THE SEASON OF PICNICS.

LAST NIGHT WAS ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST IN ITS LIST.

There Were Crowds and Crowds at the Parks—Brilliant Scenes and Bright Faces—Proud Leaders of Grand Marches—Names of Many in the Long Trains of Dancers—Festivals of Employees.

Washington Park was in a blaze of gayety last night. Merry peals of laughter floated on the wind and faces beaming with happiness could everywhere be seen. Pretty lassies and handsome beaux wandered here and there through the grounds, while others gracefully glided over the polished floor of the pavilion.

It was the annual summer-night's festival of the New York Produce Exchange Employees' Benefit Association, and was a most excellently arranged affair.

The march was led by Floor Manager F. M Fitzgerald and Miss Price, and they elicited much applause as they led the long train of couples through the intricate movements.

Among those noticed on the floor were:

R. W. Albertson, Clara Connor, F. Connor, Miss Fletcher, W. J. Brausch, Katie Brausch, Mr. and Mrs. John Bopp, the Misses Hubolheimer, W. J. Kelly, Laura Scott, C. Bogart, J. W. Leaycraft, W. E. Bowden, Miss Duggan, J. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. G. Platt, A. Francisco, H. C. Meek, Miss Meek, W. H. Trafton, editor of the *Produce Exchange Reporter*; F. Link, jr., George Fitzgerald, Annie and Mary Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wallace, F. W. Bowden, J. M. Cuff, Phil Seib, Mamie Lawrence, Martin Noble, Carrie Kramer, Edie Noble, Clara Belle, Mr. and Mrs. George Platt, Ella Green, E. F. McDonald, Mary McDonald, Maggie McDonald, C. L. Lonmel, W. P. Rogerson, of the Inman line; Charles Beyer and sister, Ed Archer, Miss Mead, Al McKenzie, P. J. Coyle, Mrs. C. E. and Mrs. Millen, Geo. Simpson, J. J. Bradley, F. M. Witherall, Sadie Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. L. Cronhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Baker, Mr. and Miss Devoy, B. E. Blakeney and daughter, L. A. Lanuy, Bella Curran, T. F. Cantor, Lizzie Lyle, H. S. Harms, W. H. Hyde, Deputy Coroner and Mrs. Conway, Ed Manley, N. B. Haynor, Hattie Bresland, F. A. Bee, J. Begnie, E. Patterson, Lillie Ellis, J. Urten, Julius Schuman, Miss E. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry, Wm. Mitchell.

The Assistant Floor Manager was R. W. Albertson.

The officers of the association are: President, C. H. Leopold; Vice-President, W. J. Rose; Secretary, C. O. Pietsch; Financial Secretary, H. Heinzer; Treasurer, P. O. Ryckman.

DANCING TRAINMEN.

The annual summer-night's festival of the Trainmen's Relief Association of the Eastern District of the Manhattan Railway Company was held last night at Sulzer's Harlem River Park.

The park was crowded to overflowing, and seldom has a more pleasant picnic been held therein. Everything that could be done to help make the affair memorable was done by the committee.

Among the guests of the association were Col. F. R. Hain, J. D. Campbell, Dr. M. H. Field and nearly all the officials of the road. During the evening Col. Hain, on behalf of the members of the association, presented a handsomely engrossed set of resolutions to Thomas W. Wright, the President, and a gold medal to Timothy J. Clements.

The grand march was led by Floor Manager John J. Streeter, with Carrie Jewell.

The following are the names of a few people who were present:

Supt. J. D. Campbell, Treasurer Coogan, Train Despatcher Smith, Theodore Decker, John Gelligan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wright, H. B. Adams, Emma Froelich, Katie Froelich, Louisa Froelich, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gelligan, Mrs. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. John Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. J. Howigan, G. A. Turner, Miss Houning, Harry Kulch, Josie Bank, Thomas J. Gill, Inspector of Public School, of Boston; Major Thomas Sparling, Sadie Sparling, Frank Sparling, Emma Hines, Dr. A. G. Pfeiner, D. Graham, Mamie Powers, Phil Heinberg, Lettitia Maher, John Heinberg, Leonora Heinberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. Shiriff, A. Mack, John Smith, Sophia Barry, Sam Steiner, Jennie Mack, Eddie Jennings, Willie Finn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. George Hoffmann, W. Rapp, Maggie Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kast, Mrs. T. O'Brien, Frank Cooley, Katie Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. George Ward, Nellie Gallagher, J. Lynch, Jennie Scanlon, George Halliday, Martin Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. William Kimball, Ida Williams, J. F. R. Roden, Nellie Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murdock, E. Kotzenberg, Mrs. E. Pelletier, John Dwyer, Lottie Clooney, B. Meyers, Celia Jones, H. B. Adams, Lizzie Doyle, Mrs. Silver, Mr. and Mrs. James McGuirk, J. W. Husted.

