CLEVELAND'S HOME

He Has Selected the Fine Mansion, No. 816 Madison Avenue.

Banker Henry G. Marquand His Neighbor and Landlord.

The Ex-President Has Leased for Two Years, with Option of Purchase.

Citizen Grover Cleveland has finally decided to settle down permanently in Gotham and has selected his place of future residence.

It is a fine and imposing mansion, at 816 Madison avenue, and adjoins the magnificent residence of Banker Henry G. Marquand, at the corner of Sixty-eighth street and Madison avenue, who becomes the ex-President's landlord under the agreement which has just been entered into.

Mr. Cleveland has not bought the house, but has taken a lease of it for two years, and it is understood that if he is satisfied with it he will purchase it at the expiration of that time.

"Yes," said Mr. Marquand to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD who called at his house this morning, "Mr. Cleveland and his wife are to become my tenants, and I am very glad to have such good neighbors.

"I have always wanted to sell that house, but as I could not get the right sort of a tenant it has been unoccupied ever since it was built.

"On that account I let it to Mr. Cleveland at a very reasonable rental, much less, in fact, than I would have done last year, or any previous year."

"Will Mr. Cleveland take possession immediately?"

"Oh, no, the lease is not to commence until the 1st of September. A great deal has got to be done in the way of fixing up and it will take all Summer to do it.

"I am anxious that Mr. Cleveland should be perfectly satisfied with the house, and would like to have him become a purchaser. It's a pretty expensive house, though, and perhaps he hasn't the means to purchase it now."

The residence selected by Mr. Cleveland is one of the two house that were built by Mr. Marquand six years ago on Madison avenue adjoining his own house.

One of these has already been occupied by Mr. Marquand's daughter, but Mr. Cleveland's has never had a tenant.

In its general style and appearance it corresponds with the Marquand mansion, being of pressed brick, with light brown-stone trimmings. It is five stories high, has a frontage of 30 feet on Madison avenue and a depth of 73 feet.

The front is irregular in the style of its architecture, and is broken at the north gable by a square turret of light sandstone.

Wide double windows in the first and second floors add to the massive and aristocratic appearance of the mansion and the wide front door of carved oak is approached from the side by a stone porch.

The adjoining building, No. 814, which is occupied by Mr. Marquand's daughter is very similar in appearance without being an exact duplication, and the two together at first glance appear to be only an extension on Madison avenue of the Marquand mansion, so completely does the style of the three correspond.

It was ascertained that after Mr. Marquand built the house it was for sale several years, the lowest price that the owner would accept being $110,000.

It could probably be purchased at the present time for $100,000, and in the opinion of a number of real-estate dealers in that vicinity the property is fully worth that.

Mr. Cleveland will furnish the house himself as soon as it is ready for occupancy.

Workmen were busy on it this morning and evidently no time is to be lost in putting it in order.

Taking it all in all it is one of the handsomest houses in upper Madison avenue.

DR. MAY'S FIERCE STRUGGLE.

HE SAYS A DISTRACTED PATIENT TRIED TO SHOOT HIM.

Dr. William H. May, of 50 West Twenty-fourth street, claims to have had a struggle with a patient who was out of his head.

Frederick Kloeckner, a broker at 6 Wall street, and William L. Stewart, a printer at 156 William street, drove up to the doctor's house yesterday afternoon. Both alighted and Kloeckner entered the house. He told Dr. May he was worried over the loss of his child and had not slept for four nights.

The doctor turned to his medicines and, according to his account, when he again faced his patient, the latter had a revolver pointed at him.

A struggle ensued, and the doctor got possession of the weapon. Kloeckner made a dash for the door and escaped.

Dr. May, with Stewart, went to the Jefferson Market Court yesterday afternoon and swore out a warrant for Kloeckner's arrest.

This morning Detective Brett, of the Nineteenth Precinct, went hunting for Kloeckner.

Dr. May refused to talk to an EVENING WORLD reporter when the latter called this morning.

Kloeckner could not be found at his house, No. 252 East Forty-eighth street, nor at his office.

