GEORGIE MURPHY'S FATE.

The Uncertainty of It Distracting His Father and Mother.

He Has Been Missing Since Monday and Is Reported Drowned.

LOST—Sept. 15, 1890, George Murphy, 8 years old, wore a pink and white waist, light trousers, black stockings and button shoes, brown and white straw hat, underclothes marked G. M.; had light hair and blue eyes. Address William Murphy, 206 West 61st st.

George Murphy's mother, Mrs. William Murphy, was inconsolable when an EVENING WORLD reporter called on her this morning in relation to the above advertisement.

GEORGE MURPHY.

Only half an hour before she had received word that a little fellow whose name was unknown had reported to the boys of Tenth avenue and Sixty-first street, that Georgie had fallen overboard from the dock at the foot of Forty-ninth street, about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon.

Mr. Murphy had gone to investigate the rumor.

Mrs. Murphy is a black-eyed, handsome woman of thirty years and her face and eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"Oh! my baby! my darling!" she moaned again and again. Calming herself, she told his story of the lad's disappearance:

"Georgie and I went over to my mother's house on First avenue and Forty-sixth street on Monday. We stayed for lunch, and I left my mother's soon after, leaving Georgie to stay at his grandmother's.

"He used frequently to stay over night there, and so when he did not come home Monday evening we didn't worry much about it.

"Yesterday forenoon I went over to my mother's to get Georgie, although he often used to cross town himself without me. My mother was surprised when I called, and she also supposed Georgie had gone home in the afternoon before, as he left her house about 2 o'clock.

"I was thunderstruck, and thought the child might have crossed the ferry on the east side to Greenpoint to see his uncle, my brother, John Metz. I telegraphed John, but the reply came back that Georgie had not called there.

"Then I didn't know what to do. My husband reported the boy's disappearance at Police Headquarters, and we didn't hear anything until 8 o'clock this morning, when a little girl in the house here, Katie Curley, told me that Johnnie McCarthy, an errand boy in the store around the corner, said:

"'If you are looking for Georgie Murphy he's drowned at the foot of West Forty-ninth street.'

"I could hardly believe this, but he's such a smart little chap, speaking German as well as English, that I didn't know what to think. Here's his picture. He was our only child."

The distracted father William Murphy, who is a dresser in Eastman's abattoir, came in at this moment.

"We have been down to the foot of West Forty-ninth street," he said, "and can learn nothing there.

"The watchman on the dock says that he almost sure nobody could have fallen into the water at the hour named, 4 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, as there are a number of laborers at work repairing the dock and such an accident would surely have been noticed."

The father looked hopeful and tried to cheer his sorrowing wife, but from his manner it was plain that he felt the truth of the report of his cherished darling's fate.

Johnny McCarthy, the errand boy in the grocery store, said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter:

"About noon yesterday a boy who I don't know at all and never saw before, came up to me at the corner of Tenth avenue and Sixtieth street, and asked me if I knew George Murphy. I said yes, and then he told Murphy was drowned off the dock at the foot of West Forty-ninth street at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon.

"This boy said he was with Murphy and they were playing about the rafts, and that George stumbled off into the water. He came up three times, this boy said," continued McCarthy, "but the stranger couldn't swim, and that was why he couldn't jump in and save him. Then the boy walked away and I didn't see him since."

Mr. Murphy will have the river dragged this afternoon at the foot of West Forty-ninth street.

"PAULINE,"

A novel of rare interest by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, will be begun in next Monday's EVENING WORLD. Don't fail to read it.

$464,743 Wanted for Election.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment decided to-day to hold a special meeting tomorrow to decide the election appropriations. The sum asked for by the Police Board is $464,743.

BURGLARY ON PARK ROW.

Cowperthwait's Big Store Entered by Expert Crooks.

The Cashier Cleaned Out and the Safe Tampered With.

When E. B. Nichols, shipping clerk for Cowperthwait & Co., the big furniture dealers of Park Row, arrived at 7 o'clock this morning, he was surprised to find the cashier's drawer broken open.

