

SPIRITS STALKING O' NIGHTS.

Eyes That Can Detect Intangible Forms of Inanimate Men.

Ghost-Lore Unfolded by "Evening World" Contributors.

Conditions. A golden double eagle will be given to the person who sends to the best ghost story to THE EVENING WORLD.

Seen in a Looking Glass. Before the close of the year I attended a séance. Among many forms appeared one for me—a perfect stranger.

Antomime of Suicide. Some years ago, while spending some time with a friend whose father committed suicide, we would hear footsteps following us constantly.

Pointed Out His Consolation. Christmas, nine years ago, I was engaged to one of Erin's fairest daughters. We were alone on the lake, and as we were both passionately fond of skating we strolled rather late.

Real Skeleton—Sham Ghost. One cold Winter night in 1861, while prospecting my studies as a medical student at the Harvard Medical College, I was alone in the dissecting room busily engaged in absorbing study.

Held to Her Troth. Intermarriage was our old family custom, for the sake of keeping up the old name, so I was betrothed to betroth myself to a cousin.

Important Discovery. Benevolent Old Lady to little girl—My little dear, do you wash your face and hands every morning?

An Absurd Notion. Head of Firm, Mr. Travers, while you are at lunch, your tailor called to collect a bill.

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STAGE AND THEATRE. NOVELTIES PLANNED BY SOME ENTERPRISING THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

Wit and Wisdom Put Up in Small Parcels.

Gorgeous Street Array of Some English Stage People. Doing Her Best. (From Murray's Weekly).

Wemyss Henderson, of Chicago, is in town, up to the ears in business connected with the production next week of "Bluebeard, Jr."

John Nelson wandered into the New Park Theatre Wednesday night to watch "The Gondoliers," for which he has the rights.

"There are Peers There." (From Murray's Weekly). "Oh, there's no country like England," exclaimed an enthusiastic Anglo-American.

"Wanted to Make Sure of Him." (From Judge). George—This ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Clara. Hadn't I better take it back?

"Of Course It Was Colder." (From Murray's Weekly). Mrs. Fangle—Why, I declare the dinner-room is colder since it was repaired than it was before.

"Willing to Find One." (From Judge). Bank Cashier—I can't discount that note unless you get a responsible man to endorse it.

"Romance versus Reality." (From Town). "George," he whispered softly, "mark your breadth of cloud, stretching to the utmost part of the heavens, a boundless, infinite, and unending sea."

"Attributable to the Pork Trade." (From Murray's Weekly). "What struck you particularly in regard to the literary feeling in Chicago?" asked a New York lady of a friend just back from the West.

"A Limited Supply." (From Town). G.—So you are going to marry another one of those Jones girls?

"Things Theatrical in Brooklyn." In its melodramatic form "One of the Pinest," with Edward Ryan as the Jolly Soldier, has been playing at the Metropolitan Opera-House, Tuesday night.

"A Bad Hand." (From Judge). "Life is a game," said Mr. Upon Downer, reflectively. "I thought it was Draw, and I drew for a Queen; but it seems to be Euchre for me."

"A Candid Tramp." (From Town). Gilhooly says he does not think it right to bestow promiscuous charity.

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SPORTS AND THEIR DOINGS.

What is Going On in the World of Athletes.

Ward Disappointed at the Postponement of His Lawsuit. Shortstop John W. Ward is deeply disappointed and sorely disgusted over the second adjournment of the suit of the New York Baseball Club, to restrain him from playing with any other club during 1890.

Manning Cappel, of Jersey City, has matched George Cappel against Thomas Cordick, the 145-pound boxer of the Seventh Ward, for a purse, the contest to take place within four weeks.

Buck Lawrence, the clever young boxer, of Harlem, who knocked out Tommy Lanahan in the Jack Drilling Rooms recently, will meet Jack McPherson in a glove contest within the next three weeks.

Johnny O'Brien and Max Lutheg, who holds the light-weight wrestling championship of the Amateur Athletic Union, will wrestle for a special trophy at the boxing and wrestling competition of the New York Athletic Club, Jan. 18.

There is likely to be considerable backing and filling in regard to the \$100 prize which Alex. A. Jordan, of the New York Athletic Club, won from Malcolm W. Ford, of the Staten Island, at their all-around championship weight-throwing match last Fall.

The Harvard athletic team, which will represent that University at the West Haven games next Spring, contains many of its old members, and reports from Cambridge indicate that the new material which has arrived with the class of '93 has strengthened the team considerably.

Austin Gibbons, who recently defeated Mike Cushing, will challenge the winner of the Jack McAniff-Jimmy Carroll match, which occurs March 21 at the California Athletic Club.

