FOR SHARP TRADERS.

A Chance to Make a Good Swop 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 Advertisements during the months of January and February a Gold Double Eagle

You must first advertise in THE EVENING WORLD, then by means of this advertisement make your exchange; then write in not over 150 words a history of the transaction and send it to "Exchange Editor," EVENING WORLD. These accounts will be published and a Committee appointed.

The Exchange Advertisements of "The Evening World" offer great opportunity to those who wish to exchange Real Estate, Horses, Carriages, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Books, Dogs, Stamp Collections, Typewriters, Guns, Clothing, &c. The rate is but 50 cents for three lines.

A COMPLETE SET, Chambers's Encyclopaedias in exchange for Kodak or concealed vest or collar camera. Address agent, S Wood Office.

A HANDSOME mirror from Burr folding bedstead to exchange for three-quarter mass bedstead. Burr, box 56 262 uptown World.

A SET of opaland diamond drop studs to exchange for carpet and furniture suitable for flat. O. D., 41 World Office.

A $12 SODA FOUNTAIN, complete, with marble-top counter, with latest improvements, for sale cheap; a bargain. M., box 33 Brooklyn World.

CONTREBOARD SHARPIE, cat-rigged, 15 ft. long, in good order, nearly new, will swap for light rowboat. E. A. R. Word Office.

IN EXCHANGE for 500 cash, $25 a week, Rogers's silverware, cutlery, clocks, lamps, manicure sets, stamped, pillow shams and lace curtains. Zone, 240 World, Uptown.

PHOTOGRAPHIC wide-angle lenses, Ca88s $(@12), 4x5 ($9), 8x10, compact reversible camera, complete ($100). What offers? Ed Frost, 1453 Broadway.

TO EXCHANGE for diamonds or cash, A pacing horse that can do 2.30 or better to wagon. Address S. S. C., World Office.

TO EXCHANGE—All year-round hotel, opposite depot, on Erie RR.; receipts last year, $5,000; bar receipts, $3,000; price, $7,000; furnished; steam heat and gas; price $40,000; free and clear, for Brooklyn or New York improved property. Decker, 145 Remsen st., Brooklyn.

WILL EXCHANGE for glass-chest rockaway a Corning buggy or a coupe rockaway. Address S. N. C., World Office.

WILL EXCHANGE one mahogany inlaid combination bookcase, cost $150, for folding-bed or any reasonable amount of cash. X. Y. Z., 108 World.

WHO will rent me a Remington typewriter for $3 a month? Address, E.T., 68 World Office.

YOUNG gentleman will exchange new gold watch, perfect condition, for board or anything. Brown, 315 World uptown.

FOR the best cash offer, C. B. cabin sloop yacht, 30 feet, 11 ft. beam; sails and rigging complete; somewhat out of repair. Address W. H., 75 Jefferson st., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

I HAVE a newly binamous, but have no time to give it its proper attention; will exchange, also two good 10-cent novelties, situated on Broadway; rent only $12 a month; 500 per cent. profit; a young man who has time and pluck is as good as a salaried at $100; will sell or exchange for building lot or best offer. Address Novelty, 64 World Office.

I WILL EXCHANGE cellos mechanical organ, almost new, cost $100, for a good typewriter or offers. Address Organ, 226 World, uptown.

I WILL EXCHANGE a brand-new Remington repeating rifle or $6.50. Arthur Savage, Bay Ridge, L. I.

LADY from Paris Exposition has pencil with view of Eiffel Tower, watch charm and other novelties, with views of Exposition; send offer. Paris, 581 6th ave.

LOTS in Brooklyn wanted in trade for small house. House, 16 Brooklyn World Office.

MAKE OFFERS for new Hall typewriter; perfect; two sets type; implements. Can see near City Hall; have you wheel or cash? Hall, 28 World.

OLD FOUR-SEATED ROCKAWAY and professional made lanterns for horse-drawn carriage that can be turned in narrow street. Address Pavilion, 50 World, Brooklyn.

SEA CAPTAIN'S first-class Swiss watch; gold, Remontoir, Chronometer, 36 rubies, enormous gold; for good building lots. Correct, 208 World, uptown.

SUBURBAN LOTS to trade for Brooklyn house. Suburban, 14 Brooklyn World Office.

TWO INFECTANTS—1 cook's heater, 7 family machines, 1 country 4 glass soda fount and pump, beach, for merchandise. 340 Hudson st.

WILL EXCHANGE gold watch and cash for new or nearly new full ball-bearing safety Bicycle. A. R. G., 27 World Office.

