IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

GOSSIP ABOUT ATHLETES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Backers of Sullivan and Kilrain Fear that They, Too, May be Indicted for Aiding the Fight—Steve Brodie Would Like Reynand to Jump the Falls with Him—Several Challenges Issued.

A good many of the sports who went down to Richburg to see the great mill between Sullivan and Kilrain, are quaking slightly in their shoes since the conviction and sentence of Sullivan. They want to know whether witnessing a prize fight, is "aiding and abetting" it, and if the Governor of Mississippi will spend more money in efforts to have the spectators extradited from other States and fined roundly for misdemeanor. Since Sullivan's sentence to the full limit of the law, as far as imprisonment is concerned, the seconds and backers of the fighters are not as willing to voluntarily go to Mississippi and stand trial as they expressed themselves to be before the Big Fellow's conviction and sentence. A visit to Canada is contemplated by some of the spotted ones, and they are inclined to think that by crossing the line they can get more real pleasure out of the several hundreds of dollars it would cost each of them to return to Mississippi under duress. The New York colony of Wall Street and City Hall emigrants would welcome them with open arms.

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The diving feats of Peynaud at Rockaway have stimulated Steve Brodie to remark that he would like to have the Frenchman compete with him in his proposed leap at Niagara Falls. If the height is not enough from the river bank to the bottom of the river, Steve says he will climb the suspension bridge towers and leap therefrom into the seething rapids and go through the Devil's Whirlpool. Height is nothing to Steve. He wants only a place to alight where the water is of sufficient depth to prevent him from striking the bottom too violently.

* * *

"Old Huckleberry," as Capt. Peter Haut the veteran swimmer is called, will swim a match for speed, any reasonable distance, or he will ride a barrel in the water, or engage in a tub race with any professional or amateur in the city. Capt. Hunt can be found at the foot of West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, North River.

* * *

John Bartholomay, the "Brooklyn Spider," announces that he would like to meet John Fiedler, of Brooklyn, for from $200 to $500 a side, London prize ring rules and bare knuckles to govern.

* * *

Harry A. Seymour says he would like to meet Peter Ghirland, of Hoboken, in a sparring match of five rounds for a trophy.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon, the Amateur Athletic Union's swimming championships, under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club, will take place on the Harlem River. The distances are one hundred yards and one mile. Medals will be awarded to the first, second and third in each race.

* * *

Bal Cahill challenges Louis Leavitt, of the Sixth Ward, to fight to a finish, Queensberry rules, for any amount of money he may mention.

* * *

Sergt. C. Walsh, who styles himself "champion swordsman, also champion horseback wrestler of America," writes to THE EVENING WORLD that he would like Greek George to postpone his trip to Europe long enough to meet him in a wrestling match on horseback, and decide who is the champion at that style of wrestling. Walsh says he will be at Paterson, N. J., this afternoon, where he will show George a trick in horseback wrestling.

Poet Milton on the Baseball Situation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

History repeats itself, as the following extract from Milton conclusively proves:

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain and useless
poesies," &c.

The lines are from Cowper's translation of the poet's poem, "Ad Patrem." It is evident that the above was written by Milton to rebuke his father for his want of appreciation of the local London nine. M. C. NICHOLS.
New York, Aug. 16.

Rocking Stones in the Parks.

[New York Letter to Philadelphia Record.]

At the southeast end of this island is the great Indian rock "Mishow," and on the east side a huge boulder which now passes by the name of the "Gray Mare," and was regarded by the aborigines as a gift to them from the Maintos. It is a pity that the traditions connected with our local Indian monuments and memorials should be forgotten, but the physical memorials are being destroyed, and the legends uncollected are being obliterated from memory. What else can one expect in the rush and roar of city life? Within the city boundaries is the grave of the Stockbridge chief, Minham, who, with two score of his braves, was slain by the British soldiers during the Revolution. The burial place of our brave red allies, still known as "the Indian field," is within the boundaries of Van Cortlandt Park. In the new Bronx Park is a huge boulder, weighing fully one hundred tons, which I have often set rocking with two fingers of my hand, and which a vandal former man of the former owner tried, but happily failed, to move with twenty yoke of oxen. This is one of a line of similar stones through Connecticut and Massachusetts, which evidently mark the bounds of a great glacier, and which were deposited ages ago. It is singular that the boulder is in every case of a different species from the rock on which it rests, and this fact, not escaping the keen eyes of the red man, undoubtedly gave rise to the belief that they were the special gift of the Great Spirit.

Had Sawed Enough.