Stewart was seen, but he says that he knows nothing about Kloukner's motive for trying to shoot May. Kloeckner is a customer of his, and it was at his request that Stewart went along with him yesterday. He does not know what has become of Kloeckner.

FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

FLEMING BROS.

GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache, dysentery, &c. MRS. HENRY WINKELMAN. Box 954.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.," on the wrapper.

SUICIDE OR MURDER.

A Man Found Drowned and Tied to an Iron Weight.

Taken Out of the Harlem River at Daybreak To-day.

He Was Young and Well Dressed, but His Name Is Unknown.

"Officer, ain't that a man in the water?"

The questioner was a man who had just crossed Harlem Bridge at 4.30 this morning, and his question startled Officer Nicolai, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station.

The officer peered through the gray mist of dawn down into the river beside the bridge. Yes, unmistakably, it was a face that met his gaze, upturned.

The officer got a boat and rowed out to the face. It was black and its owner was dead in less than five feet of water.

The dead wagon was sent for, the body taken out and removed to the Morgue. It was the body of a man of perhaps thirty years, but bloated and decomposed.

The man had evidently been handsome. He had soft, wavy brown hair, now dishevelled by the waters, and a small brown mustache.

He was 5 feet 10 inches in height and wore a diagonal frock coat and vest, striped pants and light brown Spring overcoat.

"Here's a mystery," said the office.. "See this."

It was a piece of angle iron, such as is used in strengthening joints on the L structure, and pierced with rivet holes.

It was 18 inches long and weighed 30 pounds. It had been wired to the leg of the man, and, oddly enough, the poor fellow had placed his gingham umbrella between the cruel iron and his leg.

The iron would otherwise have hurt his leg.

In one of the pockets of the dead man was a well worn Swiss watch, such as ladies carry. It had a gold case, enamelled in black, and was No. 21,407 of the make of "E. Dros & Fils, Locle." There was no chain, and not a scrap of paper or writing on the body.

On his neck-scarf was a pin—an owl on a bar at one end of which was a star of gold; at the other a pearl.

Deputy Coroner Jenkins said the body had been in the water at least seven weeks.

The police cannot tell whether the case is one of murder or suicide.

It is likewise unknown until the autopsy is held whether he died by drowning or was anchored in the water after death.

The iron which was attached to his leg may have been taken from the Elevated Railroad repair shop, not far from where he was found.

Later the police came to the conclusion that the man bore some resemblance to Louis E. Robellaz, who disappeared from his home at 343 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street two weeks ago, and for information of whose whereabouts $100 reward was offered.

Robellaz's relatives have been communicated with, but they have not yet visited the Morgue to identify the body.

WAS IT A DRUNKEN SPREE?

An Unknown Woman Found Nearly Lifeless in Rahway.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 15.—The City of Rahway, N. J., is intensely excited to-day over another alleged mystery.

At 5 o'clock this morning the body of a handsome woman was found lying near a clump of trees on Main street, near Hazelwood avenue, and about one hundred feet from the residence of Capt. Isaac A. Bunn.

She was still breathing, but life was nearly extinct.

She wore a maroon-colored dress with a stylish sacque, and had on high lace shoes, brown stockings and a jaunty hat.

She is about twenty-five years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and finely developed.

All her clothing was of excellent quality.

She was taken to the station-house, and after four hours' work the doctor succeeded in partly restoring her to consciousness, but she is yet unable to talk.

Her name, it is said, is Catherine Connors, and she is a native of New Brunswick.

The prevailing idea seems to be that the woman is suffering from the effects of a prolonged spree.

Swindled the Chief Justice's Daughter.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, May 15. — Chief Justice Fuller's daughter, Pauline, who lately eloped with young Aubery is out a five-dollar bill through the scheme of a very clever swindler. A man who called on Mrs. Aubery said there was a valuable package for her at the Custom-House on which she must pay $14.98 charges before it could be delivered. She gave the fellow $5, and her husband later gave her $10 with which to pay the balance when the man brought the package. But he never brought it, nor has he called for the balance.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

WAS SHE POISONED?

