MY EXECUTION.

I was walking home from my office some time ago, revolving how I should meet my payments, when I was solicited for charity by a respectably dressed woman, who stated that she had arrived from Cork a few days ago, her husband having sent the money to pay her passage to New York. Upon her arrival she found that he had been killed by a drunken rowdy, and as she was penniless she asked me for a trifle to get a night's lodging.

Having been imposed upon the previous day by a tale of the same kind, I passed on without heeding her piteous appeal.

I had walked but a few paces when a feeling of regret came over me for my harshness, and I turned round to relieve her distress, but she had gone. I stood musing, undetermined what to do. I felt I had acted with inhumanity; but it was so unlike my usual conduct that I consoled myself with the reflection that I always had been the friend of the outcast, and that very likely the woman was not in actual want—this the respectability of her attire led me to adopt as a fact, and resolving to banish the transaction from my mind, I walked homeward.

When I reached the corner of Wall street a man, apparently the worse for liquor, asked me for charity, and with an eagerness which evidently astonished him I gave him some money.

This somewhat eased my mind, although I felt that I had relieved the wrong object. As I passed St. Paul's church I saw by the clock that it only wanted a few minutes of my dinner hour, and I was always so punctual that I knew even a few minutes' delay would cause the greatest anxiety to my wife and daughters, whose affection for me was the great comfort of my life.

Resolving to crush the haunting feeling I hailed an omnibus and jumped in; but a new torture now seized me: the noise of its wheels seemed to echo the woman's appeal for charity so vividly that I involuntarily looked out of the window to see that she was not running at its side reciting her tale of sorrow and destitution.

Getting out at the corner of Washington street, I walked hastily to my house and paused an instant on the steps, half resolved to go on a wild, desperate chase in search of the mendicant. Finally I pulled the bell. When the door opened, instead of following my usual custom of entering the parlor to greet my wife and daughters, I walked straight up to my dressing-room, where I sat for some time in gloomy abstraction; then, bathing my head with cold water, I mechanically changed my dress and again seated myself, in the deepest dejection.

I was aroused by my wife, who, surprised by my unusual conduct, asked tenderly if I did not feel well.

"Yes," I replied; "but very tired. The weather tries me. But, however, let us to dinner."

My daughters and a niece who was on a visit came round me and playfully scolded me for being so naughty. At last I sat down to the table, but could not eat a mouthful. After several attempts to eat I requested my butler to bring me the brandy decanter, which surprised them all, as I was a strict temperance man and merely kept wine and liquors for such of my guests as did not share my scruples.

When the brandy was brought I filled a goblet nearly full of the "liquid damnation," as I had recently called it in a speech; I had made at a temperance meeting, and drank it off at a single gulp. The effect was somewhat relieved me and enabled me to swallow a few mouthfuls of dinner.

My spirits somewhat returned, and we all adjourned to the drawing-room. The arrival of some visitors to my wife and daughters afforded me an opportunity of leaving the room unobserved. I recollected my late resolve to call upon a friend who lived in the next street.

Not finding him at home, I strolled on. The evening was fine, and before I was aware of the distance I had walked I found myself near the North River. Attracted by a crowd which had gathered round the end of one of the piers, I went towards it, and was told by a policeman that a poor woman had just been taken out of the water.

I pressed forward, and exclaimed aloud, on the impulse of the moment, when I gazed upon the lifeless form: "Great Heaven! the very woman I treated so brutally not an hour ago!"

The words were scarcely out of my lips when a strong hand grasped my collar. It was the policeman who had just spoken to me.

"Oh, the murder's out, then!" he cried. "You know something of this matter!"

A cry was immediately raised that I had confessed myself the murderer; and as there was a severe bruise on the poor woman's head, doubtless occasioned by her striking against the pier, it was exaggerated into a fractured skull.

All was now clear to the excited mob. I had first killed my victim with a blow on the head, and then, to conceal my crime, had thrown her into the river. In vain did I protest my innocence; they paid no more attention to me than if I had been a poor woman's cry. So strong was the popular feeling that the police had considerable difficulty in saving me from being lynched on the spot.

Let me pass over the details of the coroner's inquest, which brought in a verdict of wilful murder. I will say nothing about the agony of my first interview with my family. The horror of my situation was increased by the evident doubt my wife had of the truth of my explanation as to my strange conduct on the night of the supposed murder. She did not say so in words, but her manner showed that she had great misgivings.

