STOLEN COMICALITIES.

SELECTED PLEASANTRIES FROM OUR FUNNY CONTEMPORARIES.

Unnecessary Caution.
[From Judge.]

Portland (Me.) Citizen (landing in New York)—You've got a kindly open face, sir.

Bank President—Thank you.

Portland Citizen—You wouldn't give me up to the authorities if I asked you a question, would you?

Bank President—Depends on what you want. Portland Citizen (in a spasm of appealing doubt)—Could you introduce me to a man who's got a friend who knows somebody who could tell me where I could get a glass of weiss-beer? I'm most choked.

Salad Days.
[From Life.]

First Lobster—Well, what are you going to do now?

Second Lobster—Get dressed for dinner.

The Chief Attraction.
[From the Epoch.]

Deck—Bess, I have three millions and I love you.

Bess—No mistake about the three millions, is there?

Love, Not Ducats.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"I wrote," I love you, darling, but for your precious self."

Oh, darn that rank compositor who set it "precious pelf."

More Essential Than the Alphabet.
[From Puck.]

Editor (to foreman)—Well, what's the matter?

Foreman—Isn't there any way we could get a barrel of apostrophes, sir? The printers haven't half got through with that dialect story you sent up, and our stock is most exhausted.

A Very Bad Case.
[From the Offenbacher Zeitung.]

First Doctor—I hear you treated my neighbor for typhus fever. Was it a bad case?

Second Ditto—Very bad; the man never paid his bill.

How They Fought.
[From Life.]

"I fought for glory," said one veteran. "I fought for my country," said another. "Well," said the Grand Army man, "I fought for revenue only."

That Fetched It.
[From Fun.]

Pallet (to Polly Poser, the popular model)—I want you to call up a look of expectancy; of longing for something that you feel you will never grasp.

Polly (promptly)—All right, Mr. P., I'll think of that thirty bob as you owes me for that last half-dozen o' settin's. That'll do the trick, if anything will.

Just so.
[From the Glasgow Mail.]

Henpecked Husband (reading the paper and rocking the cradle)—Ahem! the bustle is going out, I see.

Vixenish Wife (who has just finished dressing)—You bet it is, and I'm going with it. You take care of that baby till I get back.

Distressing Alternative.
[From the Binghamton Republican.]

Flossie is six years old.

"Mamma," she asked one day "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?"

"Yes," replied the mother with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Anna Kate?"

"Yes."

"Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women ain't it?"

Speaking Out in Meeting.
[From Puck.]

Plainly Dressed Shopper (in a great store)—You are, to say the least, rather rude to me; and yet you were polite enough to the lady who just left. Her bill amounted to eighty or ninety dollars, I presume.

Fort Shop Girl—More.

Plainly Dressed Shopper—Well, I cannot spend over twenty dollars; but here it is—a crisp new twenty-dollar bill. Have you that much?

Fort Shop Girl—No—o!

Plainly Dressed Shopper—Then, please, remember that if wealth is to be the standard, I am at least your superior.

Life in Pizen Creek.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Tourist—Will you kindly direct me to Bob Cat City?

Col. Whipshaw (of the Rattlesnake Ranch)—Yes, sir. Keep right up Frozen Man's Gulch 'bout two miles till you come to where two hoss thieves are hang n'on one tree, turn to your right thr'yer come to two hangin' on two trees, keep to yer left past Murderer's Tree with the limbs all broke off, cut down where you'll see some fellers lynchin' another hoss thief, then over the hill an' down through Bill Chaparelo's private cemetery an' up along where the Sheriff an' his posse is besiegin' Pike County Pete, turn to the right an' pass three more hoss thieves 'bout ten feet from thar' ground an' cut down a side road past the pest house an' there you be. Good-by. Hope you won't miss yer way.

The Best Food for Children
Is "REX WHEAT." Appetizing, invigorating, prevents constipation. ***

NEWS FROM THE THEATRES.

PLANS OF THE KENDALS AFTER THEIR PHILADELPHIA ENGAGEMENT.

Nat Goodwin's Chicago Success in "The Bookmaker"—A Coming Drama of Wall Street—Irving's Revival of "The Dead Heart"—Clara Morris's New York-Yonkers Bedroom—Mrs. Langtry as a Godmother.

