AGATHA'S SACRIFICE.

Agatha, hovering over the conservatory treasures, flitting from shrub to shrub, from flower to flower, uttered a cry of delight, and darted through the gap left in a hedge of cactus by the removal of a box. This was forbidden ground, but Agatha never stopped to think of that.

Before her, fenced in by a screen of fine wire, was a vining plant, which, left unprotected, had twined and intertwined its tendrils until it stood an impenetrable mass of foliage, covered now with budding clusters, a few of which towards the top had burst into early bloom. Glowing, cup-like blossoms grouped on slender, waving stems, and seeming to spill down streams of fragrance from their rosy hearts. Agatha held her breath and clasped her hands in silent ecstasy.

Philip Armstrong, coming slowly down the bordered path, caught a sight of her through the break in the cactus hedge, and cried out in quick horror. He sprang forward, his face blanched deadly white, as here was now. He caught her up, and bore her out where the marble basin of a fountain caught the falling spray, and trickled over in tiny ice-cold streams.

She was lying in his arms, still and senseless. He dashed the water in her face, and set about chafing her hands in a manner which would have appeared cruelly rough but for the intense anxiety his face betrayed. He gave a sigh of relief when she opened her eyes languidly, and then, after a moment, sat up, brushing the moisture from her dress.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Did I faint? I never was so silly before."

"For heaven's sake, never let yourself be caught so again."

The danger past, his usual brusque eccentricity returned.

"Do you know what you were doing?"

"No—what?"

"Taking an express ticket to immortality, by the shortest and easiest route."

"What do you mean? Where was I? Oh, I remember now—the beautiful blossoms. It is a shame to keep them there entirely from view. I'm sure it must be your work. Mrs. Redbrooke is not so selfish."

"Not so foolish. The plant, Agatha, is the deadliest poison. A drop of the secretion from its succulent leaves, or the direct inhalation of its perfume, will since produce almost instant death. You owe your safety to your distance from the open blossoms."

She shuddered visibly.

"And it is so lovely! Is there nothing beautiful that does not carry fatality with it, I wonder?"

She regretted her thoughtless speech when she saw the shade settle down upon his face.

"There is no such thing as perfection, you know; so that which seems to approach it nearest must conceal the greatest defect, to vindicate the rule. It was careless of my sister Alice not to warn you from that corner."

"Oh, Mrs. Redbrooke did, but I forgot when I saw the blossoms. I shall not make excuses, though, for I mean to explore it any way. An interdiction without the reason given is apt to arouse my natural Eve!"

That was the beginning of their friendship. Before, Philip Armstrong had held himself aloof from all women companionship—as gradually becoming enveloped in a cruel misanthropy and prejudice, which might tarnish, but could not corrode, the happy natural faculties he possessed. Beguiled from his brusque eccentricity of manner and solitary habits, he proved an agreeable, if not a desirable companion. He was never a story of any love and betrayal latent, and he guessed one woman had played him false he decided that there were none true.

Agatha, strong in her belief of human goodness, imposed upon herself the task of storming his citadel. An easy lesson to acknowledge when imparted by such a teacher; but Philip was not prepared to yield up his stronghold of years without a show of resistance.

During his years of seclusion, Philip had built a love of chemistry, and fitted up a little room with necessary apparatus for experimental researches. Passing this that same afternoon, Agatha saw him, with a half-mask drawn over his face, buried over his phials; and she paused by the door, which was slightly ajar.

"May I come in?" she asked.

He turned, motioning her back.

"No, not now. I am endeavoring to discover an antidote for poison-bloom, and am dealing with chemicals scarcely less deadly. If I risk the lives of others by keeping such a dangerous pet, it is but fair that I should jeopardize my own to insure their security."

"Is not your life as precious?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Stunted and barren, how can it be? However, I have let you to over-estimate the danger. Only inexperienced hands would create it here."

"Meaning the lion in his den?" cried Mrs. Redbrooke, coming down the passage. "Agatha, I wonder at your temerity. is he very formidable?"

Laughing, she looked over Agatha's shoulder into her brother's laboratory.

