# AWFUL FLAMES.

## Two Men Burned to a Crisp in Gambrinus Brewery Stables.

## Two Others Badly Injured and Thirteen Fine Horses Cremated.

## Brave Men Sacrificed Their Lives to Save the Horses.

### The Disaster Caused by the Explosion of a Pitch Kettle.

A holocaust, in which men and horses were the victims, occurred this morning in the burning of a big brewery stable at West Forty-first street and Eleventh avenue.

Two human beings met a horrible death, two other men were terribly burned, and out of seventy-three fine horses thirteen were cremated. The victims were:

THE KILLED.

CONRAD HOSBACH, aged forty-five years, of 519 West Forty-first street.

FRITZ TSCHEULIN, twenty-one years old, of 548 West Forty-first street.

THE INJURED.

EMILE DORNBERG, aged thirty-three years, living at 545 West Forty-sixth street.

CASPAR STAPF, aged forty-one years, living at 425 West Forty-fifth street.

The fire was in the cooperage and stables attached to Valentine Loewer's Gambrinus Brewery at 530, 532 and 534 West Forty-first street.

The brewery is owned by a company, of which Valentine Loewer is president, George Loewer is secretary, and Charles J. C. Hall is treasurer. The capital stock of the Company is $100,000. Its office is at 525 West Forty-first street.

Valentine Loewer is now on the ocean, on the passage to this port from Hamburg, Germany.

It was just 6.45 o'clock when laborers on their way to work were startled at hearing a muffled explosion, and immediately afterwards clouds of thick black smoke came pouring from the doors of the repairing shop.

Policeman Kennedy at once turned in a fire alarm, and upon the arrival of the firemen two more alarms were sounded.

The firemen arrived promptly and only by their quick work was a wide-spread conflagration prevented, as the adjoining buildings towards the North River were flimsy one-story affairs occupied as carpenter shops and small factories.

The contents of the huge pitch-box which had exploded and caused the fire made a stubborn, smoldering blaze, and created a dense, thick smoke that at first repelled the firemen's best efforts.

The first blaze had rapidly communicated to the stables adjoining and under the same roof, where a half-dozen stablemen were at work. Among them were the four who afterwards fell victims to the flames.

Seventy-three horses were stabled here, and had the fire occurred during the night all would undoubtedly have perished.

As it was, the majority had been at work since 4 o'clock, delivering beer, and not over twenty or twenty-five were then in the stables.

COULD NOT SAVE THEMSELVES.

Instantly the men, too rashly, as it afterwards appeared, commenced the work of rescuing the horses.

Conrad Hosbach, the foreman of the stables, was foremost in the work, and was ably assisted by Fritz Tscheulin, an apprentice; Emile Dornberg, a cellarman, and Caspar Stapf, a cooper.

They had succeeded in getting out all but thirteen of the horses, and Hosbach and Tscheulin started back into the burning stables for more, when bystanders attempted to dissuade them.

WOULD NOT BE WARNED.

It was in vain, however, that they were cautioned. Disregarding all warnings, the brave, but rash men again rushed into the burning structure, and disappearing in the thick clouds of smoke were lost to sight.

When next seen both men were lifeless, charred and blackened corpses, and only recognizable by bits of their clothing which had escaped the flames.

Spectators shuddered as they saw the two men enter the seething furnace again, but it would have been madness for any one to have attempted to follow them, and the crowd could do nothing but hope for their safe return.

FOUND DEAD IN THE RUINS.

When the fire was extinguished the unfortunate men's bodies were found, horribly burned and disfigured, lying near the roasted carcasses of the thirteen dead horses.

Hosbach's body lay, face down, in an empty stall, and Tscheulin's was nearly in the passageway between the stalls.

Whether the men were trampled down by the frantic horses, kicked or smothered by the smoke will never be known.

It is supposed that Hosbach was groping about for the rear doorway and was overcome by the smoke, while the presence of several dead horses about Tscheulin's body would indicate that he was knocked down and trampled upon by the struggling animals.

The bodies were not disturbed, awaiting a permit from the Coroner's Office for their removal.

TWO SAVED BY GOOD ADVICE.

Stapf and Dornberg were dissuaded from returning into the burning stables, and although they undoubtedly owe their lives to this fact, they were severely burned about the body.

Stapf was taken directly to Roosevelt Hospital in an ambulance. Dornberg was at first taken to the Thirty-seventh street police station, but his injuries were found so serious that he also was removed to the hospital.