For the benefit of those who have not been able to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, owing to the great rush—and there are many such people—it may be said that arrangements have been made by which the actor and actress will play a return engagement in this city—not at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Business-manager Husted has just come back from Philadelphia, where Mr. and Mrs. Kendal begin a two weeks' engagement on Monday. The sale of seats was begun yesterday in that city. In Philadelphia orders are not received by mail, at least in the case of the Kendals. It is first come, first served. After the Philadelphia engagement the Kendals play one week in Baltimore and one in Washington. Messrs. Frohman and Husted are much surprised at the phenomenal success of "The Ironmaster." It could be profitably continued much longer. On their return, however, the Kendals will appear in other plays.

* * *

William Gill has written a book dealing with a romance of Wall street. He will probably dramatize it.

* * *

Little Langtry incidents are now the thing in England as they have been in this country. The latest, told by a London authority, is that a mother in Leeds asked Mrs. Langtry's permission to make her the godmother of her child. Mrs. Langtry consented. At the christening the little girl when asked if she would take the name of Lillie caused a laugh by answering: "Naw, aw won't."

* * *

In "The Bookmaker," J. W. Pigott's play, produced by Nat Goodwin in Chicago, Mr. Goodwin's work is praised, while the play itself is spoken of with mild approval. In the play a bookmaker, Joseph Trent, by the terms of his uncle's will, becomes Sir Joseph Trent and the lucky possessor of £150,000. He manages to do a great deal of good and helps many "wounded hearts" to a soothing balm. Mr. Goodwin is said to be both humorous and pathetic and to be afforded some excellent opportunities by this play.

* * *

Henry E. Dixey has just been "measured" for a new suit of clothes, to be worn in the "Soldier" act of "The Seven Ages." It is to be an exact copy of a suit pictured upon George Washington.

* * *

Here is something thrilling, and strictly original, eccentric, and all that. Miss Clara Morris, in her home at Riverdale, on the Hudson, which is situated on the border line of New York City and Yonkers, has her bed so placed that she sleeps with her head in New York City and her feet in Yonkers. If Miss Clara Morris were a Chicago woman, of course people would say that she gave Yonkers the lion's share and treated New York unfairly. As it is, however, there is nothing to do but to let New York and Yonkers decide as to which is really the more fortunate in its Morrisian possessions.

* * *

The copyright of "The Dead Heart," which Irving has revived at the Lyceum Theatre, is owned by that actor. It was purchased by him, say a London writer, from Mr. Perry-Lawson, of the *Light Telegraph*. Mr. Terry-Lawson acquired it from his wife, who was the daughter of Webster. It was Webster who originally created the part of Robert Landry. The copyright still has twelve years in which to run.

* * *

George Backus has left with the "Sweet Lavender" company, which will not be in New York's vicinity again until March. Mr. Backus says he weeps inwardly at leaving the metropolis. The company will go to Canada, then through the West and through Texas. Mr. Backus, before leaving, was pleasantly reminded of what Gen. Sherman once said about Texas. It was this: "If I owned Texas and hell, I would rent Texas and live in hell."

* * *

Ernst Possart's first appearance this season at Amberg's Theatre last night drew an immense audience to that house. The play was a four-act drama called "The Marriage of Blood," by Albert Lindner. The play was gloomy and monotonous. It dealt with the St. Bartholomew massacre and while it afforded Herr Possart many opportunities, of which he fully availed himself, it cannot be considered an overwhelming success. Possart was enthusiastically received.

A Slip of the Tongue.
[From Time.]

Mamma—Why, Harry St. Clair. You naughty, naughty boy! I heard you tell your little brother just now, that you'd "knock him into the middle of next week" if he didn't sit over on the sofa. What do you mean by using such language?

Harry—I—I—er—I meant to say "please sit over," but my tongue slipped.

Keen Perception.
[From Puck.]

Sminks—Do you take your dog out every morning?

Cruncher—Yes, sir; that's what I do.

Sminks—Well, I thought you did: seein' you out wid him every morning.

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ROYAL PETER'S BREAKFAST
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolute Pure.

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ARMY PRACTICE SCHOOL.

CAVALRYMEN AND ARTILLERYMEN ARE HERE TRAINED FOR THEIR DUTIES.

Exceptionally Fine Location of Fort Riley, Kan.—Large Sums Expended to Make It the Model Military Post of the Country—Major Ogden's Monument—Centre of the United States.

