CHIPS FROM HUMOR'S BLOCK.

KINDLING TO BE LAID ON THE ALTAR OF LAUGHTER.

A Reception to Nobility.

[From Puck.]

British Tourist (in Park Row restaurant)—Kaitah, you may bring me oystah-cwabs dipped in oil, terwapin wagout, Swiss bwead and a pint of Yellow Label!

The Waiter (with an excess of veneration)—Say, Jimmy, tell der spielers fer strike up "God Save d' Queen." D' Prince 'f Wales is came!

Too Saccharine.

[From the Epoch.]

Sympathetic Female (gazing at the murderer)—Isn't he sweet?

Unsympathetic Warden—Yes, mum, he's too sweet to live.

Needs No Salt.

[From the Epoch.]

Young Husband—Did you wet the lettuce, love?

Bride—I did my best. I expected you home at 2, here it is 6. I cried over it for four hours; it's soaked.

She Had Not Been Idle, Though.

[From the Epoch.]

Mrs. Caller—Have you taught your baby to say "Mamma" yet?

Mrs. Southend—No; I've been very busy teaching Fido some lovely new tricks. Fido, stand up for the lady.

Too Risky.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Insurance Officer—I understand that Mr. Richman hasn't a cent of insurance on his life. Why don't you go for him?

Agent—Won't do. He was born lucky and makes money out of everything he touches. If we should insure Richman to-day ten chances to one he'd die to-morrow.

One Man Who Knows.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Reporter—I want to obtain a full list of the ships in the United States Navy, with their armament, and a detailed report of the number of seacoast fortifications, with their present condition of each, and the number of the guns they mount.

Naval Official—My friend, if you are looking for any one man who can give you all the information you want in that line you will have to go to Germany and hunt up Bismarck.

A New Explosive.

[From the Epoch.]

"Ah," sighed Jones, "I suppose these new explosives we read of are useful, but I have one which can blow up any number of men at once and immediately be ready for another attack. I would gladly dispose of it to any foreign government, the more distant the better. I refer, gentlemen," he explained to the interested crowd, "to my wife."

Erasive Remedy.

[From Judge.]

Dr. Ebbonie—Dat chile o' yours am lookin' poo'ly, Mrs. Yallerby. What's he done gone an' swallowed this time?

Mrs. Yallerby—A bit ob lead pencil, Docto'.

Dr. Ebbonie—H'm! What he wants now, ma'm, am an erasive remedy. I recommend him ter chew a piece of India rubber half an hour before each meal.

How to "Hustle."

[From the New York Weekly.]

Housekeeper (in Kansas City)—I don't want nothin'.

Peddler—I am not anxious to sell. I only stopped to remark that Chicago, where I've been peddlin', can't hold a candle to Kansas City.

"Don't believe it kin."

"No, indeed, mum. Chicago is goin' to the dogs fast. People there are awful poor, while in Kansas City I find everybody is just rollin' in wealth, and real estate's a-boomin'. Fast trains from Kansas City to New York won't stop at Chicago in another year."

"What have you got to sell?"

"Soap. Something new. Only $1 a cake."

"I'll take two."

The Locality of It.

[From Judge.]

De Budge (looking over the family album)—Who's this old gentleman in uniform?

Miss Bendix—That's old grandpa Bendix. He failed to leave us a lot of money we expected.

De Budge—Did he die intestate?

Miss Bendix—Oh, no; somewhere down near Seabright, N. J., I believe.

It is with pleasure that we can recommend a really good cigarette—in fact, a genuine cigarette: SPECIAL FAVOURS, purest and best. "S."

THE MONEY IS NOW POSTED.

THERE IS LITTLE NOW TO HINDER THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT.

Some Doubt as to Whether Cridge Will Be Stakeholder—"Prof." Graves Wants to Spar With Dempsey—The Lyman-Murray Fight Postponed—Tommy Burns's Record as a Swimmer and Pedestrian.

The surprising ease with which the final arrangements for the greatest prize-fight the world has ever seen were completed yesterday is the theme of comment in sporting circles.

"Why, it really looks as if both parties were eager to fight," remarked a prominent sporting man. "What has become of all this talk about one man's being afraid and the other scared? There wasn't much of that spirit shown at the meeting."

