SOCIETY TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

RECEPTIONS AND TEAS TO FINISH THE GAYETIES OF THE WEEK.

Many Young Ladies to Assist Mrs. J. J. Lee in Receiving This Afternoon—Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin's Second Reception to Occur This Afternoon—The Marion Club to Give a "Sociable" this Evening.

RECEPTIONS and teas will finish the round of gayety for this week. Mrs. J. J. Lee, of 21 West Seventeenth street, will give a reception this afternoon. Many young ladies will assist in receiving. Among the invited guests are Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Livingston, Mrs. William Astor, Mr. John Jacob Atsor, Mr. Edward Livingston, Miss Livingston, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss Belle Wilson, Mrs. William Van Rensselaer, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. George B. Post, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Mrs. Newbold Morris.

The Princeton Glee Club will give a concert this evening at Music Hall, Orange, N. J. Dancing will follow.

Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin, of 958 Madison avenue, will give her second reception this afternoon.

Mrs. Edward Anthon, of 25 West Thirty-third street, will give a reception this afternoon and a second one on Dec. 17.

Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, of 117 East Twentieth street, will give a tea to-morrow afternoon.

A "sociable" will be given this evening by the Marion Club at the home of M. F. Brevoort Allin, 214 West Fifty-ninth street.

Mrs. Woodward, of 6 Gramercy park, will give a reception to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. J. F. Plummer, of 24 East Fifty-sixth street, will give a reception this afternoon, followed by a dance in the evening. Miss Adele Plummer, who has lately returned from a European trip with her father, will make her debut.

Mrs. Philip J. Sands, of 15 East Thirty-third street, will entertain the Friday evening Dancing Class this evening.

Mrs. Beste, of 367 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to-morrow afternoon.

Miss Marguerite Humbert, who has been abroad the past two years, will make her debut in society to-morrow afternoon at a reception given by her mother, Mrs. Pierre M. Humbert.

Mrs. Henry D. Tiffany is the Secretary of the Ladies' Christian Union, which will give a parlor fair to-day at its branch home, Second avenue and Eighteenth street.

Mrs. J. Ricketts Lawrence, of 246 East Eighteenth street, will give a tea to-morrow afternoon. Miss Lawrence will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Heidelbach, of 54 East Fifty-eighth street, will give a matinée musicale to-morrow.

A general dinner is given every Wednesday evening at the Home Club, at 21 West Twenty-fourth street, to which each member has the privilege of bringing a friend.

A brilliant audience greeted the amateur actors yesterday afternoon at the opening performance of the season. Mr. Edward Fales Coward made his first appearance since his illness. He was particularly happy in his part.

Mrs. William Astor will give a large dinner on Saturday evening, Dec. 17. Mr. Astor sailed yesterday for England on the Celtic.

Mr. J. Bennett will give a theatre party this evening to some friends, who will witness "Elaine" from Boxes A and B of the Madison Square Theatre.

Mr. Charles T. Collis has a music room in her new home overlooking Central Park, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Eighty-sixth street, all in white and gold enamel, which is called the "ivory room."

The engagement of Mr. Carl Sadoux and Miss Elsie Rutherford is one of the recent announcements.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Fleet, of 171 Lexington avenue, will give a reception on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Platt will give a tea on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 15.

Old Men for Council.

[From the Omaha World.]

Youthful Active Partner—Well, you told me to sell everything for what I could get, and take trade where I couldn't get cash.

Aged Silent Partner—Yes, it seemed the only way to stave off bankruptcy. What is the result?

"Two thousand dollars in cash, one ton of second hand overshoes and five tons of glucose."

"That's all right. We'll start a gumdrop factory."

No Encouragement.

[From Judge.]

"You're altogether too funny. It's a wonder you don't try to set the East River on fire."

Young Man—What would be the use? You'd be the first one to try to put it out.

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

PEANUTS AT THE THEATRE.

They Cloud the Otherwise Bright Life of Chief Usher Daly.

"PEANUT eaters?" said Chief Usher Bob Daly, of the Casino, repeating a WORLD's reporter's question. "Peanut eaters? Do we have any? Well, I should say we did. Why, the janitor often sweeps out shucks that, if they were cast-iron and of the same bulk, would weigh a ton. That was during the summer, though. There isn't so much munching of peanuts now as there was.