Startling Developments Looked For at Miss Tobin's Inquest.

Detectives Searching for Some Clue to the Mystery.

No Trace Can Be Found of Her Affianced Lover.

The body of Mary Tobin, which was found on the rocks off the Clifton Boat Club House just above the Quarantine station, Staten Island, still lies in Coroner Hughes's morgue at Stapleton.

Although her relatives in Pennsylvania have been notified none of them have as yet called to take charge of her body, and it seems as though the poor girl had been deserted and forgotten.

Coroner Hughes said this morning that the inquest would positively not be held to-day, and would not be held until the parts supposed to contain traces of poison have been completely analyzed and the result of the examination made known to him.

Both Coroner Hughes and Dr. Feeney refuse to say whom they suspect, but it is evident they believe the woman met with foul play.

Two detectives were at Clifton to-day looking after clues. The police have also been asked to follow up the case.

It was supposed that the last seen of the girl alive was when she left Dr. Bryan's house and took the train for St. George on April 15.

Mrs. Robert Hillyer, wife of a prominent merchant of West New Brighton, claims to have seen Miss Tobin two weeks after her disappearance.

On April 20, the day of the naval parade, Mrs. Hillyer was on a horse-car bound for St. George when she saw Miss Tobin walking on the sidewalk with another woman and a little girl.

Mrs. Hillyer is positive that the woman she saw was Miss Tobin, and was surprised at seeing her, as she thought she had left the town two weeks before.

Additional facts gleaned make the mystery surrounding the girl's death all the more impenetrable.

It now appears that Miss Tobin and Dr. Robinson, by whom she was employed, had known each other for many years, both having spent a considerable portion of their lives in Franklin, Pa.

Dr. Robinson says that the girl first came to New Brighton in 1885, when she accompanied a cousin of his and a sick child. Miss Tobin told him that she would like to secure a position in the Bellevue Training School for Nurses.

He left a few days later for the Bay of Fundy, and upon his return, early in 1887, his office assistant left and Miss Tobin entered his employ.

The doctor says that he never really liked the girl, as he was disappointed in her. Instead of being highly educated, as he had been given to understand, she was in reality quite ignorant.

She acted queer on religious subjects. When she came to Staten Island she was a Methodist; then she read Bob Ingersoll's works and became a "rank infidel," to use Dr. Robinson's expression, after which she again turned and became a High Church Episcopalian.

She said she was going to join a sisterhood, but had evidently given up that idea, as she had said recently that she was going to be married in the Fall.

Dr. Robinson, in speaking of the marriage, said that he knew the prospective bridegroom. He described him as a good-looking man with a handsome beard, and, according to Miss Tobin, he was a New York broker.

There will probably be startling developments at the inquest.

PARIS AFFECTED BY THE STRIKES.

A Coal Famine May Cut Off the City's Light and Fuel.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, May 15.—Although rioting has abated, the strikes continue to spread in Northern Germany.

In Westphalia strikes are declared at mines hitherto undisturbed.

The non-production of coal is beginning to have its effect, and in Paris, which depends on the Westphalian mines for its supply, a coal famine is feared, which would result, first, in the failure of the gas supply, and would next affect a hundred industries.

In his fifteen minutes' interview with the deputation of Westphalian strikers yesterday, the Emperor exhorted them to avoid rioting and preventing other men from working. He promised them protection as long as they keep the peace.

WAR IN SUMATRA.

The Dutch Garrison at Edi Has Two Severe Battles with Natives.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, May 15.—A despatch from Penang announces that war has broken out again in Atcheen, Sumatra, between the Dutch and the Malays.

The natives in immense numbers made an attack on Edi, a port on the coast of Atcheen, which was held by a small Dutch garrison.

Two assaults were made.

The first was repulsed after hard fighting.

In the second the garrison was nearly overpowered by numbers, but fought with desperation and finally succeeded in driving off the natives.

The slender garrison lost five killed and twenty-five wounded. The Malays left 160 dead on the ground.

Reinforcements have been sent to Edi.