This gentleman's remark was the gist of all. Indeed, the business-like spirit evinced by both Sullivan's and Kilrain's backers was highly commendable and will tend to increase public confidence in the honesty of pugilists. Had there been any serious disagreement and the stakeholder not chosen, pugilism would have received a very black eye. The parties interested were well aware of this, and both sides did all they could to facilitate matters.

* * *

Messrs. Frank Stevenson and Charley Johnson, at the conference yesterday, showed themselves to be old diplomats at match-making. They urged the cases of their respective clients as skilfully as two Philadelphia lawyers could have done. It was thrust and parry right through, though the main issue was not lost for a moment.

* * *

Jimmy Wakely said last night that Mr Allen H. Cridge, the bookmaker, selected as final stakeholder, had not decided to accept the responsible position. He asked to have until to-night to say whether or not he would accept. The impression prevails that he will consent to act.

* * *

Now there cannot be any hitch or decent excuse for either side getting out of fighting. The only way to avoid a fight would be for either Sullivan or Kilrain to secretly notify the police so the latter could prevent the fight, or have themselves bound over to keep the peace. Then, of course, they might disagree as to the choice of a referee. Neither they nor their friends are at all likely to do either, and there is every reason to expect a fair, square battle.

* * *

"Prof." Graves, the "coon" who wants to fight His Coonship, Peter Jackson, haunts Frank Stevenson's resort like a black shadow. As a preliminary to fighting one of the most formidable heavy-weights in the world, he would like to spar Jack Dempsey at the Brooklyn theatre where the Nonpareil is now exhibiting. Graves hails from Aspinwall, Panama.

* * *

The Lyman-Murray fight has been formally postponed. It seems that the real hitch has been that the parties could not agree upon a place of meeting. The backers of Jack and Billy assert positively that the scrap will occur within four weeks.

* * *

Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, who wants to fight Jack Ashton for any amount, so he says, has not yet heard from Ashton. Why does not Ashton give Conley some sort of an answer?

* * *

Tom Allen, champion of America from 1869-1876, is now living in St. Louis, where he owns and runs a sporting house. He is now over fifty years old and has grown very fat. Alas! How the mighty are fallen!

* * *

Tommy Burns, the English pedestrian who will enter the Madison Square Garden six days' race, is indeed a phenomenon. He has walked a mile in 5½ minutes and ran the same distance in 4m. 48s. He jumped off the big bridge near Liverpool, ninety feet above the water, and swam eighteen miles to that city. Thence he ran to London and jumped from the highest bridge on the Thames, swam thirty-five miles and ran back to Liverpool, all inside of eight days, on a wager that he could accomplish this all inside of nine days. He is called the "manfish."

* * *

The Ivy Athletic Club will give an invitation handicap seventy-five-yards run on Sunday, May 12, starting at 10 o'clock A. M. from the West Side Athletic Club, 329 West Fifty-fourth street. All entries are free. They close May 5. Rules of N. four A's govern and the winner gets a gold medal.

* * *

The race of the National Cross-Country Association on April 27 will be about eight miles. On the same day the following races will be run at Fleetwood Park under the A. A. V. rules: 100-yards run, handicap; 220-yards hurdle (2 feet 6 inches), handicap; L. A. W. rules, and three-mile bicycle race, handicap.

A STOCKING WAS HER BANK.

Full of Money When Mrs. Clarke Lost It on Her Way to Market.

LOST—April 15, a large sum of money in stocking in West st. Finder liberally rewarded by Mrs. H. Clarke, 82 Vesey st., New York City.

Mrs. Clarke is a cheery old lady who keeps a sidewalk fruit stand in front of 82 Vesey street.

She says she always carried money in a stocking because it was so much more reliable than a purse. She walked up West street yesterday morning with a well-lined stocking in her pocket to pay a large bill at the wholesale fruit market in the Erie Building.

When she got there the stocking was gone. It is supposed that some one followed the stocking and stole it. It may, however, have fallen out of her pocket.

A LIFE MADE MISERABLE

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive indicia of this harassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

ATTRACTIONS, NEW AND OLD, TO BE SEEN IN TWO CITIES.

Robson and Crane Enter Upon Their Final Joint Appearance—"Said Pasha" at Niblo's—"A Brass Monkey" at the Comique—"He, She, Him and Her" at Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park Theatre.

