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JENNY'S GIRL.

A Sketch from Whitechapel.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Lazarus in London," "Coward Conscience," &c.

Watchman James Spurway is dozing over a fire on a Whitechapel street when he is awakened by a young girl who comes to warm herself. He recognizes her as a girl who had played a prank on him a few nights before, and begins to question her. She is barefoot, though the weather is cold.

"How was that?"

"Mother's thusty."

"Oh—is she?"

"When she's in reg'lar tip-top health, I mean, she's drefful thusty. She isn't now—oh, no—not by a long chalk, poor old gal," said the child, staring gravely at the fire.

"How's that?" the old caretaker felt somehow compelled to say.

"Cos she's in quod."

"Oh, is she?"

"Seven days this time. Hard lines, ain't it?"

"Shouldn't care for it much myself."

"You see there'd been a barney—a reg'lar fight—a night or two ago. Didn't you hear a row down that court yonder?"

"Not more than usual."

"Ah! they took her to the station out at t'other end of our court. There was too big a scrimmage to come this way. The whole kit on 'em would have been down one of these gulley holes. I had to cut and run myself, too. Jem said he'd kill me if I gave him any more of my cheek; as if I was going to see my mother knocked about by him. As if"——

"Who's Jem?"

"I don't know. Mother's feared on him, they say. Blest if I shouldn't like to job a knife in him myself. I should—I should—really. And, by gosh, I will, some day. You see?"

Mr. Spurway was not prepared for so much dramatic action from this wild-looking child in the big bonnet—the child who was transformed now, and was looking at him with eyes dilated and an expression upon her face that made him feel creepy. And yet—odd this was—he fancied that he had seen something like it before—somewhere—at some time or other—down in the country, where his eldest daughter lived still. That was a good many years ago, when another daughter, very much younger and prettier, went wrong. There was a great quarrel, and he turned her out of doors; he remembered it all very well—too well. And she looked like that the last time he had ever seen her and had called her by an awful name.

"See here, gal," said Mr. Spurway in a stern, parental way even, "you'd better go indoors than make a play-acting silly of yourself."

"Indoors—oh ah."

"Why not? What are you rampaging about the streets like this for, night after night?"

"I ain't got no money to pay the rent, and they won't have me in till mother comes back. There ain't no room."

"Oh, that's it."

"Yes, that's it. That's why I come here for a bit of a warm, old—genelman. I wish I was you, though."

"What for?"

"Yours must be a jolly life—taking care o' things, and a fire allers handy, and nuffink to do."

"I'm not dead set on it myself," he muttered.

"Have you been minding gaspipes and big holes all your life?"

"Thank Gord, no."

"Where were you afore this game, then?"

"I was in the country. What a kid to be asking such a heap of que-tions! and what a rum kid, too!" he muttered to himself.

"Oh, I know the country. My mother was a reg'lar countrywoman once—down at Elton."

"Eh, what do you say?"

"Splendiferous, the country is, if it doesn't rain. Then it's orful muddy, and spoils your clothes so. I've been hopping with mother and Jem, hundreds of times."

"Don't tell no lies, gal. You can only hop once a year, can you?"

"I don't know. Some on us about here are allers on the hop and"——

And before concluding this remark, which Mr. Spurway might take as a pun or as a piece of informat on, this child of the streets darted suddenly and rapidly away. She had seen some one advancing from the shadows of the court—it was very little that escaped those dark, piercing eyes of hers—some one whom she feared; and she had, forgetting her lameness, sped away into the distance.

"There's Jem."

A big, burly man came slouching along with his hands in his pockets—a man in a torn corduroy jacket and with a cap that looked made of corduroy also, pulled very tightly over his head and ears. A forbidding-looking, ferret-eyed, heavy-jowled man, whom no one of a sensitive disposition would care to meet alone in a by-street or on a country road. A man who knew Chatham well, and Wormwood Scrubs, and Portland—it was all clearly marked upon his forbidding countenance.

"Here hi!"—he called to Mr. Spurway; "have you seen a girl about here to-night?"

Mr. Spurway thought he would take time to consider, but Jem was not quite sure that the watchman had not gone to sleep with his back against the poles that held the lanterns, so he picked up a clod of earth and threw it at him.