FAILED AND ABSCONDED.

A Bull Operator on the London 'Change in Trouble.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, May 15.—A heavy bull operator, whose name is withheld for the present, has failed.

He dealt principally in South Africans, but had extensive transactions in British rails and Grank Trunks.

He has absconded, leaving his affairs in confusion.

Two Little Fires.

Fire at 100 Sheriff street, in Boardman & Ginting's tailor shop and M. Silberna's tailor shop this morning, did $1,000 damage.

A shed on the new Aqueduct at One Hundred and Fortieth street, burned this morning. Loss $500.

THEIR LAST HOURS.

Legislators at Albany Fill Them with Much Hustling.

The Police Matron Bill Passed by the Senate To-Day.

Also Another Big Appropriation Bill for Capitol Improvements.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ALBANY, May 15.—As this is practically the last business day of the session, for to-morrow adjournment will come at noon, it is likely that the legislators will not seek their couches until long after midnight.

There are great crowds of lobbyists in the corridors, and in the Assembly chamber the members tread on each others toes in their eagerness to forward their own bills.

The man with a trumpet-voice is the envy of all his fellows, for who ever yells loudest is most likely to attract the attention of the speaker.

Every now and then there is a fierce pounding of the mallet to gain some kind of order, but the storm soon breaks forth again.

In the Senate there is a great calm. The members of the upper House have disposed of all their own bills, and the Clerk is rattling through a great pile of Assembly bills.

The ladies' gallery is well filled.

One important bill has just been passed by the Senate. It is that which directs that two matrons shall be employed in every police station-house in the State which receives females.

It also directs that the sexes shall be lodged in different parts of the station-houses.

A new Capitol improvement bill was also passed by the Senate. It appropriates $372,000 to be expended under the direction of the Capitol Commission, consisting of Lieut.-Gov. Jones, Senator Fassett, Speaker Cole and Commissioner Perry.

THREW HERSELF BEFORE A TRAIN.

A Distracted Brooklyn Woman Saved from Death by Her Husband.

Mrs. Kate Lech, thirty years old, living at 286 Stagg street, Brooklyn, attempted to commit suicide this morning by throwing herself in front of an approaching train on the South Side division of the Long Island Railway, in Williamsburg.

Her husband saw her go out of the house and followed her. He rescued her from her perilous position. He took her to the Sixth Precinct Station-House, where a charge of attempted suicide was made against her. Mrs. Lech says she is tired of living and wants to die. She is believed to be insane.

FELL WITH AN ELEVATOR.

The Rope Broke and Young Goodson Was Dashed Down Four Stories.

Arthur Goodson, eighteen years old, of 279 Baltic street, Brooklyn, received internal injuries this morning through the breaking of the elevator rope at 163 Maiden lane, which precipitated him from the fourth story to the ground floor.

An ambulance was summoned and an ambulance surgeon attended to the injured man.

It was thought advisable to leave the patient in the building, and he was not removed to the hospital.

Albert's Score Climbing.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—The score in the six-day match at 1 o'clock this morning was as follows: Albert, 480; Guerrero, 438; Crozier, 402; Peterson, 371; Campana, 317.

Sam Randall Convalescing.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Sam Randall is on the rapid road to recovery, and expects soon to be out again. His sickness has lasted several weeks.

Two Hundred and Fifty Children Confirmed.

Two hundred and fifty children were confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan at the old cathedral in Mott street this morning.

A Wily Scheme.

[From the Chicago News.]

Mr. A. M. Cox, a Duluth manufacturer of brooms, is a practical promoter of matrimony. He has announced to his employees that all who are unmarried on the 1st of next month will be dismissed, while all who are married will be given higher wages. Perhaps Mr. Cox wants to increase the consumption of his wares. Unmarried people have no use for brooms.

BRIGHT WITS IN COUNCIL.

A MEETING IN WHICH MIRTH AND GOOD NATURE PREVAIL.

Friendly Advice.

[From London Punch.]

"I say! You have improved that foot these last few weeks! I should go on drawing the human foot, and nothing else, if I were you, Brown—anyhow for another two or three years or so."