[From Time.]

Lady of the House—Now, don't you think you could saw a little wood for me?

Tramp (who has just dined)—No, mum, sawing that there steak you just gave me is all the sawing I want to do for one day.

PLENTY OF PEACHES.

The Crop in Parts of New Jersey Is Exceptionally Good.

The supply of peaches this week will be very large. Some of the finest products of the season are expected to arrive from Delaware and Maryland, and a large supply will be shipped from New Jersey.

There is only a small crop in Lower or Southern Jersey, and but a few will arrive from the northwestern part of the State, but around Flemington and the White House district the crop is exceptionally large.

The prices, too, will not be large, considering the failure of the crop in other peach-growing districts.

Large and particularly good peaches may sell at wholesale for $1 per basket, and in cases where the fruit can be termed of a fancy variety the price will be a trifle higher.

Twenty-five carloads of peaches arrived from the Delaware peninsula and a third more from New Jersey last Saturday, but to-morrow there are thirty carloads expected from Delaware and more than fifty from New Jersey. This week will practically end the peach season in Delaware.

The crop of Bartlett pears this season is very large, but is not very good. The best will probably arrive in about ten days.

MONTENEGRO'S PRINCE.

A Picturesque Potentate Who Lives a Romantic Life in the Black Mountains.

[From the Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Nicholas I., the Prince of Montenegro, bids fair to rival the King of Denmark in the importance of his sons-in-law. One daughter is the wife of the Servian pretender, another has just been married to a cousin of the Czar, another was yesterday betrothed to another cousin of the Czar, and there is a chance that another may become the wife of the Czarevitch. Prince Nicholas is a romantic figure and lives amid romantic surroundings. A curious legend as to the origin of the principality of Montenegro—the Black Mountain—over which he rules, is told by the natives. At the time when God created the world, they say, he carried in his hand a large sack full of mountains. But the sack tore just above Montenegro, and the mountain fell down. Seen from some distance, the principality looks like a cake of wax with innumerable bees' cells. Into these cells have crept the poor villages, and one of these latter, somewhat overgrown, is Cettinje, the capital, which has 1,200 inhabitants. An old castle at the foot of the mountain, where the Government offices are situated; a square, spacious, modern mansion, ornamented with a balcony and always live y, is the palace of the Prince; five yards back of the house is a plain where Nicholas I. sits like a patriarch, on the judgment seat, his horse-whip in hand, if the case be grave; then there is his body-guard, composed of fine soldiers whose dress resembles that of Homer's warriors; the rest of the capital consists of small and irregularly placed houses.

Prince Nicholas himself is a picturesque figure, and only forty-eight years of age. Very tall, well proportioned, with a black mustache, with a swarthy skin, and a cigarette between his lips, he represents the Slav type in all its splendor. His is not only the courage of the battle-field; his slow, measured speech is characteristic of the race of which he has the cunning and the perseverance, as well as the contempt of death when honor is supposed to be at stake; and he stands at the head of a people of which every man is a soldier from his fifteenth to his fiftieth year. He knows Russian, but he can also speak French; he has studied at the Louis le Grand schools in Paris as a foundation scholar, and he had not finished his studies when he was called to the throne in August, 1860, when Prince Danelo, his predecessor, was murdered as he was going on board a barge with his young wife, Princess Darinka.

Prince Nicholas was not quite nineteen years old at the time. Shortly after his accession to the throne, in November, 1860, when he had barely entered upon his twentieth year, he married the Princess Milene, daughter of the Voivode Vucotich, who was at the time barely thirteen and a half years of age, and as intelligent as she was beautiful. Ten children, all of whom are living, were born to them. Princess Zorka, the eldest of this large family, was married in August, 1883, to Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the representative of a dethroned line of Servian rulers and the acknowledged pretender to the throne now occupied by the boy King Alexander. The second child is the Princess Militza, who was married yesterday. At the same time Princess Anastasia, the third of the group, was betrothed to Prince George, Duke of Luchtenberg, a grandson of the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolajewna, the eldest daughter of the late Czar Nicholas I. He was born in 1862, and in 1879 was married to the Princess Theresa, Duchess of Oldenburg, who died in 1883, leaving a son two years old. The fourth child is Prince Danilo, the heir to the Montenegrin throne, who is now in his nineteenth year. Next in order comes the Princess Helene, a strikingly handsome, clever and accomplished young girl of sixteen, who since the breaking off of the projected match between the Czarevitch and the Princess Alixa of Hesse, is regarded as the prospective bride of the future Autocrat of all the Russias.