Two years ago, when the Government decided to establish a school of practice for the cavalry and artillery, says the Philadelphia *Times*, a board of officers with Gen. Sheridan at its head picked out Fort Riley, in Central Kansas, as the most suitable point on account of climate and location. It is situated at about equal distances from the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf stations of the artillery and within easy reach of all the cavalry stations. It has a pleasant and healthful climate, with neither the severe Winters of the northern posts nor the hot Summers of the southern ones.

Fort Riley is the largest military reservation in the country, containing 19,889 acres of land on the north and west sides of the Kansas or Kaw River, at its junction with the Smoky Hill and Republican Rivers, and 110 miles above the mouth of the Kansas, which is navigable in some seasons as far as the post.

The original post was built around a square parade ground, the officers' quarters occupying two sides and the men's barracks the other two sides, for in the early days when Indians were the principal inhabitants compactness was a requisite in a military post.

For several years prior to 1887 little or nothing was expended by the Government on Fort Riley, as it was decided to abandon it, the *raison d'être* of its original existence, the Indians, having disappeared. Since it was chosen as the site of the school of practice for the cavalry and artillery the Government has appropriated about $250,000, which has been expended in new quarters for officers and men, stables, gun sheds, water-works, hospital and all improvements necessary for a well-equipped station. It now accommodates a regiment of cavalry and five batteries of artillery.

The new quarters for officers are built in double sets with wide porches. The interiors are finished in yellow pine, oiled and shellacked, and open fireplaces and bathrooms add greatly to their comfort and convenience. The new quarters occupy both sides of an avenue eighty feet wide, leading from the parade to the handsome house of the commanding officer. The barracks occupy two sides of the parade, with additional ones extending at right angles. Separated by a narrow ravine from the cavalry quarters are those of the artillery, but on the same general plan, with barracks, gun-sheds and stables.

On an elevation in the rear is the new hospital, constructed according to the latest and most approved sanitary plans. From its wide southern porch the eye rests in the foreground upon the red roofs of the garrison. Beyond it, the river winding like a silver ribbon through the valley, stretching away to the furthest horizon is the rolling prairie.

A pretty stone chapel, which has been entirely renovated, is filled on Sundays by officers and their families and enlisted men, who listen to the chaplain or some clergyman who may chance to be visiting the garrison.

During the week lectures, concerts and occasionally the picturesque military wedding enliven its walls.

A fine new stone building has been erected for the post trader, which contains the store with its combined attractions of groceries and dry goods, billiard room and post-office, presided over by a woman.

On the summit of a bluff commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country rises a simple shaft of red sandstone inclosed by an iron railing. This monument was erected by the enlisted men in memory of Major E. A. Ogden, the officer under whose supervision the first post was constructed.

During the Summer of 1853 cholera broke out at Riley and raged with such violence that even the doctors left their posts of duty. Major Ogden remained, doing all one man man could do to relieve the sick and dying, and losing his life rather than desert his fellow-men in such a time of terrible need. The shaft which marks the grave of the hero stands on the exact geographical centre of the United States without Alaska.

During the eighteen months preceding last June Riley was garrisoned by four troops of the Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., which for fourteen years served in Dakota, and which, in the terrible fight of the Little Big Horn in June, 1876, lost so many of its brave officers and men. In June of this year three batteries of artillery and the entire Seventh Cavalry have occupied its new quarters.

Gen. James W. Forsyth, the commanding officer and Colonel of the Seventh, is particularly fitted for the important post which he fills.

Why, Indeed?
[From Judge.]

"I should like to know," remarked Jones as he left the court-room, "what earthly use there is in sentencing such fellows to imprisonment for life. They make it a point never to serve out half their terms."

Danger in Chattering.
[From Moonshine.]

Old Lady (to her niece)—Good gracious, Matilda, but it's cold! My teeth are actually chattering.

Loving Niece—Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought em.

WILL JAKE SPAR JOHN L.?

THE CHAMPION MAKES A LIBERAL OFFER TO ALL COMERS.

George and Devereaux Will Race To-Morrow—"Willie" Day Will Try to Break the Four-Mile Record—The French Medal to Be Raced For at Travers Island To-Morrow.