WANTED—First-class combination billiard table; must be in complete order; prefer a private lowest price. Address Billiards, 78 World.

WILL exchange new mail safety, with Brooks's cyclometer for cash. Call or address, Store, 1858 10th ave, 163th st.

Nell Nelson in the New York Factories. A striking series of articles about working-girl life will appear in THE EVENING WORLD next week. Don't fail to read them.

CYRUS ELVERSTON'S CRIME.

A Forced Marriage Which Resulted Happily at Last.

Cyrus Elverston, a wealthy man, drapes his niece, Bertha Elverston, to marry his protege, John Brent. Bertha refuses, and she and her devoted mother are threatened with expulsion from the house. The wedding takes place, and on returning from her tour, Bertha sees her mother dead. She is seized with brain fever, and on her delirious raves of her forced marriage. When she recovers, her husband leaves her. After living in solitude for some time, she receives word that her uncle is dangerously ill, and goes to nurse him.

It made her very pitiful, very tender; and when the truth was broken gently to him, there had grown up between them touch affection and confidence. So it was not abruptly, but after much that led the way, that Cyrus Elverston said one evening, when the end was drawing very near: "Bertha, before I die, I'll tell you the motive for the cruellest act of my life—your marriage. You may have wondered at my care for John Brent, my anxiety for his welfare, my personal dislike to him. You may have thought it strange that a man so weak and wavering as he should be the chosen one of such a man of iron will, like mine. But, child, it was not love that drew me to him, but remorse. When I was yet a young man, his father, who had gained money by fraudulent political speculation was arrested, and tried for the misuse of public funds. In saving his ill-gotten gains, he converted all his property into money and put it into my hands. You understand he could have no legal hold upon such money. It was trust funds. When he was released, after two years imprisonment, his wife was dead and John a mere boy, not ten years old. He came directly to me; and I turn your eyes away, Bertha. I denied all knowledge of any property. Already I had invested every cent, and was sending money in every speculation. He had no refuge. To accuse me would be to acknowledge his own fraud in concealing the transfer of his property. Weakened by his imprisonment, stricken by this recent wholesale betrayal by his trusted friend, he went from me to his room and blew out his brains. Bertha, his blood cries to me! I murdered him! I took his boy, who was faithful to me, to receive my blows in the presence of my crime, and I filled his father's place—I, who had taken his own father from him! Still, the wealth I had gathered was all his—all made from the money his father trusted to me, was only five thousand pounds, my own patrimony, that I gave to you. There is no guilt on that, or I should not have dared to give it to your mother. The impossibility of restitution, save by a confession of my crime, tortured me day and night, till the thought of restoring the money through you occurred to me. You would be my legal heiress—you should be Brent's wife. It became a monomania with me. Brent loved you, had loyally served the father; I would gladden the son. Bertha, I cannot make you comprehend all the forces that drove me on, but, in the light of a fast-coming judgment beyond the grave, I see how I added sin to sin. Nightmare was upon me, and I was no more. In the last interview with me he declined all further aid from my purse, thanking me for past favors, but firmly refusing to add to the number. So my retribution followed me in your misery, in his premature death, and in my own misery, in the knowledge of my benefits. Yet, though I deserve it all, I crave one word of forgiveness from you."

"There is simple justice to be done first," Bertha answered. "If this money was obtained by fraud, you owe restitution to John Brent, telling him the circumstances of its coming into your hands. It rests, then, with him whether he will restore it where it belongs, or live upon stolen property."

The sick man quivered under the clear, sweet voice that pressed the truth so hardly home, but after an hour or more of silence asked for his desk.

Sorting out some papers, he said, "Most of these are mortgages, Bertha, came from the extension of one of the county banks, and it would require years of search to find all who were thus defrauded. But there papers will be a guide for the restoration of more of the property. I shall live long enough to settle. The sealed letter is a clear statement of how the money came into my hands. I wrote it years ago, before you came. Now, send for my lawyer, and leave us together. You wish none of the property?"

"I will never touch it."

"But your mother's money, the check I gave you last Spring, you must keep. It was mine honestly, Bertha. It is yours."

"Since you wish it, I will keep that," she said, gently, adding to kiss the pale, agitated face. "Now I will send for Mr. Lee."

Before nightfall a new will was drawn up, signed and witnessed, and Cyrus Elverston had written to his nephew, asking for a hearing, telling him Bertha's influence, Bertha's wish, and the tale of the tardy actof justice.

Still, there were some days of pain before the spirit was free and Cyrus Elverston was at rest. Tenderly, faithfully, devotedly Bertha tended the disabled—but she saw that all her uncle's wishes were observed at the quiet funeral. But when the funeral was over, when the lawyer had written to John Brent to return and claim his inheritance, Bertha left her old home and gave no clue to her destination.