"Hollo," said Mr. Spurway; "here, what the devil are you up to? Just stop that."

Jem repeated his inquiry, and the caretaker said evasively, "Yes," he thought he had seen some one answering to the description.

"How long ago?"

"Oh, I shouldn't like to say exactly."

"Well, lookee here," said Jem, coming by degrees close to Mr. Spurway's coign of vantage, "if Mag comes this way ag'in—tell her her mother's got back—and so she'd better look sharp."

"Have they let her out before her time?" asked the watchman.

"Oh! you know all about the row, then? Well, o' course you would. Yes, she's home."

"How long has she been back?"

"A hour or so—all their cussed artfulness letting her come out afore her time to bother us. They knew what was up, well enough. Trust 'em."

"Knew what?"

"Well, she's dead now. But don't you tell the kid that," he added, with the most malevolent of glances at the caretaker. "'oos it wouldn't be good for the likes of an old man like you to blow it. Mag wouldn't come back—I know her—and me and one or two more mean to have her back now Jenny Spurway's hooked it. Becos—what the —— are you bossing at me like that for?"

"N—n—nothing," gasped the old man.

"All right. I thought it was a fit. Tell the girl to look sharp—that her mother's werry anxshus-like to see her, and that she's brought home some rum. Mag's sure to come along here in arf a hour or so. She's nowhere to go."

"Poor girl! Nowhere."

Mr. Spurway laid his short pipe on a pile of loose timber, and Jem took it up and put it between his front teeth, and slouched away with it in the direction which he had come. Before the man was out of sight Mr. Spurway had flopped down all of an ungraceful heap in the chaotic roadway.

"My God!" he wailed forth, "it is—it *is!*"

He forgot that his pipe was stolen; he set aside his grim imperturbability, born of much watching of gas pipes in lonely streets at dead of night, born of his own desolate existence, and was extravagant and wild in his grief, flinging up his old arms even in supplicating attitude to the dark sky, whence the drizzling rain was coming down like a blight.

"Jenny's girl! My Jenny! After all these years—like this!"

There was true emotion, real despair and tragic force in this man, who took care of open roads and danger-signal lanterns and gas pipes; but no one on earth wix seed the display. When Mag came down Wheatsheaf street again—which she did very cautiously and almost on tip-toe—she was not able to detect any difference in Mr. Spurway, save that he seemed to have a fresh cold in his head, and that was natural enough in such beastly weather.

He beckoned to her, and as she approached he said:

"He's been looking for you—the big man in corduroy—Jem."

"An ugly dog, all face?" she inquired.

"The same as you ran away from a little while ago."

"That's him—I know. He came and spoke to you."

"I was a-watchin'."

"You're to go home, he said."

"No fear," said Mag with a shiver, "not me, till mother comes back."

"What will you do till then?"

"Oh, I shall fudge on somehow," was the reply. "I ain't afraid, only of him. He's an awful brute, he is."

"Would you—would you like to go into the country till your mother *does* come back, Mag? To hide like, and to be taken care of—by good people—people I know?"

"Oh! Lor' sakes, shouldn't I though?"

"Well, then, take hold of this bit o' paper. That's where I live. Go there and wait till I come home to breakfast; tell 'em I sent you—it's not very far from here—will you?"

"Yes, I'll go. Breffast, did you say, too?" He nodded.

"I should think I would go, then—jest?"

She took the paper, and was gone like a flash of lightning with a large bonnet on.

Hours after, when it was daylight, and Mr. Spurway was off duty, he paid a visit to the den in the court off Wheatsheaf street. The door hung upon one hinge, so there was no difficulty in gaining admittance. The trouble was always how to get out again in the face of violent opposition and the levying of black-mail. There were two or three women in the narrow passage, and Jem was standing at the open door of a room on the left, smoking Mr. Spurway's pipe.

"Oh, I called to ask—just to ask—if the girl has come home," said Mr. Spurway.

"No, she ain't; and when she does she'll catch it. Hot."

"Is her mother in—there?" Mr. Spurway asked in a husky whisper.

"Yes. She is."

"Ah! and she don't look bad, either," cried a shrill voice from within—a voice that was a little tipsy in its tones, perhaps, but had a true ring of sympathy with it. "Poor old Jenny Spurway—would you like to see her, guv'nor?"