The return of Robson and Crane to a city that loves them wisely and well was an event last night. The comedians began their final engagement as joint stars at the Star Theatre, where they produced Bronson Howard's play, "The Henrietta," which has won for them fame and fortune in equal parts. Mr. Crane's work as Nicholas Vanalstyne was as excellent as ever, and to him fell the principal honors of the entertainment. Stuart Robson as Bertie Vanalstyne was the same quaint Robson as ever. "The Henrietta," which is to run for two weeks, was very nicely put upon the stage.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

"Katti, the Family Help," revised and improved, was the food provided for the patrons of the Windsor Theatre last night. It proved to be much more wholesome and nourishing than when it emanated from the Bijou some time ago. "Katti" has more merit than the average farce-comedy, and it gives good opportunities to the leading members of its cast, Miss Marietta Nash, George Lauri and Harry B. Bell were the leading members last night.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Richard Stahl's comic opera, "Said Pasha," was put on for a two weeks' run at Niblo's last night. It has been changed somewhat since it was last seen at the Star Theatre, and the changes were undoubtedly needed. There are now only two acts instead of three. Hubert Wilkie's place is now filled by Charles Turner. Miss Carrie Godfrey and Miss Helen Dingeon are still in the cast.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

Buchanan's successful play, "Partners," was revived at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night, and the revival was very acceptable. "Partners" is a charming play, with the spirit of Alphonse Daudet's novel, "Fromont jeune et Risler aine" most aptly preserved by the adapter. Miss Maud Harrison appeared as Claire Borgfeldt, the part played at the Madison Square Theatre by Miss Marie Burroughs. Alexander Salvini was Borgfeldt. C. P. Flockton's admirable performance has before been described in these columns. Miss Virginia Buchanan was very acceptable.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

Although "The Cavalier" is not exactly the sort of play calculated to prove a winner on the Bowery, it drew a good audience to the People's Theatre last night. Mr. Henry Lee was of course the star, and the production was substantially the same as that recently seen at Palmer's Theatre. In the cast were Horace Vinton, old John Elsler, Mabel Jordan and Miss Minnie Seligman.

THEATRE COMIQUE.

"A Brass Monkey" was the potent attraction at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, last night. It was extremely well received. Miss Flora Walsh was an effective Baggage and Miss Bessie Tannehill did some clever work. The performance went with a great deal of vim and will undoubtedly do a good week's business.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

That artistic wizard, Alexander Herrmann, mystified a large audience at the Grand Opera-House last night. There was no Mme. Dis Debar, but there was D'Alvini, and with all the deference to the oleaginous priestess, M. D'Alvini is infinitely more entertaining. Mme. Herrmann was also present.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

"Under the Lash" was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre last night, and the gallery gods were happy. The play is Surridy melodramatic. It has some strong scenes. Walter S. Sanford was the star. The company supporting him was a competent one.

THALIA THEATRE.

"On the Frontier," with James M. Hardie and Sara Von Leer as the stars, was well received at H. R. Jacobs' Thalia Theatre last night. The Indians in the play also made a hit. There was a large audience.

ROSTER AND BIAL'S.

Sampson, the strong man, was one of the varied attractions at Koster & Bial's last night. There was plenty of good material on the programme, and Sampson did not have it all to himself.

DORIS'S MUSEUM.

There are plenty of interesting features to be found at Doris's Museum, 251 Eighth avenue, this week. Miss Fanny Mills, the lady with the abnormally developed feet, still regards the audience with pensive interest. Then there are the Arcaris, who do a "knife and hatchet act." The female Sampson is also not to be forgotten. A performance is given every hour upon the stage, when acrobats, singers and dancers present a lively programme. Doris gets plenty of patronage.

WORTH'S MUSEUM.

The Craddock Merry Makers' company drew large audiences to Worth's Museum yesterday. The organization is a good one and well worth seeing. It includes the Excelsior Quartet, Fostett and Emmett, Harry Sparrow Lorenzo, a clever contortionist; Edward Hartmann, Fred Winans, Fernando Fleury, Charles Hunn, Fannie Sanford, A. N. Wolf, Louis L. Brown and the Brahams in "Shadowgraphs." In the curio halls Guyascutis, or What is It? held a reception.

Brooklyn Theatres.

Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, in constructing a play, generally manages to work in a story of more or less interest, to give his characters an excuse for existence. In "He, She, Him and Her," as given by George H. Adams at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre last evening, though the various characters made their exits and entrances, sang and danced without any apparent reason, there was no small amount of fun. There are enough special features in "He, She, Him and Her," to make it a go. Mr. Adams makes an excellent country lad, his Toby Perriwinkle, though reminiscent in looks and action of Humpty Dumpty, was in all respects a clever performance.