It flashed upon him that his employers had been robbed and investigation proved his surmise to be correct, as all the money had been taken from the drawer.

The drawer had been forced open scientifically, evidently by an expert hand.

The combination of the big safe had also been tampered with, showing that the thief or thieves had tried to force the heavy metal door.

As the front door bore no mark of violence and as the big lock had apparently not been touched, he concluded that possibly the thieves might be secreted somewhere in the big building.

Acting upon this idea, Mr. Nichols relocked and barred the front door to cut off retreat.

Then he made a thorough search of the premises.

He was aided by Salesman John Rogers, who had now arrived, and Policeman Van Nostrand, who was on duty on that beat at the time. A detective, summoned from the Oak street station, also lent his assistance.

Every nook and cranny, from basement to roof, was searched. The bull's-eye of a lantern shed its glare behind the innermost recesses of big bales of carpets. Bureaus, buffets, tables and cabinets were hauled about and closets examined carefully, but the closest scrutiny failed to reveal an intruder.

Speaking of the burglary this morning to an EVENING WORLD reporter, Mr. Nichols said:

"The robbery was evidently committed by some one who knew the ropes pretty well. I thought at first the thief or thieves might have entered the store yesterday during the rush, and unnoticed have hidden until all the employees had gone home, trusting to get away this morning when the store should again fill with customers, and thus escape detection.

"We examined every place where it is at all likely thieves could break in, but found all the fastenings in place.

"The burglars may have entered by means of a ladder at one of the upper windows or from adjoining awnings or buildings and then replaced the fastenings after their exit.

"We do not suspect any one. We believe the burglary was effected by a professional.

"Inspector Byrnes's detectives are at work on the case."

FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Jewellers' Union No. 1 enrolled five new members at its last regular meeting. The Organization Committee was increased to seven members.

The Advance Association of Bookbinders, K. of L., will assemble at 203 Bowery this eve ing to take steps in regard to the fire bis at Shaw's pocketbook factory.

The Socialist campaign organization of the Tenth Assembly District elected the following Executive Committee yesterday: Chris Enseminger, H. Smith, Wm. Mundi, H. Herzog and Chas. Shaffer.

The Eighteenth Assembly District was organized yesterday by the Campaign Committee of the Socialist Labor Party, at 231 East Thirty-third street. The Chairman of the organization will be C. G. Tesche.

The Brooklyn Building Trades Council is investigating a complaint that non-union men have been employed at the building of the new brewery in course of erection on Pulaski street.

A special meeting of the stockholders of the *Building Trades' Record* is to be held to-morrow evening for the purpose of taking steps to enlarge and improve the paper which is meeting with gratifying success.

J. Roecklein was elected chairman of the Campaign Club of the Socialist Labor Party, of the Seventeenth Assembly District yesterday evening, the Secretary is George Bliemler, and H. Stuninger was made Treasurer. The meetings of the Club take place at 88 West Forty-first street.

The United Machinists initiated three new members yesterday evening, and three candidates were proposed. Additional $5 were voted to the Binghamton cigar-makers. The delegates to the Central Labor Federation were ordered to vote for keeping the Socialists in the Federation.

Sixteen additional carpenters went on strike yesterday at the new riding academy in Brooklyn. The contractors are now importing "scabs" from other cities. The strikers now number about eighty men, representing every branch of the building trades.

Branch Brooklyn, of the Architectural Iron-Workers Union, elected Charles Leder as delegate to the joint committee of labor organizations by which an entertainment is to be arranged for the benefit of the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. At yesterday's meeting five new members were enrolled, and six candidates were proposed. To the striking cigar-makers of Binghamton $10 were donated.

The Brooklyn brass-workers complain that there are shops in that city where the men are compelled to work fourteen hours per day. The Machinists and Iron-Workers' Unions have been requested to assist the brass-workers in extending their union in order to relieve those unfortunates who are still suffering under the yoke of long hours and low wages.

