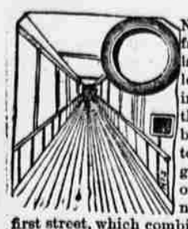
HOW GIRLS GET UP A MUSCLE.

ONE WAY IS TO JOIN THE "SWAGGER NINEPIN SCATTERERS" OF NEW YORK.

The Bowling-Alley is a Popular Place to "Tone Up" After a Season of Social Dissipation — Tennis Indoors Another Form of Recreation—Gentlemen Foot the Bills for the Privilege of Looking On.



ONCE it has become the fashion for young ladies to cultivate athletics, especially during the winter season, the tennis courts and bowling alleys in town have been in great demand. Some of these, like the Tennis Building in Forty-first street, which combines facilities for both tennis and bowling, there being two full-sized courts and eleven alleys, have become very popular as social institutions, and for the coming season will be the headquarters of a number of private clubs. The Forty-first street building will number among its contingent of private patrons this season the Lenox, which is exclusively a ladies' club; the Arlington, the Tuesday Evening, the Cincinnatus, the Union, the Owl and the Knickerbocker. Of course, ladies belong to each of the latter clubs—for what would tennis be without the girls?—and each club devotes one evening a week to its favorite sport.

The Knickerbocker Bowling Club, which is the most fashionable of all the organizations of its class, will not commence its regular meetings until Lent. It has acquired the title of the "Swagger Ninepin Scatterer" of New York, no doubt because its members devote less time and care to the cultivation of their muscles than to the social enjoyment to be derived from their weekly meetings. It has the largest membership of any of its rivals and includes within its select circle not a few representatives of Gotham's upper swelldom.

The idea of postponing active athletics until Lent is regarded by all the members as evidence of the large and well-proportioned heads of the Executive Committee, which proposed the scheme. Outside social affairs keep most of the members too busy for the present to permit them to waste any evenings in such a humdrum manner as rolling wooden balls about or knocking rubber balls over a net. After the round of dissipation, which for the present season promises, if anything, to be more exhausting than usual, the need of some reactionary treatment will certainly be felt. Then bowling and tennis will be just the thing to strengthen the relaxed muscles, and tone up the system that has been worn out by late hours, Wagnerian opera and innumerable champagne suppers at Delmonico's.

As the club, despite its large membership, has the reputation of doing less bowling than any other association of the kind in New York, it is not to be feared that its members will over-exert themselves by the violence of their exercise and thus endanger their health. The athletic pursuits of the club, however, such as they are, will be agreeably varied by a mild sort of dissipation, not at all interfering with the requirements of the Lenten season in the way of a social reunion at the close of each monthly meeting, at which a supper and dancing will be prominent features of the evening. On these occasions some of the ladies announce that they will appear in short dresses without sleeves, although usually a street or walking costume is the order of attire.

It is argued that the sleeveless dress has an advantage because it allows the arm full play and unrestrained action in bowling, and it may be added that it also enables the fair members to display the results of their conscientious work in a well-developed forearm and biceps, while it certainly does not diminish their attractiveness in the eyes of their admirers of the sterner sex.

It may also be stated that the ladies of the Knickerbocker are all complimentary members, the dues and expenses of the club being all paid by the gentlemen, who are permitted to bring invited guests to the monthly entertainments as well as to the regular meetings. A record of each member's scores is kept, and at the end of the season prizes are awarded to those who have made the best records. The competition for the trophies is most exciting, but it is said to be confined to only a few of the more ambitious members.

"The World's" Dollar Dinner for Four.

SOUP. Mutton Broth.	Contributed Daily to THE WORLD by One of the Best Known City Chefs.
FISH. Boiled Blackfish, Pickles Sauce.	
ROAST. Beef. Mashed Potato. Stewed Tomatoes.	*At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for $1.*
DESSERT. Cream Pie. Sponge Cake. Apples. Coffee.	

TO OPEN AN ELECTRIC ROAD.

Jamaica People to Have a New Railway Line to East New York.

The work of transforming the old horse-car line between East New York and Jamaica into an electric railroad will be finished within a few days. The first cars will be run for regular passenger traffic about next Thursday. Four handsome coaches are on the way and one has already arrived and will make a trial trip to-day.