Hosbach was about forty-five years old, married and had nine children. He lived at 519 West Forty-first street and had been in the brewing company's employ for twenty-five years.

Tscheulin was twenty-one years old, single and lived at 548 West Forty-first street with his father, who is a liquor dealer.

Stapf is thirty-three years old, married and lives at 425 West Forty-fifth street.

Dornberg is also a married man and lives in West Forty-first street.

Stapf and Dornberg's injuries are considered very serious.

The repair shop and stables consisted of a one story frame structure, and is a total wreck. The repair shop is used for repairing and patching kegs and about a dozen men were employed there.

In the shop also were several hundred kegs, some needing repairs and others completed. Most of them were burned or charred so as to be of no use whatever.

In the stables were large quantities of hay, oats, harness and blankets, all of which were totally destroyed.

The building was valued at $4,000 and was insured, but the contents and horses were uninsured, and the total loss will probably foot up to $25,000.

None of the brewery's wagons are kept at the stables.

The fire occurred just when many people were going to work, and in a short time an immense crowd collected that quickly filled Forty-first street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues.

The early arrivals at once lent willing aid to save the horses and other property, and by their efforts many kegs were removed from the repair shop to a place of safety.

Upon the arrival of the firemen, however, they desisted and were kept back with the rest of the curious throng by a squad of police reserves from the Thirty-seventh street station.

HOT WORK FOR FIREMEN.

The firemen laid lines of hose from Tenth and Eleventh avenues in Forty and Forty-first streets and attacked the flames from both front and rear. An hour's hard work sufficed to extinguish the blazing woodwork, but so rapidly did the flames spread that the structure was made a complete wreck.

The dangerous pitch box was still smouldering at 10.30 o'clock, but it was carefully watched by a detail of fire patrolmen, who took good care that the flames should not break out again.

The "pitch-box" consists of a huge kettle set in a sort of furnace, over all of which is a sheet-iron covering.

It is supposed that in some unknown manner the fire from the furnace communicated with the melted pitch in the kettle, thus producing the explosion and causing the fire.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter George Loewer, Secretary of the Brewing Company, said:

SECRETARY LOEWER TALKS.

"Of course our loss is great, but we care little for that compared with the loss of the lives of two of our employees.

"Hosbach was one of our oldest and most faithful employees and it seems almost like losing one of our own family.

"We feel deeply for his widow and family whom we notified only a little while ago of his sad death.

"Valentine Loewer, my father, who is the head of the firm, will be surprised to learn of the fire, and will, I know, deeply regret the death of poor Conrad, whom he held in great esteem.

"He is now on the ocean, having sailed from Hamburg Saturday on the Wieland.

"The fire will not interfere presentibly with our business, and we have made arrangements for keeping our horses at stables in Thirty-ninth street."

The Brewing Company will attend to the burial expenses of Hosbach. Tscheulin's father was notified of his son's sad death and will attend to his burial.

## DIFFERENT SCHOOLS.

### The Sad Tale of Two Promising and Would-Be Authors.

Amalie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions, says the Chicago *Herald*.

"I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happier."

"And I," returned Amalie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of everything that God has ever made."

So they were married, and they determined immediately to begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we shall convey our message to the world," decided Amalie.

"Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction is the handmaid of truth."

"Fiction," said Amalie, "is the torch which illumines the dark chambers of fact."

"Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical resolvent which marshaled the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

"Therefore," said Amalie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstances. He is not the creature of it, but is the creator of it."

"Ah!" cried Edward, indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstance that makes man! How could you have a Washington without your revolution?"

"There you are wrong," said Amalie, "for it would not have been possible to have a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward, sententiously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amalie with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amalie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I suppose it was Walter Scott."

They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amalie died and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.

## HE SHOULD SUCCEED.

### A Seaside Beggar Who Was Up to a Variety of Schemes.

The guest at the seashore is considered everybody's pigeon, and everybody wants some of his money. I do not include the hotel-keepers, however. Their rates are reasonable, and you got all you pay for. You have hardly taken a seat on the veranda after breakfast before you are asked for a contribution for some cause, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

One day a man came along with his arm in a sling and asked for charity on the grounds of his misfortune, adding that he was trying to raise enough to get to his home in Buffalo.

"What ails your arm?"

"Felon on my hand, sir."

"How long have you had it?"

"Three weeks."