The noble fortune she had rejected would be her husband's; but she made no claim upon it, leaving no word to direct him, no trace by which he could follow her. She had never had many friends, being of a retiring nature, devoted to her mother, moody in her misery, and she had no partings, no farewells. Her clothing was all she took with her to the house she had bought for her mother with her uncle's gift.

The new life upon which Bertha Brent entered was a strange and in many respects a trying one to her. Her deep mourning and the Mrs. before her name established her at once as a widow, and her aunt's and uncle's few questions were asked of her life. She was Christie Farman's niece, and that was sufficient for the neighbors, and even for the gossips in the village. But the small income, the utter inexperience of housekeeping, the difficulty of obtaining a decent servant girl, were all pin-pricks to rouse pertina from her morbid brooding. She was young and strong. Youth and strength required food; and to have food she must learn to cook it, to see to the fire, to make up the in the country place. Aunt Christie was sympathetic and willing to teach and Bertha, to her own surprise, was soon heartily interested in all the details of her household. Then came the sense of well-being and confidence in the little village. Not the contrariety of cities, where beggary soon becomes impudent imposture, but the warm, neighborly interest that nurses the sick comforts the afflicted, relieves the aged.

And so two years rolled by, chastening the warm, impulsive heart, and showing Bertha the errors of her life in a fuller and broader meaning. She realized that even for her mother's sake she was wrong to marry a man towards whom no impulse of love or respect in her heart had arisen. Her mother was alive when, having accepted her life as his wife, she renounced all its obligations, threw back the love that was given her in such full measure, and drove from her the man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey. Looking back, she could recall no set form John Brent's hand that was not kind and loving; and her heart smote her as she remembered how she had repaid his love. But her remorse became despair when she heard through the columns of an old daily paper that the money the young man had inherited had been restored, as far as possible, to the channels from which it had been dishonestly taken. It was a restitution that roused Bertha as no other subject could. The man who, after a life of entire idleness and luxury, could renounce a noble fortune for duty's sake, trace back some thirty years the sources from which it was taken to restore it honestly, was not the weak, self-indulgent man she had deserted, but one whose love was an honor. The same paper spoke warmly of Mr. Brent's success as a sculptor and the busts he had already executed, foreshadowing his future fame as a certainty.

The paper was sixteen months old when it came into Bertha's hands; but all the woman in her heart was roused by the picture it presented to her. Brent, poor, self-achieving, working hitherto at his profession, touched not, but Brent, lonely, toiling, starving his own heart for her sake presented a still more irresistible picture.

The little fortune her uncle had given her had had but little drain upon it in the two years of seclusion. Once more she put the money in her satchel, and went out from her home.

It was early in the forenoon when she reached London, where Brent had his studio, and she went there at once. She had fastened her mourning to silk, and she wore a perfectly fitting dress of lustreless black silk, without white lace at the throat and wrists, under her long, full traveling cloak.

The studio was easy to find, but Brent was not there. The porter of the building, however, showed Bertha to the rooms, thinking she had come to give an order; and the wife found herself surrounded by proofs that the slumbering genius in the unpromising form had wakened into active life. Sketches hung upon the walls, marble groups stood here and there in various stages of progress. But in one corner a curtain of crimson hid some work that was too precious for everybody's gaze. For a long time Bertha looked at the curtain as if some hidden inscription was in its heavy folds, till her curiosity grew too strong to be repressed.

Gently she lifted the folds of velvet, to see—her own head and bust chiselled in purest marble, every feature life-like in its beauty, she sank down beside it, forgetting everything but Brent's love, knowing at last what the uneasy crashing of her own heart meant, and sobbing soft her grief and penitence. The curtain fell from her hand, folding her close, and she heard no footfall when Brent came in. He was alone, and with rapid steps came to the curtain that hid what was to be the comfort and torture of his life. Gently he drew it back; and there, kneeling beside the pedestal, sobbing in her loneliness, was Bertha, his wife.

There was no word between them as he lifted her to his arms. He comprehended only that freely and willingly she had come back to him. He felt only that she was forgiven and taken back to the true heart she had slighted.

There was no perfect, though unspoken, reconciliation and love in the kiss that blotted out the past and opened a new life for the hearts so long sundered, but united at last.

No Doubt She Would.

(From the Harvard Lampoon.)

Mrs. Beziere—If you have not seen the last number of the *Century*, I advise you to buy it. There is a very good article on "How the Other Half Lives."