The officers of the association are: Thomas J. Wright, President; Harvey B. Adams, Vice-President; George C. Hoffman, Treasurer; H. R. Claimers, Recording Secretary; James Wines, Financial Secretary; T. J. Clemants, Sergeant-at-Arms.

SCHOOL CHILDREN PICNIC.

The annual picnic and summer-night's festival of the children attending the Fourth Street Free German School was held yesterday afternoon and evening at the Empire City Colosseum. All the children attending the school, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were on hand.

During the afternoon various games, for which prizes were awarded, were played. Later there was singing in the dancing pavilion by the school. Then the boys and girls were exercised in calisthenics. Dancing was indulged in in the evening by the older folks present.

The music was under the direction of Prof. Ellis.

Among those present were:

President of the School Frederick Flaceus, Vice-President John Moehring, Secretary Steinmuller, Treasurer John Schreyer, Trustees Fred Hegeman, Mr. Gross, Philip Sawelufoot, John Fiezenheimer and Mr. Opperman; Teachers Otto Diedrich, Adeline Erb, Miss Keehn, Miss Fechner, Miss Zahn, Miss Kleinman; Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer, Mrs. Koch, Mr. and Mrs. Beiling and daughter Amelia, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Levy, Elenore Flaccus and Frederick Flaccus.

EMPLOYEES' RECEPTION.

Sulzer's Harlem River Casino was filled to its utmost capacity with smiling-faced young people of both sexes, last evening.

The occasion was the second annual reception and summer-night's festival of the employees of Marks Brothers, the hat and cap manufacturers. For some time past the employees had been busy making preparations and their efforts were rewarded by one of the largest gatherings ever seen in the Casino.

At the hour announced Prof. Seelig waved his baton and the band struck up the Second Regiment March. The grand march was led by Hugo Newbauer, the President, and Mary Birdsall.

Among the many dances of the programme was a waltz to THE EVENING WORLD, which elicited no end of applause.

A few of the names of those present:

Samuel Cohn, Pauline Cohen, Mr. Arnheim, Louis Lewin, John Keller, Mrs. J. Wesley, L. Rosenberg, Dora Cohen, M. Cohen, M. Kohnfeld, Mary Schneider, M. Ritter, Joseph Kohnfeld, Lena Kapien, K. Kohnfeld, Jake Mexaumer, Charles Goldenbeck, Sadie Gardner, Charles Simon, M. Apt, B. Levy, Rose Harris, Herman Cohen, Amelia Jackson, Moses Stern, Miss Stein, Max Schwartz, Lizzie Thone, A. D. Rotschild, Alice Boruschman, L. A. Rotschild, May Howard, Harry Hayman, Mary Reinhardt, Ike Asch, Jodie Rheinhardt, Sam Basch, L. Rosenberg, Annie Nohlhorn, Henrietta Borusheerr, Dr. Samuel Hess, Hannah Borusheuer, Max Wolf, Bertie Brauer, Belle Kutner, David Krakauer, Millie David, Teenie Behrens, Annie Behrens, Mamie Alurne, Rosie Cohen, Mary Brosnit, Hannah Jonnson, Teenie Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, Gus Clark, Sam Gleason.

Among the organizations which sent representatives were the Clionian and the Raymond Literary societies.

A PICNIC OF EMPLOYEES.

The annual summer-night's festival of the employees of Messrs. Luxenberg & Videl was held last evening at Brommer's Union Park, and proved a most enjoyable affair. Prof. Wollenberg furnished the music. The Floor Manager was Louis Shocker, and he was ably assisted by Harris Luxenberg. Among those present were:

Philip Cohen, Max Silberman, S. Gerofsky, J. Oppenheim, J. Frank, H. Levin, H. Goodman, L. Block, Joe Hite, H. Frank, B. Licker and M. Williamson.

The officers are: President, Elias Friedelson; Vice-President, Harris Luxenberg; Treasurer, Bernard Harris.

ALE AND PORTER EMPLOYEES.