The organized miners of Irwin, Pa., have requested some of their friends in this city to see that no immigrants be sent to Irwin, as wages are sufficiently low there already. The miners at Irwin are on strike for 69 cents per ton, and the operators have sent an agent to Castle Garden for the purpose of replacing the strikers by newly-arrived "green" hands.

The Artificial Stone Masons' Union reports that most of its members are working eight hours again. They had a hard struggle to compel the losses who had broken their contract made on April 2 to comply with the eight hour rule. Several members who are still working for bosses who have not yet granted the eight-hour day will be expelled. To the striking cigar-makers of Binghamton the Union gave $10 yesterday.

Progressive Painters' Union No. 2 is looking for a new meeting room. At the last meeting $10 were appropriated to the New York Central strikers. For the widow of Member J. J. Slade, who died suddenly, $40 have been collected. The following officers were elected: J. T. Johnson, President; C. D. McCrostie, Vice-President; David McShane, Recording Secretary; S. McCall, Financial Secretary; J. B. King, Inspector; Jos. Davidson, Treasurer; Thos. Daly, Judge Advocate; Frank H. White, Walking Delegate.

The Furriers' Union gained ten new members yesterday. The victory in the nine hour movement of the Union had been complete. Forty-five bosses granted the nine hour day in writing, while twenty-five promised to comply with the Union's demand without signing a contract. There is a large demand for furriers in the smaller cities and in the West bosses offering from $20 to $30 per week and 75 cents per hour, but as the members of the Union are all at work there is no probability that many furriers will leave New York to accept the offers of the country bosses. One of the consequences of reducing the hours of labor has been that over fifty cutters had to be employed additional to those at work before the reduction.

EXCELLENT service. CAFE MESSMER. Dinner, 75 cents. 216 East 14th st.

HEARD AT THE STAGE DOOR.

Complications of "The Hustler" and Its Feminine Stars.

Actor Scott's Unpremeditated Visit to Prince George in Montreal.

Lew Rosen, author of "The Hustler," which has been behaving so sensationally in the West, with its refactory star, Miss Flora Moore, is back in town, and was on Broadway yesterday. The caprices of stellar femininity do not appear to have aged Mr. Rosen very conspicuously. The story of Miss Moore's eccentricities was told in Monday's EVENING WORLD. Here is what Mr. Rosen had to say: "Flora Moore is out of the company, and I am glad of it. I never believed in her as a farce-comedy artist. She gave trouble from the start.

"The piece was intended to star no single performer, but Miss Moore wanted to be starred, demanded separate entrances and exits, insisted on singing five specialties, would not speak the lines I wrote, introduced gags, guyed the performers, disconcerted the dancers, and was generally negligent at rehearsals. Miss Moore may be a good sketch artist, but in my opinion she is too mature for the winsome soubrette. I would not let her have her own way. Hence her wrath. In fact, I went out West to save the play. We had a lively time with "The Hustler," but I am glad to say that it was profitable. As a truthful historian, I must add that Miss Moore made a big hit. Jake Rosenthal, the manager, received it on the nose at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, and that classic organ of his bled profusely. But time and vaseline heal all things, so that there is hope for Mr. Rosenthal. This is a funny world, and players are often funnier off than on the stage."

* * *

Miss Edith Kenward, who came from London to create the ingenue role in "Dr. Bill" at the Garden Theatre (short for Madison Square Garden Theatre), is helping to produce that piece. She was in the London production and is therefore valuable. Miss Kenward herself is only on the stage about fifteen minutes. This is her first visit to America, though she might be mistaken any day for an American.

* * *

Arthur Lotto, now in Minneapolis, who, with Jean Williams, is suing Miss Fanny Davenport, writes to the city that Miss Davenport has offered to compromise with Mr. Williams and himself for two or three hundred dollars apiece. The actors, however, ask $2,000 each, and reject the offer.