"Oh—thanks awfully—and then?"

"Why, then you might be a shoemaker, you know, and get an honest living!"

It May Be So.

[From the Lowell Citizen.]

Brightly—Do you know why people are never stuck up in Autumn?

Dullard—Can't say that I do.

Brightly—Because pride always goes before a fall.

A Stainless Cloth.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Jinks—I called at your boarding-house today and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter table-cloth to my life.

Blinks—No, she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough to stain.

Good Idea.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line?

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk? Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y.—They are? Well, if that's the case I had better look for a job as a drug clerk.

The Cure Easily Applied.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Cahokia—Alfred, I have been reading about the hot air treatment for weak lungs, and I think I should like to try it.

Mr. Cahokia (struck by a happy thought)—All right, Esmeralda. This is April. Next month is May. We'll spend the whole month right here in St. Louis.

The Outcome of the Suit.

[From Judge.]

Bryerton—There isn't much left of you, my friend.

Witchers—Not a great deal. I sued Mullin the other day.

Bryerton—Get anything?

Witchers—Not in court. I met him after the session, though, and secured heavy damages.

Brooklyn Theatrical Notes.

That mischevious youngster, "Peck's Bad Boy," is at Proctor's Theatre this week, and his many friends are visiting him in goodly numbers to pay him homage. His numerous relations are with him, as usual, and contribute largely to the entertainment. Ed J. Heron is, as usual, the bad boy; John Prince the Jonas Bullock and Harry Crandall the groceryman. The balance of the cast is good.

Manager Bruce's benefit on Monday evening at the Grand Theatre was financially a success, though there was no small amount of dissatisfaction expressed by some in the audience, owing to the fact that a number of attractions advertised to appear did not show up. Austin's All Star Specialty Company is this week's attraction and numbers among its members some of the cleverest people on the vaudeville stage.

At the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Saturday evening an entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Florence Nightingale Association at the Simpson M. E. Church, at which a varied programe will be offered. The principal event of the evening will be the exhibition drill by a special body of men from the Seventh Regiment of New York, and a grand concert by Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band. The entertainment is for the benefit of the Children's Ward, Methodist Episcopal Hospital—Seney Hospital.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla The Best Spring Medicine

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO., 193 TO 205 PARK ROW, (ESTABLISHED 1807.)

Are now showing the largest and best assortment of CARPETS, in all the latest patterns and colorings, and at prices lower than ever before. Their assortment of PARLOR, CHAMBER and DINING ROOM Furniture is very extensive, and the quality of their goods will prove very satisfactory. Terms made to suit.

MACKINTOSHES.

SPECIAL SALE THIS WEEK ONLY AT $7.00 EACH; FORMER PRICE, $15.00.

METROPOLITAN Rubber Company, 649 and 651 Broadway. Bet. Bleecker & Bond sts.

Spellman's Hats

In all the prevailing fashionable shades, at their usual low prices. 109 and 111 Park Row, Corner Chambers St.

The HANKS Co. DENTISTS.

Extracting, 25c.; with GAS, 50c. Sets, $5, $8 and $10. Soft filling, 50c. up; gold filling, $1 up. Female attendant. Sundays to 1. 203 6TH AVE., 2D DOOR BELOW 14TH. JERSEY CITY—York and Grove sts. NEWARK—Broad and Market sts.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CARPET CLEANING—T. M. STEWART, 326 7th ave.; send for circular; telephone call 126 21st st.

AMUSEMENTS.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH STREET. Evenings at 8. Matinee SATURDAY at 2. AN OVERWHELMING SUCCESS. THE BRIGANDS. Roof Garden Concert from 7.30 until 12 Nightly. Admission 50 cents, including Both Entertainments.