President Garfield's Physician.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

As a Walnut street car passed by Sixteenth street yesterday every eye turned instantly to a tall and lithe form, dressed in neat black, and with a well-trimmed white mustache, who had just flung a bundle of papers in a neat gig, driven by an old, white-haired servant. Laughingly stopping to pat a little ragged urchin on the head, the cynosure of many eyes vaulted lightly in his carriage and was away, side by side with the car. "That's Dr. Hayes Agnew, Gen. Garfield's physician," remarked a fair passenger to a young girl who was with her. It was Dr. Agnew, as young and sprightly and as full of fire as when, at the Franklyn cottage at Long Branch, he came out on the porch and was the most welcome visitor to the corps of correspondents there and who hung on his words as if every sound he uttered acted upon the pulse of the nation. His name and that of Dr. Groas will be handed down as two of the brightest, most profound and thorough surgeons this country has ever produced. Only the other day he received a letter from one of the leading medical societies abroad extending to him an invitation to visit them and permit them to enroll him on the books of the Society as one of the honored few whose names have been placed on their archives and marked "famous."

KIRALFY'S NEWEST BALLET

AND OTHER APPEARANCES ON THE THEATRICAL HORIZON.

Senorita Carmencita Scores a Decided Hit—Emma Juch to Make a Big Tour with a Company of Her Own—Self-Sacrificing Actors Wanted at Long Branch.

If Bolossy Kiralfy, in his recent trip to Europe, had secured no other attraction than Senorita Carmencita his time and money would still have been well spent. For the Spanish dancer that made her first appearance in "Antiopa" at Niblo's Saturday night is most distinctly worth seeing. Carmencita is tall, and as lithe as a willow branch. Her dance is the bright feature of "Antiopa," throwing even dainty little Francescina Paris's evolutions into the shade. Kiralfy's latest ballet extravaganza, from a spectacular and terpsichorean point of view, is an admirable production. The ballets are glittering arrangements, the dances bewilderingly interesting. The entertainment is marred by a "libretto" that is simply painful and by London concert-hall songs that are the acme of insipidity. Kiralfy's imported people are hardly up to the mark, with the exception of Miss Alice Gilbert, a winsome maiden, who does a Lotty Lind dance, which, by the bye, threatens to become something of a nuisance in the not very distant future. As for the song and dance contributed by Miss Rose Ringway, "of the Drury Lane," it is best not to mince matters in speaking of it, and to declare that it is downright vulgarity, without any excuse for existence. "Antiopa" drew an immense audience to Niblo's Saturday night. Kiralfy's reputation as a ballet organizer is fully sustained by the production.

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Mrs. D. P. Bowers is again in the city, having finished her "summering" at Long Branch. Mrs. Bowers is anxious to appear as Josephine this season.

* * *

Here is a little night picture seen through the twinkling electric lights of Fifth avenue: A carriage is waiting at the door of Delmonico's. Through the open window the face of a very comely maiden is seen. She is waiting, and to all appearances waiting anxiously. Presently down the passage from the restaurant comes a well-dressed young man, whom it is easy to recognize as E. H. Sothern. Following closely upon his heels is a waiter whose arms are filled with white-paper covered parcels. Sothern directs him to the carriage. He deposits the parcels in the lap of the maiden. Sothern advances, says a few pleasant words to her. She smiles; he doffs his hat. The waiter disappears into the restaurant. Sothern goes quietly away, and the carriage departs noiselessly upon the smooth asphalt.

* * *

Ezra P. Kendall opens his season in Fall River Thursday night. His play will be "A Pair of Kids" and "We, Us and Co." Mr. Kendall says that since he made his hit in "We, Us and Co." he has never met a part that suited him so well.

* * *

Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore is working very, very hard just now. To have seen her with Miss Hattie Russell on Broadway Saturday one would have imagined that she had the cares of a kingdom on her shoulders. "Positively," she said, "I'm dropping with fatigue, and I have still five dresses and six pair of shoes to try on. The exigencies of the drama are very wearing." Wearing, under the circumstances, is good.

* * *

Miss Eastlake, Wilson Barrett's leading lady, will be accompanied to this country by her brother and sister, Charles and Lila Garth. Miss Garth will be a member of Mr. Barrett's company. Mr. Garth comes over "to see America" and chaperon his fair sisters. Miss Eastlake will not condescend to hotels while she is here. She will frequent "apartments, dontchernow."