"Go away, both of you," cried Philip. "I shall be tempted to provoke an explosion, if the labors of science are to be thus interrupted. Alice, take charge of that young lady. If you don't want the house demolished about your ears."

"Come, then, my dear. Mr. Mallard is in the parlor; he will appreciate you."

"Oh, dear!" signed Agatha, moving away. "Our beardless boy!"

Philip, hearing her, stroked his own luxuriant bizarre growth with proud fondness, and, smiling, resumed his task. He went down, hours after, wearied and disappointed.

"The antidote," asked Agatha; "did you discover it?"

"No; but I am sanguine still. Simple failure does not necessarily imply defeat."

Still the object of his search eluded him; but repeated failures only served to increase his resolution. Early and late, Agatha knew him to be in his laboratory, working with scarcely diminished zeal. Then, one day came when the little room did not witness his presence; neither did he appear with the family circle. Agatha wandered restlessly around until Mrs. Redbrooke came, and changed her vague uneasiness into a settled, dull pain, which settled heavily down upon her.

"Oh, Agatha! my sweet friend," the lady began, "it is coming out like a romance—plots, misunderstandings and the usual happy finale. I told you of Phil's early disappointment, you remember. We all thought Flora Macy treated him very badly; but it appears that the poor girl was imposed upon by some ridiculous stories to his disrepute, and was persuaded by false representations into her marriage with her cousin. It was her father's doing, to keep the Macy estate unbroken. But she is a widow now, and has written to Phil, explaining it all. Poor girl! to think of our blaming her so, when she has really suffered most."

"He has gone to her?" Agatha asked, constrainedly.

"No. He is quite overcome by the news, and has locked himself in his bed-chamber. But I have planned a surprise for him. I am going for Flora without his knowledge. You shall accompany me if you wish, my dear."

Agatha pleaded an excuse and went away; while Mrs. Redbrooke, never knowing the mischief she had unconsciously wrought, proceeded on her well intended mission.

Philip, coming down in the dusk, paused at the door of the yet unlighted parlor.

"Agatha, are you there? I have found my antidote at last."

A figure that was not Agatha's floated out of the dimmer shadows of the room, his hand was imprisoned in the clinging clasp of soft, white fingers, his pulses implored by a voice broken with fearful sobbing.

"Oh, Phil, Phil! Can you forgive and forget? I have suffered so for my hasty judgment of you! If you knew all, you would scarcely be ill-well—I have expiated my mistake and my wrong-doing in such bitter remorse."

"Flora, is it you? Don't reproach yourself for what is irrevocably past. I forgave you when I thought you were more in fault than I now know you to have been."

That was all; and Flora Macy felt the cold of disappointment—knew that the old relation between them could never be re-established.

But Agatha, on the stairs, seeing the figures dimly outlined there together in the waning light, broke out with a dry sob, and fled away from the sight which was torture to her.

He caught the sound of her speeding steps and followed after her, fearing he knew not what. But he lost her on the way, and, seeking vainly for a time, turned at length towards the conservatory. The last ray of the fading western light fell upon the wide central aisle. Coming towards him, her face aglow with glorious tenderness, her arms filled with clusters of the beautiful deadly flowers, was Agatha. She saw him standing there, struck motionless with horror, and spoke quietly, but with oracle-like intensity.

"Ah, my love! It is fitting you should know my sacrifice. I could not live and see another woman blessed by your dear love, when I coveted. But I can die—oh, so slowly!—wishing you all happiness with her! See!"

She turned her face among the fragrant blossoms. That broke the spell which held him. He tore them away from her, flung them back into a far corner, and rushed away to his laboratory. The antidote was there to his hand; and, despite her action, Agatha was saved. She did not know it, though, or realize the assurance of perfect happiness to which she awoke at last, until she had passed days of torpor succeeded by weeks of fever, after which came complete convalescence.

When she could move about again, at her request, Philip took her to the spot where the dangerous plant had been. It was gone, and sweet scented mignonette grew there instead.

"I could not trust it, even with my antidote," he declared. "But here you have all the fragrance without the bane."