Toma Hanlon was the Tootsie, a simple country girl possessed of a fortune of which the gentlemanly villain endeavored to possess himself. Miss Hanlon has a voice of rare sweetness, and her singing of the old familiar "Home Sweet Home," was a little "Old Homestead" in itself. The company was a clever one all the way through, the best work being done by Sam Bernard, H. Montgomery, Rupert Evans and Carrie Francois.

Lovers of the burlesque were out in force with bald heads in the front seats at the Amphion Academy last evening, the centre of attraction being Rice's burlesque company in "The Corsair." The play was presented with the original scenery and scenic effects, and in the main with the company which made such a great success in New York. Encores were frequent, the wine song, the topical trio and the Amazonian drill being specially satisfactory. The prismatic fountain presenting all the shades of the rainbow was wonderfully realistic, and the transformation scene of the Palace of Pearl reflected all its time-honored beauty. Miss Annie M. Perkins, George A. Schiller, Sherman W. Wade, Lila Blow and George K. Fortesque were prime favorites, and add greatly to the success of the performance.

In the play of "Renee de Moray" Clara Morris has ample opportunity to display her remarkable emotional powers. The entertainment, as given at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music last night, was a complete success. The play, which is an adaptation of D'Ennery's "La Martyre," is of the French variety, in which a wife acknowledges the truth of a false accusation made by her husband, in order to save her mother from disgrace. Clara Morris, as Renee de Moray, gave a careful interpretation of the injured wife, and her excellent work was warmly applauded. The acting of Frederick De Belleville, as the Count de Moray, was up to his usual standard. Julius Kahn, Miss Mittens Willett, Octavia Allen and Miss Kate Massi made pleasing impressions. There will be no performance on Good Friday night.

The supers at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre this week are having great sport. In the scene which shows the dock of the Fall River line in the second act of "One of the Finest" a section of the river is shown with newsboys, &c., bathing. They swim and splash around the tank in the most approved fashion. Some excellent models of sound steamers and ferry-boats are also introduced in this scene, as is a view of the great bridge. The rôle of Capt. Mishler is in the hands of Ed M. Ryan, who infuses much humor into the old familiar character whom everybody knows and likes. The balance of the cast is in capable hands and the scenery more than above the average.

After several weeks of melodrama the patrons of Proctor's Brooklyn Theatre were given a treat by the introduction last evening of the Rentz-Santley Novelty and Burlesque Company. The programme throughout was excellent, the variety sketches introduced being particularly good. The performance concluded with a burlesque entitled "Konrad Korsair," in which the entire company took part.

To lovers of variety the programme offered at the Grand Theatre this week is unusually attractive, the bill offered being Gus Hill's world of novelties. Every feature of the programme is good, the club-swinging of Mr. Hill being one of the most interesting. As a wind-up, the laughable little comedy, "Still Alarm," was introduced, and was heartily enjoyed by the large audience present.

There is no use disputing the weakness of the patrons of Holmes's Museum for melodrama. The more pronounced it is, the more Wild West introduced, the better they are pleased. This fact was fully demonstrated yesterday, when Charles J. Unger presented his Western drama, "Jack Mosby," to better houses than have been seen at Manager Holmes's cosy resort for some days. An interesting exhibit in Curio Hall is the skeleton of a devil-fish, which occupies a prominent place in an extensive and well-assorted collection. Daily matinées are given at this house for the benefit of the ladies and children.

At the Grand Opera-House, the "Two Orphans," with Miss Kate Claxten as the star, was produced last evening. It is unnecessary to refer to the acting of Miss Claxton. Her ability is too well known to reiterate here. Miss Esther Lyon, as Henrietta, shared the honors with the star, her beautiful face and clever acting winning favor with the audience. Miss Maud Hosford as Marianne the outcast, also came in for a large share of applause.

Chas. A. Stevenson as Jacques Frochard was excellent, and the same may be said of the Pierre Frochard of Arthur H. Forrest and the Picard of Horace Dawson. The other members of the cast are acceptable.