The line runs between the station on the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad at Alabama avenue and the proposed terminus at Smith street, in Jamaica, at its junction with Fulton street, the main thoroughfare of the village. The company operating the new road has built ten electric railways in this country and Canada, all of which are now in successful operation. One in Binghamton, completed last June, is the only other in this State, but several more are now in process of completion. Several have been in use for three years. They prove to be more economical, cleanly and available than horse cars. A speed of twenty-seven miles an hour can be maintained, and a grade of 10 per cent can be surmounted.

The machinery for propelling the car is simple. It is under the control of the conductor, who stops or starts the car or regulates the speed with a touch. The current of electricity is produced by a powerful steam engine and conveyed to the cars in transit by means of two heavy copper wires supported by poles and passing over the roadway its entire length. From each of these a wire descends to the motor, which is placed in the forward part of the car, and is carried along over the top of the conducting cable by a pulley or grooved wheel running over it like a car-wheel on its rail.

The road is six miles in length. The engine which furnishes the power is located at the old car stables, about midway between its termini. The road will be lighted with arc lights. The village is considering a proposition to replace the gas-burning street lights with the new electric system.

New stations will be built at Richmond Hill and Woodhaven lane, as well as at the Jamaica terminus. Trains will run every fifteen minutes. The fare will be ten cents through.

TOO BUSY TO REGISTER FARES.

That May Have Been the Reason Why the Conductor Pocketed Most of Them.

"I had always held bell punches, street-car registers and spotters in detestation, and had an enduring faith in the honesty of man, until I made an early morning trip downtown the other day," said a downtown merchant. "My journey was made on a surface car, and my observations of the conductor led me to the conclusion that all of the devices for preventing theft by employees are justifiable, yet unavailing.

"I boarded the car at Thirteenth street and found myself one of thirty-two passengers. I have no idea of knowing how many more had boarded and left the car in its long journey down to that point. The conductor stopped in his perusal of a morning newspaper long enough to collect my fare and resumed his seat on the rear rail and his scanning of the day's news. The bell of the fare register did not ring, and I glanced at the dial to find that, according to the conductor's record, he had counted but nine passengers on the down trip. This was the boldest bit of 'knocking down' I ever saw. Only nine registered when fifteen boarded the car at one stop! I don't blame the railway corporations for their precautions."

Mrs. Potter Promised Not to Kiss.

[From a New York Letter.]

Mrs. James Brown-Potter promised her husband, just before her début here as a professional actress, that she would never allow her mimic lovers of the stage to kiss her. That is what her acquaintances in society say, and the story is circumstantially proven before her audiences. In the first play in which she was a heroine the courtship did not result in marriage, nor even in a sentimental surrender, and so the absence of kissing did not attract much attention. But it was different in the ensuing piece. There she was the intensely beloved wife of the hero, and at the outset they were represented as meeting after months of separation. They rushed at each other, as husband and wife might naturally be expected to; they embraced affectionately, they held passionate discourses for a quarter of an hour, and then they reluctantly parted again, but neither in the greeting nor the good-by was a kiss exchanged. Mrs. Potter permitted a hug and a few caresses, but the lips of her supposed husband never touched her face. It was curious to observe how quickly the audience, even to the least sophisticated, took note of the lack of the reasonable action. Comment on that point buzzed all over the house.

Very Funny for Tom.

[From Life.]

Intimate Friend—Have you been enjoying your honeymoon at Old Point Comfort?

Heiress (lately married)—Yes, we've been there; but, do you know, I overheard Tom tell a friend of his it was "harvest-moon" with him instead of "honeymoon." What do you suppose he meant? Funny, wasn't it?

Friend (knowingly)—Oh, yes, very—for Tom.

In a Philadelphia Sunday-School.

[From Tid-Bits.]

Teacher—Now, children, I am going to tell you about the prophet Daniel, who, though cast into a den of lions——

New Scholar (fresh from New York)—Have you only just got on to that here?

Straight from the Shoulder.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

"No," said the reformed poet, sadly, "I haven't struck the lyre for more than a year."

"Neither have I," replied his companion, "till I met you."

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

CHAT IN THE GREENROOMS.

MISS LILLIAN GRUBB'S ENCOUNTER WITH A COLLECTOR FOR A CHARITY.

He Did Not Want Any Money from Her When He Learned She was an Actress—Startling Effect of Actor Hilliard's Terms on Manager Miner—Production of "The Sogarth"—Amenities of Managers.