* * *

A very funny story comes to THE EVENING WORLD from Montreal, where Miss Margaret Mather's company has been playing. John Malone and Gilmore Scott, two members of the organization, were interested, and developments that might have been almost internationally startling were only just avoided. Here is the story as written by Mr. Scott: "Last Friday Mr. Malone asked me if I would go to the Windsor Hotel at 4 o'clock and run over his part with him in 'Leah.' I said I would. 'Come to No. 219,' he said, 'and walk right up.' I went to the hotel at the appointed time, and got on the elevator, instructing the boy to let me off for No. 219. He did so. The hall was dark, but after a little unrewarded wandering I saw No. 217. I knew the way in which the numbers ran. No. 219 was next door. The door was slightly ajar, but I politely rapped. No answer, not a response. I waited in, but saw no Malone. I was furious. He had asked me to come and was not there to receive me. On the wall I saw a number of elegant suits of clothes, beautifully made and of the finest material. 'Malone's a swell, anyway,' I said to myself. Then I noticed a sword hanging up. It was a beauty mounted in solid gold. I supposed it was the stage 'prop' used by Malone in 'The Honeymoon.' The bureau was loaded down with the most superb toilet articles. I picked up a brush, and found a monogram and crest on the back in silver. I was beginning to grow dizzy at the sight of all this splendor. Suddenly I became aware that I was in a suite of rooms, and one moment later I knew that they were those of Prince George of England. I bolted quicker than can be imagined, and flew about to find Malone, who was snugly ensconced in No. 218. I told him that I had visited the Prince by mistake, and he roared. They all say that it was wonderful I should have got in and out unobserved, as the room was constantly guarded by the military. If I had been found, I should have had great difficulty in explaining that I had no designs upon the safety of the possible King of England."

* * *

Miss Grace Fickin's is to create the part of a Yankee girl in "Mary Lincoln, M. D." the new play to be presented next week at a matinee at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre.

* * *

Miss Carrie Turner, well known to New Yorkers and a former Diane in "Paul Kauvar," was discovered the other day playing in "The Bookmaker" at the Grand Theatre, London, under the name of Miss Constance Winthorpe.

At the Theatre.

(From Munsey's Weekly.)

Stranger (to doorkeeper)—You pass the profesh, don't you?

Doorkeeper—Are you connected with the stage?

"Well, I've held several of them up!"

SPORTS OF THE ATHLETES.

Boxers Looking Forward to the Acorn Tournament.

Harlem Oarsmen Exercised Over a Conflict of Dates.

The athletic games of the John J. McEvoy Association will be held Saturday at Freygang's New Point View Island. The events will comprise one, two and three mile runs, one hundred yard dash, mile walk, fat men's race, three-legged race and an "all hands for a greasy pig."

The event of the day will be the crossing of bats between the McEvoy baseball team and the Tonswandas, of the Nineteenth Ward. There will also be a special 100-yard dash between two good dogs—Donnellan's bulldog "Jack" and McCarthy's dog "Towser," for a bet of $25 a side. The boat will leave the dock at Forty-fourth street and East River at 9 A. M. sharp. The prizes are on exhibition at 862 Second avenue.

* * *

The Acorn Athletic Association boxing tournament, to take place Oct. 2 and 4, promises to be one of the greatest successes the Club has ever achieved. Entries have already been received from the Park, Ashland, Bridge, Eagle, West Side, Scottish-American, National, Star and other prominent athletic clubs, and from the Varuna Boat Club.

Tickets for the preliminaries are selling fast, over six hundred having already been disposed of. The prizes—a gold watch, valued at $75, for first place, and a silver timepiece for second, with the silver trophy for the 130-pound special class—are now on exhibition at Spalding's Broadway store. Entries close with W. H. Robertson, 294 Broadway, positively Sept. 28.

* * *

Tennis Champion Oliver S. Campbell, is just now in great demand, various tennis clubs having sent him urgent appeals to give an exhibition of his skill on their grounds. He may appear this month at the courts of the Hohokus Valley Club, Ridgewood, N. J.

* * *

Billy Nagle has matched Billy Weldon, of Harlem, against Tommy Gillen, to a finish for $100 a side and a purse of $250. The battle is announced to take place inside of three weeks within fifty miles of New York. Both men are training for the event.

