WHERE USHERS CATCH TIPS.

MONEY-MAKING CHANCES OF THE YOUNG MEN WHO SHOW YOU YOUR SEATS.

Theatres With Comic Operas on the Most Profitable Owing to the Impressionable Heart of Man—A Steady Income to be Made Out of Reserved Seats—Two Old Hands in the Business With Fortunes.

"WHAT sort of a livelihood can you get out of your profession?" an EVENING WORLD reporter asked a tail-coated usher of one of the swell theatres. His reply was equivocal and was: "Well there's Bob Daly, chief usher at the Casino. He is worth $50,000 and maybe more, and has been in the business fifteen or twenty years. Then there's Al Kingsland, of the Grand Opera-House, 's about as well off, and 's been at it most as long as Bob."

"There is a little something in the way of tips in the business to depend on, as well as salary, is there not?" was asked.

"Something, of course. For instance: There are a number of good reserved seats vacant nearly every night. Even when they are all sold there is somebody who will not come. The man who does everything on the cheap plan has found this out, and discovered a means to get a good reserved seat for half price. He buys an admission ticket, and hangs around until it is reasonably certain that he will not be disturbed if given a reserved seat. Then he will approach the usher with his reward and a silver quarter, and gets what he wants. On standing-room nights there are lots of fellows who would have purchased reserved seat tickets, if all had not been sold, and then the usher sometimes gets more than a quarter of a dollar.

"I remember one such night." The fellow's face clouded as the recollection came to him, but it immediately cleared again. He chuckled and said: "Well, it was a good joke on me any way, and I'll tell it."

"It was a rousing house. Everything was packed and people were standing by the score. I had two good vacant seats on my aisle, and many a longing eye was cast towards them. The first act was nearly done and the holder of those seats hadn't come. A regular swell, with an elegantly dressed lady on his arm, came over to me and asked: 'Usher, can't you get me those seats in the fourth row?' at the same time slipping something done up in paper into my hand. I clutched that package, and I couldn't dispose of those seats quick enough. After seating the liberal chap and his lady I returned to take an inventory of stock. It felt like, and I was sure I had, a $10 gold piece and I called the boys to gaze on it and be envious of my good fortune. I unfolded the paper slowly. I didn't want the glitter of that coin to burst upon me too suddenly, but I wanted to realize my good fortune by degrees.

"Slowly I unfolded the paper and at last discovered the edge of the coin. It looked suspicious; didn't glitter worth a cent, and, in fact, had the dead appearance of well oxidized copper. I hurriedly refolded the paper, but was not quick enough in my movement. The boys had seen it and were tittering. It was a two-cent piece," and again the look of pain passed over the relator's face as he thought of this example of man's perfidy.

"But it's the boys who usher where the comic operas and burlesques are on that get the tips," continued this mine of usher lore. "They deal with the fellows that want to know if a certain fairy, village maiden or what not on the other side of the footlights is named or not and if the usher will be so kind as to get a note to her. Of course the usher will for a consideration, which he gets. The note don't go anywhere but the rounds of the ushers, who have lots of fun at the 'gillie's' expense, but Gilly himself thinks it does, and he wonders why he don't get an answer. The boys have somebody of this kind on a string all the time and they work 'em for all they are worth."

At the Grave of Beecher.

[From the Albany Argus.]

The grave of Henry Ward Beecher in Greenwood Cemetery is now ready to become an object of interest in that famous burying-ground. It is at the top of what is known as Ocean Hill. It is at present nothing more than a simple unmarked mound of earth. The situation commands a magnificent view of nearly all of New York harbor, both the upper and lower bays. Standing at the mound one can look across the Narrows to the hill on Staten Island on the summit of which the Vanderbilt mausoleum is situated. The Staten Island tomb cost, exclusive of land, something like $300,000. The Beecher grave may have cost as much as ten dollars to dig and fill it in. It is surrounded on every side by the most expensive monuments, the head-stones all elaborately dressed and made to look as beautiful and cheerful as the memorials of the dead possibly can. It is peculiarly suggestive to find that the ornate monuments surrounding Mr. Beecher's grave are those of men whose names were never brought to public attention except at the bottom of advertisements. There is, for instance, a monument of a certain soda-water manufacturer which is as ostentatious as his advertisements in the newspapers during his lifetime were glaring.

