See the Smith-Kilrain Prize Fight—A Rumor that the Stable Where the Carney-McAuliffe Fight Occurred Would Have Been Fired Had Not the Contest Stopped.

SPORTS from the Battery to Harlem listened eagerly yesterday to lucky New Yorkers who saw the Carney-McAuliffe battle. Even Jack Dempsey, who still claims McAuliffe is plucky, told THE WORLD man he thought Carney would win in an hour had the battle been under prize-ring rules. Jack says McAuliffe was hit too low. If he was he couldn't have run to his room in the hotel so quickly as soon as the battle was over, and he would be in a dangerous predicament indeed. A man in Clinton, Mass., who ten years ago got a blow where McAuliffe claimed he was struck died in terrible agony less than thirty-six hours afterwards.

"He can beat E. C. Carter in a five-hour run, or Charlie Rowell either," said Billy Tracey, speaking of McAuliffe's tactics yesterday. "I bet he'd jump the bloody ropes if they were twenty feet high," said Arthur Chambers "if he fought Carney in a sixteen-foot ring." Eugene Comiskey, McAuliffe's stanchest supporter on the New York side, had to admit as he left the ring Wednesday morning, his man had a big bad streak in him. Ned Plummer, who, until the sixtieth round, stuck to his faith in the Brooklynite's gameness, turned to THE WORLD representative, as he saw Mac try to catch Carney by the heels and throw him, and said: "He's the rankest quitter I ever saw." THE WORLD'S evening edition had a tremendous sale on Wednesday, and its account of the mill was the recognized authority.

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When Ben Benton, the Boston sporting reporter, kept reiterating during the last round of the Carney-McAuliffe "It's no use going on before that referee; he said three hours ago he wouldn't allow any fouls," a disgusted listener exclaimed: "If he had to break my of his bones it was a pity it wasn't his jaw." Benton creates as much amusement in his way as the Belfast Spider who dresses his spindle shanks in the lightest of breeches and wears a colored silk scarf and jockey cap wherever he goes. Benton staid the fight out broken arm, notwithstanding, and Dempsey says he tried to run his stick down a hackman's throat at the finish because the hackman told him he was sorry his man, McAuliffe, got licked.

* * *

Jimmy McKohen, of Boston, ex-friend of the "big fellow," had a little fun for all by himself in the same ring with the light-weight champions. Some big innocent, who got into a squabble with him, got roughly put out of the ring and badly punished about the body down near the Carney corner of the ring at the very moment the fighters and spectators were wrangling up in the Brooklyn man's corner.

* * *

Billy Reed, who says he has $750, while Mr. Fox has only $250, in the Reagan side of the stakes for the battle with Jack Dempsey, claims he is not a bit afraid to go on with the match. He offers to bet all comers $75 against $100 on the result of the battle. Billy Edwards bet $10 even on this fight with a New York Athletic Club man last night. Billy says he would like to bet some more on Reagan at the same rate.

* * *

Al. Smith says he'll bet McAuliffe couldn't be pulled into a ring with Carney again if his backers owned a log-chain.

* * *

Jack Dempsey, the invincible middle-weight, tried to show McAuliffe how to stop Carney's infighting, but it didn't work. Jack says he told Mac to grab both Carney's shoulders and hold on to them as soon as there was a clinch, and the Englishman couldn't punish. "No more he would have," said the Nonpareil, "but McAuliffe didn't catch him right. He used to hold one shoulder well enough, but he would grab him under the arm with the other hand, so one of the man's arms was always free." Dempsey's wonderful swinging lefts have always been admired. When Dempsey swings his left the other man ducks right into it and gets double force nine times out of ten. Everybody remembers how Fogarty, in his ten-round "go" with Ellingsworth, tried to imitate the swinging left-hand blows of the man who had conquered him, but he couldn't do it any more than he could fly. Jack says McAuliffe always started his swings too high up. Carney certainly always stopped them or got under them. "Mitchell and Burke are very clever swinging in their lefts," said Dempsey; "its a sort of a half upper cut."