Will Jake Kilrain spar Sullivan before the California Athletic Club? That is the question which is agitating the pugilists just now. Sullivan says he would like to spar somebody, he doesn't care who, for a $12,000 purse, which the Club has promised to offer, in case some one can be found who has nerve enough to face the champion. The Sullivan folks in this city say that Kilrain's announcement—that it would be folly to agree to a match before the Louisiana trouble is settled—is a mere subterfuge, only given out by him as an excuse to evade a match. John L. would prefer meeting Kilrain, but he has no objection to Mr. Jem Smith of England. John offers to send Smith $1,500 with which to reach New York, and then give him another $1,000 to pay car-fare to San Francisco. Besides this liberal offer, the loser of the match would receive enough money out of the purse with which to balm his wounded body and spirit. The same offer is also open to any other foreigner.

* * *

The postponed half-mile match race between A. E. George and J. C. Devereaux, will be run to-morrow at 4 o'clock.

* * *

The first Fall games ever given by the Twenty-second Regiment, will occur at the armory on the evening of Nov. 23. The events are open to the members of the regiment only. The games will be followed by dancing.

* * *

The "musicale" given by the Manhattan Athletic Club recently was such a pronounced success that people are not only not yet through talking about it, but have already commenced discussing the next one to be given by the Club.

* * *

"Willie" Day, having broken the ten-mile record, now has designs on the four-mile record, which he will enter for on Election Day at the games of the New Jersey Athletic Club. "Jim" Mitchell is also casting sheep's eyes at the records for the weights, and will attempt to lower their crests at the same time.

* * *

The $1,000 French medal will be competed for to-morrow by the swift mile runners of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island.

* * *

Richard K. Fox is arranging a World's Fair regatta, to be held in 1892, open to oarsmen from all parts of the world. As yet no definite plans have been arranged, but the events will probably comprise a single-scull, pair-oared and four-oared races for collegiate and professional crews.

PROSPECTED WITH A GOAT.

How the Famous Ram's Horn Gold Mine Was Discovered.

Years ago, when Clayton County, Idaho, was overrun with Indians, says the Omaha *Bee*, so hostile that white men stayed away, a man mounted on a large bay horse passed through the country, and reaching Salmon City, told of camping one night on a creek where he saw indications of gold.

Although nearly a hundred miles away, the country was then so little known, and miners were so eager for "placers" that a prospecting party was soon on the way thither. All they knew about the place was what the unknown man with a "bay horse" had told them, and the description was so plain that they found no trouble in going to the spot, outside of the hard climbing over hills, through deep gorges and the fording of the river.

Once there they named the creek and gulch Bay Horse, but found no placer gold to pay for their trouble, but there were lots of such game as deer, bear, goats and sheep.

Climbing to the top of a mountain skirting the creek a mountain sheep was started up, and, running close to the precipice, was pierced by a ball from the unerring aim of a rifle and he fell far below. The hunter soon made his way down to the animal and was rewarded not only by finding a prize of excellent venison, but the sheep had struck and knocked off some galena ore with his horns.

The animal had not only uncovered some of the riches of this mountain, but his horns and the incident suggested the name for the great Ram's Horn Mine, which has since yielded millions in silver, gold and lead.

A Free and Honorable Man.
[From the Boston Gazette.]

Magistrate—Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discharged; an' I tell yo, your honah, dat I war nebber so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free and honorable man.

"Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus?"

"No, sah; dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah."

From Dakota.

FLEMING BROS.

DEAR SIRS: For a long time I have suffered from the effects of indigestion and sick headache, and on trying your DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, found quick and satisfactory relief. A very few doses do the work, and I would not be without them.

Sioux Falls, Dakota. GEO. H. HARRIS.

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, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.," on the wrapper.

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

HE GIVES THE RESULT.

Another Interesting Interview with a Willing Witness.

"No, I have no objection to making a statement for publication. On the contrary, I am glad of the opportunity, being, as I do, very grateful."

It was Mr. William Joas, whom the writer found at his home at 249 West Houston st., who was talking.

"The fact is," he went on, "I had given up hope of ever being benefited. Several physicians who had treated me had told me that my case was beyond the reach of any medical skill. I had been everywhere and tried everything without getting any help.