In this respect Mr. Beecher's grave is remarkably similar to the graves of almost all great men.

Queer Love This.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Ethel—Mamma, I am writing to Nellie Lee; shall I say anything for you?

Mamma—Writing to that contemptible person again? Yes, give her my love. How I detest that girl, to be sure!

In Three Days.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1886.

Messrs. W. B. RIKER & SON.

GENTS: I have been suffering very much from a severe cold and cough. I was unable to sleep at night and was just about unfitted for business. I write to tell you that in THREE days your EXPECTORANT has entirely cured me, as also my little boy Harry, who was suffering with a similar trouble. ONE bottle was nearly used between us.

Yours gratefully,
MATTHEW SCHNEIDER, 390 6th ave. *.*

WHAT STEAMBOATS DO IN WINTER.

Some Go South with Their Crews and the Rest Lie Idle at Home.

"It's a great mystery to some folks what becomes of all the steamboatmen during the winter months," said a harbor pilot, to a WORLD reporter yesterday. "The question has been asked me hundreds of times, and I have set myself to find out.

"I learned that fully one-half of them go South, while the remainder hang around New York City, laying for drinks, or seek employment along the docks. But the most of them, as I said before, go South, and, strange to say, they go on vessels which leave this harbor, these vessels being employed during the winter months in the South. They go to Jacksonville, Fla., and thence to the St. John's River. These excursions are largely patronized by the Northern visitors to the South, and the vessels are those which do quite a large excursion business in these waters during the summer here."

"What vessels are they?" was asked.

"They are the Sylvan Glen, the Sylvester, the Hancock, Fred De Bary, and many of the others of the smaller excursion boats," he replied. "The bigger ones go out of commission and are laid up during the winter. The Iron Steamboat Company's seven boats, four of which go to Coney Island, two on various excursion trips and the other to Long Branch, are all docked at their berth at Gowanus. Just to show you what a number of men are thrown out of employment by the storage of those boats alone, I want to tell you that each one of the boats employs during the excursion season a captain, wheelman, pilot, two engineers, three firemen, a mate, four deckhands, one cook, one waiter, one chambermaid and a bartender. There are seventeen men, you see, which for the seven boats forms a complement of 119 of the company's employees. All of these are thrown out of work and a few watchmen are engaged to care for the boats during the cold spell. When this is so with the Iron Steamboat Company's boats alone, you can imagine what the figure must reach when so many excursion boats go out of commission in these waters. A good many of the boatmen live up the river where they have homes, and what money they save during the summer season suffices to keep them until spring opens navigation and they re-engage for the summer excursion season.

"Most of the pilots employed by Starin work at one-half pay during the winter season. They get $100 a month during the summer. They act as watchmen during the winter months, and care for the boats as well. Should they be called out to do any piloting work they get their regular pay as long as they do their regular work, but the choice of all these boatmen is to go South when the summer traffic opens there, and it is a soft snap for them. Still a steamboatman's lot is not altogether a happy one."

HELIOTROPE WITH BANDS OF SABLE.

The Redingote Evoluted by a Long-Suffering Modiste for a Lady With Ideas.

One of the younger ladies of the Lorillard family is said to be the fussiest woman in New York about her clothes.

She chooses the materials of her costumes with reference to her figure as well as her complexion and gives the matter deliberate reflection. She takes from two to three hours for a fitting and requires every model of drapery and cut of corsage to be shown to her before she will decide upon one for herself. She is the despair of her dressmaker, the death of her milliner and an object of hatred and envy and all uncharitableness to the other women who are sitting around and waiting for their time to come while she occupies the fitting-room and monopolizes the fitter.

She has faultless taste, and cherishes views of her own on the subject of feminine attire, and she will not bestow her very profitable patronage upon any modiste, however celebrated, who will not submit to be guided by her individual taste.