UNSHROUDED in private life, Miss Lillian Grubb rejoices in the extremely respectable name of Mrs. David Hayman, and lives in a charming little flat in West Forty-second street with mamma and Mr. Hayman. Miss Grubb has been very busy lately singing in "The Marquis" at the Casino at night and rehearsing "Madelon" during the day. Consequently when a clerically-clad gentleman of an ultra demure aspect called at the flat about a week ago and asked to see Mrs. Hayman on very particular business mamma was obliged to tell him that she was out. The following day he called again. Mrs. Hayman was still out. He was unsuccessful three times. On Saturday he found Mrs. Hayman in and disclosed the object of his mission. He was getting up a subscription for a most commendable charity, he said. Would Mrs. Hayman help him? He drew such a touching picture of the misery which this charity was to abolish that Miss Grubb's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, putting her hand in her pocket, "that I was out when you first called, but I have been extremely busy rehearsing."

"Rehearsing!" exclaimed the subscription gatherer, his eyes starting from his head. "You are not an actress?" This with positive terror in his voice.

Mrs. Hayman opened an album on her table and pointed to a portrait of herself with the name "Miss Lillian Grubb" underneath. It acted in a strange way upon the visitor. He seized his hat, started straight for the door, rushed down stairs and was seen no more. Not a word of explanation did he offer. Miss Grubb felt hurt, wonderfully hurt. She considered she had been slighted. "But," said she, "I'm $5 in pocket, anyway."

* * *

Robert C. Hilliard was asked yesterday afternoon if he had concluded his arrangements with H. Clay Miner to support Mrs. James Brown Potter. Said he: "Miner asked me my terms, and he fell dead when I told him what they were. Anyway," philosophically, "I'd sooner play a part in which, if I make a success, I shall be appreciated for myself. Oh, I've got a great scheme on hand. I can tell you—a deucedly good thing."

* * *

"The Sogarth," which is to be produced at the Star Theatre on Jan. 16, was played for the first time in this country on Thanksgiving night at Rand's Opera-House, Troy. It is said that the piece met with instant success. It is the work of George Darrell, a young Australian actor, who has written several successful sensational plays. Prominent among the people in the cast are Miss Adele Belgarde, Miss Lillian Conway, Miss Maude White, Luke Martin, Burr Macintosh, Henry Holland and W. H. Thompson. "Sogarth," it may be said for the benefit of those who don't know what the word means, is Irish for priest.

* * *

"Yes, indeed," said a well-known actress in her artless, Partingtonian way yesterday, as she listend to little Josef Hofmann at the matinée yesterday, "that boy is certainly a musical protégé."

* * *

Robert McWade, the nearly veteran actor, wrote a play which was brought out some three years ago in Ohio, under the management of Col. R. E. J. Miles, and he is extremely anxious to get it produced in New York. He thinks he has a chance of seeing it played here in the spring, some moneyed friends of his having half promised to help him. The name of Mr. McWade's play is "Franz Rochelle," and it is said to be exceptionally strong (all plays are, by the bye, until they have been seen). Mr. McWade is so anxious to arrange matters for this play that he will not leave New York, and only appears in "Rip Van Winkle" for an occasional holiday. "Franz Rochelle" is said to require $10,000 cold cash.

* * *

Harry Lee is to join Mrs. Potter in place of Joseph Haworth, who is engaged for the coming production of "Anarchy" at the Standard Theatre. Mr. Lee was to have taken his play of "Angele" on the road, but "Angele" has been shelved for the present. The public ought to feel grateful.

* * *

Charles R. Gardiner is arranging to star George Adams, the burlesque clown, next season, in what he calls a "speaking pantomime," entitled "He, She, Him, Her," in which he will appear in a New York theatre in August. Mr. Gardiner will be a very busy man next season. He has a war play written by the late Elliott Barnes, and said to be as strong as "Held by the Enemy," also to be produced in this city next spring. Then he is interested in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," "Only a Woman's Heart" and "Zo-Zo."