The third annual afternoon and evening picnic of the Ale and Porter Employees' Protective Association was held last evening at Lion Park. The men, with their wives and sweethearts, assembled in the park at an early hour, and soon everything was life and happiness.

During the afternoon athletic exercises were indulged in. In the evening the Carl Sahm Club kept the picnickers on the floor dancing to the music which they poured forth. The grand march was led by President John O'Connell and Mary O'Connell, his daughter. Representatives from all the large breweries were present, including Thomas Conville and Michael Burns, of Shook & Everard's; August Metzler, of the Long Island City Brewery, and George Ballou, of Koehler's.

Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Luke McEvoy, Mr. and Mrs. George Groeling, Lawrence Farrell and Miss Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burns, Geo. W. Dunn, of District Assembly 49; James J. Gahan, editor of *The People*; Ed E. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Nolan, P. Conway, Ellen Conway, John Fox, Emma Gilroy, George Jones, Katie Mack, John Curtin, Mamie Hartigan.

The officers are: John O'Connell, President; Rody Rinn, Vice-President; Patrick McKeon, Recording Secretary; G. A. Lynan, Financial Secretary; Michael McMahon, Treasurer; Martin Furey, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Morphine or Watermelon.

Deputy-Coroner Jenkins has been investigating the death of Louis Steffen, a carpenter, who died Thursday at his home on the top floor of No. 182 Chrystie street. The widow insisted that he had been poisoned by one of his doctors, three of whom had successively been summoned to treat him. The last was Dr. E. Valinis, of No. 25 Prince street, who prescribed a morphine mixture for internal use and a solution of chloroform and aconite as a liniment. Steffen became unconscious and died after taking three doses of the medicine. Dr. A. Volkenburg reported at the Eldridge street station that Steffen was suffering from an overdose of arsenic. It was learned by the Deputy-Coroner that there was very little morphine in the prescription and that Sunday the man had eaten watermelon and drank ice-water on the roof of his house in spite of the warning of his wife. His symptoms were the same as those of cholera morbus, of which the Doctor thinks the man died. An autopsy will be made this morning.

Because They Were Ex-Convicts.

When Lawyer William E. Wakely, of No. 206 Broadway, awoke on the morning of May 26 he discovered that his gold watch and chain had disappeared. He had been out late the night before and could not remember where he had been. The police arrested Thomas Cooley and William Walfogel, said to be ex-convicts. The only reason for their arrest was that they were seen in the neighborhood of Twenty-second street and Lexington avenue, where Lawyer Wakely supposed he had lost his watch. The men were held for trial despite their protests of innocence. For some unknown reason their trial has been postponed from time to time and they have languished in jail. Their innocence was clearly established yesterday when Detectives McCauley and O'Brien marched into the Essex Market Police Court with Thomas Reilly and Thomas Roberts handcuffed to their wrists. The detectives told Justice Ford that the two men before him were the thieves. Both admitted their guilt and they were held.

She Will Not Swindle Soon Again.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CHICAGO, July 14.—Mrs. Jennie Crane, who was arrested here Thursday because the police thought she had tried to shoot Lawyer McNulty, though she claimed that her revolver went off in her reticule by accident, proves to be one of the biggest kinds of catches for the police. For months they have been trying to run down a confidence woman who has robbed not less than fifty houses by posing as a domestic and helping herself to plate, jewelry and clothing at the first opportunity. She had become famous in a way here. Columns had been printed about her, but she didn't seem to mind notoriety, and case after case was reported to the police. They searched in vain for her, and stumbled upon her quite by accident. To-day a man who happened into the station-house where Mrs. Crane was recognized her. Other victims were sent for. All agreed she was the one. Her room was searched and a cartload of stolen property recovered.

Hurricanes in Honduras.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 14.—Officers of the steamship Prof. Morse, which has arrived here from Puerto Cortez, report that there have been severe hurricanes on the Honduras coast, doing incalculable damage to bananas and other plantations. While the Morse was lying off the port of Santo Tomaso eight distinct earthquake shocks were felt, but the vessel left before it could be ascertained whether any damage was done.

Took Away His Wife and Child.

Louisa Figaro, a pretty little woman of twenty-one years, eloped yesterday with Leo Pardo Vara, a boarder, the pair taking with them the two-and-a-half-year-old boy and $1,400 in money, belonging to the woman's husband. Figaro, who is twenty-four years of age, the same as that of the abducting boarder, lives on the top floor at No. 245 South Fifth avenue, is foreman of a gang of laborers in the coal-yards at the foot of East Seventy-second street.