On the other hand, it is said that there are some independent Grand Moguls of the great Millinery World of New York who cannot be prevailed upon to take an order from this charming, wealthy, but *difficile* woman. Mrs. Lorillard is a brunette, with a striking face and an extremely graceful carriage. Her figure is slender but rounded, and she is ever bent upon finding some "effect" which will emphasize this latter quality, and has led her long-suffering modiste a dance this fall after a becoming order of redingote. The result is a charming affair of heliotrope cloth, richly bordered with bands of sable. The half-loose front, is gathered in at the waist with a heavy clasp, and relieved by a touch of dull gold passementerie.

There are Jolly Prisons in Australia.

[From Modern Society.]

There is a jail in Queensland where the lady boarders have quite a good time of it. One of the fair creatures "is allowed at all hours into the jailer's house, where she plays the jailer's piano late at night and keeps the warders awake." In another prison, at Townsville, one hard-labor gentleman has learned to play chess, and has worried through 700 games in three months, but he speaks very unfavorably of the officials, who actually refused to allow him to go to Adelaide to take part in the chess tournament, although he was willing to pledge his word that he would return some time, or perhaps a little later. Jail life in Queensland, according to the recent commission, appears to be rather a rosy existence—if you get into the proper sort of jail. The Commission's stories almost remind one of the state of affairs at Darlinghurst Prison forty years ago, when troopers who had to escort good-looking women from Sydney to Parramatto took three weeks in traveling fourteen miles.

Anxious About the Menagerie.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"Now, Bobby," said his mother, "you are tired and sleepy. So say your prayers and jump into bed."

"Ma," remarked Bobby, as he assumed the devotional attitude, "if it wasn't for one thing I don't b'lieve I'd say any prayers to-night."

"What is it, Bobby?"

"I wouldn't like to go to bed without asking God to take care of my rabbits."

Well Supplied.

[From the Oil City Blizzard.]

Mailing Clerk—You'll have to order some paper for wrappers. We are almost entirely out.

Publisher—Order nothing; don't you know the *Congressional Record* is about to resume publication?

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

AMONG THE SILK WEAVERS.

WOMEN AND GIRLS WHO WORK LONG HOURS FOR SMALL WAGES.

There are 2,700 of Them in This City and Their Wages Average $5.50 a Week—Widows Who Support Families on That Income—Where They Live and What They Live On—Simple Amusements.

MANY of the silks and satins which form part of pretty dresses or adorn artistic bonnets are produced in poverty and amid a good deal of wretchedness.

While their more fortunate sisters are enjoying in this manner the products of the loom, 2,700 "hands" in this city are working twelve hours a day, with few pleasures thrown in, producing the fabrics.

There are eight silk manufactories in this city employing 2,700 hands. The hands range in age from eleven years to forty. One factory alone employs 300 hands. Most of the girls are between fifteen and eighteen years of age. They work from 6.30 A. M. until 6 P. M., a half hour being allowed for dinner.

Many of the girls are orphans or dependent on themselves for support, and live in rooms in the tenement-houses in the immediate vicinity of the factories. While a majority live at home, a large number rent a room or two in some six-story tenement, and do their own housekeeping. In that way they live very cheaply and at the same time very poorly. Four or five girls sometimes hire two or three rooms and each assumes a proportionate share of the expense, and of the housework.

The average wages is $5.50 a week, and with that small sum a girl must dress and maintain herself as best she can.

In one factory are fourteen or fifteen widows who live on $5.50 a week, and even manage to care for two or three small children. Some of these children are also put at work in the factory and earn from $1 to $3 a week.

The rooms occupied by these patient workers are not of the best by any means. They are generally located on the top floor of a six-story tenement. The food they eat is of the plainest and not at all substantial. For breakfast, as a rule, they have but coffee and rolls; the noonday lunch is varied with an apple a pickle and two cents' worth of milk. Boiled rice, a cup of tea and perhaps cake or gingerbread make up the supper bill of fare. The Sunday dinner is generally a little more expensive and substantial, boiled corned beef or pig's head, cabbage and potatoes being added to the menu.