* * *

Chauncey Depew, at the recent Robson and Crane banquet, made one of his rare and brilliant speeches—this time lauding the American drama. Among other things, referring indirectly also to "The Henrietta," he said: "We have reached the period when an American play can be written—where it is proved that American life furnishes the material for the drama which can draw crowded houses night after night and where the American actor is equal to all the requirements of the American play and American people and an American audience." Now Manager Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, has on his stage the play of "The Wife," also a successful American piece. He thought Mr. Depew's remarks were so extremely and happily applicable to his own successful production, as well as it was to Robson and Crane's, that he quoted some of these remarks in his advertisements of "The Wife," giving Robson and Crane credit, however, for their origin. After he had done so, Messrs. Robson and Crane wrote him as follows:

OUR DEAR FROHMAN: Your "ad" is an inspiration of managerial genius. The association therein of our names with Chauncey Depew's in your "ads" of "The Wife" gives us, however, the best of the thunder. With best wishes for your "Wife," your friends, ROBSON AND CRANE.

WOMEN AT THE MATINEE.

What Is It that 25,000 of Them Go to the Theatre for Saturday Afternoon?

[From the New Yorker.]

Not far from 25,000 women disport themselves at matinees in New York on Saturdays, and very interesting audiences, to philosophical observers, they make. * * * New York is a matinee city, and a matinee audience could be told from an evening gathering if you were to meet them in the Fiji Islands. Your matinee people, in the first place, are almost all of them feminine. In the second place, they are all in tailor gowns.

One goes to the theatre in the evening to see dress. In the afternoon there is none to see. You can't tell the Fifth avenue belles in the boxes, so far as gowns go, from the East side shop girls who look down from the gallery. Evening dress was never so various, daylight toilets were never so uniform before. Slender figure, clean cut face, bright eyes, trim fitting dark gown, chic braided jacket, bangs less fluffily voluminous than last year, dark gloves, characterize every woman under thirty in the house; and how curiously out of place, as if they had strayed in from last year, those two girls in the balcony look who have added to the well-bred, faultlessly monotonous dress decorum of the theatre a garden of chrysanthemums each, growing in the lapels of their tailor coats.

A matinee is curiously restrained, cautiously dignified as to its dress, but women who have been shopping carry their bundles, school girls drop in with books on their arm and the pencil marks not washed off their cuffs, and people who want to indulge more or less openly in caramels.

To the actor the matinee is a black terror. He is painfully conscious of the absence of the critics, the literati; there are no heavy swells, masculine or feminine, no familiar faces, nothing brilliant to catch the eye in the house.

The actress doesn't hold the afternoon performances in quite such horror, because she is shrewd enough to know that the cohorts of boarding-school misses from out of town who have dreamed all the week of the footlights, who adore Modjeska's grace and Rose Coghlan's coquettish sauciness and Annie Pixley's diamonds and Mrs. Potter's gowns; to whom the glitter of paste is the shine of old mine jewels, and whose hearts swell with admiration or burst with envy at the from-frou of silks, the tracery of laces or the art of make up that seems nature's own stamp of beauty to them; the actresses feel that no audience can be gathered that enjoys so much delight marred by so little criticism.

Women who can dress magnificently are the best matinee attractions. Among men there has never been a successor to Montague. The alleged feminine worship of handsome actors is mostly stuff and nonsense, but what little truth there is in it applies to the school-girl contingent of the matinees. Montague was horribly bored by women, but they worshipped him, and Wallack's was never the same after he died. There isn't a reigning favorite now. Dixey got a deal of adoration last season, but women have tired of Adonis. Handsome Bob Hilliard held a good many hearts in his hand till the feminine world somewhat slowly tumbled to the fact that both he and Dixey are married and devoted to their wives, since when the owners of the offered hearts have reclaimed their property. Mantell was a god in the old days when he played Loris Ivanoff to Davenport's Fedora, but that idolatry has waned. Bellew has made sad havoc, but Bellew is married, and marriage is a sad destroyer of romance. Richard Mansfield and Osmond Tearle drew women to matinees, and Joseph Haworth has had some worshippers at his shrine. Campanini is a school girl's hero if she doesn't happen to meet him off the stage and get disenchanted.

The spectacular doesn't take at a matinee. Women don't admire their own sex, as a rule, in tights, and would like Lole Fuller, for instance, much better in a gown. The county contingent, with some men in it, which makes up the rest of an afternoon audience, goes to the standard attractions, and the spectacle has to look to the evening for its big houses.