Agatha was contented, though she knew it would never have tempted her again.

FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Waiters' Union No. 2 has re-elected its officers. At the last meeting two new members were added to the roll.

Seven labor organizations complain of Alderman Flynn, when they accuse of having sold them poisoned, under the pretense that it was union beer, at his twenty-third Ward Park.

The Hebrew Painters' Union, which was organized recently, has over 150 members. At the last meeting twenty-eight new members were enrolled. This evening a mass meeting will be held at 23 Suffolk street.

The men who took the places of the striking furnishers at Paul Bros.' shop, 109 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, went on strike yesterday for the purpose of gaining an advance of fifty cents per 1,000.

Vocentric Association of Engineers has appointed a special committee to organize their trade. The engineers working at piano factories will probably be ordered on strike to assist the striking piano varnishers.

Bakers' Union No. 34 has notified Rose Rehn to discharge his "second hands" who refuse to take a union card. Otto Gorman was expelled for becoming a "scab," and he will be placed upon the International black-list. The initiation fee was raised to $3 from Jan. 1, 1891.

The Passaic Trades Assembly has sent a communication to the municipal authorities of Paterson, N. J., to find out by what authority and why policemen have been stationed at Weidmann's Dye Works, where the silk dyers are on strike.

The cigar-makers of Foster & Hilson, First avenue and Thirty-ninth street, who struck for an advance of 25 cents in $2 per thousand two weeks ago, went back to work again this morning, as the firm granted the demand yesterday. The shop is now a strict union shop.

General Secretary John B. Leonon, of the Journeymen Tailor's Union of America asks all tailors to stay away from Paterson, N. Y., and New Brunswick, N. J., where the organized members of their craft are on strike at the shops of W. H. Fisher, Vliet & Dahmer and J. Wollman & Sons, for refusing to accept the schedule of the Union.

Messrs. Fritsch, Universel, Ingraham and Gaell have accepted the nomination for Recording Secretary of the Journeyman Tailors' Protective and Benevolent Union. For members at large, Monday night the reunion of old friends that took place in the select little parlor was most touching.

Besides Charley and John there were present Jack Bernett and Duncan B. Harrison. All four grasped each other's manly fists and swore eternal friendship, binding their oath with libations of choice beverage.

Now the hearts of Johnston and Sullivan again beat as one.

* * *

Hite Peckham is very anxious, so he says, to meet Paddy Gorman in the ring. He says he will meet him before any responsible athletic club in the country. If Gorman will not accept he desires a meeting with Pete McCoy or Johnny Reagan.

* * *

Paddy Gorman, by the way, is to have a benefit Nov. 10 at Clarendon Hall, in which the following talent will participate:

Ed Connors and Mike Brennan, Jack Piles and Frank Bosworth, Frank Connelly and Paddy Farley, Jack Mullen and Geo. Reynolds, Tom Allen and Billy Dacey, Mike Gormac and Denny Costigan, Prof. Tommy Clark and Jack Roy, Billy Murray and Frank Boyd.

Besides these skillful boxers who will appear, Martin Dempsey, Jack Dempsey's brother, will wrestle with Young Donohue. The wind-up will be between Gorman and Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn.

Well Named.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Dealer—Here is a new cologne of my own make. I call it the "Dollar Perfume" because it is composed of a hundred scents.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEN the head feels dull and heavy, skin appears sallow and greasy, stomach refuses food, take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Dr. PENDLEBURY'S Wonderful Pectoral COUGH CURE. Grippe, &c. Druggists. 25c. & 50c.

"ANCHOR BRAND" COLLARS. "Coupon." Fall styles. "Stanley."

"Standard Brand" Collars for Ladies. "Bernhardt." "Pettit." "Nelson."

FRUIT STAINS, HEALTH FOOD CO.'S GLUTEN SOAP removes them. 61 5th avenue.

SPORTING CIRCLE GOSSIP.

George Godfrey Sends a Messenger for Smith's Dimensions.

The Making-Up of John L. Sullivan and Charley Johnston.

