THE RECONCILIATION.

It was a cold, stormy evening in the month of December; the wind howled mournfully around the street-corners and through the narrow lanes and alleys. Before a well-filled grate, in a handsomely furnished parlor, sat a pale young girl, possessing beauty which the most fastidious could not have questioned. Her hair, which was of a deep golden brown, waved over a brow as pure as snow. And her complexion had the richness of the rose. She was not of that style which strikes all beholders with admiration, but of the fairer type, which to see is to love. Only twenty summers had passed over her head; yet a close observer of physiognomy would have said that Ellie Grant had some heart-grief that made her look so pale.

Near her, in his arm-chair, sat her father. He looked troubled and unhappy.

"Ellie," he said, "for twenty years I have found a home for you; your every wish has been promptly gratified; your good and happiness have been my only aim, and your peace my only joy. I am now advancing in years, and soon your father must part from you. But I—I cannot leave you at the mercy of the world. Now a good home is open to you, and you must accept it. A crisis has come, and in a few short days it must bring me ruin, if I be not saved. Mr. Winter has asked me for your hand; he has seen you at church, and he watched you narrowly. Some night call me selfish, could they know of my motives in advising you to marry him; but I am sure you will not. Mr. Winter loves you; he is wealthy—more wealthy than your father ever was. He holds promissory notes of mine—notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds."

"But your name is not alone on these notes?" gasped Ellie.

"No—only the first of four, but I am held for the four. Yet one-quarter of the sum is enough to ruin me."

"And Mr. Winter makes my hand the equivalent?"

"Yes, or—I must say he has not said so; but, knowing my situation, he has asked for the hand of my child. Ellie, it seems to me that God has kept your hand free till now, that it might be the means of lifting your father from ruin. You have rejected suitors whom I have favored, but I don't think you have rejected a better one than Mr. Winter."

Ah! that old man had forgotten one—a dark-haired youth who had laid his heart at Ellie's feet. But that was five years ago.

"Now, what shall I tell Mr. Winter?"

"My heart is all broken and torn," she said, gazing listlessly into her father's face, "but my hand is free. Tell Mr. Winter this: tell him I will give my hand to save my father, but my heart is not in the bargain; for I would not deceive him."

"Oh, you will love him, Ellie! He has promised that you shall not want for anything."

"I have said that I will marry him," the maiden returned. "Tell him my father has cared for me through a weary life, and now I am ready to save that father from ruin. Tell him this, and then he shall know all."

"I shall tell him to come to-morrow evening, Ellie. Oh, I know you will be happy. He will be one of the best of husbands. He is rich—very rich."

"In what, father?"

The old man started at these words, for they were spoken strangely.

"In the goods of this world, and in—in—honor and manhood," he replied.

Ellie did not speak further, for she did not wish to annoy her father.

Ere long old Mr. Grant allowed his feelings to run in a more pleasing channel. The ruin which stared him in the face was to be averted, and in his heart he believed that his child would not be the worse off for the transaction. He knew Mr. Winter to be wealthy, and an honorable man. He fancied that he could look into and read his daughter's heart. He thought he wept and sorrowed for the mother and brother she had lost, and that she objected to this match. But he flattered himself that at the end of the first year of married life he should find her content and happy with her husband.

The following evening found Ellie sitting by the grate. She was alone now, and her face was paler than usual. The outer door was opened, and she heard the tread of heavy feet in the hall. The inner door swung back and her father entered. She looked up and saw another man—it was he to whom she had promised her hand; the man whose money was to save her father from the inevitable destruction which seemed to threaten his position.

Mr. Grant introduced Mr. Winter. Ellie arose and extended her hand; it was cold, but it did not tremble. She looked up into his face and saw a gentleman of medium height, well-built, with a noble brow, dark eyes and a silken mustache. He greeted her politely and then took a seat. Some half an hour was spent in conversation, principally between the two men, and then the remarks grew gradually less until a silence ensued. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before another word was spoken, when the visitor broke the spell of silence.