There are two amateur boxers who believe they are more than a match for ex-Champion Pat Cahill. One is Jack J. Kelly, and the other Jim Meehan. McAniff, the Brooklyn amateur middle-weight, also claims that he would like to meet Cahill for a prize.

Angry Father—See here, Johnny, your mother tells me that you have been smoking cigarettes. Frightened Boy—I smoked only one, sir.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen will hold a business meeting at the Gilsey House to-morrow evening.

Sanctity Was What She Wanted. (From Judge). Lady—That a sweet odor of sanctity comes from those roses? How much are they a dozen?

"Thought He Had 'The Grip.'" I have had what the doctors designated "The Grip." At all events, I have had a most severe bronchitis and cold. I retained a physician, whose directions I followed and whose prescriptions I had prepared and afterwards took with great regularity but no benefit.

"They Were Both Happy." (From Drink's Magazine). "Hello, Ben! Just back from the Christmas festivities? What means that stuporous smile that burst from the lavender cap of your new suit?"

"A Sure Thing." (From the Epoch). Chappie—What can a fellow do to keep his trousers from sagging at the knee? Huddle—Don't wash them.

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FROM TERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Only Pair of Coxio Monkeys Ever Brought Here.

All the way from the southern part of Terra Del Fuego, Ikev and Becky, of the large and loved family of Coxio, have come to town and are at present located in cozy quarters on East Fourteenth street.

Both look sage and stroke their long beards, for Becky has a beard as well as Ikev.

They have Natural Shoulder Capes and Dandisome Beards.

As it is the first time that any of the Coxio family have ever visited this city, it is determined that he and Becky shall see all that is to be seen, that the folks at home may know all about it.

This interesting pair are not in the city for choice, but because Capt. Henry Dalton, of the good old New Bedford whaling bark Ellen Mary, purchased them from a Fuegian and successfully brought them through the tropics.

They are found only in two parts of the globe on the banks of the Rio Negro in Patagonia and on the head shores of Southern Terra del Fuego. In both climates they preserve the same peculiarities, and differ only in the thickness of the shoulder cape of fur which they wear.

Their faces have a very human look. The nose is aquiline and strongly bowed. They have a carefully parted bang of glossy black hair and a very black beard.

The monkeys spend all their spare time in smoothing their hair and stroking their long beards. Of the latter they are so careful that when drinking they take the water in their hands to prevent wetting it.

In disposition they are very savage, easily angered, and when in that condition bite ferociously. Unlike other monkeys they travel only in pairs, male and female, and are never seen apart.

Example and Precept. (From the Boston Courier). Angry Father—See here, Johnny, your mother tells me that you have been smoking cigarettes.

"A Long Time to Wait." (From Town). G.—So you are going to marry another one of those Jones girls?

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FOR SHARP TRADERS.

A Chance to Make a Good Exchange and \$20 to Boot.

THE EVENING WORLD will give to the man or woman, boy or girl, who makes the best trade through our Exchange Department during the month of January and February a Gold Double Eagle.

The Exchange Department of "The Evening World" offers great opportunity to those who wish to exchange Real Estate, Horses, Carriages, Jewels, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Books, Dogs, &c. The rate is but 30 cents for three lines.

Headgear from Interior Kentucky which excites Washington's Mirth. Hon. Joseph Grimes, of Kentucky, has a new hat, says the Indianapolis Journal, it is attracting considerable attention, and causes remarks.

Paestine Commandery. Reception, Exhibit on Drill and Ball will be held in the Metropolitan Opera-House on Thursday, January 10th, at 8 o'clock.

Evans & Hoey. MATINEES. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J. M. HILL.

THE COUNTY FAIR. BURTONS. SATURDAY, JAN. 11. ADMISSION, 50c. SEVEN WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

THE BRIGANDS. ADMISSION, 50c. SEVEN WEEKS IN ADVANCE. SATURDAY AT 2.

J. H. JACOBS 3D AVE. THEATRE. SATURDAY AT 2. ADMISSION, 50c. SEVEN WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

STAR. BROADWAY AND 13TH ST. DAVENPORT. JAN. 11. W. H. CRAN. THE LOSER.

THE DIXIE. THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 13TH ST. DAVENPORT. JAN. 11. W. H. CRAN. THE LOSER.

NIBLO'S. ORCHESTRA CIRQUE AND BALLY. WEEK. KAJAKA. FEB. 2. A. A. KAY. NEXT WEEK, First presentation, BLUEBEARD, J. J. KAY.

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GULAB AND HOSEIN.

A Story of Peril and Heroism.

BY REV. R. D'O. MARTIN, M. A.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jack Pentland, son of an English Colonel stationed at Ceiba, and Alick Reymour, an officer in the regiment, were on a boat when Gulab Singh and his two brothers, who were returning to their native land, were rescued by them.