Yesterday a gentleman hailing from the classic shades of Thompson street called at the *Illustrated News* office, announced himself as Godfrey's representative and after profuse and courteous greeting he stated his mission to be that of ascertaining the dimensions of Pugilist Smith.

George Godfrey, the colored heavyweight, who is to meet Ed. Smith, of Colorado, in a glove contest next week at the Puritan Athletic Club, has never seen Smith, and the reports of the latter's prowess have occasioned the darkey considerable anxiety.

Editor Lumley told him that Smith's length over all was exactly 5 feet 11¼ inches; that his tonnage in training was 190 pounds; that he could not only hit like a pile-driver, but was as agile as a cat. In fact, he was a cyclonic fighter of the most pronounced type.

* * *

Sporting men are discussing a little love feast that took place Monday evening at Charley Johnston's Brooklyn resort. The scene was laid in the back parlor, and so was the feast.

Ever since Johnston undertook to give John D. Sullivan a benefit, last spring, at the Fifth Avenue Casino, the relations between the champion and his admirer have been slightly strained.

It will be remembered, particularly by those who bought tickets, that Sullivan failed to appear, and that Johnston mounted the steps of the Casino at 10 o'clock and announced as there was no champion there would be no show.

Since that memorable evening Charley and Sully have never inquired solicitously concerning the state of each other's health. But Monday night the reunion of old friends that took place in the select little parlor was most touching.

Besides Charley and John there were present Jack Bernett and Duncan B. Harrison. All four grasped each other's manly fists and swore eternal friendship, binding their oath with libations of choice beverage.

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DROPS FROM HUMOR'S FONT.

Little Bits of Chaff Gleaned Here and There.

Not the American Youth.

[From Puck.]

Mamma—Johnny, you should try to win prizes in school, like Tommy Brown. He has a dozen already.

Johnny—O shucks! His are all good "conduct" prizes, an' who wants that kind?

Bound to Dine.

[From Judge.]

"I thought I'd just drop in, dear boy, knowing that you were having a few friends to dinner and hearing that there were just thirteen. You know your wife is so superstitious about that number."

"Quite a mistake, my dear fellow; we are just twelve."

"Well, I'll stay anyway, if only to laugh your wife out of her whim."

Here's a Wife For Somebody.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

There is a young woman in New Brunswick who eats nothing but paper. Rural editors with a large supply on hand could afford to marry a woman of that sort.

An Insinuation.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Miss Frostique—I never try to break men's hearts.

Miss Caustique—No. You are old enough to know better, I presume.

A Safe Inference.

[From Puck.]

Friend of the Family—Somebody told me that your son George was now a prominent figure in politics out in Indiana. I hope he is sound on all the great moral issues of the day.

Paterfamilias—I think so. He has just been defeated for Congress.

He Objected.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mrs. Bowers—Shall we have a celebration on our tin wedding, my dear?

Mr. Bowers—Oh, goodness, no—just think of the lot of tin horns that the people might bring for the use of the youngster—a thousand times no.

Over the Dessert.

[From Judge.]

Freddy (carefully rubbing the pretty bloom from his bunch of grapes)—Say, Mr. Youngbee, do these grapes powder?

Mr. Youngbee (dancee of Freddy's auntie)—Why, no, my boy; what made you think of that?

Freddy—'Cause this rubs off just as the pink does from auntie's cheeks.

The Home Truth of a Foreign Proverb.

The Spanish have a proverb—*demasiado es poquito* —"too much is dangerous." If "brevity is the soul of wit," this means a great deal. Excesses and other imprudences in eating and drinking are productive of one tremendous evil—the progenitor of many others—and these are among the follies to which this pithy saying has direct application. The evil to which we allude is indigestion, to the relief and cure of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has contributed more than any medicine which science has given to the American people. This invigorating stomachic and corrective is the means not only of reforming a disordered or enfeebled condition of the digestive organs, but of renewing healthy action of the bowels and the liver. Besides this, it counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and kidney complaint, eliminates and prevents malarious disease, is a potent restorative of strength which is failing, hastens convalescence and mitigates the infirmities of age.

PENSIONS.