"You see," continued Mr. Daly, "the peanut eaters are the countrymen—and girls, too, for that matter. You can tell them as soon as they come up the stairs. They gaze about wonderingly and admiringly at the magnificence of the interior and get in their own and everybody else's way; or they are of the other sort, who are determined not to show that they are 'country,' and are indifferent to everything, even to the ushers' directions.

"As a usual thing these parties buy a 50-cent admission ticket and want the best seat in the house, and they usually insist that the chief usher shall seat them. They think their half-dollar has purchased the house.

"They have provided themselves with peanuts and they are bound to have just as good a time as they ever had at the circus, and I suppose they kick at the absence of the loud-mouthed young man with the citric acid lemonade.

"But peanuts are nothing compared with ice-cream," continued Mr. Daly. "They frequently bring into the theatre those little paper pails of frozen corn starch and milk which they call ice-cream, and Tootsey will feed Wootsey with a pressed tin spoon; Woots will return the compliment for Toots, and thus they alternate until all of the abominable combination is gone. Oh! it's a whole circus sometimes."

GUESTS WHO DO NOT REGISTER.

Why Some People Keep Secret Their Visits to New York.

Among the thousands who visit New York daily there are many who are not in the least anxious that their presence shall be known. Talks with the clerks of several of the prominent hotels show the fact that many people of social and political prominence come to New York who are extremely desirous of remaining unknown save to the very few with whom their immediate business is to be transacted.

At one hotel the prim little man who looks after the rooming of guests bristled up at the suggestion that any person ever failed to register there or registered under an assumed name. The clerk of another hotel did not scruple to acknowledge that many prominent people failed to place their names upon the register. In this instance the unregistered guests were all society people who did not care to be deluged with visiting-cards and be obliged to perform their wearisome duties to society while in the city on a purely business errand.

The demands of society, however, are as nothing compared with the impertinent inquiries of a political constituency, and that is perhaps and probably the reason why so many country legislators are secret visitors to the metropolis.

"Do you have many guests who fail to register?" was asked of the clerk of a centrally located hotel.

"A great many," said the clerk. "They are mostly politicians and particularly country politicians—members of the Legislature. Their visits are usually made during the sessions of that body and are especially frequent when some bill affecting New York interests is pending. You see an, announcement that Assemblyman Slocum Johnson, of Wayback, is registered at Bedloe's Hotel,' at such a period would result in the propounding of puzzling conundrums in that honorable gentleman's district."

Vivid Description.

[From Judge.]

Rounder, inquiring about a fellow-rounder of their mutual friend, the bartender:

"Have you seen Smith this morning?"

"Yes."

"How did he look?"

"Well, I think that by sticking a pin into him you could get a cocktail."

Didn't Help Him a Bit.

[From Life.]

"Why, Pat, for heaven's sake what's the matter?"

"Well, sorr, I swallied a pertater bug, and, although, sorr, I took some parrus green widin five minutes after ter kill th' baste, shtill he's just raisin th' divil inside o' me, sorr."

Almost Every Druggist

is now making up Sachet Powders, and will, no doubt, tell you they are "much better than RIKER'S," and all that STUFF.

Well, buy them, if you like, but buy EARLY, so that you will have time to get Riker's AFTERWARD, and get your Mouchoirs, &c., finished in time for Christmas gifts. You don't want to make a present and have the recipient say: "Huh!" "She might have put a decent Sachet Powder in it." "There's no smell to THIS at all." Now do you?

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 or general stores, or direct from

WM. B. RIKER & SON,
Druggists and Perfumers, established 1846,
at 353 6th ave., New York.

LOVELY WOMAN ON THE "L."

TRIBULATIONS MET WITH IN BUYING A TICKET AND GETTING A SEAT.

A Tale of Three Bundles, Two Children, One Lace Parasol and Their Mistress—Insufferable Men at the Stations—Such a Pushing and Scrambling and Everybody Furious Because a Woman Was Ahead.

"WELL, good-by," she said. "I must fly to catch this next train uptown. Oh, yes! I always take the 'L' to save time. You know I'm a perfect crank on time—just like a man!"

She had been talking with a friend on the corner of Franklin street, and now she tore across the street, laden with three bundles and a lace parasol, and followed by two children. She went up the steps to the station on the down side of the track, and then she said: "Oh, sugar!" and turned around and went down again. She forgot one of the children, who ambled along under the window ledge of the ticket office and was checked in an artless desire to promenade down the car track by the man at the drop-box.