* * *

The Longfellow Football Club has arranged to occupy the Ridgewood Baseball grounds this season. Members of the club have already commenced practice thereon.

* * *

The Harlem oarsmen are just now considerably exercised over the conflict of dates for the regattas to be held by the Friendship and Union boat clubs. Both have chosen Sept. 27 and as the Harlem course will be used by each there will be considerable embarrassment unless the affair is arranged on a more satisfactory basis.

It has been suggested that one of the clubs fix a date a week later. The Friendships claim that they are entitled to the first date, Sept. 27, on the ground of prior choice.

* * *

The "backs" of the Crescent football team will be made up this Fall of Harry Beecher, quarterback; Wyllys Terry and Duncan Edwards, halfbacks, and W. T. Bull, fullback. Beecher, Terry and Bull are ex-Yalensians, while Edwards played formerly on the Princeton football team.

* * *

The tennis tournament of the Crescent Athletic Club has been fixed to commence Sept. 24. Among the contestants will be such experts as Carroll Post, the Notmans, Bigelow, Powers and Chauncey.

* * *

One of the features of the games of the Manhattan Athletic Club Saturday will be an open tug-of-war competition.

* * *

The Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, has arranged an interesting season's schedule of shooting. Trap contests commence Oct. 7 and end Feb. 26. One has been provided for nearly every week.

* * *

The Richmond County Athletic Club will hold a bantam-weight boxing competition in the near future, as it has several fistically inclined little fellows claiming the boxing superiority at their weight.

Repeating Orders.

(From Street & Smith's Good News.)

Patron (at church fair festival)—Oyster stew, please.

Waitress (to cook)—Oysters, two.

Sought Relief Without Avail.

I was afflicted with inflammatory, chronic and muscular rheumatism from 1856 to 1874. I spent thousands of dollars seeking relief without avail. At last I tried the YELLOW PINE COMPOUND. One bottle entirely cured me. That was fifteen years ago, and I have felt no symptoms of the disease since. W. C. COFFIN, Jr., 297 Franklin st., Allegheny, Pa.

Send your address and a two-cent stamp for treatise on rheumatism and full information.

Address

Yellow Pine Extract Co.,

Box 246, Pittsburg, Pa.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

Quiet Little Jokelets Picked Up Here and There.

Everything Provided For.

(From Puck.)

Guest—I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?

Bell Boy—Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make yoh escape, sah.

Sure Signs.

(From Judge.)

In the Grand Central depot: Stranger—Have you seen Hank Smith, of Rochester, get off the cars this morning?

Doorkeeper—A Rochester man came in on the last train.

Stranger—How do you know he was from that city?

Doorkeeper—Because he wore a white straw hat, had on white stockings and low shoes and inquired the way to the Bowery.

Stranger—That's Hank.

There Would Be None Left.

(From Chatter.)

Colonel—You should never drink before your betters, sir.

Sergeant (handing over the bottle)—This is an exceptional case, sir. I couldn't possibly drink after you.

Heavens! Is This Right?

(From the American Grocer.)

Wentworth—Hello, Hudson, what time is it?

Hudson—Standard, I believe. If you mean which hour of the day is indicated by the clock, it is precisely four past meridian.

The Variety.

(From Puck.)

Whipper—Is de Spatts an Anglomaniac?

Snapper—No. He is just a common, every day, American lunatic.

He Meant Through.

(From the American Grocer.)

"Was it a through train?" asked a reporter of the sole witness of the fatal derailment.

"Threw train?" returned the Boston man, querulously, "I guess you mean thrown, don't you?"

Naturally.

(From Puck.)

"What sort of a day did you have at the picnic?"

"None—we were all out of sorts."

The Criticism of To-Day.

(From Le Figaro.)

Mamma—My dear, why do you always look in the corners of the paintings?

Daughter—I want to see the artist's name first, then I know whether I am to admire the painting or not!

Behind the Times.

(From Puck.)

Mr. B. Ware (just arrived from the city)—If I were you, daughter, I wouldn't go into the surf to-day. The waves are very rough.