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

MRS. MORGAN FEELS GOOD NOW.

SHE HAD CATARRH MANY YEARS AND IS GLAD TO GET RID OF IT.

Mucus Choked Up Her Throat and Nose, and She Had Violent Pains in Her Head and a Racking Cough, but These Symptoms Have All Disappeared Under the Treatment of Drs. Blair and Copeland.

"I have had this trouble a good many years, and it does seem so good to get rid of it," said Mrs. Annie Morgan to the writer. Mrs. Morgan lives at 45 New York avenue, Jersey City Heights. "Yes," she continued, "after the catarrh got a good hold on me I could not go to sleep at night, but would be tossing from side to side. As soon as I would drop off to sleep the mucus would drop into my throat and choke me. I would have to get up many times during the night to clear my throat. My appetite grew very poor. I had a bad taste in my mouth, especially in the mornings.

MRS. ANNIE MORGAN, 245 NEW YORK AVE., JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

"When I arose from bed in the morning, I felt wretched. My head ached more or less severely. Sometimes the pain was violent over the eyes, and seemed to extend through from temple to temple. My nose would stop up so that I was compelled to breathe through my mouth. I hawked and spit a great deal, raising a yellowish and at times whitish mucus. I contracted a racking cough and had sharp, shooting pains in my side and back. I had tried various means of gaining relief from my trouble, but without success.

"Finally I read of Drs. Blair and Copeland, and was treated by them. Now I do not cough. My head does not ache. The dropping of mucus into my throat has ceased. I sleep well, eat well, and I feel well and strong."

Drs. Blair and Copeland's charges for treatment are very low. No charges for medicine.

DOCTORS

BLAIR & COPELAND,

NEW YORK OFFICES

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

147 WEST 42D STREET, NEAR BROADWAY

BROOKLYN OFFICE:

149 PIERREPONT STREET,

where they treat with success all curable cases.

Specialties—Catarrh all diseases of the Eye, 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.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND THEATRE. Week of Nov. 3, Fred. Thomas's GAIETY BURLESQUE COMPANY. Mats. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Election Returns will be read from the stage.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY. Brooklyn, E. D. This week, Mats. Tuesday, Wed. and Sat. M. B. Curtis in THE SHATCHEN. The New York Star Theatre success next week, CORA TANNER in ONE ERROR.

COL. SIM'S NEW PARK THEATRE. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. CORA TANNER IN ONE ERROR.

AMPHION. KNOWLES & MORRIS, Lessees and Managers. Evenings, Mats. Tues., Wed. and Sat. Louis Aldrich in The Editor.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE. 8. 4th and Driggs. Every Evening this week and Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. DAVID BELLY, THE MILLIONAIRE. Next week—Ada Gray in East Lynne.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. RESERVED SEATS. Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday. TO-NIGHT, Wilson Barrett and Hall Caine's Great Play. GOOD OLD TIMES. Magnificently staged—Superbly acted. Next week—Thos. and Mme. Minstrels.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. 31st st. and 3d ave. Matinee Tues. and Sat. DOWLING and HASSON in NOBODY'S CLAIM. Next week—FAT MEN'S CLUB.

NEW PARK THEATRE. B'way and 35th St. Large Nights. Mat. Saturday. HENRIK HUDSON. With LOUIS HARRISON and ANNIE ROYD. Monday, Nov. 10, "THE INSPECTOR," a story of Police Life in New York. Seats now on sale.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Cor. 41st St. LAST 3 NIGHTS. Evenings at 8. Sat. Mat. of Planquette's opera PAUL JONES. MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON. AT 8.15.

Academy. MATINEE SATURDAY. DENMAN THOMPSON AND ORIGINAL CO. The Old Homestead.

Niblo's. MATS. WED. & SATURDAY. Evgs at 8 o'clock. DRAMATIZED BALLET SPECTACLE. NERO. GREAT CAST—THE LIONS.

PALMER'S THEATRE. LAST WEEK. EVENINGS at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY. JEFFERSON-FLORENCE COMIC OPERA COMPANY. THE HEIR AT LAW. Next Week—Willard in THE MIDDLEMAN. Sale of seats now in progress.