"I should, very much."

"Will yer pay yer footin', genelman?" asked Jem, with a short laugh. "We're hard-up just now, and a copper or two"——

"There they are," said the old man, tendering him the money for the show.

He passed in. The room smelt like a charnel house already, with the fumes of spirits inextricably mixed with it. On the floor, on some loose straw, was the dead woman. In the room—on the bare boards—lay other folk, sleeping calmly; and there were one or two awake. Mr. Spurway having "paid his footing," went and looked at the show. The dead woman lay very peacefully there—very white and still. Mr. Spurway knew her again, despite the lapse of time. Yes it was Jenny, sure enough. "And so Heaven rest her soul," he whispered to himself.

He went away, betraying no further emotion, only looking yellowish and haggard, with a dropping tendency of the lower jaw. There was a laugh from those who were awake—"He looked so skeered, the old man did, after all," they said.

The next day, Spurway's daughter down at Elton, Hunts, received a letter by hand. The bearer was a dark-eyed girl, fairly clad, with sound boots and stockings on but wearing a most tremendous bonnet.

"Take care of her," the letter said, "till I come down next Sunday. Don't ask her any questions. Jenny is dead, and this is Jenny's girl."

And Jenny's girl throve apace from that day, and did justice to the rough but simple heart that had turned her, as by a touch of God's hand, from the deep and darker way.

THE END.

A Capacious Capacity.

"So you have entered the employ of Schooner & Pretzel, the wine merchants? What is your capacity?"

"I'm, well, about eight quarts."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

LODI, SAN JOAQUIN CO., CAL., Nov. 20, 1887.

GENTLEMEN: We have just bought another box of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, which we find to be so excellent for keeping the system in order and overcoming sick headache that we never use anything else. I cheerfully testify to the merit of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

Mrs. J. E. HOUSE.

In case of sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver, dyspepsia, costiveness, Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS never fail to give relief—for both sexes and all ages. They are compounded with regard to even the most delicate constitutions. Sold by all druggists; price 25 cents. Prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Look out for an imitation made in St. Louis, which is often palmed off on innocent purchasers as ours. Insist upon having only the genuine.

NEWS OF THE STAGE WORLD.

IBSEN PLAYS TAKEN UP AS A NEW THEATRICAL HOBBY.

Talk of a Big Production of Shakespeare's "Tempest"—"Shenandoah" to Have a Spell at Proctor's After Oct. 21—W. S. Gilbert's Attempt to Repudiate "The Brigand's" Libretto.

It is not at all likely that Henrik Ibsen and his plays will become the craze in this country that they are at present in England, where Ibsen societies and Ibsen discussions and Ibsen disciples are claiming the attention of the Londoners, who, unless they have a hobby of some sort, are miserable. The Ibsenites of this country seem to be headed by A. P. Dunlop, whose soul is possessed with enthusiasm for the Norwegian poet, "the Shake-peare of Scandinavia," as he calls him. Mr. Dunlop was educated at the University of Copenhagen, and left it just as Ibsen's son entered. He speaks the three Scandinavian languages (Norwegian, Danish and Swedish) as easily as he does English. Mr. Dunlop is at present translating "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of Society," and "Rosmersholm," and thinks that these will be appreciated in America. "I spent many thousand dollars in my palmy days," he said yesterday, "learning Ibsen's language, because I wanted to become a student of Saxon. Most Americans anxious to thoroughly understand their own language, take to Greek and Latin; I took to Saxon, with success, too." Mr. Dunlop flitting about Broadway, looking up "business," and the earnest eloquent being who talks Ibsen by the hour with the glow of enthusiasm on his face, and the feverish exaltation of the theorist in his gestures, are hardly recognizable as the same person. The Norwegian playwright has never had a warmer upholder.

* * *

A big production of "The Tempest" is on the tapis. By the bye, what a number of big productions the tapis supports.

* * *

Edmund Mortimer has written a new play called "The Queen of Hearts." Mr. Mortimer says that the title is suggested by a role assumed by the heroine in a concert hall. This young playwright's other effort, "The Shanty Queen," is shortly to be produced by Miss Frankie Kemble.