* * *

It was rumored about town yesterday that the McAuliffe party were bound to stop the fight, which was going so rapidly against them, at any cost. A man who is in the confidence of the Brooklyn man's backers says the stable in which the battle took place would have been set on fire had the mill gone on two rounds more. An inkling of this plot is said to have reached the proprietor, and he wouldn't let the contest go any further.

* * *

Four Racquet Club members have sailed for England to see the Kilrain-Smith prize-fight.

Try Riker's Expectorant

for your cough. If it does not cure you it costs you nothing, as your money is returned. But it will cure you. Prepared only by WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., near 22d st., where they have been established 42 years. Per bottle (half pint), 50 cents. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having RIKER'S EXPECTORANT and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.

TID-BITS ENOUGH TO GO ROUND.

By a Little Management Restaurants Collect Supplies of Delicacies.

CERTAIN delicacies on the bill of fare always suggest problems to the thoughtful reader. One does occasionally read a bill of fare thoughtfully. Sweetbreads, chicken livers *en brochette* or *sautés*, steaks and *filet de bœuf* are some of these viands. They move one to ask: Where do they all come from? No chicken outside of a dime museum has its organization equipped with more than one liver. Yet the number of livers found in a dish which you may order it would require a barnyard to supply. Then it takes one large calf to furnish a moderately extensive sweetbread, and the tenderest cow that ever walked is not wholly compacted of tenderloin. "The more's the pity," but the fact remains that a great fat bovine that tips the beam at a thousand pounds doesn't carry more than eighty pounds of choice meat on its frame.

Where do the first-class hotels and restaurants, then, get this plentiful supply of tid-bits?

It must be remembered that not everybody, even at the best hotels and restaurants, orders these delicacies. There are plenty of grown-up people in New York who have never eaten a sweetbread. So these epicurean items on the menu do not have to be furnished in the same proportion as the more common ones. Then another is that the bill of fare does not contain these things every day.

Thus at the Astor House, where Mr. Keith supplies the guests with not only the choicest things, but the best of these choice things, chicken livers are to be had only every third day or so. The six or seven dozen fowls bought daily furnish a goodly quantity of livers each day, and for the off days they are put on ice and kept at a temperature that would make an Esquimaux shiver. When the day for the chicken livers comes there are livers galore.

So with the sweetbreads. This delicious morsel may be larger or smaller, but most of them are enough to furnish two portions. In the Astor House bill of fare this appetizing dish is scheduled at seventy-five cents. It is not like Sam Weller's "weal pie" either, "werry fillen' for the price."

There are dealers who buy up the sweetbreads, and to them the limited list of customers for the article can go and find plenty. A poultry shop usually keeps sweetbreads.

Porterhouse steak single costs $1, and double $1.50, at good restaurants. But this is a solid substantial meal in itself, besides being one of the most palatable. It is the flower of the meat and comes from the short loin of the beef. The cheaper restaurants sell only the hip. Seven ribs from where the short loin is cut off are the choice one, and many of the most noted restaurants get these only.

This section of the meat is divided by a bone and this bone, with the meat on both sides, is the porterhouse steak. The smaller piece is the tenderloin and the the larger the sirloin. *Filet de bœuf* is the same meat as the tenderloin, cut in a different manner.

The hotels and large institutions usually purchase their meat of one butcher, who sells great quantities. The uptown butchers have a round of regular customers for whom the daintier parts of the meat are preserved. So, by a division in their customers, the larger number are supplied with the commoner and cheaper parts, and the wealthy and smaller number can secure the delicacies, which are rarer. In this way everybody is satisfied.

ACROSS BROKERS' WAISTCOATS.

Douglass Green wears a small gold watch-chain, from the bar end of which depends a child's gold ring.

Commodore A. E. Bateman wears a double gold chain of small links, which hangs in two graceful curves on either side of his waistcoat buttonhole.

William M. Tewksbury's waistcoat is adorned by a heavy chain of twisted gold links which runs in a straight line from buttonhole to pocket.

Thomas Holmes, one of the sewll room traders, exhibits an elaborate watchchain of gold and platinum, from which swings a heavy gold sphere.