Mrs. Cousser—Why, I'd better half—I shall buy it directly. Why, I would give one hundred times twenty-five cents to know how my "other half" lives.

Worthy of Being Rewarded.

(From Texas.)

Rose Rivington—What a beautiful rose!

Smiley Basker—Yes, just like you.

"Ah! thank you, Smiley—ugh! but here's a horrid worm in it."

(Equal to the occasion): "Yes, that's me, after its heart you see."

She accepted him.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

Attractive List of Amusements Billed in the Two Cities.

"The Stepping-Stone's" First Appearance at the Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the delightful English actor and actress whose tour through the country has been so successful, will begin an engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night, when they will present, for the first time in this city, Arthur W. Pinero's play, "The Weaker Sex." On Thursday they will be seen in "Impulse." Tomorrow night at the Fifth Avenue Prof. Cromwell will lecture, his subject being "America, Our Home."

Sydney Rosenfeld's new comedy drama, "The Stepping-Stone," will have its first presentation Monday night at the Standard Theatre. An excellent cast has been engaged. It includes Rose Eytinge, Linda Dietz, Louise Balfe, Victory Bateman, Minette Mills, Kate Ocsterle, Sallie Williams, Marguerite Fields, Gustavus Levick, Robert Taber, Thomas G. Seabrooke, Charles S. Dickson, T. H. Fitzpatrick, Frank R. Hatch and Frank Russell.

"The King's Fool," a spectacular comic opera by Adolphus Mailler, will be the attraction at Niblo's for a short season, commencing Monday night. It will be presented by the Conried English Opera Company, which contains some good people. The scenery and costumes will be entirely new. The cast will include Helen Bertram, Della Fox, Ada Glasco and several comedians.

"The Gondoliers," with a new company containing many Americans and some English people, will be produced at Palmer's Theatre on Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Carte have been passing the last fortnight in getting this company together. It will surely be a more able organization than that seen recently at the New Park Theatre.

Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, comes to the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday night, when he will present "Louis XI." He will repeat this performance Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at the Saturday matinee. At the Wednesday matinee he will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice," Thursday in "Julius Cæsar," Friday in "Richelieu," and Saturday night in "Richard III."

Robert L. Downing will be the attraction at the Bijou Theatre next week, when he will appear in Salvini's version of "The Gladiator." In the company will be Miss Eugenia Blair, a clever actress; Mrs. F. M. Bates, Howard Gould, Giles Shine, Edward Hall and Frank Lane.

"The City Director" will begin the second week of its engagement at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night. The piece has made a great hit. It is, as the programme carefully announces, "a musical farce, delighting purposes only." It fulfils its mission, the comedians in the company are excellent.

"The County Fair" still continues to fill the Union Square Theatre at every performance. Mr. Burgess is as entertaining in his efforts to please. To-morrow night at this house Miss Nellie Bly, the clever little lady who went around the globe for The World, will give her second lecture.

"The Senator," at the Star Theatre, has surprised even William H. Crane. It is an immense success, "of that there is no manner of doubt; no possible, probable shadow of doubt"—to quote the immortal W. S. Gilbert. The Star Theatre has rarely held such audiences as those attracted by "The Senator."

"The Prince and the Pauper" draws numbers of ladies and children to the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The Lyceum Theatre is crowded every night. Elsie Leslie is its own. It was there that she made her hit in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In "The Prince and the Pauper" her work is delightful.

"The Charity Ball" at the Lyceum Theatre continues in its prosperity unaffected by the wealth of attractions in the metropolis. Mr. Frohman is entirely satisfied with its success. A long line of carriages is to be seen outside the Lyceum every night. "The Charity Ball" has many pleasant episodes.

"The Brigands" is coming to the end of its tether at the Casino. On Tuesday week it will be withdrawn, and Offenbach's charming opera, "The Grand Duchess," will reign in its stead. "The Brigands" has had a long and prosperous career. It is beautifully put upon the stage.

"Greenroom Fun" a very merry comedy will be after Miss Fanny Davenport leaves Wallack's. Mr. Rosenfeld has been engaged for the company now. Among the features will be songs, "Tay-ar-ra Boomdeay," and her daughter, Clarice Taylor; Louie Garland, an original Bridget; Mr. Le Maire, a Frenchman; Zamara, a Circassian girl; Vera Dorschlay Orlov, the Continental gaiety; Sig. M. S. Gerardo and Prof. Kowarsky, on the stage. Walters and Chase (colored) comedy company will be in the company. Among the organizations includes Ed Sheafe, Professor Morse, Carrie Moore, the Clark brothers, Harry Maywood and Thomas Bailey. Fourteen will be presented on Friday to all ladies attending the entertainment.

Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels will make their headquarters at the Criterion Theatre next week, and serve out fun in large and generous slices, in a way peculiarly their own. Some of the best of the comedians in the profession are connected with this organization, and they give nothing but genuine of the present description. Something novel in the way of a first part is promised.

An Irish comedian with a repertoire is the somewhat unusual announcement which Manager Jac Rolli makes for the coming week at Jacobs's Brooklyn Theatre. Actually is the comedian, who was more or less fame and considerable fortune with the "Corner Grocery" a few seasons ago. At the matinee Monday, in the evening and Tuesday and Friday night "Rip Van Winkle" is to be followed by "Conroy the Tailor" at the matinee Wednesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. "The Corner Grocery" will finish the engagement at Friday and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinee. During this engagement all 10-cent patrons will be presented with a deed for a lot in Liberty Park, Florida.

There'll be fun galore at Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre next week, where Pete Baker will present his "necessary comedies," "The Emigrant" and "Paris and Lena." Mr. Baker is a comedian of original methods, who, while his style naturally suggests Emmets, doesn't stoop to mimicry. He has a budget of bright songs, the most of which are his own composition.

At Koster's music hall next week, with one or two exceptions, the bill contains the names of some new vaudeville stars. On the first evening Mr. A. E. Barton, who will entertain in his own peculiar way, Walter Thornton and Helen Conkins, John Walsh, whose specialty is audio songs, the Venetian Troubadours and the original "Chappie," Minnie Schmitz.

Nell Nelson in the New York Factories. A striking series of articles about working-girl life will appear in THE EVENING WORLD next week. Don't fail to read them.

Something Tanner Never Did.

(From the Epoch.)

"Comedy-lecturer Tanner is worse than Mr. Tennyson there." "Why, what Mrs. Cassidy, you seem to be quite excited." "Well, I'm excited in the name of all the lady curlers in our church."

Heal the Symptoms.

(From the Epoch.)

"Tah Jove! but I believe I've got 'La Grippe,' old chappie."

"Take an old fellah! How's that?"

"I mean I believe I've got 'La Grippe.'"

"Well, be old, but that was only an indirect way of hoping it be contagious."

Those Noisy Boys.

(From Puck.)

First Neighbor Woman—You are not having your boys instructed in music, are you?

Second Neighbor Woman—Oh, no.

"Well, if the noise at Hogan's is any indication, they must be practicing on cornets."

"Yes, I know; but I suppose that is better than to have them practice on violins. It is a Christmas present he received."

INFERNAL INGENUITY

Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which possess the sufferers in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by a good medical part-time to possess not only remedial, but decisive effects, where these diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Merely this potent but safe tonic medicine, bracing, too, with high specific sanction, is better than the pain-killers or cure-all, but cures anyhow, not only in rheumatism and neuralgia, but in fever and ague, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervous debility, and the blood is improved thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impaired even, are set free a miasma and cleared thence by this benign strengthening medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy in malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

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BLACK DIAMOND BLACKING.
Liquid Waterproof Polish
For LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S Shoes.
Leaves no Rub-Off Stains.
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SOLE MANUFACTURER, A. CASTAING,
16th St. and North River, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE A SUFFERER
FROM NERVOUSNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SEXUAL ORGANS, BY SPECIAL INDISCRETION, DISPONDENCY, GENERAL DEBILITY, SLEEPLESSNESS, OR ANY COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF THE GREAT TONIC FOOD. IT HAS NOT GOT TO BE SOLD AT TURKISH TABLETS NOR LOTTERY TICKETS, BUT IS SOLD ON ITS MERITS. 1 BOTTLE, 50 CENTS. REGULAR SIZE BOTTLE COST $1.

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BY A LAWYER OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE AND EXCELLENT STANDING. ADDRESS LAWYER, BOX 186 WORLD OFFICE.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Every woman should know that Carter's Little Liver Pills are a remedy for headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, &c. A second to none. Sick headache positively cured by these pills.

AMUSEMENTS.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th st. COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEB. 18, Every Night at 8. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2. Gondoliers. Opera House Box Office open. Seats now selling. Telephone call, 1138 38th st.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Last Week. Evenings at 8. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2. PRINCE KARL. Opera House Box Office open.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Continued Success of the Farce. AUNT JACK. Seats at Box Office. Mat. Wednesday and Saturday.

A MERRY HOLIDAY AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Last Week. Last Matinee Wednesday. Last Night. Last Matinee Saturday. Last Night. Last Time of the Great Success. Last Time of the Great Success. Last Time of the Great Success