The day of trial came at last. Oh! the anguish of standing in full court, accused of so revolting a crime! Not one of the numerous friends who had formerly attended my dinner parties, and my wife's balls, was present. They had abandoned me en masse, as it might prove their own respectability, for it is an undoubted fact that no persons are so severe in their remarks, or so scrupulous in disowning the friendship of the unfortunate or criminal, as that class of respectable rogues who, living themselves in the secret practice of every species of villainy, are afraid to give the slightest excuse for calling attention to themselves. Depend upon it, no woman is so severe on the frailties of faithless wives. She is obliged to follow Shakespeare's maxim, "Affect a virtue, though sin was it not."

The only man who remained true to me was my lawyer, Mr. Malcolm Campbell. He set to work manfully to defend me. He said the press were awfully down on me. Numerous biographies were published of me, which brought to light events in my life never before known, either to my parents, myself, or any of my relatives. One paper called attention to the significant fact that many murders had been committed during the past twenty years which have never been traced, and that no I probably my exterior respectability and hypocritical piety had at first excited all suspicion from myself, and that no doubt many an innocent man had been hanged for my crime.

At the trial, my wife and daughter deposed, as they were bound to do, to my unusual behavior on that emphatic evening.

My standing on the steps of my door before I ran the bell was observed by a villainous, leering old maid, who came forward and deposed to facts in addition which were pure inventions. My swallowing brandy at dinner, as admitted by my own family and domestics, was the occasion of some eloquent leaders in the papers, the gist of which was that I deserved hanging even for that alone.

The prosecuting attorney called attention to my physiognomy, in which he read more murders than a dozen Newgate calendars, and concluded an eloquent address by warning the Court that if I was acquitted he felt sure that some fine morning, like the Assyrians of old, all New York would awake and find themselves to be dead men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, especially the Judge and jury, who would deserve their fate if they turned such a notorious murderer loose to prey upon the citizens of New York.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of my counsel, Mr. Malcom Campbell, who positively surpassed himself, and knocked Demosthenes and Cicero into the middle of next week, all seemed bent against me.

The exclamation I gave of my unusual behavior was pronounced by all as being too ridiculous to merit a moment's consideration.

The Judge who presided, and who had turned a deaf ear to every mendicant since he had been possessed of a cent to give away, said that he had never given anything to a beggar in his whole life, and that it had never made him miserable.

"Indeed," sarcastically added this light of Christian law, "it would have made me more miserable if I had ever given a penny away."

The whole audience roared with laughter at the Judge's wit, although it stamped him as being a heartless brute.

He summed up clearly against me, and, as I had not taken the precaution of buying up the jurors, I was found guilty of wilful murder and condemned to be hanged!

The fatal day arrived. Hardly able to walk, I was carried to the scaffold. The reporters crowded around me, shaking hands with me as though they were proud of being introduced to a gentleman who occupied such an enviable position. The rope was put around my neck, the cap was drawn over my face. I heard a sharp click and felt the rope tighten. I was suddenly thrown up into the air as a flood of fire rushed from my brain and filled my eyes.

Involuntarily I threw out my arms. I heard a tremendous crash, as though all creation was crockery, and had suddenly been smashed. I opened my eyes, not upon another world as I had expected, but to see that I had knocked over the table, broken into a thousand pieces my wife's best china tea-service, spoilt her new satin dress, scalded her pet spaniel, which was howling like a Methodist fainter, and that all the battered toast was in my daughters' laps, who were all dressed to go to the opera.

Since then my wife never lets me snore in my easy-chair after dinner.

FOUND IN SUNNY CORNERS.

TID-BITS OF HUMOR WHICH MAKE THE PEOPLE LAUGH.

A Sure Way to Age.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Customer—Have you any old wines?

Dealer—Not but I can send some new home by a district messenger boy and it will be old enough by the time you get it.

His Title.
[From Judge.]

Bobby—Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?

Pa—A bigamist, Bobby.

Bobby—Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?

Pa—A blamed fool! Now don't bother me with any more questions.

Strange All 'Round.
[From Puck.]

Lawyer (savagely, to witness)—It's very strange, sir, that you have no memory.

Witness—Well, ain't I testifyin' before men that have no opinions?

Appropriately Named.
[From Time.]

Mrs. Cumso—Why do they call the place where the immigrants land "Castle Garden?"

Cumso—I suppose they call it a garden because it is a great place for greens.