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

GARDEN THEATRE. Madison ave. & 27th St. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. DOC TOBY BILL. Impossible to have too much of "Dr. Bill." "Times" Preceded every night by "Sunset."

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th ave. and 23d st. Last Three Nights. At 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. Begins 8.30. MAY WATERS' WOODBARROW.

H. C. MINER'S 5TH AVE. THEATRE. At 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in ALL FOR HER. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in ALL FOR HER. A Romantic Play by H. C. Merivale.

STANDARD THEATRE, NEXT WEEK. CLEMENCEAU CASE. SEATS NOW ON SALE.

MANTOG. HUMAN SALAMANDER, Arabs, Leopard Children, Wolves, &c. BURNUM'S PALACE MUSEUM.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14th st. TONY PASTOR'S. BESSIE BONEHILL, Maggie Cline, Cole & Hayters, and TONY PASTOR'S DOUBLE CO. MATINEE TUESDAY and FRIDAY.

OTERO NIGHTS EDEN. MAT. SAT. only. MUSEE. Admission, 50c. RESERVED SEATS, $1.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday. CARMENCITA. MARIE LLOYD. Monday Next a Travesty on the Clemenceau Case.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. THIS WEEK ONLY. GEORGE THATCHER'S MINSTRELS. TRIUMPHANT TROUBADOURS. Next week—HOYT'S "A TEXAN STEER."

PROCTOR'S THEATRE. 23D ST. MEN & WOMEN. Every evening at 8.15. CHARLES FROHMAN'S CO. MATINEES SATURDAY & WED. WINDSOR THEATRE. IMMENSE SUCCESS. ANNIE WARD TIFFANY IN THE STEPDAUGHTER.

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

AMBERG THEATRE, Irving place and 15th st. Every evening and Saturday matinee. The sweetheart, in Oberon's Carver of Ammergau.

8TH STREET THEATRE. Ten Nights in a Barroom. Matinee to-day.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBUS THEATRE, 125th st. between Lexington and 4th ave. PAULINE HALL OPERA COMPANY. Owing to the enormous success AMORITA will be continued throughout the entire week and SATURDAY MATINEE. Next Week—THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE. CLEMENCEAU CASE. Sibyl Johnstone as Iza. LAST WEEK. MAT. SATURDAY. Next Week, Marie Wainwright, "Twelfth Night."

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR. The 50th Grand National Industrial Exhibition. NOW OPEN, at the Exhibition Hall, 24 and 26 Avenues, between 42d and 43d Streets, from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M. ADMISSION, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Near 6th ave. Reserved Orchestra Circle and Balcony 50c. 5TH WEEK. THE DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS, BLUE JEANS. A Comedy Drama. By Joseph Arthur, author of "The Still Alarm."

BROADWAY THEATRE. NEXT WEEK. MRS. LESLIE CARTER, In a Comedy-Drama, THE UGLY DUCKLING.

CASINO. Broadway and 39th St. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. POOR JONATHAN. Admission, 50c. Seats on sale two weeks ahead.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, MGR. LAST WEEK. THE BURGESS "COUNTY FAIR," EVENINGS, 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HALLEN AND HART IN THEIR GREATEST SUCCESS, LATER ON, NEXT WEEK—MASK OF LIFE.

HERRMANN'S THEATRE. B'way & 30th St. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. THE MINNIE PALMER OPERA CO. in the GREAT SUCCESS, SUZETTE.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Preceded at 8.30 by OLD LOVE LETTERS. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.

EXCHANGE.

NEW AMERICAN TRICYCLE—Suitable for either lady or gent; adjustable seat (never used); will exchange for almost anything of equal value. Address M. E. G., box 275, Torrington, Conn.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT—Genuine mount not; handsome Gold Watch, Diamond set weekly. Diamonds, same terms. Hines, Jewelry, 106 weekly. Charg & Co., 233 Broadway.

An Affair of Honor.

[From Judge.]

"You are a rude, unlettered boor, sir!"

"Sir, you shall answer for this insult!"