* * *

The actors and actresses who have hoped to place themselves in the stock company of the People's Theatre, St. Paul—a haven for a great many—will be pained to learn that St. Paul can't stand a stock company this season. The People's will be used as a combination house, having been bought by Mr. Harris.

* * *

Miss Emma Juch, with an opera company, four Pullman cars, a mother, fifteen trunks, a maid, four baggage cars and a dresser, will tour the country shortly.

* * *

News of the Rev. George C. Millen, whose success as an actor here was so questionable, only adds to the Australian fever that THE EVENING WORLD mentioned the other day. Millen is making lots of money in the far-away country. Here is a story that was told of him. While playing in Melbourne a gang of noisy students invaded the theatre. One of the boys dressed himself as a policeman and arrested two of the others. This caused a commotion, and a real policeman appeared and locked the offenders up. Millen next day went bail for them. This so "enthused" the students that they swarmed to the theatre, and Millen, while in Melbourne, was on the crest wave of popularity.

* * *

Sol Smith Russell, who opens at Daly's Theatre Aug. 26 in "A Poor Relation," plays the part of Noah Vale, an investor. Mr. Russell doesn't say that he'll make the "hit of his life," but thinks that he will invest the part with humor of a legitimate kind.

* * *

Miss Marguerite Schuyler, who was last season with "Lynwood," complains of the poor salaries that are offered this year. Miss Schuyler is one of many. The general complaint seems to be that salaries are lower than they have been in years.

* * *

Here is a "snap," the organizer of which seems to have plenty of "nerve." He wants his actors and actresses to rehearse for two weeks at Long Branch at their own expense, and then play the first week of the season without salaries. Think of that, ye Thespians, who have been trying to Summer decently on nothing a week.

* * *

"Brie-a-Brac," a farce-comedy by Frank Taunehill, jr., was produced at Tony Pastor's Saturday night, and will run there for two weeks. If a farce-comedy ever tells any story, this may be said to deal with a wealthy citizen named Jee Gold, who undertakes to establish a philanthropical enterprise, and invites his friends to come to New York and run it. Al Hampton did some good work.

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"Myrtle Ferns," which is called on the programmes "a glorious comedy in five acts," was produced Saturday night at the People's Theatre, with Miss Mai Estelle as the star. "Myrtle Ferns" is a very sensational play, and it is rather curious that it should be called a comedy. Miss Estelle is fairly interesting. J. W. Russed and Mattie Thompson give effective representations.

Brooklyn Theatrical Notes.

The doors of Zipp's Casino will be thrown open this evening. A well-selected programme will be given, headed by the Manhattan quartet, with Conor J. M. Woods as the leading light. Proprietor Huber and his pretty wife have returned from Paris. It is not probable that Mr. Huber will see Miss Marion Manola, who is to be heard this season. Casino frequenters will miss her greatly.

The newly decorated Gaiety will be next in line, opening for week of Aug. 26 with an attraction not yet announced.

Managers Milbank & Lewis have spent a good sum in fixing up the old Standard and intend putting on first-class plays only.

It has been a general custom with Managers Knowles & Morris to open each new season on a Saturday evening and running the attraction the entire ensuing week. This policy will be observed at the Amphion, which house will start the Eastern District amusement ball a-rolling on the evening of Aug. 31, with Bartley Campbell's "Siberia."

Now that the success of Frank Taunehill's comedy, "Brie-a-Brac," is assured, a big week is the outlook at the Lee Avenue Academy, where the new comedy will open the season two weeks from this evening. The new drop curtain will be in place and genial "Larry" Howard will flash his shining silken tile on his patrons as of yore.

Manager Walter Sinn, of the Park Theatre, is exhibiting a list of bookings for the coming season. The first of the good things promised is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and after that a succession of other successes. It is possible that Tommy Russell may introduce the "Little Lord" to Brooklynites.

If all the season's attractions at the Grand Opera-House are as good as the opening one the patrons will have a theatrical feast. "Capt. Swift," with Barrymore and the rest of the Madison Square people, will be seen during the opening week. The original scenery will be used.

Manager Seymour, of Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre, is rapidly recovering from the assault of which he was recently a victim, and will no doubt be on hand at the opening of the regular season of his house, when the tried and true "Harbor Lights" will shine again.

A new manager will stir things up at Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre. He is from Mr. Jacobs' New Jersey theatre, and has the reputation of being a hard worker. The opening attraction has not been selected as yet, but the same policy that put the house on a successful footing last season will again be observed.

The new scale of prices can hardly be termed an added attraction at Proctor's Theatre, though when taken in connection with the higher order of plays that will be seen during the coming season, it will be seen that the patrons do not lose by the change in the order of things. "The Ivy Leaf" opens the season.