Helping the Great Project.
[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Park Policeman—What are you loafing around here for?

Tattered Mike—I'm looking up a suitable site for the World's Fair.

"Fixed Mind and High Resolve."
[From Puck.]

The Great Dressmaker—Really, madam, I do not think that dress would be appropriate for you. It does not match your hair.

Mrs. De Swine—Well, I'm going to have it, any way. What color should I dye my hair?

Incapacitated.
[From Time.]

Humane Pedestrian (to woman splitting wood)—I should think your husband would do that kind of work for you.

Party Addressed—Oh, he says his arms are too tired to split wood.

"Indeed! What makes him so tired?"

"He's the canon-ball tosser in Haverkall's Herculean Museum.

Distasteful to Tramps.
[From Time.]

"Ferment means to work," said the teacher to the language class. "Now each of you write a sentence containing the word."

This is what Tommy Cumso, who reads the papers, wrote: "Tramps do not like to ferment."

Wanted Particulars.
[From Judge.]

Miss Ethel—Poor Clara! I'm so sorry for her. You know that she had lost her sister, didn't you?

Young Fitzherbert (absently)—No! I hadn't heard about it. Where did she lose her?

A Fearful Fear.
[From Puck.]

"The Prince of Wales is a brave man. He is said to be afraid of but one thing."

"What's that?"

"That he'll die before his mother."

Quite Popular.
[From Time.]

Parker—Did Simpson go along with you to Oklahoma, Tucker? I've forgotten.

Tucker—Just from Oklahoma—Yes; he went out there as a politician.

"How did he come out? Did he have many followers?"

"Followers? He did that. Why, they say it was the largest funeral the place ever knew.

ACTRESS AND AUTHORESS.

FANNY RICE, OF THE CASINO, IS WRITING A BOOK NOW.

Catastrophe at a Tank Drama Performance Out West—Coming Attractions at the Broadway Theatre—Teddy Marks to Leave Herrmann's Vaudevilles—"Sweet Lavender" Nearing Its Six Hundredth Time.

Miss Fanny Rice, of the Casino, is writing a book called "People I Have Met," and it is to deal almost entirely with theatrical folks, they naturally having been the people with whom Miss Rice has mostly mixed. She is to but thinly disguise personalities, and it will be a case of woe to certain stage managers who have obtained Miss Rice's animosity, and if there is a being on the face of the earth who can win animosity quicker than his fellows in other walks of life it is the stage manager. Miss Rice, however, has such a will of her own, and such abundant facilities for using it, that a stage manager at the present time who happens to excite her ire is rather an object of compassion than otherwise. Another Casino girl—or rather ex-Casino girl—engaged in literary pursuits is Miss Blanche Marsden, who is just finishing a "folio of letters" called "Miss Mirman's Cloak."

At the Broadway Theatre there are plenty of good things to be held in anticipation. On Dec. 9 George Edwardes's London Gaiety Theatre Company will begin an engagement in "Faust Up to Date" with Miss Florence St. John as Marguerite. This is the organization brought to this country by Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau to fill the tour left vacant by Miss Mary Anderson. During the month of January Lawrence Barrett will produce his "Gancion," which, it is said, has been very well received in Chicago, though a Chicago reception has "nothing to do with the case" as far as New York is concerned.

That "Sweet Lavender" was a big success in London seems to be evident from the fact that it will be played for the 600th time Nov. 8 at Terry's Theatre. It has netted a neat little sum for Pinero, the author.

Lew Dockstader has received Mr. Conried's permission to sing the song from "The King's Fool" that he was reported to have been enjoined from singing. This injunction business is really good advertising. Dockstader now has a song called "The Exiles." Fred McCloy says he thinks he shall ask Frank McKee, who is managing the play of that name, to come up and enjoin the song. If he does this Dockstader can call a song "Mankind" and have it also enjoined for the same reasons.

Sad news comes from the West. It appears that the tank used in "Lost in New York" burst and caused a great deal of "damage by water" to the theatre in which the "drama" was being played. Audiences will have a right to demand rubber coats and "goloshes" from the management of tank plays.

Teddy Marks is at last going to "branch out" for himself. He has worked long and constantly, and certainly deserves success. He severs his connection with Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudevilles after this week and next month goes abroad to remain several months and organize the International Vaudevilles, of which Messrs. J. F. Ullman & Co. are to be proprietors, and Mr. Marks sole manager and director. He is going to scour London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European cities for novelties. Mr. Teddy is a sort of international gentleman, and is as much at home in Europe as in America. He is a cousin of Marcus Mayer.