The silk weavers, like other female workers in this pent-up city, naturally seek amusements and never lose an opportunity of going to a theatre or concert. They are regular attendants at the balls of the labor and social clubs. The cheaper houses of amusement are patronized largely by working people, and many of the girls and women in the audiences come from the workshops and factories.

Once in a while a small party will assemble in the scantily furnished rooms of some poor worker, and a banjo, accordion or harmonica player will entertain the guests or furnish music for dancing.

Most of the silk weavers have been in the public schools, and a few are good readers and writers, the majority being passably fair in those branches. Many more can scarcely write their names or cannot write at all. Those who are the best informed obtain their knowledge from the daily newspapers, and nearly all are close readers of the cheap library books and the family story papers.

The living rooms of these poor girls are, as a general thing, badly ventilated, and the occupants are by no means strong and healthy. Quite recently many of the factories were devoid of proper ventilation and necessary conveniences, but the efforts of Factory Inspector McKay have brought about a better condition of things in these respects.

The silk industry is a profitable one to the proprietors, but is very unprofitable to the toilers who are engaged in it.

Silver-Plating Dead Bodies.

[From London Figaro.]

Some two years ago a plan was openly suggested and discussed which consisted in enclosing the dead bodies of our dead fellow citizens in cement, thus forming them into blocks, which, when duly hardened, would serve to construct breakwaters or forts, or any other building of large dimensions. This plan did not receive public encouragement, however, and has not been heard of since. But now a German doctor has discovered a way of electro-plating our deceased friends and relatives, thus forming them into what are virtually silver-plated mummies. The corpse having been duly prepared has first to be sprinkled with plumbago and then suspended in the electro-plating solution in the usual way, the precipitation being caused by electricity.

It is possible, I hear, to cover a dead body with such a very thin film of silver as to leave the expression of the face unaffected so far as its expressiveness goes, or the deposit can be increased at will until a corpse is turned into what is virtually a silver-plated statue. Experiments have actually been made in this direction, and the feasibility of the plan demonstrated clearly; so that it is quite possible that in ages to come the rich parvenu, instead of buying a set of painted ancestors in Wardour street, will be able to provide himself with a choice and costly selection of electro-plated "forebears" for his ancestral halls. But there is one evident objection to to this notion of electro-plating our dead, viz., that corpses would then be turned into portable property, which would inevitably tempt the burglar. In fact, it would end in one having to send one's ancestors to one's bankers for safe custody along with the plate and the jewel case.

His Society.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Travis—Do you belong to any society?

Ponsonby—Certainly; I am a member of the Helping Hand Society.

Travis—Indeed!

Ponsonby—Yes; there is no waiter at our boarding-house.

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 for $1.

SOUP.
Julienne.

FISH.
Smelts.

ROAST.
Pork Appliance.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Celery.