"Let me see."

"I couldn't undo it."

"Oh, but you can. If you have a felon I'll give you $2."

"And if I haven't you'll denounce me as an imposter. Can't take no such chance, mister. Please help me along."

"Well, you have cheek, to be sure."

"That's what I want you to help me on, while I keep the felon racket for the people further down. Thanks. If I should come along next week on crutches and with one foot bound ed up, remember that I am one of the unfortunates of the Sea Girt explosion and don't give me away."

### Knowledge Is Power.

*[From the New York Weekly.]*

First Successful Business Man—I had only a common school education, but I found it sufficient. You, I believe, were a college graduate.

Second Successful Business Man—Yes; graduated with high honors, too.

First S. B. M.—Now, tell me truly. Did you ever find any practical use for what you learned at college?

Second S. B. M.—Um—yes. One night, when burglars got into my house I scared them off with a college yell.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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

# AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

## Signorita Otero, Carmencita's Rival, to Be Welcomed Sunday.

### Johnnies Learn of a Disturbance in the London Gaiety Company.

A number of people are going down the bay on Sunday to meet Signorita Otero, the Spanish dancer, who, it is announced, is going to prove a dangerous rival of Carmencita. Otero will appear at the Eden Musee next month. Those who are to meet her will be the Eden Musee people (not the wax ones) and Manager Reynolds. Mr. Renolds says that he spoke to Carmencita about Otero, as the two are supposed to be quite friendly. "She is very pretty," said Carmencita when asked about the lady. "And how does she dance?" To this the Pearl of Seville replied with a shrug, "I don't know."

Otero will dance for the benefit of her employers before she appears in public. It is rumored that one of her dances is quite too dreadfully awful, and if this is found to be the case, it will of course be omitted. Otero is quite young. The pedigree which Mr. Reynolds carefully prepared for her has already been made known. Her efforts will be passed upon by the directors of the Musee, for as Mr. Reynolds very justly says, "It is a great mistake to let an artist go from the steamer to the stage, her employers uncertain as to what she is going to do."

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Miss Lois Fuller is still playing at the Elephant and Castle, in London; but she is now devoting her energies to the title role in William Yardley's burlesque, called "Little Jack Sheppard."

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Raymond Holmes has been engaged by E. D. Price for Mrs. Carter's company. Mrs. Carter, by the bye, is working very hard. She spends her mornings at the Berkeley Lyceum, rehearsing her part under the direction of David Belasco. Her company will not rehearse with her until next month, her opening in "The Ugly Duckling" occurring in November. Arthur Dacre, who is to be leading man, sails from Europe Oct. 15 on the Majestic. By the bye, Mrs. Carter's suit against W. J. Ferguson, her strangely seceding actor, comes up in the Supreme Court tomorrow. In the Rialto people say that Ferguson hasn't a leg to stand on. He signed the contract, and then after thinking things over, decided that he didn't want the engagement.

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Miss Hattie Harvey goes to Chicago today, and returns shortly to rehearse with her company in "A Little Tramp." "After the play was produced in London at a matinee by Mrs. Langtry," said Miss Harvey yesterday, "it was not continued, because the part did not suit Mrs. Langtry. The play was liked, but an actress as dignified and stately as Mrs. Langtry was not acceptable in the part."

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It is said that Miss Letty Lind and Miss Sylvia Gray have left the London Gaiety Company. Between the lines of the announcement can be seen a hint at a disturbance. Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray are very nice, but it is difficult to forget that if they had not appeared here we should not be suffering from the present inexhaustible supply of skirt dancers.

Talking of skirt dancers suggests E. E. Rice, though that gentleman never embarrasses his Terpsichorean artists with anything that could be construed into skirts. He was on Broadway yesterday, full of glee at the reception accorded to his "World's Fair." "It is the most original thing that I have ever produced," he said, "and the Philadelphia press has been enthusiastic (Oh, goodness!) Every department—the burlesque is divided into departments—is a novelty. I shall bring it to New York in December, though where it will be produced I do not know. I have had several offers, but have not yet accepted any."

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"'Soudan' is a tremendous success. Three thousand people, vociferously demonstrative," telegraphs Alexander Comstock, from Boston. "Take my word for it." Thanks.

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Carmencita's dance will be probably attempted next week at Tony Pastor's, by a little lady called Cyrene. Manager Sanderson calls her "the great Cyrene," but perhaps he is not referring to her size. Cyrene is known as a transformation dancer, and has received a great deal of praise in the South.