* * *

Anent the production of "The Brigands" in England, a London authority says: "It is hard upon Gilbert to have an early and possibly crude work of his foisted upon the public, with all the prestige of his name, at the present day." Gilbert is said to have obtained an injunction against the improper use of his name. He wrote "The Brigands" twenty years ago and parted with the copyright. Still no man has a right to be ashamed of the children of his brain of which he was once proud. There is such a thing as literary snobbery.

* * *

Rudolph de Cordova, who was announced as making his first appearance in this country with Miss Clara Morris, says that he was to have been in that lady's company, but is not to go with it. M. Cordova declares that it would not have been his American debut anyway. He recited W. S. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts" on one occasion, in 1886, and last season was with Mary Anderson.

* * *

Sardou is said to be writing a play for Coquelin in which that actor will appear at the Porte St. Martin.

* * *

"Shenandoah" replaces "The Great Metropolis" at Proctor's Oct. 21. "Shenandoah" was only to have had six weeks in this city. "The Great Metropolis" was to have run all season. After all, it is the public that decides.

* * *

Miss Clara Morris, who is playing this week at the Grand Opera-House, will appear to-night in "Camille." Miss Morris seems to have lost none of her popularity, as packed houses have been in order so far this week.

WHO'S AFRAID

to laugh? Everybody with poor teeth, natural or artificial. All such who would enjoy laughing when the spirit moves, should go at once to

THE HANKS CO., Dentists,
New York, 203 6th Ave., cor. 14th St.
Jersey City, York and Grove Sts.
Newark, Broad and Market Sts.

WILL THEY ROW AGAIN?

MUCH DISSATISFACTION OVER THE EIGHT-OARED SHELL RACE.

Football Teams Getting Into Practice—"Alf" Copeland Laid Up with an Injured Leg—Athlete Gibbs Is Coming Here to Live—Johnny Reagan and Young Mitchell Training Hard.

There is much hard feeling over the way the eight-oared shell race was started last Saturday. The New York Athletic crew admit that they could not have won, even had the race been well started, since one of their men, No. 2, was so unfortunate as to break his seat early in the race, thus becoming only a passenger throughout the remainder of the contest. But the Metropolitans and Nonpareils are considerably "put out" over the manner in which the race was conducted and are clamoring for another race. There is no rule to prohibit the race being rowed anew and these two clubs are hopeful that the referee will so order.

* * *

The New York Athletic Club football eleven play the Columbia College team this afternoon at the latter's grounds at Erasmus. Play will be called at 4 o'clock. The Athletic Club team will be selected from the following men: Cochrane, Scott, Lawson, Laidlaw, Austin, Coster, J. W. Carter, Peters, Schlesinger, Millhan, Hausling, Dodgett, Hayes, Weinach and Fisher. The Columbia eleven will be made up from the following men: Hanford, Gildersleeve, Metcalfe, O'Gorman, Tuttle, Bradley, Robertson, Barnes, Christy, Langthorne, Douglas, Bloss-om, Pierce, Dillworth, Rewlett, Martin and O'Connor.

* * *

The Crescent Football Team will be very strong back of the rush-line this year. Bull, the phenomenal kicker of the Yale team for the past five years, will play fullback; Wyllys Terry, one of the best halfbacks Yale ever had, will occupy a similar position on the Brooklyn team, and Harry Beecher, who wore the blue during the past four years at quarter-back, will hold the same place on the Crescent team.

* * *

"Alf" Copeland's recent accident debars him from further competition this year. The fibula of his left leg is broken and the limb is now enveloped in a plaster of Paris case. The surgeon says he will never be able to hurdle again, but he can run in the flat races.

* * *

Gibbs, the Canadian athlete, is coming to New York to live. Contrary to general supposition, he is not a Canadian by birth, but a native of the States. He will probably join the Manhattan Athletic Club.

* * *

John B. Day, President of the New York Baseball Club, has granted the New York Athletic Club football team all the privileges of the new Polo Grounds.

* * *

There is strong probability of a glove contest between California Jimmy Carroll and Billy Myer, to take place at the California Athletic Club for a big purse. Most of the Eastern money would be on Myer.

* * *

Jack Dempsey's friends are leaving no stone unturned to bring about another match for their favorite with the doughty Marine.