There is an entire change of bill at Zipp's Casino this week and the attractions are numerous and of unusual excellence. THE EVENING WORLD'S famous song, "I'm a Chappie from Over the Wattah," is billed again, and in the hands of Minnie Schult meets with the same hearty recognition from the audience that greeted its first rendition. L. Mehling, bell and xylophone soloist; the Verdi Trio, Cornetist Alfred Lange, Fred Manley, Fernando Flury, Fred Mills, ventriloquist; Max Gastorff, violinist; Albert Ward, crayon artist, and Prof. Kirchner's Casino Orchestra complete the list of attractions.

DEATH OF JOHN H. CROOK.

The Well-Known Restaurant Proprietor Expires After a Long Illness.

There was a general feeling of sadness in the hearts of many downtown business men when it became known yesterday that John H. Crook, of the firm of Nash & Crook, the well-known restaurant proprietors, had died at his residence, 86 West Sixty-eighth street.

Mr. Crook, who was one of the best-known restaurant proprietors of this country, was born in Piermont, Grafton County, N. H., April 29, 1820. He came to this city in 1839, and went into the restaurant business with his uncle, Samuel Crook, in Fulton Market. Then he entered as partner with his brother, S. H. Crook, on the site now occupied by Smith & McNeil, where he continued until 1852, when he joined fortunes with the late John A. Duff, manager of the Standard Theatre, and opened a restaurant under the old *Times* building. After Mr. Duff's retirement, the firm became Nash & Crook, and continued so until his death.

Mr. Crook leaves four children, two of whom are daughters, one married. He will be interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

United States Consul Dithmar Dies Abroad.

A cable despatch from Breslau, Germany, announces the death of Henry Dithmar, United States Consul there for the past eleven years. He was formerly connected with journalism in New York, and his son, Edward A. Dithmar, is a member of the *Times* editorial staff.

Coming Events.

Company B, Twelfth Infantry, reception, dress parade and drill at Armory April 22.

Electric Club annual meeting and election of officers April 18.

Ladies' Independent Bowling Club last reception and banquet, Café Logeling, April 18.

"Life of Christ," stereopticon entertainment, by Rev. A. Chester, Bushwick Avenue Church, Brooklyn, May 1.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AT TONY PASTOR'S.

It was all on account of "An Iron Creed." The excessive emotion which Mr. Stow's beautiful play roused within me left me limp and miserable during the week. Unlike the lady in Tennyson's "Princess" who felt that she must weep or she would die, I saw a similar result if I did not laugh. In sheer desperation I went to Tony Pastor's. That wholesome, tonic-y performance saved me.

What a delightful thing a variety show is for a change! How exquisite it is to wot nothing of a leading lady, a first old man and a juvenile! How refreshingly delightful to listen to plantation songs and dances, to look at queer acrobats, and to exclaim "Oh!" at some new and astonishing feat in juggling! Then, the dearth of "situations" is joyous. "Feature" succeeds "feature," and in the ten or twelve changes of the programme there is sure to be something you will like.

Tony Pastor's people give a very pleasant entertainment. "M. B. Leavitt's Grand European Novelties" appeared last night and were quite exhilarating. One good thing about the performance is its absolute harmlessness and the rapidity with which it moves forward. There is no dragginess and no between-the-acts.

The most surprising event last night was Keller, and I do hope he won't object to being called an event. Tony Pastor insists that he is a "pedro-manual phenomenon." No doubt he is, but so much Latin-ness is unnecessary, except for scholars like Tony and me. Keller is a contortionist with most remarkable strength in his arms, which he uses in place of his legs with charming indiscrimination. He ties himself up into fearful shapes, and almost makes you gasp at his daring. He is very ugly to look at, poor thing, and he makes you feel rather sorry for him, even in the midst of your applause.

The Sisters Milton danced and sang vivaciously, in a very Londonish way; Duncan ventriloquized, and I thought he was very bad and unconvincing; the Pylades (sweetly Greek, isn't it?) impersonated well-known people, from Bismarck to Boulanger, and some very clever equilibrists disported themselves.

As I said, I have to thank "An Iron Creed" for last night's enjoyment. I do so from the depths of my being.

ALAN DALE.

He Misunderstood.

[From the Epoch.]

Mrs. Fangle—Its getting light. I'll raise the blind.

Mr. Fangle (only half awake)—All right! I'll stay."

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla!
The Best Tonic Bottle

Spring Garments

Beaded Wraps with Shower Fringe $10.50 worth $15.00
Imported Beaded Wraps $7.50 worth $10.00
Corkscrew Jackets $3.00 worth $4.00
And a full line of long garments in the newest styles.

Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR,
OF THE
DE GRAAF & TAYLOR CO.,
47 and 49 West 14th st.,
EXTENDING THROUGH TO 48 W. 15TH ST
are now the oldest reliable furniture house in the city. They carry the largest stock of parlor and library furniture of their own upholstering of any house in the United States.
ALL FULLY GUARANTEED.
Also a very extensive assortment.
5,000 SUITS
OF CHAMBER AND DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.
Their stock cost spot cash. They fully understand their business. They will not allow themselves to be undersold by any responsible house in the trade. The demand for very cheap furniture at this time has caused us to decide to place on sale,
NOT MANUFACTURED BY US,
TEN DOLLAR SIDEBOARDS,
SEVEN DOLLAR EXTENSION TABLES,
FIFTEEN DOLLAR CHAMBER SUITS,
THIRTY DOLLAR PARLOR SUITS.
We make a specialty of bedding and parlor folding-beds, $10 to $200 each.

DON'T MISS THE GRANDEST BARGAIN SALE OF KID GLOVES
AT THE
PALAIS ROYAL,
14TH ST., NEAR 5TH AVE.,
THIS WEEK.
ONE LOT
500 DOZEN
4-BUTTON KID, 59c.
Worth $1.25.
ONE LOT
4-BUTTON UNDRESSED EMBROIDERED, 78c.
Worth $1.50.
SHADES TO MATCH ALL COSTUMES.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.
PALAIS ROYAL,
14th St., Near 5th Ave.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CARPETS CLEANED—T. M. STEWART, 326 7th ave. Send for circulars. Tel. call 120, 21st st.

CARPET-CLEANING AT THE GREAT American Works, 155 W. 29th. Wm. H. Bowden, prop.

AMUSEMENTS.

I WANT A WIFE.
Am a wealthy Pennsylvania land owner. Beauty not essential. Must be willing to learn the duties of farm life, such as milking cows, &c. The young German girl who wanted to marry Heinrich Schlummenberger, or one from Castle Garden, preferred. Apply or address J. W. COFFEY, care of
WORTH'S MUSEUM,
Fifth St., near 4th Ave.
HEINRICH SCHLUMMENBERGER, THE WEALTHY JERSEY FARMER,
has located his wife-hunting headquarters at this house.
Guyascutis and What Is It? Musica Band; Annie O'Brien, Giantess; Annie Bell, tallest fat woman, continued height 16 feet. The frog man. Tattooed men, woman and dog.
GIANTS

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE.
NEIL BURGESS.
COUNTY FAIR.
25c. 50c. 75c.
Evening at 8.15. Saturday matinee at 2. $1.00
Extra matinee Wednesday, commencing April 22 $1.50

PALMER'S THEATRE. B'WAY & 30TH ST.
THE MAY QUEEN.
McCAULL OPERA COMPANY.
MATINEE SATURDAY.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER.....Sole Manager
Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matinee.
5TH MONTH. CAPTAIN SWIFT. "Superior to Jim, the Penman."
A Great Success—World, Jan. 28
NO PERFORMANCE GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST.
NADJY. EVENINGS AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
Admission 50c. Seats reserved 2 weeks in advance.

NIBLO'S Reserved Seats Orchestra Circle and Balcony. 50c.
SAID PASHA.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

ACADEMY. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00.
DENMAN THOMPSON.
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
Mats. WED. and SAT. EXTRA MAT. April 30.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery, near Canal.
Week commencing Monday, April 15.
MARIETTA NASH IN THE NEW FARCICAL COMEDY, "KATTI," the Family Help. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

AMBERG THEATRE, to-night appearance of Opera Company in Bettelstudent. Wednesday, August Walter's Benefit, Raub der Sabinerinnen. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, first time, Nervouse Frauen.

19TH ST. and 4TH AVE. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. OPEN ALL DAY & EVENING.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
WEDNESDAY, MATINEE, SATURDAY.
The Eminent Prestidigitateur,
HERRMANN,
Supported by
Mme. HERRMANN and D'ALVANI and others.
TO-NIGHT,
in his Great Illusion,
CREMATION,
AND
NEW STARTLING WONDERS.
NEXT WEEK—THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST.
NEXT SUNDAY—From New York to London with Prof. CROMWELL.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
VERY LAST WEEK.
EXHIBITING IN BROOKLYN NEXT MONDAY.
BARNUM & BAILEY'S
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
Two Rings, Three Stages, Hippodrome Track, Triple Circus, Roman Races, Wild Mounts, Caravan, Hall of Illusions, Menageries, &c., &c.
Performances at 2 and 8 P. M. daily.
Admission 50 cents. Children under 9 years 25 cents.