Miss Una Ware (arrayed in her bathing costume)—Who said I was going in?

Wouldn't Do So if They Were Married a Few Months.

(From Chatter.)

Cumso—They look like a newly married couple.

Banks—That's what they are.

Cumso—How do you know?

Banks—I overheard him speaking of "our bank account."

The Brute.

(From Munsey's Weekly.)

Mrs. Cumso—Take care how you hold the baby, John. The sun is shining in his face.

Mr. Cumso—I don't care. I've often thought a tanning would do him good.

Not for a Rest.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Depositor—Is the cashier in?

President—No; he has gone away.

Depositor—Ah! Done for a rest, I presume.

President (sadly)—No; to avoid arrest.

"PAULINE,"

A novel of rare interest by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, will be begun in next Monday's EVENING WORLD. Don't fail to read it.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BODILY ODORS. HEALTH FOOD CO.'S GLUTEN SOAP removes them. 61 5th ave.

PENSIONS.

Send stamp for copy of new law, blanks, &c. C. E. MILROY, U. S. Claim Ag'y, 245 Broadway, N. Y., and Box 559 Washington.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Great Irish Drama. INSHAVOGUE. IRISH WIT, SONGS, DANCES, JIGS, REELS.

AMBERG THEATRE, Irving place. Thurs., Sept. 18, Bal des Sagoreth; Friday, L'Affaire Clemenceau; Sat., Paula Loewe in Three Fair Sisters.

THE

DON FAILURE.

RETAIL SALE.

M. ROSENHEIM, ASSIGNEE OF THE DON CLOTHING CO., WILL SELL THE STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING AT RETAIL AT THE STORE OF THE

DON,

461 TO 467 BROADWAY.

GENTLEMEN'S VERY FINE WINTER OVERCOATS CAN BE BOUGHT AT EXACTLY 40 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

GENTLEMEN'S FALL AND WINTER SUITS IN ALL THE LEADING STYLES CAN BE BOUGHT AT 40 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

GENTLEMEN'S TROUSERS IN WINTER WEIGHT, ALL THE NEW STYLES, 40 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WILL BE SOLD AT 40 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

THE DON CLOTHING CO.,

461 TO 467 BROADWAY, CORNER GRAND ST.

M. ROSENHEIM DESIRES TO STATE THAT OWING TO THE LIMITED SPACE OF TIME ALLOWED HIM TO SELL THE STOCK OF THE DON CLOTHING COMPANY, AND AS THE LEASE OF THE STORE ON THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND GRAND ST WILL EXPIRE IN A FEW DAYS, HE HAS DECIDED TO DISPOSE OF THE STOCK AT THE APPRAISED VALUE, 40 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

PERSONS DESIRING TO SELECT HEAVY WINTER OVERCOATS CAN HAVE THEM LAID ASIDE BY LEAVING A SMALL DEPOSIT.

I WILL SELL TO-DAY ABOUT 3,000 YARDS OF PIECE GOODS WHICH WERE FOUND IN THE DON CUTTING ROOMS AFTER THEIR FAILURE. I WILL SELL FROM ONE YARD TO ENTIRE LOT AT 40 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Hundreds of thousands of eyes will be turned daily towards the PULITZER BUILDING. Its dome and upper stories can be seen from almost every point in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Staten Island and from both rivers and the bay. In fact, there can hardly be found a spot for 20 miles about from which it cannot be seen.

An object constantly in the eye is constantly in the mind. If you have an office in the PULITZER BUILDING and make it known, *you* will be in mind, too. In consequence your patronage will constantly increase.

The building is open daily to inspection.

Address or apply personally forenoons, between 8 and 12, to the Superintendent, on the premises (3d floor, room 8), Park Row.

Over 25 per cent. of the offices are already taken.

All will be ready for occupancy next month.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 22. McCAULL OPERA COMPANY. Presenting Mon., Tues. & Wed. Evenings the SEVEN SUABIANS. Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings CLOVER. Sale of seats begins Thursday, Sept. 18, at Chandler's, 300 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Souvenir Programmes first night.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. This week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. PAUL KAUVAR. ED. J. BUCKLEY. and a cast of superior excellence. NEXT WEEK—MY JACK.