DESSERT.
Sago Pudding.
Bananas.
Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 16c. to 20c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to 25c.
Sirloin steak, 16c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 14c. to 16c.
Spring Lamb chops, 25c.
Leg veal, 20c.
English Saddle, 18c.
Lamb hindquarters, 12c. to 15c.
Veal cutlets, 25c. to 28c.
Sweetbreads, 26 per dozen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 60c.
Pork Tenderloin, 18c.
Roasting pig, $3.50 each.
Roast chicken, 10c. to 15c. lb.
Roasting turkeys, 14c. to 20c.
Squabs, $3.50 to $4 doz.
Boston geese, 18c.
Boston ducks, 16c. to 20c.
Ordinary ducks, 10c. to 15c.
Canvasbacks, $4 pair.
Grouse, $1.25 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to $1.25 pair.
Reed birds, $1 dozen.
Redheads, $2 pair.
Mallards, $1 pair.
Teal, 75c. pair.
Capons, 25c. lb.
Quail, $3 doz.
English snipe, $2.50 doz.
Plover, $3 doz.
Hare, $1.50 doz.
Rabbits, 25c. apiece.
Venison, 20c. to 25c.
Woodcock, $1.50 pair.
Fresh cod tongues, 12c. lb.
Fresh mackerel, 18c. to 20c.
Sea bass, 15c.
Fresh Kenebeck salmon, 75c.
Fresh Spanish Mackerel, 30c.
Chicken Halibut, 18c.
Cod, 6c.
Lobsters, 8c. to 12c.
White fish, 15c.
Pickerel, 12c to 15c.
Frost fish, 8c.
Flounders, 8c.
Salmon trout, 12c.
Bluefish, 15c.
Haddock, 6c. to 8c.
Red snappers, 15c. to 18c.
Halibut, 15c. to 18c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Black bass, 10c. to 15c.
Bloodfish, 20c. to 25c.
Smelts, 12c. to 18c.
Little-neck clams, 40c. to 60c. a 100.
Oysters, 75c. to $1.50 a 100.
Terrapin, $12 to $36 a doz.
Green Turtle, 15c. lb.
Green turtle soup, $1 quart.
Frogs' legs, 60c. lb.
Terrapin stew, $4 quart.
Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Scallops, $1.50 per gallon.
Peas, 30c. half-peck.
Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, $1 quart.
Cranberries, 10c. quart.
Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Egg plants, 10c.
Florida Oranges, 20c. to 50c. per doz.
Jamaica Oranges, 20c. to 40c. per doz.
Bananas, 25c. to 50c. doz.
Tokay Grapes, 15c. to 25c. lb.
Malagas, 15c. to 20c. lb.
King Apples, 50c. doz.
Snow Apples, 25c. quart.
Lady Apples, 30. quart.

SOCIETY LADIES BLACK-BALLED.

Members of a Woman's Club Who are Best on Mischief.

[From Tenowine's (Milwaukee) News.]

The Woman's Club of Wisconsin has a large membership of the leading society ladies of Milwaukee. The objects of the club are to bring together those interested in the intellectual culture and improvement of women. The meetings of the club are on alternate Thursdays from October 1 to June 1 of each year and the attendance is generally quite large. The Athenæum Association is ab outgrowth of the Woman's Club. It is an association of ladies who are members of the club, organized for the purpose of erecting a building, which is now nearly completed. The members of the Athenæum Association issued stock for the purpose and liberally subscribed for it, and the result is a very handsome structure, which will be the permanent home of the Woman's Club. Quite a sensation has been caused in society circles by the determined effort of certain members of the Woman's Club to keep out many of the leading ladies of the city.

At recent meetings the names of a half dozen ladies of social prominence and wealth have been black-balled, and in consequence the ladies of the club who have its best interests at heart are greatly chagrined and mortified. The constitution of the club provides that each member of one year's standing may annually propose in writing to the Board of Directors the name of one candidate for membership. If approved the board presents the name to the club. The election is then by ballot at the ensuing meeting, and the candidate is elected unless three black balls are cast against her. A candidate failing of election cannot be proposed again for a year.

The recent black-balling has caused great excitement and indignation, and it is highly probable that an effort will be made at the next quarterly meeting in December to change the constitution in this point, and to put the elective power in the hands of the Board of Directors. It is claimed that many prominent ladies refuse to allow the proposal of their names for membership, fearing that they will meet the fate of those mentioned. No cause can be assigned for the recent black-balling other than the fact that there is a small clique among the members who are determined to avenge some fancied social slight or to wreck the organization. The trouble began many months ago, but recently developments have caused renewed interest in the matter.

He Sold a Talking Dog.

[London Dispatch to a Paris Paper.]

Credulity has not often been exemplified more funily than in a case which has just come off in a police court here. The keeper of a public house told a long story of how a customer came into his place and asked for a book, his dog taking a seat beside his master and asking in a strange voice for "a piece of meat" for himself. The other customer, astounded at hearing a dog talk, recommended Boniface to buy the animal, and to christen the place "The Talking Dog." The complainant took the advice, and offered 400f for the dog, who, on hearing the bargain, cried out to his master:

"So you sell me, do you? Then I shall not talk any more!"