A matinee audience is less sophisticated than an evening house, and it always enjoys itself. The student of human nature enjoys the audience if there is nothing diverting on the stage.

Placing the Responsibility.

[From Life.]

Mamma—You should lead such a life, Johnnie, that if you died suddenly you would not be ashamed to meet your Maker.

Johnnie (thoughtfully)—I should think He was the one to be ashamed if He's the Maker.

English Hospitality.

[From Punch.]

Guest—Well, good-by, old man!—and you've really got a very nice little place here!

Host—Yes; but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you're back, old man!

Answers to Correspondents.

M. T. T.—In raffle dice three aces will be high in one house and three sixes in another. Each house decides for itself which shall be high. There is no hard and fast rule.

P. D.—"Is there any way by which I may have my legs straightened?" Apply to the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled, Forty-second street and Lexington avenue, at 11 A. M.

Jack Pot.—It does not matter what a man may say his hand consists of. Talk is not poker. When the hands are called, they must be laid down on the table, face up, and the highest hand takes the pot without reference to any conversation.

W. W. M.—The managers of any entertainment have a legal right to put out any person whose presence, in their opinion, is likely to cause trouble, or not desired by them. Of course they must return his money, if he has paid for admission.

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

ENTERTAINMENTS BY THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUBS.

Interesting Events Which Will Take Place at Orange, N. J., Staten Island and the Metropolitan Opera House—The Manhattan Athletic Club's Trainer Leaves for England—Toboggan Shoot for Brooklyn—Changes at the Fleetwood Track.

FOR social culture and innocent amusement which athletic clubs of the higher order aim at as well as at physical development, the entertainments of the Manhattans and New Yorks do very well. The combination, however, of the Manhattan Athletic, the Essex County Toboggan and the Staten Island Athletic clubs and the three great events to be given at Orange, N. J., Staten Island and the Metropolitan Opera-House, in this city, on Dec. 15, 17 and 20, will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted. The Seventh Regiment, which is to show what its athletes can do in open-amateur competitions, on next Saturday evening, will contribute a glee club, as will the Stock Exchange. The Seventh will also put in a squad of its picked men for a fancy dress drill. There will be recitations, solos, quartets, clever instrumental performances and a grand athletic tableau to wind up. Beside, Prof. Rondelle, the fencing master of the Manhattans will in all probability have to uphold his challenge to Prof. Senac, the instructor in fencing to the New York Athletic Club. If a bout with soft gloves between the Manhattan's newly appointed boxing master, Prof. Austin, and the New York Athletic Club's teacher, Prof. Mike Donovan, could be arranged, there could be nothing left to wish for.

* * *

Harry Sullivan, the trainer and track-master of the Manhattan Athletic Club, sailed for England last night. He will return to his position, bringing over his wife and family, in the early spring. Sullivan was presented before he left with the handsome gold medal awarded him by the National Association of Athletes for the perfect condition in which he placed the grounds at Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue for the championship games, which were held the 17th of last September.

* * *

The Nassau Athletic Club has decided on Jan. 18 as the date for the championship boxing and wrestling competitions which this club has been authorized to hold this season.

* * *

Work has already commenced on three toboggan shoots the Brooklyn Athletic Association will have on its DeKalb and Graham avenue grounds this winter.

* * *

The Pastime Athletic Club will have its usual boxing competitions this winter. It will hold them in Parepa Hall, Eighty-sixth street and Third avenue, the last of January.

* * *

Sixty men went to work on the winter changes to be made at Fleetwood Driving Park yesterday. The track will be left open for driving, and for any match that may be found for the Sire Brothers' wonderful mare, Rosalind Wilkes, till the last moment.

* * *

The Members' pool tournament at the Manhattan Athletic club-house begins to-morrow evening.

* * *

The benefit to Jem Carney this week will prove to him there are honest sporting men in America. There will be no danger of this plucky, honest fighter returning to his family empty-handed.

A Philadelphia Clergyman's Dig at Dudes.

[Report of Rev. M. C. Peter's Sermon.]