"Miss Grant," he said, in a soft tone, "you are, of course, aware of the motives of my visit here this evening, and I know you will pardon me if I speak plainly."

Ellie looked up, but she made no reply. The tone of the speaker's voice was so kind and gentle that she began to pity him, and she was anxious to hear what he had to say.

"Your father has spoken plainly with me," resumed Mr. Winter. "He has told me that you fear you have not a heart to give me, but that you will yet be my wife. I once thought I should never love again, but the sight of your face dispelled the illusion. I will tell you all, and then you can judge for yourself whether I have a heart for and am worthy of you."

Ellie had now fixed her eyes steadily on the speaker, and her features assumed an eager expression.

"Some years ago I loved a fair damsel, and she returned my love. I did not dream that fate would crush my soul's dearest hope. I held her in my heart as my very life, and not a thought had I of the future, but 'twas also of her. I knew that she loved me as well, for she told me so a hundred times. But a terrible crash came upon my joys. My idol's father was wealthy—I was poor. He was a merchant—I only a clerk. When I told him of my love he spurned me from his door, and bade me never enter it again. Who shall picture the utter midnight of my broken heart? Who shall tell its wailings, and its dark, deep griefs? All crushed down, I fled from the place where my love had been born, and in the heat of business tried to forget my sorrow. My most reckless transactions turned out well, and money seemed to fly out as if by magic from everything I placed my hands on. Four years thus passed away, and then I came to this neighborhood and settled down. That was one year ago. I saw you; I loved you; you opened my crushed heart, and let the tide of love forth. I asked the merchant again for his child, and—and——"

The speaker's lips trembled, and with powerful emotion, he said, "Ellie, I have asked your father, and he has told me—yes. Will you be mine?"

The maiden had no more doubt. It seemed only yesterday to her that a loved youth told her his tale of love; for since then only grief had been hers, and grief was no more now. She sank forward, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of the man who for long years had possessed her heart.

"Frank Winton!" gasped the old man, starting to his feet in astonishment and looking in a bewildered manner at the speaker.

"Yes, sir," returned the young man, looking up through his tears, but holding the loved one in his embrace.

"The Frank Winton who used to be my brother's clerk?"

"Yes, sir; the very same. Do you retract your promise?"

"No, no, no! Take my child, and if you love her, forgive her father."

"Ah!" replied the happy possessor of Ellie's hand, as he led her to a seat, "if I forgive, then I must remember a wrong, and that I will not do. Let us forget the sorrows of the past, and look to the future for what duty and true love can give us. I am now content."

"And so am I," uttered the aged parent.

"And what say you?" asked Frank, gazing into Ellie's face.

"Ah! content were too poor a word to tell how happy I feel. God grant that I forget Him not in this great joy."

No Music in His Soul.

[From Time.]

Elsie (who has been playing some dance music for the entertainment of Cousin Tom)—Do you play anything, Tom?

Cousin Tom—(from the West)—Only a little poker.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

IN THE WORLD OF ATHLETES.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG THE PROMOTERS OF SPORT.

Members of the Amateur Athletic Union Opposed to Participating in Picnic Games—Billy Murray Wants to Meet Chapple Moran—Misses Beckwith and Neilson's Six-Day Swimming Race at Boston.

Many members of the Amateur Athletic Union are considerably exercised because some of the clubs participate in picnic games. The objecting members claim this savors of professionalism, inasmuch as the A. A. U. men are brought into competition with professionals and frequently contend for prizes, sometimes using aliases.

* * *

Thirty-five members of the St. George Athletic Club recently held a road run around Central Park. Jack Rawlinson won by fifteen yards from H. Clare, G. Buchannon third. Time—41m. 58s.

* * *

The postponed date for the bout between Ashton and Godfrey is Oct. 31. Ashton is now at his home in Providence, slowly recovering from a severe attack of malaria.

* * *

Billy Murray says he is anxious to meet Chapple Moran in a glove contest, and Chappie having expressed a willingness to meet Murray, the contest is likely to come off; 105 pounds is a little light for Murray to scale, but Moran seems willing to concede him a couple of pounds.