There is nothing in Addison Cammack's watchguard indicative of the great wealth of the big bear. It is a simple gold affair without a ring or charm.

When Henry Clews delivers his occasional lecture on the market to his enraptured customers a simple chain of tiny gold links is displayed on his black waistcoat.

Comptroller-Elect Theodore W. Myers guards his handsome watch with a heavy chain of Roman gold. A locket of antique design adds to the beauty of the chain.

A long, unpretentious chain fastened in the top buttonhole of James M. Seymour's high cut waistcoat finds its way in a sweeping curve to the watch in the lower left hand pocket.

S. V. White will take to Congress with him the long chain of woven gold which persists in knotting itself over his ample waistcoat and frequently gets entangled with his slender eye-glass chain.

John Bloodgood, the most fashionably dressed man in the Stock Exchange, wears a double chain of thick rectangular links, from the middle of which sways a gold locket with a sparkling diamond in the centre.

Deserved Rest.

[From Puck.]

"Yes," he said, "I retired from business six months ago. I had made an ample fortune in the hardware line, and I thought that I had earned rest and"—

Just then a messenger boy opened the door and said: "St. Paul off five points."

"Great Scott!" shouted the retired business man: "another ten thousand gone!"

At the Masquerade.

[From Judge.]

Marguerite (Mrs. Sicard)—I enjoyed the waltz exceedingly, Tom."

Mephistopheles (Mr. Sicard)—How did you know me, Ethel? Isn't my disguise good?"

Marguerite—Excellent, Tom; but you must remember that you are the only man in the world who mixes gin with his sherry and bitters.

MRS. O'HOULIHAN IN THE WAY.

A CRITICAL TIME IN IRVING HALL'S HISTORY IN THE SECOND DISTRICT.

The Hon. John Stacom's Election Boxes Built by a German Carpenter in an Alley Too Narrow for the Boxes to Pass—The Only Other Exit Guarded by an Adherent of Tammany—A Puzzling Dilemma.

ANXIETY had made its mark on the features of the Hon. John Stacom at a meeting of the Irving Hall General Committee of the Second Assembly District on the Friday night before election.

"Who is attending to the boxes?" he askd.

There was no answer, and the Hon. John Stacom's face became pale as he stammered: "Great heavens! have we forgotten to order boxes? Why, it will kill Irving Hall in the Fourth and Sixth wards if we do not have boxes at every polling place! Who is to blame for this neglect? We have got to have them, or we won't get any votes."

A committee was forthwith appointed to have the boxes made. The committee visited a carpenter on Centre street. He was too busy on the Tammany Hall contract to undertake another. A carpenter on Pearl street was hammering away at the County Democracy boxes, while a Duane street carpenter was nailing together the boxes for the Republicans.

The Irving Hall committee was about to give up in despair, when a German carpenter, whose shop is in the rear of a New Chambers street tenement, was found. He agreed to make the Irving Hall boxes if the Hon. John Stacom would furnish the lumber.

The Hon. John Stacom furnished a truck load of planks. The truck was backed up to a narrow alleyway which led to the shop of the German carpenter. The planks were carried through the narrow alleyway and the German carpenter began work on twenty-eight boxes at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. He told the Hon. John Stacom that he would distribute the boxes before 5 A. M. on election day.

The Hon. John Stacom was up long ahead of the sun on Tuesday, Nov. 8, marshalling the Irving Hall army of the Second Assembly District. Five o'clock came, but no boxes. Half-past 5, and no boxes.

At 5.45 the Hon. John Stacom was walking through the alleyway that led to the shop of the German carpenter. When the Hon. John Stacom reached the yard he saw twenty-eight boxes piled up in heaps. The Hon. John Stacom's yells and whistles reached the ears of the German carpenter, who rushed from his breakfast table.

"What's the matter with you?" ejaculated the Hon. John Stacom. "Why havn't you distributed these boxes? You have got us in a nice hole! Hurry up and get them out!"

"Vell, how can I? Dey is too pig to go drough der alleyway ride away," was the placid reply.