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Miss Theresa Vaughn, the wife of Wm. Mestayer, is still said to be suffering slightly from the injury to her knees that she received on board the Germanic. It is possible that she will not appear this season. Miss Vaughn had an offer yesterday from Mr. Williamson, the Australian manager, to appear in Australia.

Miss Sybil Johnston is now the Iza of "The Clemenceau Case," and her appearance last night startled the audience. She dispensed with the piece of cheese cloth worn by Miss Eytinge and claimed attention in a pair of tights and a very fleshy-looking upper garment. Miss Johnston is a pretty young woman, and she did a great deal for the part.

### Brooklyn Theatres.

"Paul Kauvar" is drawing excellently at the Lee Avenue Academy, with E. J. Buckley, a conscientious and painstaking actor, in the title role.

A musical comedy adapted from the French and entitled "Fleurette," will be given its first American presentation this evening at the Amphion, with lively little Lotta as the central figure.

Expressions of approval and admiration are heard on all sides for Holmes's Star Theatre, where McKee Rankin is giving people on the west side of town an opportunity to witness his artistic performance of the French Canadian in "The Canuck."

Both Minnie Schult and Johnnie Carroll are repeating their former success at Huber & Liebhardt's Casino. Miss Schult has been most happily successful this week, with Ed E. Pincon's newest ballad, "Mother is My Sweetheart."

There will be two events of considerable importance at the Academy of Music, Monday evening next. One will be the opening of the newly decorated house with some little ceremony, and the other, the first production in Brooklyn of the McCaull Opera Company's success, "The Seven Suabians."

A very rare occurrence in Brooklyn theatricals is the continuing of an attraction a second week. This will occur at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, where "Shenandoah," which has scored the biggest kind of a hit, will be continued another week, in the place of so strong an attraction as Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

When Miss Lillian Lee appeared here with Joseph Jefferson a few seasons ago in "The Cricket on the Hearth," she won unlimited praise for her really excellent portrayal of the character of Bertha. This week at the Grand Opera-House Miss Lee is far in advance of her former efforts in her splendid treatment of the leading character in "The Bottom of the Sea."

### The Last and Best.

*[From Munsey's Weekly.]*

Brown—Have you tried every plan to make your patent article sell?

Quack—All, except that of putting a foreign label on it.

Juice for the blood, sleep for the nerves, strength for the body, by using DARRAH'S LIVER PILLS.

# SPORTS IN FIELD AND AFLOAT.

## The Coming Yale-Crescent Football Match in Brooklyn.

### A Lively Regatta Promised on the Passaic Saturday.

The Yale University football eleven will play the Crescent team, Oct. 4, at the grounds of the latter team in Brooklyn. This game ought to be close. The Yale men will have only from Sept. 27 to train and practise in and will have a raw team, as a week will not be sufficient for them to select their regular team. Their eleven will be largely made up of candidates who will not secure places on the final team. Most of the team will be raw material.

The Crescents, on the other hand, will have their regular team on the field, and it will be better than last year. Capt. Ford says the rush line will be twenty-five per cent. stronger than that of last season, while the men back of the line are in better condition this year than last. Harry Beecher, who devoted very little time last Fall to practice, will get himself into good trim for this season's campaign. Later on all the members of the team will board at the Club in order to secure all the practice possible.

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The members of the New York Bicycle Club who recently withdrew from that organization have now joined the Citizens' Bicycle Club. Their places in the roll of the New Yorks were immediately filled from the list of applicants for admission, which is always large. In spite of reports and rumors to the contrary the New York Bicycle Club is in a prosperous condition.

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The Corinthian Athletic Club will hold a members' athletic tournament this Fall, commencing next Monday. The one scoring the largest number of points secures a suitable testimonial.

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The lawn tennis devotees are agitating anew the project to erect a large building, capable of holding a great number of courts, where practice and tournaments could be continued throughout the Winter. Such a structure is greatly needed, as the armories and tennis buildings are in such demand that only a small portion of the players can find accommodation. There are enough players who would subscribe to such a scheme to guarantee its success. A meeting may be called to consider the matter seriously in the near future.

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The Newark Shooting Society will hold a tournament, Sept. 25, at their grounds for the individual championship of the Club. There will also be several open events on the programme, in which several cracks are expected to compete.