Manager Dunlevy, of Barry and Fay renown, is going to give a matinee next week, when the entire gallery will be given to the newsboys. Mr. Dunlevy began his career as a newsboy, and is going to celebrate his birthday in this manner.

Miss Eunice Vance, otherwise "Little Tottie Couchdrop," is now filling Miss Chester's place in the dance scene on the Transatlantic Vaudeville Company's programme.

Notes of the Brooklyn Theatres.

The Brooklyn baseball team will be entertained at Zipp's Casino to-morrow evening. An attractive bill will be presented.

Hamilton Harris in "In the Banks," at Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre, has made a great hit in his many roles.

There are many pretty scenes in "Hans the Boatman," at the Lee Avenue Academy, notably in the last act, when the children's chorus is sung.

"Out in the Streets," with N. S. Wood as the principal star, has caught on greatly at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre, as the nightly crowded houses can testify.

The first act of "Room 22, Second Floor," which Annie Pixley is now giving at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, shows a delightful picture of home life.

John A. Stevens is making a successful bid for popular favor at the Grand Opera-House with his new drama of "Wife for Wife."

Miss Emma Juch and her own company will present "Faust" at the Amphion to-night, followed on Friday evening by "The Freischutz," "Postillion of Longjumeau" at the Saturday matinee and "The Bohemian Girl" on Saturday evening.

Miss Juch sang the role of "Carmen" at the Academy of Music last night, and the entire performance of both star and company left nothing to be desired.

Tim Keefe's Accomplished Wife.

Pretty, brown-haired Clara Keefe, wife of Timothy Keefe, "one of the people," is a born artist, says the Chicago *Herald*. She has a statue of a newsboy ready to be placed in Mail street, near the post-office. The pose is natural and effective, the gamin leaning against a hydrant with a bundle of papers in his hand and a veritable vagabond air about him.

Mrs. Keefe was formerly Mrs. Helm, the widow of a wealthy rancher, and is a sister of Helen Dauvray-Ward. Both sisters were captured by "Giants."

TAKEN UNAWARES.

Unsuspected causes for malaria exist everywhere. A sunken lot partly filled with water in the vicinity of your abode, a new location upon land filled in, but formerly overflowed or marshy, and causes far more occult than these produce the atmospheric *miasmata* which constitute the germs that, if inhaled, ripen into fever and ague and congenital maladies. A person taken unawares with a malarial complaint should, as soon as it declares itself, seek aid from the safe, non-disappointing, cordial medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has for over a third of a century, and in every quarter of the globe, relieved the malaria-stricken, and neutralized miasma in air and water. The Bitters imparts a tonic to the stomach, bowels and liver, repels incipient rheumatism, and remedies inaction of the kidneys and bladder. Appetite and sleep are improved, and the infirmities of age mitigated by its use.

LECTURES AGAIN.

Second Series of Free Talks to Working Men and Women.

To Begin in Seven Public Schools This Evening.

$15,000 Voted by the Board of Estimate for "The Evening World" Series This Year.

The second series of Free Lectures, secured to the people by THE EVENING WORLD, will begin this evening. Great preparations have been made by the Evening School Committee, consisting of Commissioner Guggenheimer, O'Brien, Powell, Seligman and Schmitt, and the lectures this season will be even more interesting than last.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment at its meeting yesterday appropriated the sum of $15,000 to carry on the good work, and this amount will be used to the best advantage in giving the people these interesting talks.

There has been an increase in the staff of lecturers and a large increase in the number of lectures.

This evening the doors of the following schools will be thrown open and working-men and workingwomen will be cordially welcomed:

Grammar School No. 83, Twelfth Ward, 216 East One Hundred and Tenth street.
Grammar School No. 37, Nineteenth Ward, 208-210 East Forty-second street.
Grammar School No. 82, Nineteenth Ward, Seventieth street and First avenue.
Grammar School No. 51, Twenty-second Ward, 523 West Forty-fourth street.
Grammar School No. 67, Twenty-second Ward, 225-229 West Forty-first street.
Grammar School No. 34, Thirteenth Ward, 108 Broome street.
Grammar School No. 42, Tenth Ward, 30 Allen street.

The School Committee has prepared an extensive programme for the season, which is to last until the middle of April.