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
THIS WEEK, continuing Monday, April 15,
A. M. PALMER'S MADISON SQUARE THEATRE CO.
including Messrs. Salvini, Flockton, Massen, Misses Maud Harrison, Katherine Rogers, Virginia Buchanan in
PARTNERS,
APRIL 22, first time of J. K. EMMET in his New Play UNCLE JOE.

BIJOU THEATRE, Broadway, bet. 30th and 31st sts.
Matinee, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
50th Performance, Tuesday, April 16. Souvenirs.
7th week of the irresistibly funny comedy
A MIDNIGHT BELL.
BY HOYT, AUTHOR OF "A BRASS MONKEY."
Gallery, 25c.; reserved, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Mgr.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE.
HELEN BARRY
IN A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.
A LAUGHING SUCCESS.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST.
THE MARQUISE. A triumph of stage art. "World." "Roused enthusiastic applause."—Mail.
Begins at 8.15. Matinees SATURDAYS.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Eve'gs at 8. Sat. Mat. at 2.
N. C. GOODWIN IN
A GOLD MINE.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2 P. M.
Broadway, cor. 41st st. EVENINGS AT 8.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.
ADMISSION 50c.

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Farewell Tour of the Comedians,
STUART ROBSON, WM. H. CRANE
in Bronson Howard's great comedy, THE HENRIETTA.

STANDARD THEATRE. LAST WEEK.
HOWARD ATHENEUM SPECIALTY CO.
First appearance of LEONI CLARK, MLLE. TINA.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
Next week, new comic opera, DOVETTA.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST. THEATRE.
TONY PASTOR'S. M. B. LEAVITT'S GREAT COMPANY. EUROPEAN NOVELTY TROUPE. Keller, the Physical Wonder. And Forty New Specialty Stars.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.
Mat. Mon., Wed. & Sat. WALTER S. SANFORD. "UNDER THE LASH."
April 22—Frank L. Frayne.

H. R. JACOBS' (THALIA) OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
HARDIE AND VON LEER. "ON THE FRONTIER."
April 22—Kate Pursell.

MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Henry Lee IN THE "Cavalier."

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.
WAL-WI-KI,
the Flower of Tongan; Samson, Dan J. Hart, 4 Carles, Garnella Bros.
MONDAY, April 29. Centennial Inauguration Ball.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125th st., bet. 3d & Lex. aves.
Hoyt's great satire on superstition,
A BRASS MONKEY.
Charles Reed, Flora Walsh and original cast.
Next week—Rose Coghlan in "Jocelyn." Mat. Sat.

345 & 347 Grand st. GRAND MUSEUM. 345 & 347 Grand st.
THE OSSIFIED AFRICAN.
THE LIVING MERMAID.
Hourly Stage Performances. Admission 10 cents.

NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD.
THEISS'S NEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT, 136 E. 14th st.
THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND THEATRE 166 Grand st. BROOKLYN, E.D.
WEEK OF APRIL 15.
GUS HILL'S BIG SHOW.
JACK DEMPSEY
WILL MEET ALL COMERS.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE.
Cor. of Washington and Johnson sts.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
Popular Prices. F. J. HASSON CO. in ONE OF THE FINEST.

AMPHION ACADEMY. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers.
Every Evening. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
"RICE'S CORSAIR."

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers.
Every Evening. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
KATE CLAXTON IN THE TWO ORPHANS.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE, (LATE NOVELTY.)
EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEES, TUES., THURS. & SAT. RENTZ-SANTLEY
Burlesque and Novelty Co.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE.
Mat. Wednesday and Saturday.
GEORGE H. ADAMS, in the PANTOMIME COMEDY, HE, SHE, HIM, HER.

Holmes's Standard Museum. Popular Prices. Daily Matinees.
CHAS. J. UNGER IN
JACK MOSLEY, A romance of the hills.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, B'KLYN, E. D.
This week, 5 nights and Saturday Matinee only.
CLARA MORRIS
IN RENEE DE MORAY.
Next Week, HELD BY THE ENEMY.