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The Passaic Boat Club regatta Saturday will be a lively affair, provided the weather is propitious. All of the members who intend to compete have put in more or less practice latterly despite the unfavorable weather, and will make a creditable showing. The chief interest will centre in the single shell and gig and eight-oared events, if the reports of the rivalry between the competitors who will enter the events are to be relied on. A full band will lend additional attraction to the day's sport.

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At present the Hudsons seem to be the favorites for their race against the Palisades on Saturday. Both crews have been out in their barges faithfully for two weeks past, and both are rowing in excellent form. Besides the rivalry which has existed between them all Summer, the very handsome banner which is to be the substantial reward of the victorious crew will inspire the men to greater exertion. The partisans of both crews will be out in force, and each of the clubs represented will charter a tug to follow the race.

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A bowling league among the Harlem oarsmen is talked of for this Winter. Many of the members of the Harlem clubs are to be found nightly at the various bowling alleys of the city and some of them are experts at the game. Such a league was proposed last year, but fell through, but the men interested hope to make the league an accomplished fact this year.

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The Standard Athletic Club will hold a boxing tournament next month. There is talk of making it an invitation affair.

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Champion cross-country runner Willie Day, who has not been overly strong this Fall is said now to be gaining strength and health rapidly. He will undoubtedly be in shape for the championship meeting at Washington next month, so his friends say.

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The ten-mile road race for the championship of the Club will be run by the Harlem Wheelmen next Election Day. The victor will receive a silver cup emblematic of his superiority. The same Club will hold a racing meet early next month.

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There will be a five-mile team race at Orange next month, in which the Atlantas, Hudson County and Orange wheelmen will participate for the championship. The date has not yet been settled.

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The ten-mile handicap road race over the Rahway course, which will take place Sept. 27, promises to be quite successful. It is open to all amateurs of Union County, and they have responded to the invitation in full force. The Elizabeth wheelmen alone will enter the majority of their fastest riders.

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The Ravenswood eight-oared barge crew may challenge the winner of the Hudson-Palisade contest, which occurs Saturday. The Ravenswood crew is considered one of the crack barge crews about New York, and has entertained a strong feeling of rivalry all Summer against the Hudsons and Palisades. The Ravenswoods are sure to challenge the winner sooner or later, the only question is whether they will do so this Fall or wait until Spring opens.

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The Manhattan Bicycle Club holds a meeting Sept. 29 to discuss the business affairs of the Club and listen to the reports of the officers.

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Jim McCue, the middle-weight boxer, of this city, who attained quite a reputation as a pugilist in his day, will be tendered a benefit next month. He is in needy circumstances. The benefit will take the form of a boxing and athletic entertainment.

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The champion senior eight of the Triton Boat Club is anxious to try conclusions with the best eight the New York Athletic Club can put on the water. The New York boys have unfortunately gone out of training for the season, and do not care about resuming hard practice until next season, although they may change their minds. They stand ready to row any crew next year.

### Refreshing Cheek.

*[From Munsey's Weekly.]*

Smiggins—Hey, Jones, you haven't returned that umbrella. I loaned it to you a week ago!

Jones—I know; but it's been raining ever since.

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

# MAYOR GRANT A BONIFACE?

## It Is Reported That He Will Build a Big Hotel in the Adirondacks.

### 10,000 Acres for a Hunting and Fishing Preserve Said to Have Been Secured.

Mayor Grant is going to become a boniface.

At least that is what report says, and Gotham's handsome young Chief Executive does not deny it.

The story of the new hotel enterprise comes all the way down from the North Woods, and although those who are said to be interested in it seem to be doing their best to keep the project shrouded in the deepest mystery, some of the details of the scheme have leaked out.

According to the report which has reached New York, Mayor Grant, Nathan Strauss, of the firm of L. H. Macy & Co., and Max Nathan, of the firm of Nathan & Co., of 94 Liberty street, are the representatives of a syndicate which has recently purchased 10,000 acres of forest land in the vicinity of Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

This region has long been famed as the happy hunting and fishing grounds of the North Woods sportsmen, and the slice of territory which the syndicate has secured is said to be the choicest bit of land in that neighborhood.

It abounds in trout streams and small ponds, is the browsing ground for hundreds of deer, and altogether is one of the most charming localities in the State for wild and picturesque scenery.

The project is to make of this 10,000 acres one of the finest trout and deer preserves in the Adirondacks, and to erect there one of the biggest of Summer hotels, something, in fact, that will surpass Paul Smith's, the Ampersand, or any of the other great caravanseries in that part of the country.