Answers to Correspondents.

A Boy.—If the violin which you have bought for $10 is a genuine Stradivarius, made in 1679, you have made an excellent bargain.

Thomas Murray.—The Eighteenth Ward is bounded by Sixth avenue, East and West Fourteenth streets, the East River and East and West Fortieth streets.

A Constant Reader.—Social clubs may be incorporated, under the laws of 1875, by application to any Judge of the Supreme Court. When approved by him one copy of the papers must be filed with the County Clerk and another with the Secretary of State. The County Clerk's fees are from $1.50 to $2.50, and those at Albany a little more.

THE regular use of MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL during teething averts the diarrhœa. 25 cents.

AMONG NERO'S CORYPHEES.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT ST. GEORGE WHILE ROME IS FALLING.

A Side View of Kiralfy's Army in Classic Roman Garb—Vestals, Gladiators, Senators, Wrestlers and Slaves Who Are No Strangers to Gotham—Some of the Prettiest Roman Damsels.

It is intolerably hot, and New York bakes unresistingly. I am sickeningly oppressed, and wish that I could follow Sydney Smith's suggestion and sit out of doors in my nice, cool skeleton. I am ready to go anywhere or do anything, reasonable or unreasonable, to escape from the heat. I am moist and cross.

A SLAVE.

I wander down to the Battery and am warmer than before. I am just going to succumb, and in my imagination see in to-morrow's papers, "Alan Dale, taken to Chambers Street Hospital, prostrated by the heat," among the list of those overcome, when I notice a crowd of people entering a ferry-house, and remember that they are going to enjoy a sail down the bay Staten Island.

Ten minutes later I am seated on the deck of a brand-new boat, bound for St. George. I am wedged in between a fat woman who is revelling in a greasy ham sandwich and a Teutonic gentleman with a child on his knee. He is explaining "the sights" to her and waxes eloquent over the Statue of Liberty. I look lazily at the goddess and envy her. She has a pleasant little island rent free, and nothing to do but hold up a torch and look imposing.

We arrive in St. George too soon. It is only 7 o'clock. The crowd disperses and goes home. I stand aimlessly around, and the mosquitoes discover me. Before I can protest a score of them have enjoyed a hearty luncheon on my deliciously baked hands, face and neck. I kill two, gloat for a moment over their corpses and feel better.

Before me I see the grand stand devoted to people, who come to enjoy "Nero, or the Fall of Rome," Imre Kiralfy's realized dream. It is entirely unoccupied at this early hour. St. George is still and uninteresting. There is a haze over the bay, a glare upon the plank walk, a look of disgust on the faces of the idle peanut venders, gum-drop sellers and candy merchants.

A MOUNTED SOLDIER.

I walk to the upper end of the grand stand and meet Kiralfy's John W. Hamilton. He wears a high white hat and pretends that he is cool, and that the mosquitoes hate him. I am tired of fighting insects and ask Mr. Hamilton if there is anything else to do. He suggests that I see "Nero" from behind the scenes, and mingle with the coryphees. They are due in St. George now, and I may like to see them arrive.

I buckle myself to little George Robinson, and he conducts me by a circuitous route to the slums of Rome. A boat has just arrived. Mr. Robinson tells me this, and adds that a big batch of the "Nero" boys and girls will undoubtedly arrive by it.

"What!" I exclaim; "Don't they live here? Do you mean to tell me that they come all the way from New York?"

"Of course," he says, with lofty superiority. "They don't get enough money to live in Staten Island. They come over by the boat and go back by it, and—well, they're daisies."

I wonder why that sweetest, most unassuming of little flowers, does not institute wholesale libel suits. How often it is maligned!

Mr. Robinson had spoken the truth. Shoals of young men and women come from the boat and walk nimbly along the dusty railroad track to the stage entrance of the big show. They seem to be perfectly happy. They will shortly exchange their hot, uncomfortable nineteenth century clothes for airy Roman garbs. In fact, they are going to Rome, to do as much as possible what the Romans did. They talk and laugh, link arms, and finally reach the wooden steps, at the top of which stands Stage Manager Joseph Slayter, with a book before him. The boys and girls are not known by their names. To each is assigned a number and a section. They march in and are checked off.