"It was, I think, about five years ago that my trouble began. At that time I caught a very severe cold. I couldn't seem to get rid of it, and after a time I was forced to realize that it had run into a catarrhal and bronchial trouble. For over a year I paid no attention to it, though it seriously annoyed me. I was constantly sneezing. My eyes would get dim and watery, and there would be a dull, heavy, disagreeable pain across my forehead. Later on a cough set in. My throat would fill up, and I would cough and spit and try in vain to clear it. Something would seem to be sticking there that I could not get up or down. My sleep would be disturbed, and in the morning I would feel as if I had had no rest at all.

MR. WILLIAM JOAS,
249 West Houston st., New York.

"I would wake up in the night coughing. Pains would take me in the chest and shoulders. As my trouble extended I began to lose flesh rapidly. Night sweats came on and I grew steadily weaker.

"My heart would beat violently, especially after the slightest exertion, and this would be followed by slow, irregular breathing and a sensation of faintness or dizziness. If I would get up suddenly spots would swim before my eyes and I would feel dizzy as if I were going to topple over.

"In the mean time my hearing became impaired. I had long been troubled with ringing and buzzing noises in the ears, and at last it seemed to me as if I were going to lose my hearing.

"My memory was affected and I had difficulty in remembering the simplest things told me. I would feel tired and exhausted all the time—any little effort would upset me. I was nervous, irritable and despondent, constantly losing in flesh and strength, with pains sometimes in the back part of my head, sometimes in the chest and side or down the spine, my throat filling up and feeling raw and inflamed, my chest feeling as if there was a weight or a load on it, and my breathing coming hard and with a wheezing sound; it seemed to me as if I had more than my share of suffering.

"I could not eat any kind of food without distress. I would sit down to the table feeling hungry and a few mouthfuls would take away my appetite. What I would eat would rest like lead on my stomach.

"My limbs would get cold, and then in a little while I would have hot, feverish flashes. It seemed as if the trouble had extended to every part of me and undermined my constitution entirely. Some time ago I read in the papers the statements of people who had been treated and cured by Drs. Copeland and Blair. I went to see several whose statements had been published and finally placed myself under the care of these physicians.

"Well, it is the result you want to know about, I suppose. You can see for yourself I am far from a sick man now. My appetite returned to me, I had no more trouble with the ears and eyes, no more pains in the chest, I gained steadily in flesh and strength. I sleep as well as I ever did in my life. Indeed I am not at all the same man that I was before I was treated by Drs. Copeland and Blair, and as I say, I am very grateful to them for what they have done for me and am glad to have the opportunity of making this statement."

Mr. Joas lives, as stated, at No. 249 West Houston st., where this statement can easily be verified.

DOCTORS
COPELAND & BLAIR
are located permanently at
92 5th Ave., near 14th St.,
and
147 42d St., near Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY,
where they treat with success all curable cases.

Office hours—9 to 11.30 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. (Sundays included). Specialties—Catarrh and all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, Chronic Diseases.

Address all mail to Drs. COPELAND & BLAIR, 147 West 42d st., New York City.

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 5th Ave., cor. 14th St.
Jersey City, York and Grove Sts.
Newark, Broad and Market Sts.

Always Willing to Please.
[From the Washington Critic.]

Judge (to prisoner)—So you were drunk and disorderly. What have you to say?

Prisoner—I've a good deal to say, your Honor, if you'll only give me time to say it.

Judge—Certainly; with pleasure. Sixty days will be enough, won't it? Our object is to please.

OVERCOATS.
PRICES CUT IN HALF.
Underwear and Hosiery
at Figures that Mean Quick Sales.
READ MORNING PAPERS.
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AT BOTH STORES
ONLY UNTIL
Saturday, 8 P. M.
EUGENE P. PEYSER.
383 Broadway, } NEAR WHITE ST.
123 Fulton St., } Between Nassau and William sts.

PRESIDENTS ON THE STREET.

Unwritten Etiquette of the Chief Executives' Walks and Drives.

The President has resumed his daily walks, and every afternoon about 4 o'clock he may be seen making good time towards the outskirts of the town, says the Albany *Journal's* Washington letter. Nobody follows him or stares at him or gapes at him—Presidents are too well known in Washington to attract much attention, unless they are exceptionally popular, as President Arthur was, for example.