* * *

The champion female English swimmer, Miss Beckwith, has been challenged by Miss Neilson, who styles herself "champion" lady swimmer of Germany, to swim a six days' race for $1,000 a side, the contestants to be in the water eight hours a day. Miss Beckwith has accepted the challenge. The race commences Monday at Boston.

* * *

Betting on the Johnny Reagan-Young Mitchell glove contest, which was 2 to 1 before Reagan appeared on the scene, has changed to figures much more flattering to the Eastern man since his advent on the Pacific coast.

* * *

The Atalanta Boat Club will occupy the same rooms on Fifth avenue which it had last year, at No. 57. They will be ready for occupancy as soon as the weather gets too cold to keep the boat-house on the Harlem open.

* * *

Members of the Manhattan Athletic Club are bemoaning their misfortune in having to give up their present grounds near Eighty-sixth street. The lease runs out on May 1. A committee has been appointed by the Club to seek new grounds.

* * *

A squad of Supt. Murray's bluecoats spoiled what bade fair to be a brilliant glove contest last evening. Messrs. McCarthy and Reynolds, the contestants, had sparred four interesting rounds when interrupted. Not a great deal of ceremony was observed in dispersing.

* * *

The Yale and Wesleyan football elevens meet this afternoon, and an estimate can then be made of what sort of a team Yale will have with which to battle Princeton at Springfield on Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

There will be a large gathering of bicyclists the first week in October on the occasion of the five-mile road race of the New York Bicycle Club.

* * *

Princeton's new athletic field is making good progress. Besides what is designed to be a very fine running track, there will be room enough within the grounds for two baseball fields and two football fields. The track will be a particularly easy one for bicycles, the curves being very gradual. It is one-third of a mile in length.

Mourned His Loss.

[From Judge.]

"Observe Mrs. Flockton coming this way."

"Why, she's in second mourning. Husband?"

"No; dog."

You can Secure Strength and Refreshing sleep by using CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. ***

THE PARAGRAPHER'S PICNIC.

PALATABLE LITTLE DISHES AT THEIR FAMILY PARTY.

A Delicate Fib.

[From Puck.]

Interested Inquirer—Excuse me, sir; can you tell me what tune the band is playing?

Culbertson—I believe it's "Where did you get that glance up!—ahem—those er—er—well, I had it right on my tongue's end, but I've forgotten.

More Like It.

[From Time.]

Chawley (offended)—I shan't speak to Gawge again.

Miss Sharpe—Why not?

"He offended me. He said I was weak-minded and soft-hearted."

"Don't be too severe on him. He must have made a mistake. Perhaps he meant to say that you were weak-minded and soft-headed."

(Mollified)—Perwaps he did.

The Clerk Makes the Money.

[From Puck.]

At the close of the season.

Hotel Man—Where are you going for the Winter, James?

Head Clerk—Oh, I think I'll spend the Winter at the Hoffman.

Hotel Man—Well, here's your $500 salary for the last week. I r—can you let me have 25 cents for a few months?

Simply Brutal.

[From Life.]

Mabel Meadowsweet—So you refused him. What did the poor fellow say?

Laura Layoverem—He said he knew a girl who would marry him and be glad to.

Mabel—I wonder whom he meant.

Laura—I wondered too, so I asked him.

Mabel—Who was it?

Laura—You.

An Extravagant Child.

[From Judge.]

Woman (to dog)—Has Fido lost his collar? Well, Fido shall have another collar, so he shall, and to-day too.

Nurse (entering)—Mrs. De Courcey, little Gracie needs some new shoes very much.

Woman—For the land's sake! that child will have to stay in the house. I can't buy shoes for her every six months.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WHEN THE HEAD FEELS DULL and heavy, the skin appears sallow and greasy, and the stomach refuses food, take Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.

VERY RISKY INDEED.