September will be well on her way when the doors of the Grand Theatre are thrown open. The house will be under new management and conducted somewhat on the plan of the museums in New York, where hourly stage performances are given. First class attractions are promised, with a leaning towards the vaudevilles.

Marion Manola's Four-Leaved Clover.

[Asbury Park Letter to Philadelphia Press.]

Marion Manola, who has been spending her vacation at Long Branch, but is always welcome when she comes over here to visit and bathe with her professional friends, is a swimmer, too, though she doesn't lay claim to much courage in the sea. She was taught swimming by Faure while she was passing one happy Summer at Etretat, the pretty French coast resort. A streak of melancholy runs through the winsome Manola. She wears a four-leaved clover in a little open medallion at her throat, and is incessantly embroidering clover leaves and clover blossoms on squares of white silk. Still, somehow or other, they don't seem to bring her the happiness that the clover is supposed to stand for. Too much nerves, perhaps; the common trouble of the stage. If she could only take a tip from the lives of many of the careful, placid-minded people here it might be valuable in the high pressure and oftimes unhappy region behind the footlights.

Sara Shocked the Editor.

[From the Chicago News.]

Col. Joseph Medill says that Sara Bernhardt is the most singular woman he ever had any dealings with. Having been introduced to the eminent actress by Mr. Abbey in Chicago several years ago, the Colonel thought it would be no more than polite to call upon her when he visited Paris. So one evening last month he dropped around at the Hotel de Rivoli and sent up his card to the fair Sara. It was about 7.30 o'clock; Sara had no engagement at the theatre that evening and a better season for a call of propriety could hardly have been chosen. But presently Sara's maid came tripping down to the waiting-room with this message: "Madame eez ver sorry, but madame eez engage at ze prairont: will monsieur be so kind to come again at haff-pass-two in ze morning?"

"It was the most extraordinary request I ever heard of," says Col. Medill. "I put on my hat and walked off in high dudgeon. Yet, after all, I am glad that it was I and not my son Robert."

Answers to Correspondents.

One Imposed Upon.—Workingwomen's Protective Union, 19 Clinton place.

Anxious Traveller.—The trip would cost you at least $400 and as much more as you care to spend. Now is the best time.

R. B.—Gov. Hill's salary is $10,000. He can remove the Sheriff for cause.

John Fisher.—If Cleveland had carried New York State he would, other things being equal, have been re-elected.

James Mc.—You must wait two years after declaring your intention to become a citizen. One witness will be sufficient.

F. J. K.—The Evening High Schools, 25 Norfolk street, 124 West 30th street and 235 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Coming Events.

Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., annual excursion to River View Grove, Aug. 21.

Catholic Deaf Mutes of New York festival and games, Harlem River Park, Aug. 30.

Veteran Zouave Association's annual picnic and Summer-night's festival, Lion Park, Aug. 22, for the benefit of the widows and orphans' fund.

THE FUNNY MEN'S FOIBLES.

SOME OF THEIR HUMOROUS THOUGHTS TRANSCRIBED TO PAPER.

Accustomed to See Him Otherwise.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Deering—I was surprised at your condition when you came in last night. It's a long time since I saw you so before.

Mr. Deering—Now what's the matter? I'll swear I was sober last night.

Mrs. Deering—I know you were, and that's what surprised me.

All Reliable Records Lost.

[From the Epoch.]

Judge—How many wives have you got around the country any way?

Bigamist—Can't just tell, Judge.

Judge—What's the matter; is your memory poor?

Bigamist—Yes it is, and besides the family Bible was swept away in the Johnstown flood.

A Live Link.

[From Time.]

Tramp—Can I get a bite of sausage or suthin'?

Lady of the House—You can; here, Towser.

He Liked Water.

[From Texas Siftings.]

C.—How is our friend Schmidt, the milkman, coming on?

D.—He has gone to a watering-place to recuperate his shattered health.

"That's what I call gall. He is indebted to the water tax all his wealth, and now he relies on the water to restore his health."

It Would Look Like More.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Invalid (from Philadelphia) — Yes, my health is improving, but I think I grow more homesick every day!

Neighbor—And is there nothing we can do?

"Well—it's only my fancy, I know—but if you and the others on the street would only send the girls out every morning to scrub the doorsteps!"

Lasting Gratitude.

[From Time.]

Mrs. Gabby—It is shocking the way that Mrs. Sharpe bosses her husband. The poor man can hardly call his soul his own.