The property acquired is said to include a part of the land bordering upon Upper Saranac Lake, so that salmon fishing will be among the amusements to be afforded to the fortunate guests of the Mayor's big hotel.

All the brooks and ponds will be kept stocked with trout, and there will be no end of fishing for those who are ambitious to be numbered among the disciples of the immortal Izaak Walton.

Mr. Nathan, who is a North Woods enthusiast, is still up in that region, where he spends his vacation every Summer. His partner, Mr. Mack, as soon as he found out what the reporter of THE EVENING WORLD was after became as mum as an oyster, and replied that he knew nothing whatever about Mr. Nathan's private affairs, and as far as building a hotel was concerned the firm was not in that business.

Mr. Strauss could not be found, and his partners professed just as great ignorance of the hotel scheme as those of Mr. Nathan. When Mayor Grant came down to his office this forenoon THE EVENING WORLD reporter tackled him upon the subject. The Mayor winkled his forehead into a frown and looked at his questioner with evident annoyance.

"That is a matter upon which I have nothing to say," he replied, curtly.

"But won't you say whether the story is true or not?"

"I have nothing whatever to say," with a strong emphasis on the "whatever," answered the Mayor, and the subject was not pursued further.

There have been rumors for some time past that a syndicate of New York capitalists was hustling around after land in that part of the Adirondacks, and another big hotel more or less in that region where big hotels have been springing up so rapidly during the past five or six years would ordinarily excite little comment.

Since it has been intimated, however, that Mayor Grant is interested in the project, which is is proposed to carry out in a grander scale than anything previously attempted in that part of the country, everybody who goes to the Adirondacks is on tiptoe with excitement and curiosity.

"PAULINE,"

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

### Coming Events.

The Xavier Outing Club will inaugurate its Fall season Sunday, Sept. 28, by an outing to Stimmel's Hotel, Whitestone, Long Island.

The Henry H. Hedenkamp Association, of the Sixth Assembly District, will give a complimentary excursion to Harter's Atlas Pavilion, Rockaway Beach, Sunday.

### Following the Directions.

*[From Munsey's Weekly.]*

Nimrod Jones—Tom said that the dog would point straight at the game. Look at his tail! There must be some birds up on the hill yonder.

### At a Cheap Restaurant.

*[From Munsey's Weekly.]*

Chef—Jean, what is the matter with that leg of lamb?

Scullion—Spoiled, sir! I was about to throw it away.

Chef—Ventre bleu! You will never learn the first points of our beautiful profession. Let him spoil one, two more days and then serve him as a ragout of prairie chicken.

### The Narrow Path.

*[From Street & Smith's Good News.]*

Growing Son—Pa, may I go to the races and bet on the speed of the horses?

Respectable Pa—No, my son, but you may go to the Exchange and bet on the price of oats.

### Mother's Eye.

*[From the New York Weekly.]*

Anxious Mother—My son, I saw that young lady you admire playing tennis to-day. She will not make you a good wife.

Adult son—Tut-tut! Why?

Anxious Mother—I noticed that when she made a miss she did not blame her own racket. Worthless; she got mad at the racket or the ball.

The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.

Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business attendance of a month or an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and the professions, if ardently pursued, are no less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue, and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews wearied mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Sleeplessness, increasing at the end of a month's work, is also effectually conquered by the use of this celebrated tonic, the potential mind cure cures and pain cures and gain, therefore, increasing vigor of body and mind. Dyspepsia and nervous weakness and kidney complaints, Fever and ague, constipation and biliousness, are also commanded as a medicated stimulant and remedy.

# GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

## Photographs of Daily Life from All Over the Country.

### A Centenarian Who Wanted to Marry for a Watch.

### Uncle 'Thuselah Wanted a White Shirt for a "Ticklar Puppus."

"Mist' John, I did ne come ter see ef yer cayn't give de old nigger a ole w'ite shut yer done got fru wearin'," said Uncle 'Thuselah, a well-known old negro of this vicinity, a day or two ago to a Brazoria (Tex.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, who told him that he thought he might find him a shirt.

"Thankee, sah. I knowed you was the cuss ter come ter. I tells yer, I want that shut for a mighty 'ticklar puppus." Here the old darky fell to chuckling, till it seemed that his life was in jeopardy.