It is rather early to dress, and they wander about among the scenery, which looks anything but lovely from the back. In fact, all you can see are beams and planks and pulleys on one side, and pulleys and planks and beams on the other. The spirits of the new arrivals are, perhaps, just a trifle too exuberant. Several of the maidens, anxious to see if there is yet anybody in the auditorium or grand stand, try to push their way to the front. They are opposed by Policeman Charles R. Albrecht, of the Richmond County force. He tightens his hold upon his club, and looks very fierce.

BALLET GIRL.

"Get back," he calls out, smiling as he notices how effective his fierceness is.

"You have rather a pleasant job, officer," I say amiably, thinking only of the pretty faces and pleasing forms upon which this upholder of the law can legally feast his eyes for three hours every night.

"Have I?" he blurts out, discontentedly. "I tell you its hard work. These folks think they own the earth. They're a hard lot to get along with."

I scowl. That any man planted right in the midst of Imre Kiralfy's ballet girls—maidens selected by that consummate connoisseur of feminine beauty, mind you—should dare to complain! I have no sympathy for Officer Albrecht.

I leave him abruptly. The people have all arrived and are marching off to the dressing-rooms. Frank Bethel, the watchman, who hovers about Rome at night to protect it for Mr. Kiralfy, offers to take me through the dressing-rooms, and I gladly consent. We only go through the space devoted to the male sex, of course. I see gentlemen from the Bowery arranging themselves as wrestlers, verdant Hibernians slipping into the garments of Senators, some interesting South Fifth avenue Frenchmen struggling to impersonate consuls and banner-bearers, and several hundreds of New York's cosmopolitan inhabitants metamorphosing themselves into horse leaders, palanquin bearers, foot trumpeters, horse trumpeters, officers, soldiers, gladiators, emblem bearers and mounted captains.

NOBLE ROMANS OFF DUTY.

A refreshment vender, who has no doubt his license from the Roman authorities to peddle food on the open via, is doing a good business. I notice a Senator toying with a colossal piece of pie, a black slave disposing of a cup of coffee, the sturdy form of a gladiator wrestling with a thick cheese sandwich and two black slaves drinking milk. They are all in deadly earnest, and are not aware that they look rather funny. After all, I suppose it is only outsiders who see the fun in a case like this.

They were soon dressed and up to their sections, which were under the management respectively of Messrs. Constantine, Charlie Ravel, Leonard Rubel, Bouchet, Gunice, Segrist, McGrane and Moore. The feminine portion of the population were all there, and Stage Manager Slayter is subjecting every one to a rigid inspection.

"Why, I declare," he exclaims to a simpering lass, "you've got your bustle on. Don't you know that Roman women weren't such fools as to wear bustles? Go and leave that in your dressing-room."

"You are wasting your powder and paint, my dear young woman," he says to another. "No need to make up so extensively for an open-air affair. It's quite unnecessary."

"Come here," he calls to a palanquin bearer, whose tights look decidedly baggy, and is very blushing indeed. "Suppose you pull your tights up, young fellow, and pin them to your shoulders, if you like."

"Don't be afraid to show your arms"—to a bashful gladiator—"roll up the sleeves of that undershirt, do you hear? We'll have bare-armed gladiators, or none at all."

I glance at the maidens. Some of them are charming. The prettiest girl in St. George is little Mamie Gilroy, I think. She has what novelists call "ripe, luscious lips," deliciously dreamy eyes, shaded by long, curling lashes, thick, glossy hair, which renders a wig unnecessary, and a beautiful form. The Roman costume suits her admirably, and I really believe she knows it.

MISS GILROY.

But I shall never dare to venture within the gates of Rome again if I sweepingly assert that Mamie Gilroy is the prettiest girl there. I hate to create dissension, and then, after all there are so many winsome creatures around that no preference ought to be given. I bracket together as equally interesting, vivacious and accomplished Miss Madeline Nelson, the Seymour sisters, Miss Alice Jinks, Miss Nellie Callan, Miss Irene Martin, Miss Gertie Reynolds, Miss Mamie Campbell, Miss Nellie Walters, Miss Bella Chapman, Miss Lillie Smith, Miss Ida Klein, Miss Sadie Pierce, Miss Katie Conners, Miss Louise Campbell, Miss Lillie Pierce, Miss Daisy Sinclair, Miss Tootie Hayes (dear little Tootie!), Miss Jennie Weaver, Miss Ella Nichols, Miss Ada Gray (not of "East Lynne" renown), Miss Millie Sullivan, Miss Gertie Tappan, Miss Adeline Sylvester, Miss Rosie West, Miss Lillie West, Miss Bessie Blair, Miss Emma Stuckman, Miss Jennie Cassidy, Miss Edna Steele, Miss May Gill, Miss Lydia Pierce, Miss Lizzie Rubsam, Miss Katie Rubsam, Miss Cora Leigh, Miss Tillie Page (pretty Tillie!), Miss Lizzie Wendell, Miss Dodo Lorraine, Miss Jennie Cunningham, Miss "Skylark" Nelson, Miss Emma Rupel, Miss May Anderson, Miss Sadie Nelson, Miss Georgie Floyd, Miss Martha Brown, Miss Lucy Castiglio, Miss May Webb, Miss Anna Dell, Mme. Galuza and Miss Irene Tracy.