Mr. Gabby—Don't you say a word against that lady, Maria; she refused me ten years ago!

Thompson's Fears.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Peterson—I say, Thompson, didn't you talk to me at one time of going to the war?

Thompson—Hush! keep quiet.

"What do you mean?"

"If Tanner gets wind of it he will figure out that the Government owes me $20,000 back pension money and brag about it in the papers, and my creditors will gobble it up. Don't say anything about it."

Anticipated Him.

[From the Epoch.]

Fond Father—Sir, my daughter is the apple of my eye. She shall continue under her father's wing.

Van Gall—Thanks. I was just going to speak about that. Can you give us the Northwest wing?

Amateur Talent.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Manager—So you want to go on the stage, eh?

Mrs. Daisy—Yes, sir; 'twould be my soul's delight.

"Well, pardon me, madam, but is there any little romance in your life that we could make use of?"

"Well, somewhat. I poisoned two husbands."

"You're engaged."

A Distinction Without Any Difference.

[From Puck.]

Stayner (witnessing the preparations)—Off for the Summer?

Gadsby (struggling with innumerable boxes)—No; in for it.

DICTATOR BARRIOS.

The Extraordinary Man Who Ruled Guatemala With a Rod of Iron.

[From a Guatemala Letter.]

To the student of metaphysics the character of Rufino Barrios must necessarily appear as an enigma from its many strange contrarities and inexplicable moods. He was a dove and an adder by turns, and like the satyr in the fable, could blow hot and cold with the same breath. On one day he was a Caligula in his ferocity, while the next found him practising the Christian virtues of forbearance and forgiveness.

To-day he would laugh, Nero-like, in an orgy of blood, while to-morrow he might break the shackles and set at liberty his most inveterate foes. Strange, wayward and manysided, he was withal a man with a crude idea of justice, and certainly aimed at the material advancement of his country. But a summary of his life, taking into consideration all of its lights and shadows will lead to the inevitable conviction that he was a very bad man, who was denounced by his grossest instincts. His unpublished history is written in the blood of 400 victims among his own people, who have suffered death to satisfy his suspicions and caprices.

An attempt to bring out the true facts of his life by a young lawyer of this city was suppressed by the Government as entailing a scandal upon the nation.

He allowed no man or set of men to stand in the way of his ambition, and upon bare rumor, often ordered a citizen to be shot, without a moment's warning or the shadow of a trial. Not less than 200 citizens of Guatemala now lie in death's embrace by his order, who never knew even the charges preferred against them. At one time a rebellion was brewing in one of the northern districts, and without knowing who were the ringleaders, but to spread terror in the department and quell the uprising, eight men were selected, more or less at random, and shot. We encountered the indubitable authority of this heinous order of Barrios, and saw men who had read it.

At divers times, suspects were arrested, brought to the capital and imprisoned, of whom nothing more was ever heard. Naturally enough his enemies multiplied and his life was haunted with plots of assassination, but the iron rule he had inaugurated had spread such terror that his enemies were held in subjection. Finally, when a well-laid plot upon his life was discovered and the conspirators apprehended at nightfall, he could not await the dawn of day to have a part of them shot in the presence of the excited populace.

But it was not until after the death of Barrios, that much of his brutality became known, and the barred doors of the capital prison were thrown open and revealed their terrible secrets. State prisoners, pale and haggard, were turned out that had long since been considered dead. Their frightful tales of long suffering, scourges and privations were written in their wan, emaciated and trouble seamed faces while the barbarities and murders that had been enacted in their presence were recited in a harrowing tale.

Tyranny in its most brutal form had reigned supreme; absolutism, more oppressive and barbarous than that of the autocrat of Russia, had enslaved the people; a secret Inquisition, more horrible in some of its butcheries than that which decimated the early Protestants. All this and far more, which we have not the time to give in detail, rests at the door of Rufino Barrios—the pupil and successor of Carrera.

But there is another side to the life of this man, who is reputed to have finally lost his life by the traitorous bullet of one of his own soldiers at the battle of Chalchuapa.

While it does not atone in any measure for his misdeeds, it is a redeeming trait in his otherwise hard character. The bright side is voiced in the sentiment, to which we have already refered, which points to an epoch "When Barrios was here," as being the one most prolific in public progress. Though the State lost millions by his peculations, he left a legacy of progress and a system of public improvements that must remain an enduring monument to his memory, leaving even the lingering regret for the time "When Barrios was here."

Conclusions Probably Correct.

[From Time.]

"Is Col. Carter in, sah?"