The Hon. John Stacom pulled a valve rope and a blue streak of vapor was emitted from his windpipe for ten minutes without a break. He saw what had happened.

The German carpenter had made the boxes 3 feet by 2 feet 10 inches, while the alley was only 2 feet 8 inches in width, and there was no way to get the boxes into the street. The Hon. John Stacom was equal to the emergency.

"Throw them over into the next yard," he shouted, "and be quick about it."

One box had gone over the fence, when a red-haired, middle-aged woman rushed out and asked: "Is them Tammany Hall boxes?"

She was told that they belonged to Irving Hall.

"Be the powers that be," she yelled, "I'll not allow any trespassing or transgressing here in me yard," and she shook a clothes-line pole at the Hon. John Stacom.

"Is your name O'Houlihan?" asked the Hon. John Stacom.

"It is, sorr."

"Why, I know your husband. He is a fine man and one of Alderman Divver's friends."

"He is, sorr."

"Mrs. O'Houlihan, we are going to do all we can for Alderman Divver. His tickets will be run out of every one of those boxes if we can get them out of here. They are too big to go through the alleyway."

Mrs. O'Houlihan stood on one side of the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence by the Hon. John Stacom. When she had lifted over the last one she exclaimed:

"Mr. Stakeum, if you are a son of the old dart, let's see you lep over the fince."

Hon. John Stacom bounded over and was saved from falling by the brawny arms of Mrs. O'Houlihan.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when the Irving Hall boxes were posted in every one of the twenty-eight election districts of the Second Assembly District.

He Doesn't Mind.

[From Voltaire.]

In a cheap Paris restaurant.

"What the devil are you doing, waiter? Why, you are actually wiping my plate with your pocket-hankerchief."

"Oh, never mind, sir; it's a soiled one."

Did Not Know Him.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Dumpsey—I understand that Bigsby is over ears in debt.

Blobson—Huh! guess you never saw his ears.

Married and Single.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

When first engaged
She used to write
On monogram paper
Of creamy white.

But since we're married—
It's rather hard—
She says all she needs
On a postal-card.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Gold the Only Style Yet Devised to Set Off Oil Paintings Properly.

"Why don't you make any improvement in picture frames?" an EVENING WORLD reporter asked of one of the leading art dealers in this city.

Narrow gilt frames, broad gilt frames, shallow gilt frames, deep gilt frames, gilt frames in dull gold, gilt frames in burnished gold, gilt frames in ormolu, gilt frames with elaborately carved borders, variety enough of frames, but one and all of the frames for paintings were gilt, just as the reporter had seen them in his remote youth.

"There is improvement," replied the dealer. "We make better gilt frames than we used to do. To make them anything but gilt, however, would be no improvement. No other kind of frame goes with an oil painting. The rich border of gold only sets off the coloring of the picture. A dark wooden frame alters the color-key, and frequently injures the artist's work very materially. You can't get better than the best, and gold frames for oil paintings are the best."

Etchings, steel engravings, pastels in quiet tones, or a water-color occasionally, beside photographs, charcoals, and black-and-whites, admit of a wooden frame, or one of a pure, polished white, delicately touched with gold.

In the days when American art was painfully developing frames were made of black-walnut. But even the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker fight shy of this sombre material now. It has no grain. The great beauty of a wooden frame is the tone and grain showing through a brilliant polish.

Oak beautifully carved, and ash, are employed very effectively. Sometimes a plain broad band of plush in some neutral color forms a beautiful border. Bronze frames are very handsome too.

The fashion that has sprung up recently of tying a knot of brilliantly colored stuff over the corner of a frame is hardly commended by artists. In an oil painting, the painting is the object of interest and all that surrounds it should be strictly subordinated to it, they say.

A very handsome style of frame seems to have entirely "gone out." This is the Florentine frame of carved wood. All the gilt frames to-day are made of a kind of plastic material much like plaster. This is moulded to any pattern.

Handsome gilt frames are expensive. One about 12 by 8 costs $25. Poor artists feel this drain upon their resources. An unframed picture if like an unmounted gem or a man in his shirt-sleeves. It hasn't its proper setting.