* * *

Both Johnny Reagan and young Mitchell are now training very hard for their contest at the California Athletic Club the latter part of the month. New Yorkers are bemoaning the fact that Reagan has over thirteen pounds to "train off" before he reaches weight—147 pounds.

* * *

At the annual general meeting of the National Cross-Country Association, held at the Grand Union Hotel last night, it was decided to withdraw the suit between the Ruhl and Ware factions, and peace is once more established between these two clubs. Both met in harmony and elected officers for the ensuing year.

All He Wanted.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"I have here," said the travelling agent, "something that will fill a long-felt want."

"What is it?" growled old Boggs—"a machine for bouncing canvassers?"

AMUSEMENTS.

BIJOU THEATRE, Broadway near 30th St. LAST WEEK OF A HOLE IN THE GROUND By Hoyt, author of "A Brass Monkey," &c. OCT. 7, THE GREAT BOSTON Howard Athenæum Specialty Co.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. 2 GRAND BURLESQUES 2 "FAUST ON T'ME" AND "SHE" Next week the Great Jay & Rose Fantasist. YANK HOE associated by (the beautiful) ORNENE. MATINEES: MONDAY—WEDNESDAY—SATURDAY.

DOCKSTADER'S THEATRE. POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF ENGLAND'S Prof. J. R. MILLER, PREMIER WIZARD OF THE WORLD. JOHN KERNELL, HATTIE LA FRANCE. Evenings, 8.30. Wednesday and Saturday Matinee 2.

NEW PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 34th st. MATINEES WED. AND SAT. 2D MONTH OF OUR GREAT SUCCESS, BARRY and FAY. McKENNA'S FLIRTATION. EVS. 8.15.

ACADEMY, SAT. MAT. DENMAN THOMPSON. THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. 125th street and 7th avenue. Evenings at 8 P. M. Sat. Matinee 2 P. M. "THE WIFE." Monday, Oct. 7th, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

PILLING'S THEATRE, BOWERY. 25 CTS. TO ALL PARTS. DOUBLE COMPANY IN CONTINUOUS SHOWS. From 1 P. M. to 11 P. M. Best seat, 25c. SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION FOR LADIES.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats—Orch. Circle and Balcony—50c. CLARA MORRIS TO-NIGHT "CAMILLE" Next Week—KELLAR and the SPANISH STUDENTS.

AMBERG THEATRE—To-night, for the first time, the latest European comedy success, "A Celebrated Woman." Popular prices. Next, "Nanon." Fri., "Grief Baron." Sat. Mat., "Nora," evening, "A Celebrated Woman."

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125th st., near 3d avenue. Every night and Wed. and Sat. Mat. The successful melodrama, The Kidnapping Party. Miss Lottie Church and strong Dramatic Co. Realistic and elaborate scenic effects. Next week, the spec. burlesque, Spider and Fly.

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

WINDSOR THEATRE—Bowery, near Canal. One week, commencing Monday, Sept. 30. MORE GRANDER THAN EVER BEAUTIFUL EVANGELINE. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

5TH AVENUE THEATRE. J. C. DUFF'S OPERA COMPANY, IN LAST WEEK. PAOLA. Next Week—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "A Scrap of Paper." Sale of seats begins Thursday, Oct. 3.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Mat. at 2. 9TH WEEK. BOOTLES' BABY. Kate Claxton, Chas. A. Stevenson.

PALMER'S THEATRE, BROADWAY & 30TH ST. LAST WEEK OF CLOVER CLOVER McCaull Opera Company. Evenings at 8, Saturday Matinee at 2.

BROADWAY THEATRE, COR. 41ST ST. Every evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. LAST TWO WEEKS. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY IN THAT MERRY OOLAH

STAR THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 13TH ST. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Bronson Howard's Greatest Success, SIDE ANDOAH. "Better than the Henrietta."—Herald.

PROCTOR'S 23d St. THEATRE. Eve. Sat. Matinee, 2. LAST THREE WEEKS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. Matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday. FRANK I. FRAYNE IN HIS NEW PLAY DIOGENES TRAMP. Oct. 7th, True Irish Hearts

AMUSEMENTS.