14TH ST. THEATRE. COR. 6TH AVE. FOURTH WEEK OF J. K. EMMET in his greatest success, UNCLE JOE; OR, FRITZ IN A MADHOUSE. New Songs, including Laughing Jack. Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. Evenings at 8.30—Matinees Wed. and Sat. 11th week of the "irresistibly funny comedy," A MIDNIGHT BELL. By HOYT, Author of "A Brass Monkey," "The Old Homestead" and "Henrietta" rolled into one. Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats—Orchestra Circle & Balcony—50c. Mr. HENRY E. DIXEY. WED. and SAT. MAT. Farewell as ADONIS. Supported by Rice & Digey's Big Burlesque C'mp'ny. Next Week—MARGARET MATHER.

STAR THEATRE, BROADWAY AND 13TH ST. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. ULLIE AKERSTROM. In her successful comedy-drama, ANNETTE, THE DANCING GIRL. SUNDAY EVG. TESTIMONIAL TO DIGBY BELL.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM, 14th st. and 4th ave. Open 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Admission, 10c. A BROKEN NECK. Barney Baldwin, the Greatest Curiosity Living; Sebluminer, Wife Hunter; Willett & Thorne's Co. on stage.

345 & 347 GRAND ST. GRAND MUSEUM, 345 & 347 GRAND ST. Human Ostrich, a man eating tacks, nails, penknives, &c., and swallowing living, kicking frogs. Rollaire in illusions. 100 other Curios. Sacred Concerts Sunday. Admission, 10 cents; reserved seats, 5 cents extra.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL.....Manager. Richard Golden as OLD OLD PROUTY. Every Evening. Matinee Saturday.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST. THEATRE. TONY PASTOR'S. PAT ROONEY, and LITTLE KATIE ROONEY, in PAT'S NEW WARDROBE.

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE. Mat. at 2. 25c. 50c. 75c. $1.00 $1.50. NEIL BURGESS. COUNTY FAIR.

PALMER'S THEATRE. B'way and 30th st. A Great Success. CLOVER. By the McCaull Opera Company.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Begins at 8.30. Matinee Saturday. FEATHERBRAIN. Shouts of laughter FEATHERBRAIN. Companion play to FEATHERBRAIN. "Private Secretary."

STANDARD THEATRE. MAZULM. IMRE KIRALFY'S GORGEOUS REVIVAL OF MAZULM. Ravel's Famous Pantomime, with New Ballets. Every Evening at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat.

ACADEMY. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00. 3 WEEKS MORE. DENMAN THOMPSON. THE OLD HOMESTEAD. Nights, Wednesday & Saturday Matinees. Seats on sale to end of season, June 1.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Matinee Sat. at 2. MINNIE PALMER IN MY BROTHER'S SISTER.

DALY'S THEATRE. Evenings punctually at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. MISS ROSINA VOKES AND HER LONDON COMEDY COMPANY.

BROADWAY THEATRE. COR. 41ST ST. FRANK W. SANGER.....Manager. Handsomest and Largest Theatre in the World. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY. THE OOLAH. Eve., 8. Sat. Mat., 2.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. HILDA THOMAS. KELLER. FLORENCE MILLER. Matinees Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. MAS IN A LOOKING GLASS. Lillian Lewis as Lena Despard.

WINDSOR THEATRE. BOWERY near Canal. Week commencing Monday, May 13. Another Grand Attraction. Denman Thompson's New and Successful Play THE TWO SISTERS. Matinee Saturday at 2.

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE. Matinees MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. THE RULING PASSION. May 20—LOST IN NEW YORK.

H. R. JACOBS' (THALIA) OLD BOWERY THEATRE. JAMES H. WALLICK. CATTLE AND THE BANDIT KING. May 20—THE BOY TRAMP.

NIBLO'S. RESERVED SEATS. Orch. Circle & Bal'y, 50c. A NOBLE SON. Matinees WED. and SAT.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST. LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON. THE WIFE. BEGINS 8.15. THE WIFE. THE WIFE. Matinee Saturday. THE WIFE.

AMBERG THEATRE.—Last night and Benefit to the Business Manager, Herman Sebosenberg. Schwabenstreich, Thursday. Extra Benefit to Cassier Heily and Agent Stein, Toller Einfall.