"What occasion?" was asked him, when he felt his head all over, after the fashion of negroes when embarrassed, but all the while grinning broadly and looking about him with a sheepish delight.

"Well, sah," he said at last, "I declar hit do mos' kill dis ole nigger ter think 'bout hit, but sho you live, honey, I'se 'Thuselah gwine get married ter-morrow."

"Get married! Why, you old idiot, you must be eighty at least."

"Humph!" returned the old man, not in the least offended, "I'se 'Thuselah oldern dat."

"Well, how old are you?" he was asked.

"I don't know 'zactly, Mist' John, but I was born de night dat Marster George Washington was jected to be boss. My mammy told me dat many a time, an' she 'membered hit, 'cause she wanted ter name me after him, but my daddy put he foot down dat he'd jarrup her ter death ef she didn't give me his name, 'Thuselah."

"Then, according to that, you are one hundred and one years old, and a great deal too old to think about marrying. Were you never married before?"

"G'long, child, I'se bin married too ofen ter talk 'bout. Less see, now. There was a yaller gal in Virginny named Betsy; then there was Mandy, and Phebe and Becky, and 'nother named Betsy, a black 'oman wif er game eye. I don' 'zactly reckomember offhand who were nex', but seems lak 'twas Sukey, but hit moughter been dane, and after her come Lizzie, and then Aun' Patsy."

"What became of them all?"

"Law, I dun' know, sah," with a lapse back into his respectful manner. "I'se had ter work too hard ter run roun' lookin' atter a pack o' good fer nothin' winmen."

"Well, who is to be the fortunate and tenth Mrs. 'Thuselah?" was propounded to him, but had to be altered to "Who is it this time?"

"Aun' Ca'line ef she git done her f'nin in time, and Aun' Rachel ef she don'."

"What on earth do you want to get married again for? You are much better off as you are."

"I don' know 'bout dat, sah! Aun' Ca'line make a heap o' money washin', and I'se tired hustlin 'round fer somepin to eat, and Aun' Rachel she got $20 put away in the bank, an' Mist Jim Blakely give her a mighty nice sitbber watch 'fore he died for wash' him, an' I'd lak mighty well ter git ter wear dat watch.

"I reckin' I'll go see Aun' Ca'line an' tell her take her time 'bout dat f'nin, as I done made up my min' I'll take Aun' Rachel an' dat watch, fer hit make me feel mighty good ter think 'bout hit."

## DIDN'T KNOW WHICH.

### Serious Problem That Puzzled a Chicago Policeman's Brain.

While the Odd-Fellows were in Chicago, says the *Arkansaw Traveler*, a man stepped up to a policeman and said:

"Well, sir, this town has changed greatly."

"Yes, changing all the time," the policeman answered.

"Indeed it is, and to tell you the truth I wouldn't have known it, so great has been the change.

"How long has it been since you were here?" the officer asked.

"I never was here before."

When the man had walked away the policeman looked after him for a moment and then said:

"I am either losing my mind or that fellow is a fool, I don't know which."

## SCHOOL NO. 60 CLOSED UP.

### A Case of Diphtheria Emphasizes the "World's" Exposure.

The exposure in THE EVENING WORLD of the bad sanitary condition and dangerous surroundings of Primary School No. 60, at Courtlandt avenue and One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, has resulted in the temporary closing of that school.

This action by the School Board was hastened by the illness of the eleven-year-old son of Janitor Peacock, who has been taken down with diphtheria.

The school was opened by order of the Trustees before the repairs had been completed. It is thought that ten days or two weeks will be necessary to bring the building and yards into a condition safe for the children to be called again to school.

Residents of Mott Haven have been considerably alarmed at the case of diphtheria in Janitor Peacock's family, but physicians say there is no cause to fear its spread.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES AND SORES, HEALTH FOOD CO.'S GLUTEN SOAP cures them. 61 Jackson.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER USED CARTER'S TEA YOU HAVE NO RIGHT to call for the best cup drug store and get a substitute. They will sure please you. Don't forget this.

"Lion Brand" Collars & Cuffs; New New Styles. "Ain Ice Brand" Shirts; Fast Colors. Mail orders filled. "Lion Brand" Collars & Cuffs, Tie Clasp. Men's Collars for Ladies' Wear. "Standard Brand."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 22. THE CASTLE PARK COMPANY. Presenting Mr. Max A. Weil, Evenings the SEVEN SUABIANS. Thursday, Friday Evenings CLOVER. Sale of seats begins Thursday, Sept. 18, at Chandler, 850 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Season Programme Not night.