By the time she reached the sidewalk she missed her offspring, and, with a shriek which drew a crowd, she flew up the stairs and across the station and snatched the infant violently away from the guard, as if he were personally responsible for her fright. She kissed the baby and then she slapped it and bore it away wailing.

When she got across the street it was just 5.30, and she struck the usual crowd of weary business men, who were all ready to break their necks to get the first train uptown. They did not get it.

Her shoe was untied and half way up the stairs she seated the children on one step and put her foot up another and strengthened the barricade with the bundle and the parasol. The men swore and pushed and struggled, but she made a good bow-knot and tucked the ends in neatly before she started on again.

When she got to the window of the ticket office she laid her bundles down on the sill and began to hunt for her purse. She went through all three pockets of her ulster before she found it, and then she opened it and fumbled through it and finally laid down a $10 bill.

"Can't change that, madame!"

"You can't change $10?"

"Come, hurry up, please."

"Well, I think you're real disobliging. I thought I had 10 cents here, anyway."

The train came thundering into the station and the impatient crowd surged forward and a half dozen enterprising men slapped down their nickels, grabbed their tickets and got by over her head.

She stopped to glare after them before she hunted through the pocket of her dress skirt and brought out a little knitted silk purse, fastened together by two cunning little steel rings. There was a glimmer of coin through the meshes of the silk, and a hopeful gleam lighted the weary face of the man in the ticket office and was reflected by the waiting crowd.

But those cunning little steel rings refused to part. They were caught in a thread of the silk and she pulled them and poked them and shook them and hammered them against the window ledge.

She took out her hat-pin and tried to pick a knot out of the silk and got red in the face and looked around to see if anybody was laughing at her. She gave one last vicious tug, and then she said, plaintively:

"Oh, dear! isn't this provoking? Don't you think you could change that bill?"

"Ha-a-rrl'm tra'n!"

There was a sudden mad, desperate scramble in the crowd, and the agent said:

"Here! you'd better step back into the station and get out your change!"

"Well!" she said, bridling indignantly and grabbing at her bundles, and just then 10 cents dropped out of her glove and rolled along the ground.

"There!" she shrieked, pouncing on it in triumph. "I knew I had 10 cents. I put it in my glove to have it handy."

She snatched her tickets, left her bundles on the window, and pushed the children along in front of her towards the train.

"Here! Drop your tickets!" called the guard as she sailed by. And the conductor had to extricate the lace ruffle of her parasol from the gate before she got safely aboard.

There were no seats, and she stood on a man's foot and hung from a strap with a weary, fainting expression, until somebody got up and offered her a seat. She hopped into it silently, and discovered a friend by her side.

"Why, my dear! What a relief to see a friendly face. I have had the most dreadful time trying to get this train. I am just ready to cry. The men are simply insufferable at these stations. Such pushing and scrambling, and, of course, perfectly furious because a woman happens to be ahead of them at the ticket-office. I have had my clothes nearly torn off my back, and my purse knocked out of my hands, and the money scattered all over the place, and and," suddenly missing her bundles, "and my packages stolen, positively snatched right away from me."

"Oh, I know all about it, my dear! I always have just such a time. But what can you expect? Men are so inconsiderate.

Interesting Information About One-Eyed People and Glass Eyes.

[From the Jewellers' Weekly.]

One-eyed people who can afford it have two glass eyes, one for day, the other for evening use. The reason for this is that the pupil of the eye is smaller in the day-time than at night, and hence the two glass eyes are of different sizes, so as to correspond with the natural eye.

The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better than hitherto. A common glass eye may be had for $10, but they are not a good imitation and do not last long. A first-class eye costs $30, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions in the hollow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and this roughness irritates the flesh. A glass eye, like false teeth, is taken out at night, for it would not be safe to go to sleep with it in the cavity. It might drop out, and the slightest fall would break it.

If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale, by the gross, he could get them for about $2 apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to fit and to match his other eye in size, color and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country.

A glass eye is not made after the shape of a natural eye, because when the latter is taken from the cavity the tissue just back of it pushes forward and leaves but little space. The false eye is, therefore, elliptical in shape. The outer side preserves the natural form, but the inner side is nearly flat with rounded edges. It is slightly larger than the natural eye, so that when inserted in the cavity it may not slip out. At first it irritates the eyelids and the tissue back of the cavity, but the wearer grows accustomed to it and finds it a rest and a protection.