Small, dainty aquarelles or etchings are usually set in a mat. The broad band of pure white separates the picture more from the wall than a mere frame would do and gives to it a certain importance which its small imensions would not carry by them*elves.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

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

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

SOUP.
Soup or Chowder.
Bean. Codfish.

SHELLFISH.
Little Neck Clam Fritters.
Beet Salad.

BOILED.	BAKED.
Mutton, with Capers.	Oyster Pie.
Egg Plant.	Mashed Potato.

DESSERT.
Farina Pudding.
Chocolate Cake. Grapes.
Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c. to 20c.	Lobsters, 8c. to 10c.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.	White fish, 15c.
Sirloin steak, 16c. to 20c.	Pickerel, 12c to 15c.
Leg mutton, 14c. to 16c.	Frost fish, 8c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.	Flounders, 10c.
Leg veal, 20c.	Salmon trout, 13c.
English mutton chops, 25c.	Bluefish, 15c.
Lamb hindq'ters, 12c. to 16c.	White perch, 10c. to 15c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.	Yard snappers, 15c. to 18c.
Sweetbreads, 65 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 35c.
Roasting turkeys, 14c. to 18c.	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 soup, $1 quart.
Canvasbacks, $3.50 pair.	Tree legs, 60c. lb.
Grouse, $1.25 pair.	Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Partridge, 75c. to $1.25 pair.	Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.	Scallops, $1.50 per gallon.
Redheads, $1.50 pair.	Celery, 12c. bunch.
Mallards, $1 pair.	Peas, 30c. half-peck.
Teal, 75c. pair.	Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Capons, 25c. lb.	Pumpkins, 20c.
Quail, $3.50 doz.	Mushrooms, $1 quart.
English snipe, $2.50 doz.	Onions, 15c. to 20c. half-peck.
Plover, $3 doz.	Cauliflowers, 10c. to 15c.
Rail, $1.50 doz.	Lettuce, 5c. head.
Rabbits, 25c. apiece.	Cranberrys, 10c. quart.
Venison, 20c. to 25c.	Horseradish, 10c. root.
Woodcock, $1 pair.	Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Fresh cod tongues, 15c. lb.	Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Fresh mackerel, 15c.	Egg plants, 10c.
Sea bass, 15c.	Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.
Fresh Kenebeck salmon, 75c	
Fresh Spanish Mackerel, 75c	
Chicken Halibut, 18c.	
Cod, 5c.	

Strictly Correct.

[From the San Francisco Post.]

"My dear," said an irate wife to her husband, who is a famous dentist, "this is a nice time of the morning to come home! Ain't you ashamed to stagger in so late as this?"

"Why, no, dear; it is not late," replied the dentist, in an injured tone. "It is a quarter of twelve."

At that moment the deep-toned clock on the parlor mantelpiece rang out the hour of three.

"Now, William," sobbed the madam, "you have told me a story. It is 3 o'clock and you said it was only a quarter of 12. Oh, that I should have lived to find you out in a falsehood."

"Madam, is not three a quarter of twelve?"

And the haughty tooth-fixer strode into his dressing-room.

Black Pearls Becoming the Rage.

[From an Exchange.]

In gems the favorite now is the ruby, principally because the mines have been exhausted and rubies are exceedingly high-priced. Black pearls are also becoming the rage, but not for beauty, for to the average mind they haven't half the charm of the white pearl. But black pearls are freaks, and expensive freaks, and faddism must have freaks or die.

Good for the Complexion.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

"Sea water is good for the complexion," is the statement of an eminent physician. This must account for the beautiful complexion of a Jack Tar who has been to sea for forty years.

HOW FINE PORCELAIN IS MADE.

Japan Excels in It and Four Dollars a Month is Good Wages.

[Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Probably no country in the world possesses such resources for the manufacture of fine porcelain and earthen wares as Japan. There are nearly three hundred localities in the empire where clay is found suitable for the manufacture of porcelain without being treated to the addition of foreign matter. The constituent elements of porcelain are chiefly silica, alumina and water.