The animal kept its word, and Boniface could not get another syllable out of him. At last it dawned upon him that he had been made a fool of, and happening to meet the vendor in the garb of an acrobat at a fair, he gave him in custody. When the "Poor Player" was brought up he confessed that he was a ventriloquist, but protested that he did not offer to sell his dog. On the contrary, the landlord insisted on buying it, and, without any inclitement to do so, went up quickly in his bids from 200f to 400f, throwing in the refreshment which had been given to man and beast. The case was dismissed.

The Romancing Fisherman.

[From the Norwich Bulletin.]

No camp-meeting can be successfully held in the neighborhood of good fishing, according to the testimony of a venerable Methodist Bishop; and yet, if there is any class of liars that especially need the converting influence of the Gospel it is the class that catches a fish so long

and tells the neighbor that it is so long

A King Deposed Owing to a Drunken Sailor's Broken Nose.

[From the London News.]

It appears that the revolution which the German Commodore, Capt. Heusner, has affected at Samoa originated in a drunken quarrel which took place on the ninetieth birthday of the Emperor William. A number of German sailors who went ashore at Apia on that day were not content with drinking the health of the Emperor themselves, but insisted on the natives sharing their festivities. Some disorder ensued, in the course of which a German subject had his nose broken. Unfortunately King Malietoa's magistrates were unable to fix the responsibility of the damaged nose upon the guilty party. The Commodore took a serious view of this failure of justice and demanded that a thousand dollars should be paid as compensation to the owner of the injured member. Other claims were then brought forward, and Malietoa procrastinating—as savage chiefs are apt to do—war was declared against him, and his rival, Tamesese, was made king in his place. It remains to be seen whether the German Government will approve of Capt. Heusner's high-handed proceedings, and whether Prince Bismarck has any sense of humor. We hope the International Commission at Washington which is to settle the affairs of Samoa will succeed in their object and give to those islands a tranquillity which they have not enjoyed for many years past.

GIRLS DON'T WANT TO BE GOVERNESSES.

American Mammas Do Not Treat Them Well Nor Pay Them Well.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

What is to be the future of the governess in America? She will never, as in England, belong to a permanent class, because there are no permanent classes in this country, tried by the English standard; that is, permanence of social position in a family is here the exception and there the rule. Moreover, the greater prevalence of city and town life in the well-to-do-classes, and the greater popularity of schools as compared with home training, give an enormous outlet for those of our young people who wish to teach, so that educated girls are not obliged, as in England, to look to the position of governess as their main resource.

The vast increase in the number of young women employed as clerks, bookkeepers, typewriters, &c., depletes still further the ranks of applicants. And yet, despite all this, the increase of numbers and wealth introduces more and more governesses into families. Sometimes they are especially needed through illness of the parent, sometimes because of country life, sometimes by reason of some peculiarity in the pupil, and often as a mere bit of social ambition. Our more democratic way of living makes their position in some ways more agreeable here than elsewhere, but also in some ways harder; if they are less sharply discriminated from the family, they are also less discriminated from the household servants; and, on the whole, their status is at present rather anomalous and ill-defined.

I knew of a governess in a New York family who lived absolutely alone in her rooms, except for the society of the children. She had all her meals sent to her and never entered the drawing-room unless called for. On the other hand, she was no more allowed to go below her position than to step above it, and her employer once reproved her quite severely for putting on a child's overshoes, saying that this was the nurse's business and she should have been summoned to do it. There is something almost inhuman in this cast-iron etiquette, but it must be remembered that it has its uses like all rigid custom. If it represses the victim it also defends her and saves her from that jealousy on the part of cooks and chambermaids which is the worst annoyance of the American governess at the present stage of the institution.

It is a curious fact that instead of rising steadily, like the wages of the kitchen, the compensation of the American governess has probably been reduced within the last twenty or thirty years.

He was Ordered to Take Something Warm.

[From Voltaire.]