A skillful oculist can put a glass-eye into the cavity so that very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculist has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes. There is quite a large number of people with glass eyes, say one in 400. You would not know it by casual observation, for the wearer of a glass-eye is so sensitive on the subject that he is careful of his actions in public, and he becomes so accustomed to the glass orb that he can prevent all but intimate friends from discovering his defect. Science has done better by him than by the man with the wooden limb.

Story of an Embroidered Drop-Curtain.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

The famous drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre, made six years ago, was the first work executed by a group of women in New York, whose subsequent efforts have placed on a firm foundation what deserves to be called the only distinctively American School of Art in the country. Some day the great American novel may materialize; some day we may have an American School of Painting or of Music. Some day we may not look to Europe for art culture in any line. Meantime the Associated Artists of New York have established a School of Embroidery, whose work is as characteristic of its time and founded on as enduring art principles as were the old Gobelins tapestries. The exhibition of American tapestries in progress for the past fortnight at the rooms of the society has demonstrated again the fact that as beautiful drapery, upholstery and wall hanging fabrics are being produced in this country as are made in the world to-day. Mrs. Candace Wheeler is the head of the Society of Associated Artists. She is a sister of Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, of American opera fame, and the mother of Dora Wheeler, an artist of exceptional powers. Mrs. Wheeler is an exquisitely pretty woman, who looks quite as much like her daughter's elder sister as her mother, and has a thoroughly feminine charm. She is a woman of business sense also, and the affairs of the society have been managed with skill and discretion. She has pushed embroidery further and in a more independent direction than any other art in the country, has been a very apostle to teach self-help to young women and has made considerable money withal, by her inventions of new methods in tapestry and of artistic fabrics and dyes.

The Art of Lining the Face.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

The art of "lining" the face to simulate the wrinkles of age is one very imperfectly understood. Frequently does the amateur performer draw a abyrinthine meshwork of thin, dark lines, which only convey the effect of a dirty face when seen upon the stage. The point to decide is rather how few than how many wrinkles to mark upon the face. A few broad touches partaking more of the nature of shadows than of mere lines will often give an effect which would be destroyed by any attempt at a more minute treatment. The lines should be made with dark red, not black. An ordinary water-color cake and a small brush are the implements needed. The natural wrinkles of the face will afford the best guide to where the artificial ones are to be painted, although, of course, they must be varied according to the character to be represented. For example, in marking the "crows' feet" in the outer corners of the eyes a jovial expression is given by drawing the lines downward and a serious or mournful expression by drawing them upward. It should further be borne in mind that if the light is strong the lining will require to be strong in proportion, but in performing by an imperfect light the lining should be subdued as much as possible.

They Kept Him Busy.

[From Puck.]

Miss Breezy (of Chicago, to young Mr. Wabash)—Did you have a pleasant visit in Boston, Mr. Wabash?

Mr. Wabash—Well, yes, rather.

Miss Breezy—You found your time fully occupied, I imagine?

Mr. Wabash—Yes, indeed! I spent about half of it studying the dictionary.

Had Not Heard It.

[From the Kansas City Journal.]

"Have you heard the latest?" asked Smithers of Jones, who had dropped in during the evening at the Smithers mansion.

"No," replied Jones eagerly; "what is it?"

"There it is," returned Smithers gloomily, as a loud wail was heard from the nursery. "You hear it now. It's another boy, and, by George, he has got a pair of lungs!"

OUR MONSTER POST-OFFICE.

The Vast Volume of Business Handled Now Compared with Fifty Years Ago.

[New York Letter to Hartford Times.]

I have taken the trouble to compare the business of to-day with that of the early days of our office; the result is startling. Statistics are somewhat dry as a rule, but whoever will take the trouble to think as he runs over the following figures will find room for astonishment. From the official report I find that during the year ending Dec. 31, 1886, the total number of pieces (letters, cards, newspapers) of mail matter delivered from the New York offices was 292,238,853; the total of pieces received in these offices and forwarded was 524,854,484. The handling of this mass of matter required 845,733 lock pouches and 2,297,228 sacks; the average number of pouches, sacks, and cases passing through the office daily, was 11,122. The money paid out and received in the money order department of the main office and its fifteen branch offices amounted to $71,232,056. The expense of running the New York post-offices was $1,615,497 and the receipts $4,598,392, giving a net revenue of $2,922,895. The number of employes was 2,046.