In the plan on which the work begins the Committee contemplate giving no less than 147 lectures between Oct. 31 and Dec. 17.

As the season will last until quite late in the Spring, this is less than one-half of the entire season. During last year 242 lectures were given. This year it is proposed to increase the number to 480.

The subject on which the lecturers will discourse will embrace science, politics, art, music, and many other interesting topics, all of which have been made special studies by the respective lecturers.

Among those who are to be heard during the coming season are Dr. Henry A. Mott, Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, Dr. Charles S. Allen, Prof. Stephen Heim, Prof. L. J. B. Lincoln, Dr. H. S. Drayton, Francis S. Caldwell, Dr. F. C. H. Wendel, G. A. Clement, Dr. Nathan S. Roberts, Dr. Chas. E. Negley, Prof. H. M. Leipziger, Prof. J. C. Zachos, Dr. J. Oscroft Tansley, Prof. T. O'Connor Sloane and Prof. E. B. Boyer.

The lectures will be given three evenings each week, Thursday and Saturday every week and on Monday or Tuesday evening in addition.

The subjects selected for the first night have been selected with great care with the particular object of giving as attractive an entertainment as possible. In Grammar School No. 83 Dr. H. A. Mott will lecture on "The Chemistry of What We Drink."

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett will be heard in Grammar School No. 37 on "Where We Live."

"The Relation of Oxygen to Life and Combustion" will be the topic on which Dr. Charles S. Allen will speak in School No. 82.

Prof. Stephen Heim will explain the mysteries of "Pond Life and the Microscope" in the West Forty-fourth street school.

"Land and Labor" will be the interesting subject on which Prof. L. J. B. Lincoln will talk in Grammar School No. 67.

"Physiology and Hygiene," in Grammar School No. 34, where Dr. H. S. Drayton will hold forth, and Francis S. Caldwell will complete the programme for Thursday night with his lecture on "Idle Stars and their Courses," which he will deliver in Grammar School No. 42.

The committee having charge of the lectures feel confident that there will be a larger attendance than ever before. Last year's work was looked upon as experimental, but the manner in which the people of all classes responded assured them that the lectures were appreciated.

A City's Fame.
[From Puck.]

Gotham School Teacher—What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?

Class—Philadelphia.

School Teacher—Correct. For what is Philadelphia noted?

Little Girl (promptly)—Spring chickens an' butter.

A New Brand.
[From Judge.]

New Bridegroom—Some oysters, waiter.

Waiter—Saddle-rocks, sir?

New Bridegroom—Er—no, waiter: bridal-rocks.

Getting at His Views.
[From Judge.]

Jack—How is it, Algy—do you like married life as well as you did club life?

Algy—Yes, about the same.

Jack—As I remember it, Algy, you never cared much for club life.

Algy—No; never cared about it.

Sure of His Ground.
[From Judge.]

Fleecy—The dream of love is past. My wife is getting more distant day by day. She has lost all interest in me.

Downy—Poor fellow! But are you sure?

Fleecy—Certainly I am. She doesn't care enough about me to blow me up.

Stopped the Clock.
[From Time.]

Dentist (to patient)—This laughing gas doesn't seem to have much effect on you, sir?

Patient—No. I'm a professional humorist.

And the old clock on the wall that had been in the dentist's family for eighty years with never a stop, held its hands before its face as a dull thud announced that a cord had broken and a ten-pound weight had dropped.

Nothing Omitted.
[From the Liverpool Post.]

Indignant Tourist (to the hotel manager who has just presented his bill)—See here. You have charged me 50 centimes for writing paper, and you know very well that you have not furnished me a scrap.

Manager—But, monsieur, it is for the paper on which your bill is made out.

Nervousness and Dyspepsia Cured
By Carter's Little Liver Pills. Twenty-five cents.

GENERAL SPORTING NEWS.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF ATHLETES.

Harvard Will Make Great Aquatic Efforts Next Season—Many Football Teams Organizing Among Boat Clubs—Johnny Reagan Will Challenge any Middleweight When He Recovers—Griffin and Cushing Matched.

Harvard University will make a strong effort to retrieve herself on the water next June. With this end in view her crew has already commenced active training, though the course is not so serene as it will be after the Christmas holidays. All of next year's crew will be veterans.

Organizing football teams is now the correct thing among the rowing clubs of the Harlem and the Passaic.