The following witty reply was made by a prisoner in the Correctional Court of la Seine yesterday. The Judge informed him that having been taken in the act of stealing a valuable rug from a furrier's shop, there could be little doubt that he was the thief who had already on several occasions robbed their establishment lately. "Mais que voulez vous," coolly replied the prisoner. "I have been out of health for the past week or two, and my doctor has ordered me to take something warm every morning the first thing."

Different Outs.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Gribbles—Why, how doleful you look! Been paying election bets?

Dibble—No, it ain't that that worries me; but Miss Bullion, whom I thought I was as good as engaged to, now seems to be always out when I go to take her anywhere.

Gribbles—Indeed. Well, do you know, my case is just the opposite. When my fiancée wants me to go anywere I'm the one that's always out. (Then he looked reproachfully at the sign of an oyster saloon they were just passing.)

Honoring Carlo's Memory.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Caller—Isn't Carlo a curious name for a baby, Mrs. Hobson?

Mrs. Hobson (sadly)—Yes; but I had a little dog called Carlo, who died not long ago, and I've named the baby in his honor.

Filling the Bill.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mother—Why, Willie, you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding, can you?

Willie—Oh, yes, ma, I can. One more plate will just fill the Bill.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. K.—A copy of Hoyle will cost you 58 cents.

J. B. C.—A person must be crippled, worn out or unfit for work before he can gain admission to the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

I. H.—Over the inside course the Volunteer beat the Thistle by 19m. 22½s. Over the outside course the Volunteer beat the Thistle by 11m. 49½s. The Thistle draws 14 feet of water and the Volunteer 10 feet.

P. L.—According to the census of 1880, the population of the United States 50,155,783. The native-born number 43,475,080; the foreign born, 6,679,943, which makes the foreign element a little over 15 per cent.

P.—"Has Dr. McGlynn cause for an action for damages against the Archbishop in publishing the bull of excommunication against him? Has he cause for action against the newspapers that published it?" He has ample cause for actions against both, if he will bring them; but he may not win his suit. Action for criminal libel will not lie unless malice can be proven, or unless it cannot be proven by the defense that the statements were known or believed to be true. The bull is not "privileged" communication.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

INSTANTLY RELIEVED AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY CUTICURA.

TREATMENT.—A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald-Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Scalp and Skin, when all other remedies fail.

ECZEMA ON A CHILD.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin diseases. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANTON BOSSIMER, EDINBURGH, IND.

TETTER OF THE SCALP.

I was almost perfectly bald, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. I used your CUTICURA REMEDIES about six weeks, and they cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back as thick as it ever was.

J. P. CHOICK, WHITESBORO', TEXAS.

COVERED WITH BLOTCHES.

I want to tell you that your CUTICURA RESOLVENT is magnificent. About three months ago my face was covered with Blotches, and after using three bottles of RESOLVENT I was perfectly cured.

FREDERICK MAITRE,
257 ST. CHARLES ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

OF PRICELESS VALUE.

I cannot speak in too high terms of your CUTICURA. It is worth its weight in pure gold for skin diseases. I believe it has no equal.

W. W. NORTHRUP, 1015 HARNEY ST., OMAHA.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.0. 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.

WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS, Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster. New, instantaneous, infallible. 25 cents.

DISCORD AMONG MUSICIANS.

One Union Wants to Boycott a Bowery Garden and Three Don'ts.

There is more trouble in the musical unions, and one, the Carl Sahm Club, which has about fifty members not connected with the Musical Mutual Protective Union, wants to put a boycott on George Kraus's Volks Garden in the Bowery.

Two Carl Sahm men were employed early in the season by Mr. Kraus as leaders of a female orchestra, whose members did not belong to any organization. An arrangement was made whereby the orchestra was to give two matinée performances a week, Mr. Kraus reserving the right to give one on Sunday or Monday, as he might desire. The Carl Sahm men found fault because they did not get extra pay, and they struck, taking the female musicians out with them.

Mr. Kraus then employed members of the Progressive Musical Union in their places, and as the latter are represented in the Central Labor Union it is not at all likely that that body will agree to the boycott. The Musical Mutual Protective Union will not interfere, and the Balfe Musical Club will probably oppose any attempt at a boycott.