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

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

EDEN MUSEE. Hungarian LADY DANCERS. AFT. and EVNG.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE. Corner Washington and Johnson streets. Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. The incomparable and Peerless CORINNE in Monte Cristo, Jr. Reserved Seats, 20c. 30c. 50c.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN. Week beginning Monday, May 13. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. MARGARET MATHER: In Repertoire, Juliet, Lady of Lyons, Leah, As You Like It. Next week—Verona Jarbeau.

AMPHION ACADEMY. Knowles & Morris, Lessees and Managers. METROPOLITAN GERMAN OPERA CO. TO-NIGHT—"SIEGFRIED."

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. Every evening, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. EDWARD HARRIGAN IN "THE GRIP."

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. MRS. POTTER IN ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Boil your Overalls

JUMPERS—any or all your working clothes for TWENTY MINUTES in a solution of PYLE'S PEARLINE and WATER. Stir occasionally, then rinse thoroughly—they will look like new. It pays a workman to be clean and tidy. Its far more healthy—besides you'll

Save your Old Lady a Heap of Trouble

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 122 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

New and Curious Novelette of Contemporaneous Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "'OSTLER JOE."

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER.

John Orpington, having become poor through dissipation, is living in the slums of London with his two motherless daughters. By the death of an uncle he becomes heir to property worth £100,000. His son Willie, who emigrated to Canada some years before, is sent for.

II.

The girls were as delighted at the idea of having their brother back as they were at their altered circumstances. When Willie went away Lizzie was only nine and Polly was only seven; nine years is a long time, and they could only just remember him.

Mr. John Orpington—"John Orpington, esq.," as he now was—soon settled down to his new condition. When one has once been rich and lived a life of ease it is not very hard to go back to one's old habits. But the lesson of the bitter past had not been thrown away, and Mr. Orpington determined that he would make the most of his sudden good fortune and take the rest and peace that had come to him in his middle age philosophically.

He rested all his hopes upon his boy now. The girls would get sweethearts and make good marriages, and Will would come back and be his right hand and take his place when he died.

How proud his poor wife would have been to see her dear ones happy and prosperous again. As he sat in his beautiful dining-room in the evening and smoked his cigar, John's eyes rested lovingly on his two pretty daughters, but they would now and then wander to the chair opposite him in which his poor wife would have sat had God spared her to him.

The girls had long ago calculated how soon their brother Willie would arrive. They got a room ready for him, which was called Willie's room, and they made it as pretty as hands and money could make it, while their father looked on happy and proud and full of delight at the idea of seeing his boy home again—the "young master," and the heir to all the wealth and comfort around him.

It was just about the time that they had calculated Willie would be due that they received a telegram from Liverpool: "Arrived safely; with you to-morrow. Will."

And on the morrow a fly drove up to the house laden with luggage, and a handsome young fellow stepped out of it. The girls and their father were out in the grounds in a moment.

"My boy!" exclaimed Mr. Orpington. His arms were held out, but suddenly he paused. "How you have changed, Will," he exclaimed. "Why, I shouldn't have known you."

"Yes, dad, I have," exclaimed the young fellow, with a laugh. "Roughing it out yonder does alter a fellow, and nine years make a difference." He kissed his father heartily, and then turned to the girls.

"Why, Lizzie," he said, "how you've grown; and you, too, Polly. Good gracious me, it seems hardly possible that you're the two little girls I can remember."

Taking Lizzie's hand he stooped to kiss her.

Almost instinctively the girl shrank back, and a deep blush covered her cheeks. It seemed so odd for this handsome young fellow to be kissing her.

But she laughed and held her cheek to him and then kissed him in return.

"It seems odd at first Will, dear," she said. "We are really almost strangers, but you are my brother, and I suppose I shall understand that you are by and by."

"I hope so, Liz," said Will, and then he turned to Polly.

Polly was less bashful, and she put her arms about her brother's neck and gave him a real sisterly hug.

And then father and son and the two sisters all went into the house together and were soon at their ease and talking about old times.