There are plenty of other pretty girls, but I have no time to make their acquaintance. In fact, it is all I can do to keep up a conversation with those whose names I have just mentioned. I work very hard, however, and my gallant efforts are attended with a small measure of success.

PALANQUIN BEARER AND BALLET GIRL.

I tell one of the girls that I am so charmed with my evening's entertainment that I shall write a description of it for THE EVENING WORLD. I am sorry after I have said this. She looks aghast.

"Oh, don't put my name in, please," she says. "Mother and father would kill me if they knew I was down here. Promise not to give my name away."

Of course I do so. Several other damsels object to be known, and naturally they know their own business best.

The big entrance to the stage is now filled with a motley mob. It is time to go on. The Senators doff their Derby hats; the Roman women take off the modern wraps in which they have enfolded themselves; the mounted captains dash past with their horses, regardless of those before them. The music starts up and on they go.

Imre Kiralfy appears and buttonholes Stage Manager Slayter. "Slayter," he says, "it went finely last night, with these exceptions: The lion looked like an old woman. That must be rectified. And the dancers went too far down the stage. See to that."

KIRALFY AS STAGE MANAGER.

Mr. Kiralfy then dons an old terra-cotta toga, takes unto himself whiskers and a beard, and rushes before the audience. He is one of the mob, but he wants to see that everything goes on smoothly, so he is obliged to disguise himself.

Soon he comes off breathless. "Slayter," he says, "there are strangers on the stage. I don't know how they got there. Drive them away."

It appears that some men, with more energy than discretion, have managed to effect an entrance upon the stage. They are calmly watching the proceedings, free of cost. They do not enjoy themselves very long, however, and are forced to beat an ignominious retreat.

I have to compress myself behind a turret. The chariot of Nero is passing, with the lovely Princess recumbent inside. It is driven by a Roman gentleman who looks suspiciously like a Third avenue street-car conductor. Even his language seems to point to his modernness. As the chariot passes me, I hear him gruntingly exclaim as he gives himself a vicious slap on the neck:

"D——n the mosquitoes!"

The Princess looks delightfully languid. She evidently enjoys her ride, but by the time she makes her exit it has tired her.

No sooner is she out of the sight of the audience than she heaves a sigh and exclaims, in stentorian tones:

"Lemme out!" She leaps from the chariot and is soon talking with the throng at the wings.

Everything connected with the show is managed systematically. The colossal enterprise seems to be carried forward on wheels, which are constantly being oiled by Imre Kiralfy's indefatigable efforts.

I say a few pretty little things to Ballet Master Coppini, who does not understand a single word I say, being as Italian as his name, and to Manager Kahn. Mr. Kiralfy's right-hand man. Then I come to the conclusion that it is growing late. I see signs of red fire, and it dawns upon me that it is time for Rome to fall.

I go down the steps that I had seen invaded by the Roman mob—before it had become Roman—walk along the dusty railroad track and reach the boat. Just as it starts Rome begins to fall. A glare like that of a genuine conflagration lights up the sky, a little cross of gas, emblematic of Christianity, appears, and then comes darkness.

ALAN DALE.

CRISP STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Kate Foley, the vivacious little soubrette, who starred in poor Aimée's play, "Ma'amselle," last season, and who will probably be a member of the "Running Wild" company during the coming season, came into the city from Bath Beach yesterday looking decidedly weary. "I've been dancing and talking and laughing and looking at fireworks all night," she declared, "and if business hadn't brought me here, I tell you, my dear sir, that I should have been tucked up snugly in my little warm cot until 3 P. M. A lot of theatrical folks were down at R. G. Austin's house at the Beach—you know, Austin, of the Australian Novelty Company—and we had such a time housewarming. I think the house ought to be warm now, anyway." Miss Foley is in distress. She weighs two pounds more than she thinks she ought to.