HARLEM MUSEUM, 115TH ST. AND 3D AVE. Week commencing Sept. 30. UFFNER'S ROYAL MIDGET, LUCIA ZARATE. Age, 26 years. Weight, 44 lbs. ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

10C. ADMISSION ADMISSION, 10c. THE GAIETY WONDERLAND MUSEE AND THEATRE. 128 BOWERY 128. FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA, A SWEDISH PEASANT FAMILY. NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS. THIS WEEK HOUR-LY STAGE PERFORMANCES BY GAIETY COMEDY AND SPECIALTY CO. 10c. ADMISSION TO ALL 10c.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR. 3d ave., between 63d and 64 sts. 58TH GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OPEN TO-NIGHT. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM. 14TH ST. CONGO, A Nondescript, A Mystery. The Famous Skeleton Dude. COFFEY. COME EARLY, AVOID THE EVENING CROWDS.

14TH ST. THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE. This week only. The Merry. ZIG-ZAG, WITH ITS FUN AND FROLIC. OCT. 7.—FASCINATION.

UNION SQ. THEATRE. HELEN BARRY IN J. M. HILL.....Manager. LAST WEEK. LOVE and LIBERTY. Oct. 7—Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudeville Co.

NIBLO'S TO-NIGHT. WED. AND SAT. MAT. LOUIS HARRISON, CAST OF PEARL OF PEKIN. 100 PEOPLE. Next week MILWARD AND TERRIS in ROGER LA HONTE.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR'S NELSON'S TRANSATLANTIC VAUDEVILLES. Grandest show in America. Open all year.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. Sept. 30—One Week—Wed. and Sat. Matinees. JOSEPH HAWORTH in the world-famous drama of PAUL KAUVAR.

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.

LAST SEASON. COME NOW IF EVER. 13TH ST. 4TH AVE. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. GRAND CONCERTS AT THE EDEN MUSEE.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE. CORINNE in the new ARCADIA. Grand Ballet. Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Next Week—CORINNE in MONTE CRISTO, JR.

Every Evening. Usual Matinees. Bolossy Kiralfy's AMPHION. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. Latest Success, ANTIOPE.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE.—Mats. Wed. & Sat. A. M. Palmer's Company in the great drama JIM THE PENMAN.

LEE AVENUE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, W'm'sburg. This week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. JOHN A. MACKAY in the latest farce-comedy, A STUFFED DOG. Next week—W. A. Mestayer—Theresa Vaughn.

H. R. JACOBS' LYCEUM THEATRE. Mat. Tuesday, Thursday and Sat.—This Week. ST. FELIX SISTERS. "A ROYAL HARD." 10C. Popular Prices. Next Week, Oct. 7—"Time Will Tell." Popular Prices. 20C. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. TO-NIGHT. LOUIS JAMES IN OTHELLO.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE, LATE NOVELTY. Mats. WED. & SAT. To-night—WM. REDMUND and Mrs. THOS. BARRY, supported by a strong company, in HER TRIAL. Next Week—His Natural Life. Tel. 813, W'msburg.

ZIPP'S CASINO. LEW—DAVENPORT BROTHERS—VIC. Houssabro Sam, Blanche Walworth, J. H. Graham. Kirchner's Orchestra.

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This is an honest sacrifice of values; no humbug is practised. Inspection is invited. The firms who furnish these goods for sale are among the highest in this country. Their clothing is handled by all first-class dealers. The display is elegant and comprehensive. We guarantee that for One Dollar you get $3 worth of clothing.

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Men's Heavy Working Suits, worth $10, at	$3.00	Men's elegant All-Wool Business Suits, worth $20, at	$6.98
Men's Extra Durable Working Pants, worth $3, at	.95	Men's handsome English Worsted Dress Suits, worth $28, at	10.00
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Men's Storm Ulsters, worth $12, at	3.95	Boys' Winter Pants, short, worth $1.50, at	28c.
Men's Elegant Fall Overcoats, worth $16, at	5.15	Boys' School Overcoats, worth $6.50, at	2.15
Men's Superb Ulsters and Cape Coats, worth $20, at	6.45	Boys' Dress Suits, worth $12, at	4.00

This Great Sale Continues **FOR 15 DAYS MORE** Until Oct. 19 at 10 o'Clock.

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