"No, sir. He went down to see the editor of the *Press* about three hours ago."

"Was he going to stay?"

"I guess not. He was pretty mad when he left here."

"What conclusions, sah, have you arrived at, concerning his absence."

"I have about concluded that he found the editor in."

Candor.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Sneerley—I suppose you claim that the Brobdignagian Liniment of yours cures all the ills that flesh is hair to, don't you?

Dr. Quackenboss—No, I don't. To be frank about it, there are as many as twenty diseases that it has no effect upon, but I tell you, sir, my Herculaneum Pills will knock every one of them higher than a kite!

Had to See Europe First.

[From Time.]

Smith—Have you ever seen the Niagara Falls, Miss Giltman?

Miss Giltman—Oh, no; I haven't seen all the sights of Europe yet.

Secured.

[From Texas Siftings.]

An Arkansaw paper says that Jim Smith, alias "Muggins," who stole a horse, "secured" a coat of tar and feathers. When it is taken into consideration that it is almost impossible to get rid of a coat of that description the latent sarcasm in the word "secured" is very evident.

Nothing to Fear.

[From the Epoch.]

Miss Lovelorn—I was terribly frightened one evening in the country. A tramp sprang at me with a long knife and tried to steal my hair.

Miss Caustique—How thankful you must have been that you could take it off and give it to him.

Of Gentle Disposition.

[From the Epoch.]

Lady (to tramp)—Poor man! You must have broken off many dear ties in your past life.

Tramp—No, marm, I stepped on 'em tenderly.

FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

SNOHOMISH, SNOHOMISH COUNTY, W. T.,
Sept. 23, 1887.

MESSRS. FLEMING BROS.,

GENTLEMEN: Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS find a regular place in my practice, and I recommend them on all occasions. They are unrivaled for Liver Complaint and general debility, and are largely sold in this region. A better remedy cannot be found.

W. N. TOWNSHOW.

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., Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE. Counterfeits are made in St. Louis, Mo. Beware of them.

STORE TEETH

are frequently shines crockery looking affair that put one's teeth on edge. But as made by us they are a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Prices lowest.

"PIPE HANKS CO., Dentists,
2036th ave., cor. 112th st., New York.
Jersey City, York and Grove sts., Newark, Broad and Market sts.

AMUSEMENTS.

PUBLIC INSPECTION
OF THE NEW WHITE STAR TWIN SCREW STEAMER,
"TEUTONIC."
MONDAY, THE 19TH AUGUST,
Between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M., at Company's Pier, No. 42, foot of West 10th st.
TICKETS (obtainable at the entrance to the pier), 25c.
PROCEEDS TO BE GIVEN TO THE ST. JOHN'S GUILD AND OTHER LOCAL CHARITIES.

14TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.
REDECORATED.
Will Open the Regular Season
TO-NIGHT, MONDAY AUG. 19,
with an elaborate production of Paul Merritt and George Conquest's sensational domestic drama,
MANKIND.
NEW SCENERY, STARTLING EFFECTS.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, Near 30th St.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
TO-NIGHT, MONDAY AND AUG. 19,
THE FIRST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON,
Herrmann's Trans-Atlantic Vaudevilles.
The largest salaried specialty stars on both hemispheres in a thoroughly high-class vaudeville entertainment.
GALLERY 25c., RESERVED 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

BROADWAY THEATRE, CORNER 41ST ST.
Manager.....Mr. Frank W. Sanger
Evenings at 8, Matinee Saturday at 2.
100th TO-NIGHT
PERFORMANCE.
SILVER SOUVENIR NIGHT.
FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY, in MERRY MAKE THAT OOLAH.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.
GRAND SUCCESS.
BANDITTI and MONTE CRISTO, JR.
THE DARE
the world's greatest and funniest gymnasts.
MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

5TH AVENUE THEATRE. TO-NIGHT.
MISS ADELAIDE MOORE
IN "THE LOVE STORY."
Next Week, Duff Opera Co. in PAGLIACCI.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Broadway & 30th st.
CLOVER; McCAULL OPERA COMPANY.
CLOVER; CLOVER;
MATINEES SATURDAY.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Evening at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.
IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.
Kate Claxton. Chas. A. Stevenson.
BOOTLES'S BABY.