We need another Thackeray to ridicule the race of snobs that still exist. Man was made for work. In the beginning man was put in the garden of Eden; not to loaf in it, but to "dress and keep it." Let our public schools teach less Latin, Greek and infinitesimal calculus and train our youths in practical mechanics. Young women are not blameless in this regard. They are apt to look upon a mechanic as socially inferior and many a young woman passes by the honest, industrious mechanic because he has too much good sense to make a dash or imitate the monkey shines of the itinerant dude. Let the press and the pulpit take up this subject and banish this silly prejudice out of our country. There is nothing to be ashamed of in work. Christ was a carpenter. Let the coxcomb who has nothing to do be ashamed, but never let a man who works be ashamed of his hard hands. A hammer is a much more honorable implement than a gold-headed cane. Learn to do your work well. Don't slight it. It is the unskilled laborer who has trouble to keep away the wolf of want from the door of the house he loves.

When You Buy One Ounce
OF
RIKER'S AMERICAN SACHET POWDER
you have got as good as a POUND OF ANY OTHER. Don't forget this fact, and you will not say, a week or so after you have made up your "moonlight" cases, &c.: "Good Lord! there is NO SMELL to it at all." What you will say is: "Isn't it lovely?" "How sweet!" &c. Insist on having RIKER'S SACHET POWDER AND PERFUMES in the original package. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers throughout the United States. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you ask for at the dry-goods houses and general stores or direct from WM. B. RIKER & SON, druggists and perfumers, Established 1846, at 353 Sixth ave., New York.

CUTE SAYINGS BY LITTLE ONES.

Proud Parents of New England Put Their Youngsters' Wit in Print.

[From a Collection in the Boston Globe.]

A BROCKTON GIRL'S LIMITED POSSIBILITIES.

A little Brockton girl, three years old, while trying to dress her feet one day, got her shoes on the wrong feet. When told by her mother to put them on the other feet, the bright face clouded for a moment, then, looking up, she pouted: "Mamma, I have no other feet to put them on.

QUITE UNSELFISH.

Little New Bedford girl, who had witnessed the process of taking up a contribution in church: "They passed the plate to me, but I didn't take any."

A MALDEN BOY'S GRAPHIC EXPLANATION.

The following is my small boy's latest: "Mamma, what are these funny spots on my feet (meaning goose-flesh)?"

I replied, "I don't know."

"Oh, I know," he said; "it must be some of my food sticking out!"

WANTED THE BABY FINISHED.

Little Nellie, age three—Papa, why don't mamma come to breffast?"

Papa—Why! my dear, didn't you know the doctor brought you a new baby brother?

Little Nellie—Well, why don't it tum to breffast?

Papa—Why, it hasn't any teeth to eat with yet.

Little Nellie (after deliberating a while)—Well, papa, I wish you would tell the doctor to take it back and finish it.

A BOSTON BOY'S CONUNDRUM.

Little three-year-old Jamie, sitting by his mamma:

"Mamma, did Dod make me?"

"Yes, God made you, Jamie."

"Did you make my clothes while Dod was making me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you knew I was coming, didn't you?"

WILLIE PUTS IN THREE.

Little Willie B., four years old, said to his mamma one day: "Mamma, who will be my mamma when you are an old 'oman?"

On another day Willie said: "Mamma, tell Santa Claus not to send me any more play horses; I want a live horse."

Willie was kissing his papa, and mamma said: "Willie, save some kisses for mamma."

Willie said: "Oh, mamma, I have plenty. I am making kisses all the time right in my mouf."

AFRAID HEAVEN WOULD BE TOO FULL.

I have a little boy Harry, four years old, and we can see a great many funerals go past my windows. One day he saw four go past and he began to cry and say "Why don't God kill me? Heaven will be full, and there will be no room for me if I do not die soon."

A LITTLE BIT OVER THE BAY.

Enfant Terrible (running up to paterfamilias, who was taking leave of a party of ladies on the veranda)—Papa, must oodoe atross to the town to-night aden?

"Yes my little dear; I haven't been across now for a week."

Enfant Terrible (with a horrified look)—Oh, papa, oo-was, cos' Jane told me when oo came home that oo was over the bay last night.

Curious Facts About Deaf-Mute Marriages.

[Philadelphia Medical Register.]