Will had forgotten, in that long nine years in a new country, much of the old days; but things came back to him as they reminded him of them, and before the day was over the little feeling of strangeness had worn off and they were all in the highest spirits and full of plans for the future, and the young gentleman from Canada was fully established in the house as the young master.

That night when the girls went to bed, leaving Will and their father together, they had a long talk about their "new brother."

"Isn't he handsome, Liz?" said Polly. "Oh, I'm so glad he is. You know I was half afraid he'd come back ugly and awkward."

Lizzie agreed that he was very handsome, but do what she would she could not shake off the strange feeling that had come upon her when her brother first gave her a brotherly kiss.

What that feeling was she couldn't say. All she could explain to herself was that Will wasn't what she'd expected him to be; and that feeling was a very long time in wearing off.

A month had passed since Mr. Will Orpington returned to the bosom of his family, and his father was far from happy.

He didn't like to confess it even to himself, but he was disappointed in Will. The young gentleman had commenced to give himself airs and to indulge in extravagant habits. He wanted more money than his father thought he ought to have. He went up to London and made a fearful number of purchases, and ordered the most expensive things he could get in every direction. His father, seeing how things were going, ventured to remonstrate, but Will laughed the matter off.

"Come, dad," he said, "you mustn't be stingy. Look what a lot of lost time I've got to make up for."

Will was making up for lost time with a vengeance. He got in with the fastest set of young fellows in the neighborhood, and became quite a "sportsman." His extravagance knew no bounds. Horses arrived which he had purchased, a dog cart, a mail phaeton, and a tilbury, and then he told his father that he must build new stables at once, as the old ones hadn't half enough accommodation.

He went to London for a week, saying that he wanted to see a friend who had come over with him from Canada in the same ship, and though his father gave him a comfortable sum to take with him, he wrote home in a couple of days for a further large amount, saying that he had made a purchase and must complete. When he came back again he was wilder in his notions than ever, and told his father that he had seen a capital place to let in London which would just suit them for a town house, and he had begun to negotiate for it. It was just the place they wanted, and the girls must go up for the London season, and they would have to give balls and dinner parties, of course.

John Orpington was grieved and shocked at the extravagant notions his son had brought home, but he was horrified when he found that the young had also plunged into the excitement of betting, and was backing horses for large sums in all the principal races.

With the example of his own fate before him, Orpington was paralyzed with fear at this new discovery. His son was treading step by step the same road to destruction which his father had previously travelled.

Lizzie had long ago discovered that her father was unhappy about Will and she shared her father's anxiety. She was bitterly disappointed in Will. She did not like to confess it, but she was beginning not to like her brother. He was so different to the brother she had pictured in her girlish imagination. Polly tried to defend Will; but even she had to confess that he didn't seem to care much for his family, but only for what he could get out of the family fortune.

The climax was reached when one day Will walked into his father's study and declared he must have a check for £500. He told his father he owed that amount. He refused to explain for what, but he said he had lost it, and it was a debt of honor, and it wouldn't do for the family name to be disgraced.

John Orpington was almost heartbroken. It was too cruel. His son, his only son, was going to bring them all to ruin again. If he ran through money at this rate now what would he have run through in a couple of years! Some stop would have to be put to his extravagance or it would end in disaster.

John refused the check. Then there was a furious scene. The young man declared that he would get a check and sign his father's name to it, and he must take the consequences.

With that threat he left the room, packed his portmanteau, and without saying good-by to his father or sisters went up to London, telling the servant to say he didn't know when he should be back.

That night John Orpington lay awake and worried himself into a fever of anxiety over the scapegrace who had come to mar everything. The next morning he went up to London, determined to see his son and insist upon a different course of conduct. He would prevent further mischief at all hazards.

He knew the hotel his son stayed at, and he drove there at once.

He entered the hotel and asked for Mr. Orpington.

The waiter looked at him and went for the manager.

The manager came forward at once.

"You wish to see Mr. Orpington—are you a friend of his?"

"I am his father."

"Indeed! Then I'm very sorry to have to tell you that your son was arrested here this morning. The police will probably give you any further information you require. I know nothing of the matter.

[*To be Continued To-Morrow.*]