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

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

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

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT AMERICAN PLAY SHENANDOAH

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY. 4TH WEEK. HANLON-POLTER MAGICIANS-PANTOMIME AND NOVELTY COMPANY. Mat. Wed. Sat.

LYCEUM THEATRE. Begins at 8.30. A. M. SOTHERN. THE MASTER OF WOODBARROW.

14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT, 124 and 126 East 14th st. ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.

AMERIKA THEATRE. Irving place. To-night, first time Bolder Sagebrush, Friday, A Radio Chameleon. Sat., Paula Lorne. Three Pair Shoes.

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

# MISS HAYES WAS ALMOST FRANTIC.

## SHE SUFFERED DREADFULLY WITH HEADACHES CAUSED BY CATARRH.

*Violent Pains in Her Head, Languid Feeling, Nose Stopped Up and Her Throat Full of Mucus, Were Among the Symptoms Which Drs. Blair and Copeland Have Removed.*

Miss Annie Hayes resides at 21 Charles st., in this city. She is just 19 years of age and is as pretty as she is interesting, as the accompanying cut and the conversation had with her will show. During a recent interview with the writer, Miss Hayes said:

MISS ANNIE HAYES, 21 CHARLES ST., CITY.

"I have been troubled for the past two years with headaches—violent, dreadful headaches, that made me almost frantic. The pain would come just over my eyes, across my forehead and at the base of my skull. My head felt just as though it would burst. My nose was stopped up so tight that I could not draw my breath through it. In the morning when I would arise I would feel languid and dispirited. There was a bad taste in my mouth and a collection of sticky slime about my teeth. Mucus dropped into my throat from the back part of my nose. This kept me hawking and spitting in order to clear my throat of the mucus which would run down into it and choke me.

"I could get no relief from my suffering in spite of the remedies I used for that purpose until I chanced to read the statement of a person who had been treated by Drs. Blair and Copeland for a disease, the symptoms of which tallied exactly with those from which I was suffering. So I was treated by Drs. Blair and Copeland, and now I am able to give as favorable a report of my case as the person of whom I read. Yes, Drs. Blair and Copeland cured me, too. I do not have those headaches now, and I feel as well as I ever did in my life.

Drs. Blair and Copeland furnish all medicine free of charge, and their charges for treatment are extremely low.

DOCTORS

BLAIR & COPELAND,

NEW YORK OFFICES:

92 5TH AVE., NEAR 14TH ST.;

147 WEST 42D ST., NEAR BROADWAY;

BROOKLYN OFFICE:

149 PIERREPONT ST.,

where they treat with success all curable cases. Specialties—Catarrh and all diseases of the Ear, Throat and Lungs, Chronic Diseases. Address all mail to 92 5th ave., New York City. If you live far away write for Symptom Sheet. Office Hours—9 to 11.30 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 11.30 A. M. and 1 to 4 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

H. C. MINER'S 5TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST WEEK and an Established Success. CORA TANNER in ONE ERROR. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. MONDAY, SEPT. 22. First American production, GOGGLES. 350 nights London, 300 nights Paris. Tickets on sale at the box office Thursday.

NIBLO'S. 528 BROADWAY NEAR PRINCE ST. SENSATIONAL SUCCESS. THE LILIPUTIANS. The ten smallest actors in the world in their new play, THE PUPIL IN MAGIC. (DER ZAUBERLEHRING.)

HAMMERSTEIN'S HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. 125th St. and 7th Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. LOUIS ALDRICH and COL. JOHN HAWKINS. THE EDITOR. And a most efficient Dramatic Company. Next Week—McKee Rankin in The Canuck.

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

STANDARD THEATRE. First American Production of the CLEMENCEAU CASE. Alexandre Dumas' celebrated play. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway near 30th St. Second and Last Week. Mats. Wed. & Sat. MONROE & RICE in their screamingly ludicrous farce-comedy MY AUNT BRIDCET. Next Week—Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Co.

14TH ST. THEATRE. NEAR 6TH AVE. Every night. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday. Reserved Orch. Circle and Balcony, 50c. WILSON GARRETT & HALL CAINE'S new drama GOOD OLD TIMES. A great success. Magnificent stage pictures.

GARDEN THEATRE. DOCTOR BILL. 27th st. and 6th 