Prof. Bell infers from the frequent recurrence of peculiar surnames in the catalogues of asylums for the deaf and dumb that certain families are prone to that calamity. In the American Asylum, at Hartford, among 1,171 names, 407, or more than one-third, occur more than once. Of this 407, 214 occur twice, 81 three times, 45 four times and a few from five to thirteen times. A similar showing is made by statistics of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The hereditary tendency is supposed to be herein indicated. Of 2,106 pupils at Hartford, 693 had deaf-mute relatives and 29 had one or more children who were so afflicted. Statistics from six other institutions for deaf-mutes show an average percentage of 28.5 pupils who have deaf-mute relatives, 18.8 per cent. of these pupils being non-congenitally deaf-mutes, 54 per cent. congenitally deaf-mutes. Of an estimated 21,743 sporadic cases of deafness in the United States 8,329 are said by Prof. Bell to be congenital, and of the 12,135 who have deaf-mute relatives 9,989 are congenital. The total number possessing deaf-mute relatives is estimated at 20,474. It is stated, furthermore, that 78.6 per cent. of the deaf-mutes who marry choose consorts who are also deaf-mutes and 10.1 per cent. of the children born of such marriages are deaf-mutes.

Our Latest Kitchen Importation.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Blauvelt (an hour before dinner)—Did the terrapin come, Ellen?

Ellen—Divil th' sight av thim, ma'am; an' Mrs. Blauvelt, Oi wish yez'd make thot fish boy shtop phlaying thricks an a dacint girl. Pfwhat did he do an hour ago but lave six nasty turkles loose in th' kitch'n! Iva in th' ash-bar'l Oi pit 'm.

Correct Definition.

[From the Omaha World.]

Teacher—Class in definitions, attention!

Class—Yes, m'm.

Teacher—Define the word bombast.

Bright Pupil—Anarchists talkin' about bombs.

Catarrh

May affect any portion of the body where the mucous membrane is found. But catarrh of the head is by far the most common, and, strange to say, the most liable to be neglected. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. The wonderful success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing catarrh warrants us in urging all who suffer with this disease to try the peculiar medicine. It renovates and invigorates the blood and tones every organ.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." —Mrs. J. B. ADAMS, 8 Richmond st., Newark, N. J.

Cures Catarrh

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of catarrh, soreness of the bronchial tubes and terrible headache."—R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, O.

"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. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been worth everything to me."—LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; 6 for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Incomplete.

[From Puck.]

Countryman (to conductor on elevated road)—You don't run a train o' keers with an engine like that, do you?

Conductor—Why not? What's the matter with the engine?

Countryman—It ain't got no cowcatcher onto it.

Seeking Safety.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Anarchist—Gretchen, gif me a clean white shirt!

Wife—Vat! Haf you lost your senses, Adolph?

Anarchist—Nein; but since dot execution we Anarchists haf to go in disguise.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RUSSIAN OPERA-GLASSES—PRICE, $35; excellent in every respect; especially for holiday presents. HOWARD & CO., 264 5th ave.

AMUSEMENTS.

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, 50c. Boxes, $15. Seats on sale at Box Office, Metropolitan Opera-House. WEBER GRAND PIANO USED.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. B'way and 29th st. Nightly, 8.30; Sat. Mat., 2.30. "Air charged with fun."—N. Y. Sun. BLACK FAUST. BLACK. STANTON, THE HUMAN FARMYARD. THANKSGIVING AT WASHINGTON MARKET. New Songs and Dance Melange entitled "TWILIGHT GAMBOLS." TWELVE GREAT ARTISTS INTRODUCED. New FIRST PART Songs by Sweet Singers.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Five More Nights. One Matinee. DARK SECRET. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. Next Week—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. EDWARD HARRIGAN.....Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY.....Manager. Instantaneous and Stupendous Success of MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN in his artistic and natural character acting of PETE. DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Orchestra. Wednesday—Matinee—Saturday.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. A. M. PALMER.....Sole Manager. Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2. THE MARTYR. By the author of THE TWO ORPHANS. One of the strongest plays ever presented at this house. In preparation: BLAINE. With New, Beautiful Scenery, Costumes and Effects.

STAR THEATRE. Lessees and Managers.....Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. MR. HENRY IRVING, MISS ELLEN TERRY, EDWARD SMYTHE, And the Lyceum Company. To-night at 8 o'clock. "FAUST." MEPHISTOPHELES.....MR. HENRY IRVING. MARGARET.....MISS ELLEN TERRY.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.....J. M. HILL, Manager. TENTH WEEK. the comedians, ROBSON AND CRANE, under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks, in the great American comedy, THE HENRIETTA, by Bronson Howard. Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Carriages, 10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. Corner 31st st. and 3d ave. RESERVED SEATS, 20c., 30c., 50c. MATINEE TO-MORROW. AUSTIN'S AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO. Second week in advance. BEWARE OF SPECULATORS. Dec. 5, Pete Baker in CHRIS & LENA.