* * *

The full cast of the big "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, which is to occupy the Star Theatre Oct. 1, includes Mitt G. Barlow, the minstrel, as Uncle Tom; Frank Mordaunt, the gentleman who played the unpleasantly suggestive part in "La Tosca;" Frank Losee, Harry Webber, Mark Price, J. N. Long, George P. Wall, Thomas Goseman, little Carrie Webber, Miss Lillie Eldridge, Miss Mercedes Malarini, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Miss Addie Cummings and Miss Alice Harrison. The piece opens at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, Aug. 13.

* * *

Frederick Warde says: "The crackling nonsense which has been going the theatrical rounds under the guise of comedy for a few seasons past is beginning to pall upon the popular palate. The demand is wide and keen for a more substantial diet, something that will cling to the bones of the memory, as it were, with pleasurable effect." "Crackling nonsense" is good, and the statement that the memory has bones is startlingly and physiologically interesting. James Jay Brady, formerly of the Union Square Theatre, will be advance agent for Mr. Warde.

* * *

One of the Chicago papers gave a little dig to Miss May Waldron, who is playing the part of Aunt Phillis, a negress, in Steele Mackaye's new play, "A Noble Rogue," in that city. Miss Waldron writes: "We are having very warm weather here, and my 'make up' kept coming off last night on my neck from perspiration. One of the papers gave me a rub about this."

* * *

Richard Mansfield's enterprise, in quietly departing for England by the City of Rome Wednesday, while Bandmann, his rival, was enjoying himself in snug security on his ranch in Montana, is greatly commended. "Mansfield wasn't born in Boston for nothing," said an actor yesterday. "I'm glad he will get ahead of Bandmann, not because I think so much of him, but because he's a Yank." Miss Louise Beaudet, of Bandmann's company, is engaging people in London for that organization, it is said.

* * *

Another applicant for Wallack's Theatre now comes to hand in the form of Denman Thompson. The story goes to the effect that Mr. Thompson sent a man up to Theodore Moss the other day with the necessary money in his pocket to consummate the transaction. Mr. Thompson is hundreds of miles away, and Mr. Moss thinks the best policy for the present is to be "mum."

* * *

Bolossy Kiralfy and his family are at Glenwood on the Hudson, but Mr. Kiralfy comes into the city pretty often to superintend the rehearsals of "Mathias Sandorf," which is to be produced at Niblo's on Aug. 13. His "specialty" performers are to sail from Liverpool on July 28.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE POPULAR FAVORITE FOR RESTORING and beautifying the hair is PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC strengthens the lungs.

RIVALS THE WALL OF CHINA.

A MAMMOTH JOB IN MASONRY ON THE EASTERN BANK OF THE HUDSON.

Built as a Retaining Wall for the New York Central's Track—Nearly 1,000 Feet Long and 20 Feet Thick—Twenty Thousand Tons of Stone Used—The Work Rapidly Nearing Completion.

The New York Central and Hudson River Retaining Wall is the long name of a big job in masonry which is now being built south of Riverside Park. The railroad begun it at the end of last July, so the work has consumed a year.

The road was interested in the work because the dirt from the high bank used to wash down and lumber up three or four tracks in a way that called forth a great deal of labor, expense and profanity in order to rectify things.

Property owners were interested because it is not possible to build houses conveniently on a slope of forty-five degrees. It is much better to have a level with good, solid ground underneath and a fine wall supporting it.

William C. Whyte contracted to do the job, which is a $117,000 one and cheap at that, when the labor and material are considered. Andrew McMillan was the superintendent of the masonry.

The wall extends 940 feet, and will go from Seventy-second street to Sixty-second street, From Sixty-ninth street to Seventy-second street may be said to be finished as so little remains to be done. The average height of the wall is 32 feet. At Sixty-ninth street it is 18 feet high; at Seventieth street it is 32; at Seventy-first street it is 39, and at Seventy-second street, the highest point, it is 50 feet. The pier goes 60 feet into Riverside Park at this point. This end slopes down by a series of steps with cut cap-stones, and is called by a sort of misnomer the wing-wall, as it is straight and a wing-wall curves.