The annual ball of the Triton Boat Club will be given next Monday night at 533 East Fifth street.

The following are the officers of the newly organized Bergen County Wheelmen: N. Gardiner, President; I. D. Cole, Vice-President; L. Cole, Secretary; C. Gardiner, Treasurer.

The excellent sparring that occurs nightly at the Knickerbocker Garden, Hoboken, promises to be one of the boxing features of the Winter. Only the cleverest handlers of the gloves are engaged.

Johnny Reagan is heartbroken to think that he was too ill to go on with his match with Young Mitchell. As soon as he fully regains his health he will challenge any middle-weight in the world for any amount.

It is highly probable that Cal McCarthy will be matched to meet some first-class man at a Boston athletic club this Winter, possibly George Dickson, the colored bantam-weight.

All the big amateur boxers are in training for the A. A. U. championship at the Metropolitan Dec. 19.

Dexter B. Goff is trying to secure a pair of trotters like Col. Dickinson's Aubine and Lady Wellington, who have made such phenomenal time.

Mr. Christopher Mooney has just bought the bay gelding Victor, half brother to Lady Wellington.

Football men will have an opportunity to compare the Princeton team with the Yale men, as the Jerseymen play Columbia at Berkeley Oval next Tuesday.

The Scottish-American Athletic Club will hold a cross-country run on Election Day.

The games of the Outing Athletic Club are sure to attract a large audience. Many of the events will be very hotly contested, particularly the "side issue"—the weight throwing contest between Ford and Jordan.

The present given to the Pastime Athletic Club by Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue, consist of a St. Bernard dog "done" in rare pottery and standing eighteen inches in height. From the mouth hangs an exquisitely designed clock.

Articles of agreement have been signed for a match between Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, and Mike Cushing, the 126-pound champion of the world. The fight is to be to a finish, with skin gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a stake of $500 a side and a purse of $1,000, of which the winner gets $800. The date of the fight has not yet been decided upon.

No Muff He.
[From the Men's Outfitter.]

First Girl—The idea of her falling in love with a baseball player—I think it's dreadful.

Second Girl—Well, I don't know about that; he's a great "catch."

After the Whipping.
[From Time.]

"Pa, why am I like Jonah?"

"I'm hanged if I know. I'll have to give it up."

"Because I've just been whaled."

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A TWELVE YEARS' SIEGE.

Mr. Danfield Describes It and Tells How It Ended.

"Yes, I couldn't talk above a whisper. My voice had failed me entirely, and I had to give up my position."

The speaker was Mr. Theodore Danfield, whom the writer found at his home at 1204 Fulton avenue, New York.

"Twelve years seems to be a good while," Mr. Danfield continued, "but it had been at least that long since I knew from the advice of physicians that Bronchial Catarrh had get a confirmed hold upon me. I had neglected to take care of it in time. My nostrils would get clogged up, I had a dry, hacking cough and a constant and distressing dull pain across my forehead.

"My throat would become sore and inflamed. It seemed as if matter was all the time dropping back into it and I had to be continually coughing and raising. I couldn't breathe with my mouth closed.

MR. THEODORE DANFIELD,
1204 Fulton avenue, New York.

"In the morning I would feel tired, languid and exhausted. I had no appetite, and no matter how tempting the breakfast that had been prepared I couldn't eat anything. I would feel as if I had a ravenous appetite when I sat down to my meals, but a few mouthfuls would satisfy me. A great deal of the time there would be distress and nausea in my stomach.

"The constant coughing and raising would wake me in the night. Many a night I have passed with only one or two hours' sleep.

"In late years my head and throat have been in a condition that was almost unbearable. The senses of taste and smell were gone. I could not tell one kind of food from another by its taste. Everything tasted alike.

"For the last year or two I had given up all hope of getting well. I had exhausted my means upon doctors and medicines without getting any benefit. I had tried everything that was recommended to me, and been to everybody that I heard of. Still my trouble was constantly extending—steadily getting worse, and I knew it. I simply made up my mind to spend no more time and money, and just to let the disease take its course.

"My voice had for a long time been husky and at last it gave out entirely and, as I said, I could not speak above a whisper. My throat would feel parched and dry. I could see that I was losing in flesh and strength. Pains would take me in the chest and side. I became gloomy, nervous and despondent.