During the year fourteen mail wagons carried 182 loads of mail matter between the railroads and the main office; the average daily number of wagons from business and publication offices delivering mail in bulk at the main office was 274. There are eighteen foreign mails despatched every week, one mail frequently requiring from seven to nine two-horse trucks. Beside the fifteen branch offices, New York has 1,388 street letter boxes, from which collections are made twenty-six times a day in the most crowded parts of the city. In 1886 the offices sold 165,260,960 stamps, 25,452,290 stamped envelopes, and 41,628,750 postal cards. Twelve hundred publications are mailed to their subscribers from the New York office, aggregating 14,000 tons of mail matter. The total weight of mails received and despatched daily from the New York offices was 1935½ tons, showing an increase of 48 per cent. since 1881, when the daily weight was 130 tons.

This is an extraordinary business as compared with that of fifty years ago. The venerable Charles Forrester, now dead, who was connected with the New York office for more than half a century, was a mine of information concerning those early days, and I find in many of my note books of ten years ago records of talks held with him and filed away for future use. In 1820 the New York Postmaster was named Bailey. He lived over the office and boarded the clerks in his family. It was his habit to go down into the office about 7 o'clock every morning in his dressing-gown to see that all was going well, returning upstairs for breakfast. The working force consisted of seven clerks. In 1825 one of the clerks, William Coleman, who had charge of the distribution of newspapers received by mail, resigned and opened a stationer's shop. As none of the remaining clerks was familiar with the work of sorting the newspapers, young Forrester's first duty was to take the entire newspaper mail under his arm every day and carry it to Coleman's office in order that the ex-clerk might sort it. The six carriers of the office in 1825 received two cents for each letter delivered and one cent for each newspaper; they were required to be at the office every morning at 5 o'clock to do the work of sorting letters. What was known as the "north mail" was sent as far as Albany by a line of four-horse stages, with relays every eight miles; the start was from the old Merchants' Hotel in Cortlandt street. "Admiral" Reeside had the contract for carrying the mail between here and Boston. When the mails arrived a signal was given by blowing a coach horn. It took two days to send a letter from New York to Boston and sixteen days from New York to New Orleans.

Men Who Distribute Money by the Carload Once a Month.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

The paymasters of the several railroads running into the city are getting ready for their regular monthly trip over the lines. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have the largest number of men on their pay-rolls. The latter company have in the neighborhood of 11,000, who draw over $500,000 monthly. The men are paid in cash—generally gold. The car, after paying all the employees in Pittsburg and Allegheny, goes out upon the road about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 21st. The men along the road are given notice that the car is coming by the train preceding it carrying blue flags on the engine. On the flags are the letters "P. M." meaning paymaster. To guard against attacks of robbers at night very little money is kept in the car. Before the paymaster starts out he telegraphs to banks at different points along the line that he will be there at a certain hour on a certain day with a check to be cashed. The check is just for about the amount that is to be paid that day. The first point checks are given is at Salem, O., where very often the amount is $60,000. A representative of the bank meets the car at the station and exchanges the money for the check. There are always three or four men besides the train crew on the car. The paymaster and his assistants go heavily armed, and it would be a hard matter for anybody to rob the car. The car stops at all stations along the line, and the employees in the immediate vicinity are supposed to be on hand to receive their money. The paymaster counts the money out before them and they sign the roll in his presence. J. H. Fredericks, one of the oldest employes of the Pennsylvania Company, is the paymaster.

The Pennsylvania Railroad have about 10,000 men on the three divisions between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. All the employees in this city are paid in checks on the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank. The checks are received by mail and distributed by the officials of the various departments. Those out the road get their checks from the paycars. There is a car for each division. They pay out about $500,000 monthly. If an employee wishes to get his money, for good cause, before the regular time, he is paid out of the contingency fund.

The Baltimore and Ohio road pay about 2,500 men between Pittsburg and Cumberland. The officers and others in this city receive checks and the employees on the road are paid in cash. About $200,000 is paid out.

The Pittsburg and Lake Erie has about 1,500 men on their rolls who are paid about $75,000 in cash. Each man's money is put in an envelope with his name, number of days he worked and amount of money he is entitled to. It takes two and one-half days to pay them.

The Panhandle Railroad car disburses about $160,000 between this city and Columbus. It also pays the Cleveland and Pittsburg employees.