When President Arthur drove down the avenue on bright afternoons and stopped at a shop occasionally, he was so handsome, so courteous, so winning personally that the people liked to look at him, and a crowd would always gather around the curb, where his natty turnout waited for him, just as afterwards Mrs. Cleveland's youth and beauty drew crowds after her, but in both cases it was the attractions of a charming personality.

Acquaintances and friends of President Harrison, in meeting him, always salute him with more than usual punctilio, but no one, not his most intimate friend, joins him in his walk without an express invitation.

There is nothing that Washington people hate so much as anything free and easy about a President. Mr. Hayes won as much unpopularity from wearing an alpaca coat when he received visitors as by anything else he ever did. President Arthur's dignity and observance of proprieties did as much to make him friends as the perfect uprightness of his public character. The President is expected to be an exemplar of good manners as well as good morals—and a defection in either would be instantly resented.

Historian Bancroft's Old Age.
[Chicago Inter Ocean, Washington Letter.]

The house of George Bancroft, the venerable historian, has been put in order in anticipation of his speedy return from his Newport Summer home. The reports that his health is declining and that he has abandoned literary work, are apocryphal. He still has ambitious literary plans, and intends this Winter to continue his work on the Administration of President Polk, of whose Cabinet he was a member. He has just passed his eighty-ninth birthday, but is still hearty and strong. He takes great enjoyment in life, and looks at least ten years younger than he really is. His hair is snow white, and his cheeks are somewhat sunken, but his eyes are as bright and sparkling as a man of thirty.

A Lover of Flora.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mrs. Crimso (reading)—Jay Gould has an orchid valued at $5,000 in his conservatory at Irvington.

Crimso—He has some railroad plants worth far more than that.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE. THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, OCT. 30. MR. A. M. PALMER'S AUNT JACK. Preceded by an original comedietta, A MAN OF THE WORLD. Saturday, first Mat. of Aunt Jack.

PALMER'S THEATRE. PALMER'S THEATRE. LAST 3 APPEARANCES. SALVINI. WED. GLADIATOR. THURS., SAMSON. SAT. MATINEE, OTHELLO. Nov. 4, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Sale of seats opens Thursday next.

STAR THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. JOSEPH JEFFERSON-W. J. FLORENCE COMEDY COMPANY IN THE RIVALS.

ACADEMY. 2D YEAR. MATINEE SATURDAY. DENMAN THOMPSON. THE OLD HOMESTEAD. NEW PRODUCTION. SEATS FOR DECEMBER.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. Grand Success of the Military Spectacle, OUR ARMY AND NAVY. Sherman Morrissey. Mlle. Garetta, Bird Trainer. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Broadway and 28th st. LAST WEEK. MR. & MRS. KENDAL. Special Matinee, Friday, Nov. 1. Nov. 4—WILSON BARRETT in Ben Mr Chree.

AMBERG'S THEATRE, Irving place. At 8.15. To-night, Possart, in Prized Pieces; Thursday, Strelitzerin, by request, Gypsy Baron; Friday, Possart, Merchant of Venice; Saturday Matinee, Vice-Admiral; evening, Die Bluthochzeit.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Cor. 41st st. EDWIN BOOTH. IMIE. MODJESKA. One week only. Matinee Saturday. MERCHANT OF VENICE. Commencing Monday, Nov. 4, HAMLET.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST. At 8.15. Matinee Saturday. OUR FLAT. THE NEW LONDON COMEDY. OUR FLAT. OUR FLAT. OUR FLAT.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony 50c. PRIMROSE AND WEST'S MATCHLESS MINSTRELS, In a New and Great Programme. TO-NIGHT. Next Week—CORA TANNER in FASCINATION.

GLOBE MUSEUM, 208 BOWERY. NURSE DONNELLY, CONTINUED SUCCESS OF MRS. RAY HAMILTON'S VICTIM. Lillian, The Show Girl, on the stage.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. HALLEN AND HART, in the histrionic musical farce-comedy, LATER ON. Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR. 3d ave., between 63d and 64th sts. 58TH GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. OPEN 10 A. M. UNTIL 10 P. M. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

14TH ST. THEATRE. COR. 6TH AVE. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. FOURTH AND LAST WEEK OF CORA TANNER, in the charming comedy-drama, FASCINATION. NOV. 4—JAMES O'NEILL in MONTE CRISTO.