To tamper with symptoms indicative of growing kidney disorder, to neglect for a brief time needful stimulation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, &c., constantly incur. So those who read, reflect and heed the lessons of reason and experience, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic, need scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of serious renal disease. The mane heated excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, tear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation and rheumatism.

AMUSEMENTS.

PILLING'S POPULAR THEATRE
BOWERY, BELOW GRAND ST
GRAND OPENING,
MONDAY, SEPT. 30, 11 A.M.
REDECORATED AND REFURNISHED.
BIG BILL. CONTINUOUS SHOW.
Two Companies, headed by
THE 4 PLANETS,
Willett, Thorne, Mathews and Harris, the Gems of Ireland, the Rooneys, Br., John F. Fenton, Henry Benber, John Moran, Mulgey and Daley, Geo. Devere, Horan and Horan, May Wentworth, Davis and Bennet, Alice Sharpley, Katie Goodman, Zadie Moore, Harry Leopold, T. W. Stillman, Kathrine Butler, Queen Palmer, Barren and Coffey and the Animane.
ADMISSION 10c.
SACRED CONCERT SUNDAYS.

DOCKSTADER'S THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, PROF. J. R. MILLER, The Admiral of Magicians. NELSON'S HATTIE LA FRANCE and other specialties. CHANGE OF PROGRAMME NIGHTLY. THE INIMITABLE AND ORIGINAL JOHN KERNELL. POSITIVELY APPEARS MONDAY NEXT.

PROCTOR'S 23d St. THEATRE. Mat. to-day at 2. Evenings, 8.15. "A triumph of stage mechanism."—World. THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

STANDARD THEATRE. EVERY EVENING AT 8. LAST PERFORMANCE TONIGHT. HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

NIBLO'S. MATINEES WED. AND SAT. Every Evening at 8. LAST GOLOSSY KIRALFY'S PERFORMANCE GRAND SPECTACLE OF NEXT WEEK PEARL OF PEKIN. ANTIOPE.

ACADEMY. DENMAN THOMPSON. THE OLD HOMESTEAD. First Saturday evening of New Production. SECURE SEATS EARLY.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Cor. 41st st. 20TH WEEK. Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY. In that MERRY OPERA THE OULAH.

NEW PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 35th st. BARRY and FAY. FOURTH WEEK OF OUR GREAT SUCCESS, McKENNA'S FLIRTATION. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. 5TH WEEK. J. C. DUFF'S OPERA CO. IN PAOLA. LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Bronson Howard's Greatest Success, SHENANDOAH. "Better than the Henrietta"—Herald.

PALMER'S THEATRE. B'WAY AND 30TH ST. TWO LAST WEEKS. CLOVER. M'CAULL. CLOVER. OPERA CO. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY 2.

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVENUE THEATRE. SECOND AND LAST WEEK. CORINNE IN THE NEW ARCADIA. SEPTEMBER 30—FRANK L. FRAYNE.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery, near Canal. This Evening, by Special Request, MR. LOUIS JAMES Will appear as RICHARD III. Next week, RICE'S BEAUTIFUL EVANGELINE.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST. TO NIGHT AT 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY. E. H. SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY. E. H. SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY.

AMUSEMENTS.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM. 14th St.

Himmald, the Snake Charmer, will handle the wild rattlesnakes recently procured by Prof. Worth; Shields Bros., the Texan Giants; Carlos and Reinden, Broken Glass Acrobats; McKenna, the Human Ostrich; Rob Roy and Maita, Albino, the 3 Illusions and 3 Navajo Indian Hoo-loo Idols. On the Stage—Edison's Electric Comedy Company, the Nesbitts, Melrose and Mack, Senator Frank Woodson, Harry M. Scanlon, Annie Raymond, Ella Carlington, Cheriff Hadje, May Wentworth and Mabel Eaton.

CONGO THE TWIN MYSTERY. SACRED CONCERT SUNDAY.