The clays used by the Japanese potters are treated by being thoroughly pounded under water in pounders which are generally worked by hand. After the earthy matter has settled at the bottom of the vessel the water is poured off and the residuum is dried and stored away in the form of flat cakes upon boards, or as an impalpable powder in boxes. The shaping is done for the most part upon the potter's wheel, the introduction of which is attributed by the Japanese to the Buddhist priest Gio-gi Bo-satsu, born 670, died 749 A. D.

The potter's wheel in vogue among the Japanese is exceedingly simple in its construction, and consists of a round piece of hard wood well battened on the under side to prevent warping, and working upon a pivot set in a porcelain eye. The motion is communicated to the wheel in most cases by the hand of the potter himself. When other than round shapes are required crude moulds are sometimes used.

After the clay has been shaped upon the wheel it is dried for a couple of days. It is then smoothed with a sharp knife and converted into "bisque" by a brief preliminary baking. It is then either painted and fired, or glazed and fired, if it is designed to be painted on the glaze. The ovens are generally constructed upon a hillside, one above the other, with the draft from the lowest to the highest, and an arrangement for firing each kiln separately. The consequence of this arrangement is that the upper kilns are the hottest, and the ware which requires the most intense heat is accordingly placed in these. These connecting kilns possess the merits of economizing fuel, but are not always well constructed, and there is often a want of uniformity in the heat.

The Japanese display great skill in the painting of their porcelain and earthen wares. The blue color of the common ware is due to the use of cobalt. This ware is painted on the bisque before firing. The more handsome and costlier wares are painted upon the glaze and are subjected in some cases to repeated firings. The oxides employed in coloring are those of copper, cobalt, iron, antimony, manganese and gold, which are mixed with a silicate of lead and potash and baked at a low temperature, though the oxides are also applied in some cases influxed and baked at a temperature which fluxes them and produces the desired color. French and German colors are beginning to be largely used.

I was at some pains to ascertain the prices paid for labor in the cloissone and porcelain factories. The work is done by the piece, and a good turner in a pottery establishment or enameler receives from 50 to 75 cents per diem. The best painters earn from 75 cents to $1.50 per diem. The wages are graded downward from these maximum figures to those paid boys and girls employed in the simpler operations, who earn from 10 to 15 cents a day. As I have remarked in a previous letter, when speaking of the wages paid farm laborers in Japan, we of the West, with our exaggerated ideas of the worth of labor and with the low purchasing power of our coin are apt to form false estimates when merely contemplating the scale of prices paid here. But the truth is that Japanese tastes are simple and wants few, and while from 75 cents to $1 per diem would be accounted starvation wages in America, they in reality represent a very just and liberal compensation in Japan.

I cannot better illustrate what I mean than by relating an incident which occurred in Tokio the other day. A friend of mine was met and accosted by a Swede, who insisted upon talking with him. "What are you doing here?" said my friend. "I am working for a Japanese who is in the iron business." "What are you getting?" "Four dollars a month." "Four dollars a month! Why, man, that will not keep soul and body together." "Yes, yes, but it will. I have a jolly good boarding-house, and get all the meat and fish and bread I want, and only pay $3 a month."

Why New York Girls Chew Gum.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

A New York woman writes: "I entered a car the other day occupied by four pretty, stylishly dressed girls, who did nothing but laugh, chatter and oh! horror! chew gum! If there is anything vulgar it is this habit which just now seems to be the rage with a certain class. I was amazed to see such ladylike-looking girls showing this habit. There is one thing that ought to prevent girls from doing this, and that is their vanity, for it is far from becoming, this everlasting chewing that seems to make one's jaws ache just to watch these chewers. I have noticed chewing gum offered for sale at the elevated stations, so I asked the boy if he sold much of it. 'Yes, indeed,' he replied, 'boxes and boxes of it.' 'Who buys it?' I asked. 'Oh, all the pretty young ladies and some old ones. They chew it as a cure for indigestion.' 'Does it cure them?' I asked. 'They think it does,' he answered. Later I made further inquiries from one who knows and ascertained that there are several factories manufacturing chewing gum, and the man who advertises extensively is making a fortune, which proves somebody buys it. At my druggist's I saw a placard: 'Real old down East spruce gum.' 'Who buys it?' I said, 'Oh, everybody; people you wouldn't dream of that would be seen chewing it in public. They say it for promoting digestion, and the pure spruce gum does it, and it whitens the teeth. Even men chew it after smoking. It is the best thing in the world to remove the odor of whiskey or onions.' I became imbued with the fact that all the world were accustomed to chew gum privately, if not in public. Nevertheless, it is a vulgar habit, and one our young girls had best avoid."