The wall is from 8 to 22 feet in thickness. The top of it is 4 feet broad, 2 feet belonging to the railroad and 2 feet to the property owners. Part of this made ground to the wall top has been utilized by Mr. Card, who has erected some magnificent stables, beautifully appointed. They will be for the use of residents in this vicinity, as stables are not allowed in the Riverside Park.

The face wall is of granite, cut but not dressed. It was brought from the Mine Hill quarries in Connecticut, owned by E. Mower & Co. Almost five hundred carloads of granite in rough blocks were brought to Sixty-ninth street and there cut by a force of thirty cutters, who have been at work since July last.

Twenty thousand tons of backing stone have been used in the work. This was brought from all quarters. Eight thousand barrels of cement have been used. Five steam boilers, seven steam engines and thirteen steam derricks have been employed in constructing the wall.

At times four hundred men were at work, and seldom has the force been less than two hundred. William Bradley is the superintendent of the big undertaking. Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five yards of solid rock had to be blasted. The trains running so frequently and so near the scene of the blasting made it very inconvenient, as the blasting had to be done between the trains.

The wall will be crowned by a stone parapet three feet high and this again by an iron railing of a very ornamental character of the same height.

The Riverside Park will build a wall along the track for a certain distance above the terminus of the retaining wall at Seventy-second street.

Only one accident happened during this big job. One of the workmen had his leg broken by a falling block. In two months he was back at work, his pay having continued during the time he was laid up.

It is a piece of fine masonry work. The property owners, though so largely benefited, have not been taxed at all for any of the expenses of the work. The job reflects considerable credit on those who have accomplished it.

Notes of the Campaign.

The Independent Hungarian-American Citizens' Association, of the State of New York, was organized last evening at 325 East Houston street. One hundred and fifty members answered to the call of the roll, and J. Gottlieb was elected Chairman. The association indorsed the nominations of Cleveland and Thurman, and called on all Hungarian clubs to amalgamate with them at the next meeting, July 26.

His Vacation.

[From *Puck*.]

Mrs. Upton Flatte (off for Narragansett)—Now, good-by, dear; be real good, and don't stay out nights and be sure to send me your salary every Saturday.

PLOUGHING THE WAVES.

A storm at sea means inevitable sea-sickness for ocean travellers. The vibration of a steamer's screw, even, is a sore trial to any but the strongest stomach. "Splicing the main brace," as the imbibition of a glass is jocularly termed by sailors, is a poor substitute for the swallowing of that incomparable tranquilizer of sea-sick stomachs, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which no commercial traveller, tourist or invalid should be without in "crossing the briny," or making a tedious land journey. No unmedicated stimulant of commerce is compared with it for efficacy to the great invigorant. Emigrants to the West pronounce it a reliable preventive of malarial infection, as well as other complaints to which hardship, impure water and miasma-tainted vapors give rise. It renders brackish water drinkable and harmless, and is a fine remedy for disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for kidney troubles and rheumatism.

He Organized the Passengers.

A passenger on a train on the Hocking Valley Railroad, which was detained twenty-four hours between Logan and Middleport, O., by the great washout, thus describes the experiences of the water-bound travellers: "We could get nothing to eat from 5 o'clock in the evening until 10 o'clock the following morning, when a kind-hearted farmer named Shaw heard of our plight and prepared breakfast for all hands. He refused compensation, but we made up a purse and left it with his wife. C. C. Shayne, of New York, who, with his wife, was on the train, rendered good service. He organized the male passengers into working parties and assisted the women and children over the trestles and other dangerous ground several miles to a choose which was in waiting to take them to McArthur Junction, where a train had been prepared to forward them on their journey after the twenty-four hours' delay."

BABY HUMORS

AND ALL SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, &c. Finally, we called other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the RESOLVENT about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady. In all we used less than one-half of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a little less than one box of CUTICURA and only one cake of CUTICURA SOAP.

H. E. RYAN, Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of January, 1887. C. N. COE, J. P.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Last spring I was very sick, being covered with some kind of scrofula. The doctors could not help me. I was advised to try the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I did so, and in a day I grew better and better, until I am as well as ever. I thank you for it very much, and would like to have it told to the public.

EDW. HOFMANN, North Attleboro, Mass.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

PAINS AND WEAKNESS

Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-subduing plaster. 25 cents.

AMUSEMENTS.

BLONDIN,

THE HERO OF NIAGARA,

under special engagement by the

SEA BEACH RAILWAY CO.,

will perform his marvellous tight-rope feats at an elevation of 120 feet at the Sea Beach Pal