Curious Pets the Craze.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Curious pets are the fashionable craze. A pious up and down cat and dog no longer satisfy madame. She must have some other creature on four legs, or without any legs at all, to amuse her and agitate her nervous visitors. Mrs. Langtry has an alligator who works to a charm for this purpose; Mrs. Cleveland is credited with adoring a pet mouse; Mrs. Hicks-Lord plays with a chameleon named Billy; Miss Nelly Gould has a jet black canary which came from South Africa, but which is without any racial prejudices, and Mrs. William Astor lavishes her affections on a Swiss snail. Mr. E. Barry Wall divides his heart between a turtle and two comic black French poodles. The latter are shaved lion fashion, and sport bangles and other jewelry on their adorable legs. Thus it is is that some animals have a better time in this life than the majority of humanity.

How He Accounted for It.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"Sailors are a profane set of men, are they not, especially those on the men-of-war?" asked a lady of a naval officer.

"Well, no," was the reply; "in fact the men on Government vessels are quite pious."

"You surprise me! How do you account for it?"

"By their constant connection with warship, madam."

Getting On Bravely.

[From Puck.]

Citizen (to Railroad Official)—What has been done in regard to heating the cars with steam?

Railroad Official—We have been considering the subject in its different aspects.

Citizen—Ah, that's encouraging; cold weather is almost here, you know. What result have you reached?

Railroad Official—Well, not any yet. You see, we haven't quite finished with the aspects.

The Proper Purchaser.

[From the Chicago Times.]

A syndicate of Paris jewellers recently asked Mr. Gould to buy a diamond valued at $2,000,000. He told them frankly that he was not wearing $2,000,000 diamonds just yet. Mr. Gould dislikes ostentatious display, and is no customer for the owners of such a high-priced jewel. They should be on the lookout for an American hotel clerk.

Its Probable Source.

[From Life.]

Editor (to assistant)—Here is a clipping to the effect that a Yankee has taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Do you know what paper it's from?

Assistant—Must be the *Christian at Work*.

And Still She Knew Them Not.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

The maid was fair and tall and young,
With flashing eye and ready tongue;
Had been abroad, had been to school—
Yet knew not mushroom from toadstool.

Could woo the music with winning wiles,
From York to Frisco tell the miles;
Knew India, Russia and Stamboul—
Yet knew not mushroom from toadstool.

Could talk in German, French and Greek,
Mistook not onion for the leek;
Knew peppers hot from olives cool—
But knew not mushroom from toadstool.

* * * * * * *

Pile, pile the marble pillar high
Until its apex pierce the sky;
Cut deep, cut deep with graver's tool—
"She knew not mushroom from toadstool."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RUSSIAN OPERA-GLASSES—PRICE, $25; EXCELLENT in every respect; especially for holiday presents. HOWARD & CO., 264 5th ave.

MAGICAL "OUR" FELT TOOTH BRUSH. 10 GROSSES SOLD. HORSEY MFG. CO. UTICA, N.Y. MAGICAL
HANDSOME, LASTING AND CHEAP. AT DRUGGISTS OR MAILED.

Professionally named "The Hygeian Brush." "The best cleanser and polisher of the teeth known."—*N. Y. Tribune.* "Unequalled for benefit, excellence and economy." Bristle "Head," best "Florence" make, fitting above holder, 15c. Set 75c., or sold separately.

DR. O. ADLER BEURER, M. D., N. Y. STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, writes: "CONSTANT PERSONAL USE of the Felt Brush SINCE ITS FIRST INTRODUCTION has demonstrated to my ENTIRE SATISFACTION the soundness of the principles of dental hygiene on which its construction is based."

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
HOFMANN CONCERTS,
Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.
Tues., Dec. 13, at 8 15., Thurs., Dec. 15, at 3.30 o'clock.
JOSEF HOFMANN,
accompanied by Mme. HELENE HASTREITER, Prima Donna Contralto; Theo. Bjoeksten, Tenor; Sig. De Anna, Baritone; Miss Nettie Carpenter, Violinist; Mme. Ferrari, Accompanist. Mme. Saccani, Harpist, and Adolph Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra. Seats now on sale. Weber Grand Piano used.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER.....Sole Manager
Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.
SUCCESS SUCCESS OF SUCCESS "ELAINE."
PRESS AND PUBLIC UNITE IN PRONOUNCING "ELAINE" THE GREATEST ARTISTIC SUCCESS OF THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
** SEATS RESERVED 3 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,
CORNER 31ST ST. AND 3D. AVE.
RESERVED SEATS, 20c. 30c. 50c. MATINEE EVERY MON., WED. AND SAT. PETE BAKER IN CHRIS AND LENA. Secure your Seats in Advance. THURS. MATINEE. TWO SPECIALTIES. Dec. 12—UNDER THE LASH.

EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES.
New Groups. New Paintings. New Attractions.
ERDELYI NACZI
and his HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.
Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
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The Great Melodrama in Splendid Style,
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MR. HENRY IRVING,
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TO-NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK
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One week, commencing next Monday,
JULIA MARLOWE,
supported by JOSEPH HAWORTH, in ROMEO AND JULIET, INGOMAR and TWELFTH NIGHT.

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25c. 50c. 75c. $1.00. EVENINGS 8 TO-MORROW 2.

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ELEVENTH WEEK.
the Comedians,
ROBSON AND CRANE
under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks, in the great American Comedy,
THE CONSPIRACY,
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Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Carriages, 10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS.
29th st. and B'way. Nightly, 8.30. Mat. To-morrow, 2.30. Seats in advance without extra charge. New Songs, &c. "Electrical Railroad" finale. Dockstader's new specialty: Rankin, Sheppard & Woods, in Musical Siftings, FUNNY BLACK FAUST.

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Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
Second week and enormous success,
"SHE."
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Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle & Balcony, 50c.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON. Saturday Matinee. RIP VAN WINKLE. Next Week—Mrs. LANGTRY, "As in a Looking Glass." Next Sunday—PROF. HOMWELL'S Lecture, AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES.

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2.15.
FORGET-ME-NOT.
Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, J. W. Pigott, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss Rose Coghlan.

5TH AVENUE THEATRE.
LAST TWO NIGHTS
THE BEGGAR. McCAULL OPERA COMPANY.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
Monday, Dec. 12, "A HOLE IN THE GROUND."

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Positively Last Three Weeks of
DEXMAN THOMPSON
IN "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."
Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, and $1.50.

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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.

ARMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE,
158 and 160 Hester st.
All Star Novelty Company Every Night.

HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND.

[BY J. S. F.]

Continued from Thursday.

(SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. Godfrey Hemming was preaching his first sermon to a new charge one stormy Sunday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and joined a life-boat crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking ship. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed:

"Why, Godfrey Hemming, is it you?"

The vicar started like one shot, and stood where he was, seemingly petrified.

"Violet!" he said; "Violet—you! Is it possible!"

Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about to marry Diana Leighton. The woman Hemming rescued was an adventuress whom Lascelles had married, but they separated, and he believed her dead. The woman sought out Lascelles on the eve of his wedding and told him that he was still her husband.)

AT eight o'clock that evening Sir Edward knocked at the door of the little cottage. In a moment or two a stout red-faced old woman opened it, and surveyed the baronet with astonishment.

"Is Miss Charteris at home?" he asked.

The woman muttered an affirmative, and motioned him to walk into the large kitchen from which the door opened. An old sailor sat by the fire mending a net, and two or three younger men lounged about smoking; but Sir Edward scarcely noticed anything as the woman conducted him across the kitchen and through a narrow stone passage to a room beyond.

The door of this she threw open without further ceremony, leaving the baronet to walk in unannounced.

He found himself in a long, low room, with great rafters running across the ceiling, and with an old-fashioned fireplace which burnt a big fire.

The door opened and Violet entered. She looked more beautiful than ever; the color in her cheeks was bright and full.

She came up to the Baronet with outstretched hands and ready smile; but he saw neither hands nor smile, and refused to take the chair she pointed to.

"You won't sit down, Sir Edward? Well, this is certainly no place for one used to such splendor as is doubtless to be found at Lascelles Place, but we should have thought it comfortable if not really elegant, out in the bush—shouldn't we?" she said in a mocking voice that drove her visitor to desperation, and made him put a very strong guard over himself. "How wonderful it is that we should meet again after so many years of cruel separation! You really ought to be overjoyed to see me, my dear husband. Indeed, I'm glad to see you, you know. Well, and what have you got to say to me to-night?"

Sir Edward stepped up to the table and took from his pocket a leather case. His hands trembled very much, and his face was perfectly rigid and pale; but there was a strange calmness in his voice when he spoke.

"I have got nothing to say to you, save this," he said: "In this case you will find the sum I propose to allow you every year. Please to look at it and see if it is right, and give me a receip