WORTH'S PALACE 14TH ST. MUSEUM. TURTLE BOY. WITH HANDS AND FEET LIKE TURTLES FLIPPERS. A VERITABLE WONDER. SEE HIM.

GAIETY MUSEE, 129 BOWERY. ARNETT the ventriloquist can stay. His assistants would fill volumes. Thousands interested in him daily. Don't fail to see WONDER, the Two-Headed Horse. On the stage the Sims MURIO Company in "Wrangles, or Family Jars."

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. 125th st. and 7th ave. R. SCHERN. "LORD CHUMLEY." MONDAY, NOV. 4. The Emma Juch Grand English Opera Co. Seats now on sale.

CLARA MORRIS. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. CLARA MORRIS. To-night and Rest of Engagement, in Her New Play, HELENE.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH ST. AND 3D AVE. NEW BILL. TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR AT HOME. A NEW SHOW. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE. Reg. Mat. Wed. and Saturday. SHENANDOAH. Extra Matinee Election Day and Thanksgiving Day.

WINDSOR THEATRE. BOWERY, near CANAL. One week, commencing MONDAY, Oct. 28, the grand moral dramatic masterpiece, THE GREAT METROPOLIS. Original cast, scenery and mechanical effects. Matinee Saturday at 2.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. A Splendid Entertainment. EVERYTHING NEW AND BRIGHT! Evenings 8.15. Saturday Matinee 2.15.

CASINO. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. BROADWAY AND 30TH ST. THE DRUM-MAJOR. Admission 50c. Seats reserved two weeks in advance.

THEATRE COMIQUE. 125th st., near 3d ave. Every night and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee. JIM THE PENMAN. Next Week—BENNY LEE in THE SUSPECT.

STANDARD THEATRE. FOURTH WEEK AND CONTINUED SUCCESS. MR. HENRY E. DIXEY in THE SEVEN AGES. Supported by Mr. A. W. PINERO'S COMPANY. Every Evening at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. Matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday. HARDIE AND VON LEER. ON THE FRONTIER. Nov. 4. Alone in London.

NEW PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 35th st. 97TH PERFORMANCE of our GREAT SUCCESS, McKENNA'S FLIRTATION. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.

NIBLO'S. MATS. WED. AND SAT. LAST WEEK. Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c. TERRISS AND MILLWARD. ROGER LA HONTE.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. Oct. 28—One week. Wed. and Sat. Matinees. The Madison Square Theatre Success, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Arthur Forrest, Rose Eytinge and Powerful Company.

16 LADIES EDEN MUSEE AFT. EVG. FENCING AND DANCING.

LAST SEASON. COME NOW IF EVER. LIGHT. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. 4TH AVE.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. EMMA JUCH. GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY. WEDNESDAY EVE., Oct. 30—CARMEN. MME. JUCH AT EACH PERFORMANCE. POPULAR PRICES, 50c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. At Chandler's Music Store, 172 Montague st.

H. R. Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre. Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. This week, the popular young actor, N. S. WOOD, in his new play, OUT IN THE STREETS.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY, WILLIAMSBURG. This week Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. CHARLES ARNOLD IN HIS ORIGINAL CREATION, HANS—THE—BOATMAN. Next week—Herrmann's Transatlantique Vaudevilles.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. Every Evening, Wed. and Sat. Matinees, WIFE FOR WIFE. Every Evening. Usual Matinees, TO-NIGHT and SATURDAY.

AMPHION. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. WED. MATINEE. MANKIND.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. This week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. ANNIE PIXLEY. Her New Comedy, 22 SECOND FLOOR.

H. R. JACOBS' LYCEUM THEATRE. Mats. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. This week Bronie Mintar Drama, "IN THE RANKS." 10c. Popular Prices. Houses Crowded. Next Week, Nov. 4—World Against Her. 20c.

THE TALK-STICK.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

Author of "The Story of Dollard" (in the "Century"), "The Bells of Ste. Anne" (in "St. Nicholas"), &c.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTER.

Minty Coan, a pretty, four-year-old girl, is cared for by a poor woman, who took charge of her when her grandmother died. She carries a small red ear of corn, which she calls her talk-stick, and which she holds long conversations with. An employee of the canning factory offers to take Minty to his home and care for her, but on the way the horse runs away, throwing out the man and injuring him severely. The cart, with Minty in it, stops in the woods all night, and when Minty awakes the next morning she sees a boy on his way to school and wants to accompany him.