AMPHION. KNOWLES & MORRIS, Lessees and Managers. TO-NIGHT, LOTTA in "MUSETTE."

HOLMES'S STAR THEATRE. Every night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. McKee Rankin in "The Canuck."

HUBER & GEBHARDT'S CASINO. MINNIE SCHULT. JOHNNIE CARROLL. The Sebergs, Lizzie Howard and Ali Bros.

COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE. This week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT AMERICAN PLAY SHENANDOAH

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Reserved Seats, Orchestra, Circle and Balcony, 50c. TO-NIGHT, Wed. Mat. JEFFERSON & TAYLOR'S Sat. Mat. HANDS ACROSS THE SEA. With Original Cast and Elaborate Scenery. Spectacular Melodrama. NEXT WEEK—PAUL KAUVAR.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway near 30th st. Second last week. Mats. Wed. & Sat. MONROE & RICE in their screamingly ludicrous farce-comedy MY AUNT BRIDGET. Next Week—Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Co.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. BOWERY NEAR HOUSTON. IN THE SENSATIONAL DRAMA, AN ISLAND IN THE SEA. Great Scenic Effects! 100 People Engaged!

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, MANAGER. NEIL BURGESS THE COUNTY FAIR. 3D YEAR. EVENINGS 8.15. SAT. MAT. 2.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. EVERY NIGHT AND MAT. TUES. AND FRI. HARRY KERNELL'S BIG CO.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. MATINEE TUESDAY AND SATURDAY. DEVIL'S MINE. NEXT WEEK, SEPT. 22. CORINNE.

HAMMERSTEIN'S HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. 125th St. 7th Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. LOUIS ALDRICH, as COL. JOHN HAWKINS, THE EDITOR. And a most efficient Dramatic Company.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. Mme. ANGOT. ROOF GARDEN CONCERT NIGHTLY. Admission 50 cts., including both entertainments.

LYCEUM THEATRE. At 8.15. Mat. Sat. E. H. SOTHERN: THE MAISTER OF WOODBARROW.

14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT. 134 and 136 East 14th st. ORCHESTRION plays every aft. and evening.

8TH STREET THEATRE. MISS ADA REHAN IN EAST LYNNE.

AMUSEMENTS.

14TH ST. THEATRE, NEAR 6TH AVE. Every night. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday. Reserved Seats, Orch. Circle and Balcony, 50c. WILSON BARRETT & HALL CAINE'S new drama GOOD OLD TIMES. The curtain fell on a success.—WORLD. Splendid acting. Magnificent stage pictures. All the elaborate scenery made after models of that used at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON.

NIBLO'S. 328 BROADWAY NEAR PRINCE ST. SENSATIONAL SUCCESS. THE LILIPUTIANS. The ten smallest actors in the world in their new play THE PUPIL IN MAGIC. (DER ZAUBERLEHRLING.)

STANDARD THEATRE. First American Production of the CLEMENCEAU CASE. Alexander Dumas's Greatest play. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

PROCTOR'S. 23D ST. THEATRE. ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME. Every Evg. at 8.15. Seats ready 2 weeks in advance. Mats. Saturday and Wednesday.

STAR THEATRE. B'WAY & 13TH ST. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. WM. H. CRANE IN THE SENATOR.

DALY'S THEATRE. Preliminary Season. Evenings, 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Sol Smith Russell IN A Poor Relation. Sol Smith Russell IN A Poor Relation. Sol Smith Russell IN A Poor Relation.

ACADEMY. 4TH WEEK. VAUDEVILLE. HASLAM-VOLTER AND NOVELTY PANTOMIME. Mat. Wed. MARY JANE'S PA. Mat. Sat.

H. C. MINER'S 5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST WEEK and an Established Success. CORA TANNER IN ONE MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. ERROR.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. 100TH TO 110TH PERFORMANCE. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD IN BEAU BRUMMEL. EVENINGS AT 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE.