Strange Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

[Gallipolis (O.) Special to Pittsburg Post.]

News was received here the other day of a well-authenticated case of spontaneous combustion that is interesting. Last Friday night a servant girl named Sarah Cross, or Sarah McGoon, being called by both names, living with Mr. J. P. Keister, a few miles below here, on the West Virginia side, was lying asleep in bed, when a colored woman employed in the house came to the bed carrying a lighted lamp. Miss Cross awakened with a start, and in doing so, threw up her hand, knocking off the lamp chimney, when the lamp exploded, scattering the oil over her and fatally burning her before she could be rescued. Dr. Henford was called, who used a gallon of linseed oil in dressing her burns. Mr. and Mrs. Keister slept in the room with her and attended to her wants until Sunday morning. Before day they were both awakened from their sleep and found the house filled with a dense, suffocating smoke. They hastily arose and examined the fire-places about the house, but could find nothing, until returning to the room they discovered the bed on which Miss Cross lay to be on fire. She was removed and the bed thrown out of doors, when the blaze shot up as high as the house. The bed undoubtedly took fire from the oil and heat of the girl's body.

Why Women Prefer the Stage.

[Printed Interview with A. M. Palmer.]

"Among the applicants for entrance into the profession, are there more men or women?"

"More women, of course, by about four to one."

"Why of course?"

"Oh, I should think the reasons obvious enough. In the first place, the stage affords the only equal platform to man and woman."

"I do not understand"——

"Yet it is simple enough. In all other occupations woman's wages are less than man's; whether as saleswoman, as bookkeeper, as tailoress, even as teacher, she is always paid less than a man for the same work. On the stage she is paid, no matter what line of work she is doing there, just as much as the man in the same line, and often more when she is more attractive or more talented. Actresses like Mrs. Booth, Miss Rehan, Miss Coghlan receive just as good, if not better salaries than the leading men of their respective companies. On the operatic stage the women are always better paid than men. No tenor ever received the compensation given to a Jenny Lind or a Patti. No actor ever received more for his work than Charlotte Cushman, Rachel, or even Sarah Bernhardt, received for hers.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

Mr. Fullerton Had a Lively Time Out West, but His First Love Was True to Him.

[From To-day's Philadelphia Times.]

The marriage of Mr. Winfield Scott Fullerton, of Greeley, Col., to Miss Emma C. Ritter of Camden, a few days ago, has brought to light a romantic story. Ten years ago the bride and groom were attendants at the Fourth Baptist Church, Camden. Mr. Fullerton was a leader in the Sunday afternoon prayer meetings and Miss Ritter sang in the choir at the church services. They met frequently and their friendship soon ripened into a warm feeling. In 1877 Mr. Fullerton with several friends emigrated to the West. He took a tearful leave of his sweetheart and promised to write often to her and return for her when he had made his fortune in the great West. The party after drifting through a number of settled places finally joined a colony which had taken Horace Greeley's advice and founded a town in Colorado, which they called Greeley. Fullerton soon tired of grubbing in the new settlement and went on the plains as a cowboy, but this proving uncongenial he finally obtained a commission as an assistant agent of the Ute tribe of Indians under Gen. Meeker. After some months' residence among the Utes he was dispatched to Washington on an official mission by Gen. Meeker, and was surprised on his arrival there to hear of the Meeker massacre and the captivity of the women at the agency.