(*Concluded.*)

Minty's face put on drooping curves and her short nose expressed much forlornness.

"How old are you?"

"I guess I'm forty years old," she replied.

"I won't tag you if you give me a cooky."

But the boy withdrew his hand suddenly from the pail and said:

"There comes Mary Jane."

"What Mary Jane?" inquired Minty.

It was indeed the original Mary Jane: there can be but few Mary Janes like her. Self-satisfied and high in manner she spurned the ground in shoes which were laced up the front with leather thongs. Separated from the shoes by a mere strip of white cotton stocking were lengthy knickerbocker pantalettes deep with scarlet edging. Mary Jane's dress was a figured lawn as to waist and sleeves, and a scant white muslin as to skirt. It was belted tightly around the top of her stomach, and below it appeared a span of straitened skirt, also deep with scarlet edging. She was further adorned by a string of beads and a tiny tucked cap which scarcely covered her cropped hair.

Mary Jane turned her sunflushed pretty face upon Minty in disapproval. The boy, with whom she had long been at silent feud, felt still more ashamed of Minty. Having the road between Mary Jane and himself he could, as often as they met, trudge schoolward with her exchanging occasional sniffs and curls of the lip, and suffer no loss in his own dignity. But to have the dirty stray tacked upon by Mary Jane's passing eye was more than he could endure.

"Say, you take this young one along with you," he commanded, making a threatening motion of the head; and Minty was quite ready to bestow her melting smile on this acquaintance, though nothing edible was hung above the person of Mary Jane. Whether she had bread and sugar sticking together in her pocket or was to return home for her dinner, Minty instinctively knew the boy was still her best friend.

Mary Jane did not deign to give the boy a reply, but spoke out valiglorously straight to Minty.

"I'm dressed up and you ain't."

"I haven't had some nice clothes on for a long time," admitted Minty, after surveying the favored being who condescended to pass within three yards of her.

She raised the talk-stick and held it out to conjure comfort even from these circumstances.

"'I'm dressed up,' said Mary Jane as she stepped out to pronounce on. 'I like this cap. I like to wear it to school. It proods me. I feel like I was a king's wifer'd. You are not dressed up, Mrs. Seventeen, and you look so ugly it tired me.'

"'But,' said Mrs. Seventeen, 'my legs are drenched with heavenly dew, and the songbirds upon me up to look at the sky.' That was a saggard I couldn't tell about the man the lightning-rod struck and it split him from top to bottom. 'I'll escuse you,' said the man; and there was a pumple on his nose because he kneeled his head down so hard when he had take prayers.'

The boy and Mary Jane, walking one on each side of Minty, eyed her in silent amazement, while unbeaded by any audience the murmured her rapture and built up her vision at the tip of the talk-stick.

"'You ate so much good food you made fat to you,' said Mrs. Seventeen, 'but don't sit on my prayer. I said my prayer on that chair and if you sit on it you will break it.'

"'To-day's Friday,' put forth Mary Jane, vaguely affronted, "and we speak pieces."

"'And to-morrow's Saddersday,' the boy jerked from himself in the act of slipping a stone. "They ought to call it Gladderday, though, cause there ain't no school.'

"'I know my piece all by heart,' said Mary Jane.

"'But you don't,' challenged her foe.

She cast a look of superiority upon him and silenced him by letting it all out at him without pause or intonation as she walked rapidly ahead, her voice growing dimmer until the words quite faded and failed.

"'Imetal the cottage girl she was eight years old the sun shine hard was thick with many cur in which lies tered drop down her heads he lead—mus'e woodair'—

"'Yonder's the railroad,' said the boy to Minty, feeling that his injuries had now culminated. "Are you goin' to tag me further than that?'

"I don't know," responded Minty, doubtfully.

"If you do I won't give you a bite."

"Then I won't," promised Minty, eagerly.

He waited until they reached the rails, and then pestered out his lunch, buying his freedom with a generous hand.

Mary Jane was just entering the school-house as he wandered his head towards it.

"I don't see some down there where you are, the mud hang round after me, leather," he stipulated.

"I won't," pledged Minty, earnestly. "I don't care anything more about you now I've got your cookers."

So the bargain went and the boy took to his heels.

"Goodby," called Minty, with her mouth full.

"I won