14TH ST. THEATRE. NEAR 6TH AVE. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. HALLEN AND HART in the great farce-comedy success, LATER ON. Sept. 30, ZIG-ZAG.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. EIGHTH WEEK of the GREAT COMEDY SUCCESS, BOOTLES' BABY. BOOTLES' BABY. Nights 8.30. Sat. Mat. 2.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. Grand production of Fred Solomon's Burlesque, FAUST ON TIME. Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Lee and Man. Mr. T. H. French, Res. Seats. Orch. Circle and Bal. 50c. SWEET LAVENDER. From the Wed. and Sat. SWEET LAVENDER. Lyceum Thea. Matinees. Next week "LARA MORRIS."

UNION SQ. THEATRE. "HELEN BARRY" J. M. HILL, Manager. TWO WEEKS, BEGINNING SEPT. 23. LOVE AND LIBERTY.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. THE DRUM-MAJOR. Admission, 50c. Seats reserved two weeks in advance.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. A HOLE IN THE GROUND. By Hoyt, author of "A Midnight Bell," &c. Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. JOHN A. STEVENS, in his new play in four acts, WIFE FOR WIFE. Next Week, JOSEPH HAWORTH in PAUL KAUVAR.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125TH ST., NEAR 3D AVE. Every Night this Week, Wed. and Sat. Matinees, WM. REDMUND AND MRS. THOS. BARRY, in the Beautiful Romantic Play, HERMINIE. Next Week the Great Melodrama, "Ruling Passion."

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. FIRST GRAND SPECIALTY WEEK. HARRY KERNELL'S COMPANY.

THEISS' THEISS' New Music Hall and Alhambra Court, 136 East 14th s. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION.

FERNANDO'S DANCING ACADEMY, 162 East 55th st.—Classes now forming. First private lesson without extra charge. Re-opening reception Tuesday, Oct. 8. Send for circular.

AMBERG THEATRE, Irving place and 15th st.—To-night, Ibsen's great success Nora; Monday, Streitmann, Gypsy Baron.

LAST SEASON. COME NOW IF EVER. LITTLE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. 4TH AVE. AT THE SULLIVAN & KILRAIN EDEN MUSEE

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

ZIPP'S CASINO. RE-ENGAGEMENT OF THE CLIPPER QUARTET, McIntyre, Campbell, Dow and Rack; J. W. Myers, Elsa Berg, Etta Henri, Peppi Sternheim, and Kirchner's orchestra of soloists.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

GALA WEEK.
H. R. JACOBS'
BROOKLYN THEATRE
2 WEEKS. COMMENCING MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 30.
THE PEERLESS AND INCOMPARABLE
CORINNE,
THE PUBLIC'S FAIRY PET, BELOVED BY A NATION.
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50 EXCELLENT ARTISTS. 50
Corinne's own Orchestra, especially augmented for this entertainment, will assist in a Grand Presentation of the new
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CORINNE AS TOM THE PIPER'S SON,
Introducing new Topical Songs, and Her Great Scotch Sword Dance.
DON'T FAIL TO SEE
The Grand Ballet, The Drill of the Pretty Police, The Corinne Quartet, Bolivar, the Dancing Elephant, The burlesque Society Drama, The Very Funny Owl.
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LEE AVE. ACADEMY, WILLIAMSBURG. MISS VICTORIA YORKE. This week. Saturday Matinee only. In two new brilliant Comedies, A MERE CIPHER and HUSBY. Next Week—John A. Mackay in STUFFED DOG.

H. R. JACOBS' LYCEUM THEATRE. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Sat.—This week FRANK L. FRAYNE, "DIOGENES TRAMP." Popular prices—10c., reserved, 20c. and 30c. Next week, Sept. 30—ST. FELIX SISTERS.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. Mats. Wed. & Sat. JOSEPH HAWORTH in PAUL KAUVAR. VIVID PICTURES. EXCELLENT CAST. GREAT MOB SCENE. ORIGINAL SCENERY.

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Fine Clothing at One-third Cost. OVER TWENTY THOUSAND ELEGANT OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS. Finest Quality. Made up to Retail for $25.
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