"What weapons will you choose?"

"Anything you please, sir."

"Name the place, the day and the hour."

"To-morrow at three o'clock at the north end of the high bridge."

"I shall be there; but if any accident should detain me you may begin first."

What, Indeed?

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

He—When I was at the theatre the other night I could see notain; but ladies' hats.

She (surprised)—Well, what else does anyone go to a theatre for?

'Twas Ever Thus.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

I met a poet once, a worthy man,
Who after years had won the fame he sought;
I wished him joy. He blushed and wrung my hand
And borrowed dollars from me on the spot.

Guessed the Wrong Place.

[From Judge.]

A widow saw her poor, dear, lost husband in a dream.

"How are you, darling?" she asked with the greatest anxiety.

"Bully! I say, I'm ever so much happier than I was during the entire twenty years I passed with you."

The Widow (joyfully)—Then, oh, then, you must surely be in paradise!

"No, you poor deceived one; just the opposite."

LONDON · LIVERPOOL · THE DON AND MAX STADLER & CO.

TO CLOSE FOREVER ON NOV. 11.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We shall commence this day to sell out the balance of stock of MAX STADLER & CO., and the DON CLOTHING CO. The sale will last for Four days, and WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE FOREVER NOV. 11.

A COMPLETE INVENTORY OF THE STOCK

Equally Divided in Our Two Great Stores.

Overcoats. 9 lots of men's heavy winter Overcoats in two colors, marked from $8.00. $1.99.

15 lots of chinchilla Overcoats for men, marked from $10 to $2.85.

11 lots of cheviot Overcoats, cloth lined, marked from $12 to $3.95.

9 lots of beaver Overcoats, marked from $14 to $4.65.

Overcoats. 21 lots of very fine chinchilla Overcoats, handsomely made, marked from $15.00 to $5.85.

7 lots of Cape Overcoats, in fancy cheviots, dark colors, marked from $15.00 to $6.90.

10 lots of English Whitney Overcoats, marked from $18.00 to $7.85.

28 lots of fine blue and black beaver Overcoats, marked from $20.00 to $9.85.

Overcoats. 17 lots of very fine Kersey Overcoats, silk lined, marked from $25 to $11.75.

11 lots of very fine Montagnac Overcoats, reduced from $30 to $14.85.

6 lots of genuine English Cass. Melton Overcoats, reduced from $35 and $38 to $17.85.

About 2,000 men's very heavy Ulsters at $3.90 each.

1,200 all-wool Chinchilla Ulsters, marked from $18 to $6.40.

Boys' Clothing. 31 lots of Boys' Overcoats, sold at $3.50. $1.49.

27 lots Boys' Overcoats, very warm, with cape, reduced from $4.00 to $1.59.

19 lots Boys' heavy Overcoats, with extra long capes, reduced from $5.00 to $2.50.

112 lots of Boys' Suits, $1.49.

96 lots of Boys' Suits marked from $5.00 to $2.37.

3,000 pairs of Boys' Pants, worth from $1.00 to $1.75; your choice for 29c. pair.

BRING THIS ADVERTISEMENT WITH YOU FOR COMPARISON And report to the Managers if you do not get exactly what we advertise.

300 Men's fine black Cheviot Suits, reduced from $15.00 to $6.50.

2,000 Very fine All-Wool Suits, $7.50, $8.50 and $9.75.

1,100 Dress Suits, in fine Diagonals, at $13.75.

1,200 Pairs of Pants, $1.98.

600 Pair of very fine Cassimere Pants at $2.45.

One thousand cases of Men's Derby Hats at 99c.

Regular $3.00 Derby at $1.40.

OUR TWO STORES WILL BE OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M. EVERY NIGHT.

MEN'S OVERCOATS

TWENTY THOUSAND

MORE THAN 100 DIFFERENT STYLES IN OUR

BOYS' OVERCOATS WITH LONG CAPES, $2.50

SOLD THE WORLD OVER AT $5.00.

BROADWAY COR. GRAND ST. BOWERY. HESTER ST.

COSTELLO & WOOD ENGRAVERS 318 B'WAY