"One day I read in the daily papers an interview with a patient whose case seemed very much like mine, and who had been treated and cured by Drs. Copeland and Blair. After talking with this patient I went to see the doctors myself and placed myself under their care. Regarding the result of their treatment in my case I will say this: I can hardly realize the change in my condition myself, nor can my friends, who comment on it every time they see me. My voice is strong now.

"It seems like a miracle. Just a little while ago I couldn't speak above a whisper. Now my voice is as clear and strong as anybody's. I sleep soundly and well. I can eat with a relish whatever is placed on the table. The headaches and the pains in the chest are gone. My head seems clear and well. I feel strong and well, and I make this statement because I am thankful for the restoration Drs. Copeland and Blair have accomplished in my case."

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

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BESSIE BONEHILL,
LONDON'S IDOL, AT
TONY PASTOR'S, MONDAY.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. The Madison Square Theatre Success, THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. Arthur Forrest, Rose Eytinge, and Powerful Company. Next Week—THE PAYMASTER.

WINDSOR THEATRE. BOWERY, near CANAL. The Grand Melodramatic Masterpiece, THE GREAT METROPOLIS. Original Scenery and Mechanical Effects. Matinee Saturday at 2. Next Week—THE FARIES' WELL.

NEW PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 35th st. 50TH PERFORMANCE of the GREAT SUCCESS, BARRY and FAY. McKENNA'S FLIRTATION. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.

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

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

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

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

AMUSEMENTS.

MR. A. M. PALMER'S THEATRES.	MADISON SQ. THEATRE. TO-NIGHT AT 8.30. AUNT JACK. Preceded by an original comedietta, A MAN OF THE WORLD. Saturday, first Mat. of Aunt Jack.
	PALMER'S THEATRE. LAST 2 APPEARANCES. SALVINI. TO-NIGHT SAMSON. SAT. MATINEE, OTHELLO. Nov. 4, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Sale of seats opens Thursday next.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. CLARA MORRIS. Her latest triumph, HELENE. CLARA MORRIS. EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE. Nov. 11, opening of regular season, NEIL BURGESS in "THE COUNTY FAIR." SALE OF SEATS OPENS MONDAY.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. HALLEN AND HART, in the hilarious 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 TURTLE BOY. PALACE 14TH ST. MUSEUM. WITH HANDS AND FEET LIKE TURTLE'S FLIPPERS. A VERITABLE WONDER. SEE HIM.

GAIETY MUSEE, 138 BOWERY. ANNETT (the unluckiest man alive. His adventures would fill volumes. Thousands interested in him daily. Don't fail to see WONDER, the Two-Legged Horse. On the stage the Mme. MURIO Company in "Wrangles, or Family Jars.")

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.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. Matinee Saturday. PRIMROSE AND WEST'S Matchless Minstrels. NEXT WEEK, CORA TANNER IN FASCINATION.

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

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

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

5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST THREE NIGHTS. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. THE IRON MASTER. Special Matinee To-Morrow (Friday). NEXT WEEK. Wilson Barrett in BEN MY CHREE. Seats now on sale.

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

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH ST. TONY PASTOR'S. SECOND WEEK—NEW BILL. TONY PASTOR AT HOME. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. 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—HENRY LEE in THE SUSPECT.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. TO-NIGHT, first time in New York of "My Love is Fair Columbia," By arrangement with H. Conried. "A splendid performance." Evenings, 8.15.

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

AMBERG THEATRE. Irving Place, at 8.15. By request GYPSY BARON. Friday Posart, Merchant of Venice. Sat. Matinee, Vice Admiral; evening Die Bluthochzeit.

16 LADIES FENCING AND DANCING. EDEN MUSEE AFT. EV'G. LAST SEASON. COME NOW IF EVER. LITHERET BATTLE OF ATLANTA. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. 4TH AVE. GETTYSBURG.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

ZIPP'S CASINO

ELM PLACE, NEAR FULTON ST.

HUBER & GEBHARDT.....Proprietors

By special invitation, the entire BROOKKYN BASEBALL CLUB will visit the Casino on Friday evening. Extra attractions for the occasion.

ZIPP'S CASINO. FRED C. BRYANT and DAN D. POLK, MAGGIE WEBB, RETA GOULD, ED PARKER, WILL SARGEANT, KIRCHNER'S ORCHESTRA.

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. WIFE FOR WIFE. Beginning to-night, a short season of Grand English Opera, EMMA JUCH OPERA COMPANY IN "Faust."

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

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

VAN HOUTEN'S