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Alick sat at once the wisdom of the plan, and acceded to it. He, like Gulab, was a Hindu god, but to this Alick stoutly objected.

He would have no distinctive mark on his forehead staming him as an idol-worshipper, and at length Gulab said that although it would be best, still it was perhaps hardly necessary, as fakirs often did not wear these marks, and that their disciples were common.

They were both very common. Gulab then proceeded to his own disguise, and retired to complete it, while he did so Hosein advised his masters to lie down and rest while he cooked their breakfast.

They lay down, and they were tired and had a long journey under their feet, but were quite unable to sleep, although they had not more than two hours' repose when Gulab had awakened them to effect their disguise.

But indeed resting was also almost out of the question, for their heads were so uncomfortable, and they had to be continually holding the towel, so that it was impossible to know that it was not rough, rubbing the color off their bodies; but this Hosein assured them they need not fear, for it was a very effectual dye, and would not come off even with severe washing, though after a few days it would begin to gradually fade.

Hosein cooked they questioned him as to the events of the day before, and he was able to tell them something, though, indeed, the account was distorted and not very accurate. He also told them that he proposed starting for his cousin's house, where he had left Monarch, and as soon as he could cross their foreheads to proclaim that they were devotees of the great Sivā, one of the Hindu gods, but to this Alick stoutly objected.

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They were startled at seeing a fakir standing in the courtyard of the house, so you must go away."

The fakir commenced to laugh and then said: "I suppose I will pass muster."

All joined in the laugh as they found it was Gulab; but indeed it was no wonder that they had not known him, for he looked the picture of a famous fakir, and by painting little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes had made himself look ten years older, while the Sivā marks on his forehead served to add to the attraction of his appearance.

"The door is tightly locked, Hosein, you need not fear," said he.

Hosein now served up breakfast, the last good meal that they might expect for a long time—a chicken curry with a plentiful supply of beautifully cooked rice and warm

crip chattras, and he had even succeeded in making tea out of some that he had in the house.

It is true that instead of china there were earthenware plates, and little earthenware pots had to do duty as cups, but Alick and Jack did not think of this, and worked with appetites sharpened by the long delay, for they had now been up for several hours.

While they were eating, Gulab told them that he had been for some years living among fakirs, and that he had learned much of their ways and also picked up many of their rhetorical phrases, in which they teach their disciples, as well as having a stock of quotations from their religious writings with which they so largely interlard their discourses.

This stock, though small, he hoped would be sufficient to enable him to pass muster as a man of sufficient learning to be followed in his travels by two disciples.

He then gave them instructions as to the way they were to sit with their legs crossed and their hands folded. They were to endeavor a ways to keep their heads unmoved, never to exhibit surprise or amusement, but to maintain an air of stolid indifference. Above all they were never to speak a word, not even to address him unless in a place where there was absolute certainty that they would not be overheard. This was their only chance of safety. They were to travel as fakirs of a high stamp and professing to be men who cared for no hardships, but who were possessed of a superior quality. This mode of silence learning to be followed in his travels by two disciples.

slave, that my life is yours, to be spent in your service."

Then advancing, with deep respect, he prostrated himself at Alick's feet, and then before Jack. They were both much affected at the devotion of these faithful men, for Hosein had followed Gulab's example.

Alick assured them that neither Jack nor he would ever forget the risks that they had already run, and he would endeavor to do all in his power to prevent their being again exposed to such dangers, and should they fall, they felt sure that heaven would reward those who had given their lives for others.

The two natives answered that they had eaten their master's salt, and could not be unfaithful to it.

Hosein then proceeded to remove all trace of the remark, and had just finished doing so when they heard a rush of footsteps and a loud hammering at the door.

"Serpents," whispered Gulab. "Hide yourself, Hosein; remember your character, masters." Then aloud he shouted, "Juma Das, you lazy old, untrue to your salt, son of a pig, why don't you hasten to the door to open it? Stop your hammering there, for all that water never will wash you clean, and you are making a mess of the door!" He was as pale as death with crossed legs near the fire, and motioned to Jack to do the same, while Alick advanced to the door, his heart leaping madly within him. As soon as Gulab Singh's voice was heard shouting these words the Serpents, evidently surprised, ceased their hammering, and by the light of the door, the door opened into the courtyard of the house, and as soon as it was opened by Alick, Gulab could be seen sitting at the far end of the yard by the astonished Serpents. Alick slowly walked back and sat down beside Jack, carelessly throwing his sheet over one shoulder. The Serpents were busy with their work, and Alick's regiment knew that it was useless to lay their charge of safety. He addressed this man severely:

"Oh, thou blackguard, may I be called thy dead body. It is thus that thou, forgetting Bhagwan is a title of God, attemptest to force thy entrance where thou art not wanted!"

(To be continued.)