CASINO. Broadway and 39th st. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF THE Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Opera Production, the MARQUIS. RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER. Great Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50c. Monday, Dec. 5, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madelon.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved seats Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. WED. MAT. HELD BY THE ENEMY. SAT. MAT. Next week: Jefferson. Next Sunday: PROF. CROMWELL'S lecture. 70 WONDERS.

EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES. GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE. GIRON'S GREAT PAINTING "DEUX SŒURS." Concerts daily from 2 to 5 and 8 to 11. Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c. AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

WALLACK'S. TO-NIGHT (last time)—CASTE. Wednesday, Nov. 30—FOGGY-BE-NOT. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, J. W. Pigott, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss Rose Coghlan.

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

MAKART'S FIVE SENSES. Now on exhibition at No. 16 East 14th st., first floor, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sunday from 1 P. M. to 10 P. M. ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

POOLE'S THEATRE. 8th st. and 4th ave. 10c., 20c., 30c. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thur., Sat. JOHN W. RANSONE in his Great Drama, ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. Dec. 5, THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST. TONY PASTOR'S NEW COMPANY. FERGUSON AND MACK. MATINEES, TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST TWO WEEKS. THE REGIM. McCAULL OPERA COMPANY. EVENING AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

LYCEUM THEATRE. Begins at 8.15. The New Comedy. MATINEE SATURDAY. THE WIFE.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th ave. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. DENMAN THOMPSON IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD. Gallery, 20c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

ARMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 155 and 160 Hester st. The finest variety company in America. Engagement extraordinary. Hughes and Clark, Frankie De Forrest and Southern Serenaders, under management of Billy Speed.

THE ONLY SIN
OF THE
Late Duchesse de C.

[Written for The World by F. C. O.]

WHILE passing through Paris some time ago on my way to Vienna I attended one of the afternoon receptions of my mother-in-law, the Marquise du P., at her house in the Faubourg St. Germain.

The persons present were discussing the sudden death of the Duchesse de C., which had just taken place. The Duchesse, left a childless widow within a year after her marriage, had been one of the most peerless beauties of her time, and had endeared herself to all, both rich and poor, by her sweetness of disposition, her unfailing charity and her undemonstrative piety.

My mother-in-law, who had been one of her most intimate friends, argued that her life had been so perfectly blameless that her soul was certain to have entered heaven at once, without any delay in purgatory, and added with one of her quiet smiles, that she was sure that the Almighty made exceptions with regard to the latter place, in the case of ladies belonging to the Faubourg St. Germain.

This argument did not find favor in the sight of General de L., who asserted that everybody was obliged to submit to the rules and regulations on the subject, and that no exceptions thereto were possible. Hereupon Prince M., an old habitué of the Marquise's salon, remarked:

"There are exceptions to every rule. But I believe the inhabitants of heaven have a different and higher standard of distinguishing between good and evil than we have here on earth. In order to render my meaning clearer I will tell you a story which I heard a short time ago and which it seems to me might be applicable to the case of the lamented Duchess. It is as follows:

"The soul of the Baroness A. had bid farewell to the earth. Literally drenched with holy water and provided with any number of absolutions and plenary indulgences, she arrived at the gates of Paradise. She flattered herself that she would be received with open arms, and was disagreeably surprised when St. Peter made his appearance and, addressing her in a gruff tone, exclaimed: 'What do you want here?'

"'I am the Baroness A., and I wish to enter Paradise.'

"'Oho!' exclaimed St. Peter, 'Do you imagine that it is so easy to get into heaven? I suppose you wish to escape purgatory? If so, what are the grounds on which you base your demand?'

"'The grounds,' exclaimed the Baroness, 'here they are contained in this book,' and with that she extricated a thick volume from the satchel which she carried in her hand.

"On seeing this, a sour look spread itself over St. Peter's face. However, undeterred thereby, the Baroness opened the book and began to read aloud the various items on which she founded her hopes of escaping purgatory.