MILLIS—RE-ENGAGEMENT OF THE great Ventriloquist, Albert Ward, Wm. Payne, Fred Manley, The Verdi Trio, Minnie Schult and Kirchner's Casino Orchestra, at ZIPP'S CASINO.

[NEW NOVELETTE EQUAL TO GABORIAU'S BEST.]

A TRAGIC RIDDLE.

How Love, Jealousy and Crime Were Tangled Up.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By GEORGE R. SIMS,

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Clowbury has a bitter quarrel with his wife, who desires to go on the stage and is being trained by an Italian named Moroni. Clowbury leaves the house in a rage, but returns before daylight, makes friends with his wife and starts for Paris at once. At 8 o'clock Mrs. Clowbury is found dead in bed, having been stabbed to the heart. Her husband is arrested on suspicion. His lawyer, Mr. Hartram, suspects the Italian and has him arrested at Nice on a technical charge. While in jail Detective Grimwade gets the Italian to partially admit that he was in Mrs. Clowbury's house on the morning of the murder, by hinting that he had been seen by a woman while coming out. A vain search is made for this woman, whose name is ascertained to be Margherita. She is found drying in the Workhouse, to the matron of which she has made a confession of having been in love with the Italian, of whom she was insanely jealous. She knew of the intended elopement of the Italian with Mrs. Clowbury, and was determined to prevent it.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAGIC RIDDLE SOLVED AT LAST.

"While she was watching a man came out of Clowbury's house," continued the matron in her account of Margherita's confession. "It was dark, but she thought it was her lover. Before she could recover herself he had gone up the street. 'Ah,' she said, 'he has stayed in the house this night. He has gone to the station; the Englishwoman is to join him there.' Then she walked back past the lady's door, and she noticed it was *ajar*. The man in coming out had pulled it to, but the latch had not caught, and it had swung back a little.

"'Then,' said the unhappy woman, 'the devil put a dreadful thought into my head. There was nobody about. I pushed the door softly open, stole in on tiptoe and crept upstairs, clutching my dagger. I knew where the lady was, for many a night had I seen the light burning in the room when I had watched to see if my lover came there. I pushed the door open softly.

"'The Englishwoman lay on the bed. She was very beautiful, her eyes were closed. She must just have fallen asleep after my lover had left her. Her beauty maddened me. "You shall never be his. You shall not take him from me!" I hissed in her ears.

"'The woman started up and opened her eyes. She would have cried out, but I plunged my dagger into her heart and she fell back.

"'Then a great terror came over me. They do not understand revenge in your country as they do in the land I come from, and I knew it was murder I had done, and for murder they hang people. I crept down the stairs to the door. I opened it softly and looked out. The street was empty. I closed the door behind me; no living soul was in sight to see me, and it was not yet light, only the beginning of dawn. I felt I was safe, and so I walked rapidly away, never stopping till I found myself in the great green park. Then I sat down on a seat, and either fainted or fell asleep, I know not which. When I came to myself it was broad daylight, and I arose and walked on. But everywhere I could see that Englishwoman's eyes looking into mine, and I could hear her crying "Murder!"

"'I was afraid lest my look of terror should betray me, and I walked on and on; I don't know where I walked, but it was always in the park, away from the streets and the people. When the darkness came on I felt more terrified still. I dared not go back to the house where I had been lodging; I was in debt there, and had no money to pay, and they had told me they would turn me out, and they would be the first to notice how strange I looked. They would think that I did not come back because they told me not to. Where could I sleep—where could I go to, as I was, without betraying myself? I had still my dagger with me. It was bloody, and my dress was stained with her blood—a little—splashes of blood.

"'I was so terrified I drew out my dagger to kill myself—then I was afraid to do it. I was by the canal—I looked at the water. That was an easier death, and quicker. If I missed my heart I might be found alive and hanged after all. I did not think, I jumped into the water. Then I felt that I was going before God without repenting, with blood upon my hands. I screamed for help. I didn't want to die. You know the rest. I was rescued, and told the story that got me brought here where I was safe—where nobody would stare at me. The dagger sank in the water and the blood you saw on me you thought was where I had bled from that cut on my face. Now you know me. I am a murderess. I—'"

The matron stopped in her narrative. There was a knock at the door.

It was the head nurse.

"I PLUNGED MY DAGGER INTO HER HEART."

"Oh