HUBER'S PALACE MUSEUM. 14TH ST., BET. 3D & 4TH AVES., NEAR 4TH. MIDGETS OF CONGRESS.

BROADWAY THEATRE. COR. 41ST ST. THE MERRY MONARCH. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY. ONLY SATURDAY MATS.

PALMER'S THEATRE. 7TH WEEK. THE Red Hussar. MISS TEMPEST. Herald—She is a revelation. World—She is captivating. Evenings, 8. Sat. Mat., 2.

Koster & Bial's. MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY. CARMENCITA. Reappearance of the Alexandroff Brothers.

NEW B'WAY PARK THEATRE. 45th st. Good seats for 50c. IMMENSE HIT OF EVANS & HOEY IN A PARLOR MATCH.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE. Saturday evening next, Sept. 20. ANTON SEIDL AND HIS UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA. Limited Season of Promenade Concerts. ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

CHILDREN'S MAT'S. WED., SAT., at the EDEN MUSEE.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

A. A DOLLAR WEEKLY! Handsome gold watch, Waltham or Elgin stem winder, $28; diamonds same terms; gold rings, 50c. weekly. Cheng & Co., 2201 Broadway.

A. 50 SUITS, overcoats and pants made to order, half price. Cameron, 202 Flatbush ave., Bklyn.

A. Finest stock of ready-made clothing on earth, half price. Cameron, 202 Flatbush ave., Bklyn.

A. HALF-PRICE, 1000 second-hand overcoats, heavy horse, and mottons, satin and silk lined. Cameron, 200 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn.

THREE Safety Bicycles for sale cheap; cash or instalments. 1782 Broadway.

VIOLET'S BURGLAR.

How Guy Sedley Got Possession of Redburn Hall at Last.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials; but I received the letter, and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's dressing room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the seaside, where I had spent my vacation, made for Mrs. Maltby—to whom I had been "companion" for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying: "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them."

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance towards my companion. Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned towards me, in its regularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly. The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn Hall ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had ever heard of. I could not surmise what had happened. I saw her burn the letter, and then she rose and left the room.

Afterward I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable, but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine. Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend, from town. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements—pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open, and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I, myself, was frightened—the intruder looked so bold and reckless. He was very handsome; but he seemed to me to have been travelling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long, clustering hair unbrushed, and eyes bloodshot. Yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on, Violet," she said.

I went on, pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid; but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had at first spoken, low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated; and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his face.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it, and tonight, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her. "And I promise you it shall be the last time."

"I told you, more than a year ago, that I should pay no more debts of yours contracted in gambling, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know that I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change."

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said. "I—" He met her eye and asked, "Why do you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you will remember."

A slight flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy; I suppose, if she had lived," she said, sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived? Oh, heaven, if she had lived! Winfred, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained but a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away.

She was ill the next day; but on the following day she appeared much as usual.

Of all that I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. If I had not understood it, Mrs. Maltby would have made me feel it. I understood that the two were brother and sister—that the young man was named Guy Sedley—that he was dissolute and in disgrace—that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on that second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber. It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantel was chiming twelve. After a moment, I slipped out of bed and glided towards the open door. The long, embroidered folds of my night dress nearly tripped me up, but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley kneeling before a sandalwood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper on the mantel showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach the apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable, but there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife and leapt back to the door. I was mistress of the situation; for I had come from behind him, done all as in a flash; and as he arose to his feet, I stood with a calmness that showed it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bank-notes he had been searching for into the pocket of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was petite, and I had not screamed. I know now, that he was not much afraid of me.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said; "but if you will put the money back I will let you go."

"No!" he said, firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?" I asked.

"One hundred pounds."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you; I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You?"

"I have it—yes—here in my room. Let me show you."

I flung open the door next to my writing-desk and came back to him.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll of notes. "You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the notes into his hand, looking at them in a kind of unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said, in a low voice.

We were silent for a moment.