Fullerton returned to the scene of the massacre with a body of troops and after the famous pursuit of the Utes was instrumental in rescuing the captives. He then returned to Greeley, and, engaging in stock-raising, soon amassed a fortune. His correspondence with Miss Ritter in Camden had gradually grown less frequent, and finally closed altogether, and he became acquainted with a daughter of Gen. Meeker and finally married her. About three years ago his wife died, leaving one child. The wealthy ranchero continued to amass wealth, but his home was a lonely one and his thoughts reverted to his former friends in the East, and especially to the sweetheart whom he had neglected. He returned to Camden in January last and his friends hailed him as one returned from the dead.

He found that Miss Ritter was still unmarried and true to her first love. The result was a renewal of the affections which the changes of a decade had not severed, and preparations were made for the marriage, which took place a few days ago.

Mr. Fullerton and his bride at once returned to Greeley, where he is honored as one of the foremost citizens, and in addition to his large landed estate and thousands of cattle is part owner of the *Tribune*, a prosperous newspaper of that rapidly-growing city.

Tricks of a Mother-in-Law in Egypt.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

It is customary for the mother of the husband to reside with the wife some time after marriage, that the honor of the man may be preserved and the wife taught by example the duties she owes the husband; but it often happens that the demure mother-in-law teaches the wife many tricks of deception and cunning. Male slaves must not enter the women's rooms, and the women may not unveil to any man who is not within the degree of consanguinity within which they are forbidden to marry; yet pretty women let the veil fall by accident where there is an opportunity for their faces to be admired and their eyes invite regard. Woman's highest honor comes to her through motherhood; to have sons exalts her to "freedom from the pains of hell," and the care of her children is her most noble duty. But she may not, by the Koran, be the teacher of the boys after they are two years old.

The Oath a Chinaman Takes.

[From the San Francisco Call.]

In the case of Ah Chuck, before Justice of the Peace Ogden and a jury, on a charge of selling lottery tickets, the Justice has formulated an oath for the Chinese witness like the following: "I swear by the Chinese gods, the foreigners' god, the God of heaven and earth, that if I am a liar in this case my head will be cut off the same as this chicken's head is cut off, and that I will be drowned in the ocean and never get back to China," and while repeating the oath the Chinaman held a cleaver in his hand, with which he severed a chicken's head from the body when he had finished the words.

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DAINTY FOOTGEAR.

The demand for the Louis Quinze heel is larger than ever.

Plain bedroom slippers are in felt, either with or without heels.

A pretty morning slipper is of black patent leather, with cloth toe of Persian embroidery.

A style for morning wear is the mule, in black or colors, in kid or Suede, with Louis Quinze heels.

A dress slipper of black kid has the high heel, and large oxidized silver buckles with roses in bas relief.

The "common-sense" walking boot is always popular. It has a square toe, low heel and is made of kangaroo, with a straight goat vamp.

The low shoe called the "Washington" or "Adonis" is suitable for house or street wear. It is in red, with black patent-leather vamp and plain steel buckle.

One of the prettiest styles for house and evening wear is the bronzed Oxford tie. It laces neatly in front with a silk lacing to match, has the pointed box toe and the high heel.

A pretty boot has the London pointed toe, and the "Boston boot" has a toe neither square nor pointed. The boot is made of kangaroo leather and the extension sole is neatly stitched.

Very stylish, pretty slippers for evening wear are in bronze. The newest style, the sandal, has a strap buttoning over the instep on which is a bow of bronze-colored ribbon and a large bronze buckle.

Another style is the low-cut black satin slipper, with toe embroidered in steel. The "Judic" is also of black satin and ties over the instep with broad black satin ribbon. Both of these slippers have the high Louis Quinze heel.

For street wear over-gaiters of jersey cloth will be much worn during the winter. They come in black and tan color, are very neatly made, and reach only to the top of the boot. They are made to order for ladies who want them to match their walking-dresses.

AMUSEMENTS.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. JOHN STETSON. LAST TWO NIGHTS. MATINEE SATURDAY. **MRS. POTTER** in first presentation in America of THE COMEDY OF 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.

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.

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.

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

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, RUDOLFIN. MONDAY, NOV. 21, CLEMENTINE THOMPSON. THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

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.

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