Rough on Hydekoper.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

Time 9.30 P. M.

"Hello, Central! Give me 1739, please."

"Hello! Is that Mr. Hydekoper's house? Is Mr. Hydekoper at home?"

"No, sir; you will find my husband at his office, sir, posting his books."

"Well, I was in there a minute ago and couldn't find him; I didn't know but that he had reached home by this time."

Four hours later Mr. Hydekoper tries to explain his absence, but it isn't a brilliant success.

Not Used to "Bawston."

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Aunt Lena (of Salem)—Have you not had a delightful time, Flossy?

Flossy (from the West, yawning)—Oh, awful, aunty—bored to death by Dr. Flyman; then frightened to death by Prof. Sullivan in a discussion on the respective merits of the Greek pugilarii.

Aunt Lena—Why, my dear, I am amazed. Do you know that you are in the most cultured society in Bawston?

No Insanity There.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

A man seventy years of age has paid $10,000 rather than marry a female book agent. If the old man's will is ever contested it will have to be on ground other than that of insanity.

Reason of a Name.

[From the Duluth Paragrapher.]

When they pass the refreshments around and the guests nibble the food from their knees, we call it a no-table event.

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 dyspeptic trouble, with sick headache, have all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN, 35 Chambers 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

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OPEN DAILY FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. SUNDAYS, 1 TO 10 P. M.
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Delivered DAILY AND SUNDAY every hour in the afternoon, and at 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening.
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WORLD FAMOUS CYCLUS OF PICTURES,
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ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, 50 CENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.
JOSEF HOFMANN,
Under the direction of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, will give Three Pianoforte Concerts, with GRAND ORCHESTRA OF ONE HUNDRED MUSICIANS,
Under the direction of Adolph Neuendorff, on TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, at 8.15 P. M.
THURSDAY MATINEE, DEC. 1, at 2.30 P. M.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, at 8.15 P. M.
Prices, $2.50, $1.50, $1 and 50c. Boxes, $15.
Seats on sale at Metropolitan Opera-House.
WEBER GRAND PIANO USED.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved Seats, (Orchestra Circle and Balcony) 50c.
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A PARLOR MATCH
Next Week—HELD BY THE ENEMY.
Next Sunday—Prof. CROMWELL'S beautiful lecture, ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY.

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"Best satire yet."—N. Y. Journal.
BLACK FAUST.
Broadway and 29th st.
Exquisite singing.
New topical songs.
Novel specialties.
"Thanksgiving at Washington Market."
Matinee Saturday, 2.30.
Night performance, 8.30.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,
Corner 31st st. and 3d ave.
RESERVED SEATS, 20c., 30c., 50c.
LAST TWO PERFORMANCES this afternoon and to-night.
BEN MAGINLEY in W. J. Florence's play,
INSHAVOGUE.
Nov. 28, Australian Novelty Co.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN.....Proprietor
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Instantaneous Success of
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Domestic Drama of the South, entitled
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DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR ORCHESTRA.
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Seats secured two weeks in advance.

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Lessees & Managers—Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau.
MR. HENRY IRVING,
MISS ELLEN TERRY
And the Lyceum Company
To-night at 8 o'clock,
"THE BELLS" & "THE TINGLE."
Commencing Monday next, last six nights of
"FAUST."

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.
Matinees WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
HOME AGAIN,
DENMAN THOMPSON,
IN
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
The beautiful lane and all the original effects.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

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Always New Attractions.
Gen. Custer's Last Battle.
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Concerts afternoon and evening.
Admission to all, 50c.
AJEEB, the mystifying Chess Automaton.

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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RICE'S BURLESQUE COMPANY.
Rice & Dixey's Sumptuous Production, 1492 OR COLUMBUS,
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65 ARTISTS. Eve's at 8 (sharp). Mat's Wed & Sat at 2.
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Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.
The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama,
MATINEE TO-DAY. SUMMER.
RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and $1.

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Begins at 8.15.
The New Comedy,
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MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.
TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW.

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