NIBLO'S RESERVED SEATS, Orch. Circle & Balcony, 50c.
BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S ANTIOPE.
EVENINGS 8.15. WED. & SAT. MATINEE AT 2.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager
YANK-HOE and OMENE,
WONDERFUL JAPANESE ILLUSIONISTS.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.
Glorious Success, TANNEHILL'S
BRIC-A-BRAC.
MATINEES TUESDAY & FRIDAY

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Aug. 19—One week—Wed. and Sat. Matinees.
MISS MAI ESTELLE.
In the New Romantic Drama, in Five Acts of MYRTLE FERNS.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery, near Canal st.
ONE WEEK, Commencing Monday, Aug. 19.
The highly popular melodrama, A HOOP OF GOLD. A success from Maine to California. MATINEE WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM. East 14th st.
ELIZA THE LARGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.
THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD. NELSON

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE.
Matinee Monday, Thursday and Saturday.
KENNEDY AND MAGEE. WILLIAMS TIME
Aur. 26—IN THE RANKS. WILL TELL.

MANHATTAN BEACH.
PAIN'S LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE. GRAND FIREWORKS. NEW EFFECTS THIS WEEK.
PERFORMANCES AT 8 P. M.

CASINO Broadway and 39th st.
THE BRIGANDS.
Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7.30 to 12.
Admission 50 cents, including both entertainments.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST.
TO-MORROW (Tuesday) EVENING, AUG. 20,
E. H. SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY.
E. H. SOTHERN LORD CHUMLEY.

LAST SEASON.
10TH ST. 4TH AVE. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.
COME NOW, IF EVER.

TERRACE GARDEN, 58TH ST. NEAR 3D AVE.
To-night, the MAID OF BELLVILLE. Tuesday, benefit to Miss Carola Englaender, Maid of Bellville.

SULLIVAN & KILRAIN AT THE EDEN MUSEE

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

ZIPP'S CASINO RE-OPENING.
MONDAY, AUG. 19, and balance of week,
J. M. Woods' Manhattan Quartet, May Wentworth, Mabel Hudson, Jennie Forrest and Kirchner's Orchestra.

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.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

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A SHARK'S FIN;

Or, a Tale of a Life Buoy.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "Under Drake's Flag," "A Cornet of Horse," &c.

I.

"So you think I am behaving badly?" Mabel Featherstone asked, with a careless laugh, as she gave the finishing touch to her hair before issuing from her cabin for half-an-hour's walk on deck before the breakfast bell rang.

"I did not say that you were behaving badly."

"Not in so many words, but it came to the same thing. You called me a flirt to begin with, and said that you considered I had no right to keep two men in tow at once. You didn't say 'in tow' but that is what you meant. Perhaps I have not made up my mind which I like best yet; at any rate a little rivalry brings out their characters. If a man thinks he's got it all his own way—why, of course, he is pleasant and agreeable, and you really don't know what sort of a temper he has, or whether he is the sort of man to be jealous after marriage if you venture to dance with any one else. Oh, I quite believe in the old saying that it's a good thing to have two strings to your bow."

"From your point of view, yes, but not from theirs. You give both these men reason to believe that you care for them, and you are preparing a grievous disappointment for one or the other; a blow that may, perhaps, shadow their whole lives."

"Bless you, child, I didn't think you were so sentimental. The days have long passed when men were foolish enough to take things to heart in that way; they love and they ride away, as the song says; besides, I really haven't settled in my own mind which it is to be. Of course Captain Seymour has most go in him; he is lively and full of fun, and good looking, and all that. But I don't think I should always have my way with him; he's what I call a masterful sort of man. I like that sort of man when there is no question of his becoming my master, but when there is it alters the case altogether. Mr. Vine is nice, too, in a different sort of way. He hasn't a great deal to say for himself, but he is sensible and honest, and he has the good taste to admire me a great deal, and I think if I married him I should have my own way entirely."

"I am not quite sure about that," Eleanor Metcalf replied. "You admitted he was sensible, you know, and I have a suspicion he could be obstinate if he liked."

Her friend paid no attention to the interruption.

"They are both good matches," she went on. Captain Seymour is heir to a baronetcy and a good estate. Mr. Vine is with his father in business as a China merchant, and the Captain said the other day he is one of the largest merchants in the city, and is rolling in money. Well, if you are ready, Eleanor, we will go up on deck."

"I have been ready for the last half hour," the other said, smiling. "It's always the same. You seem to be dressed as soon as I am, and yet, somehow, you waste half an hour before you are ready to come on deck."

The girls were passengers in a P. and O. steamer bound for Hong Kong. They were both under the charge of the Captain. Mabel was going out to join an uncle, who was a merchant there, and Eleanor to keep house for her father, the colonel of an English regiment of the garrison. There