NEWS OF THE STAGE FOLK.

What Is Going on in the Mimic World.

Manager Baker Receives a Most Unique Request.

A funny story is told of Manager Frank W. Sanger's "Mr. Barnes of New York" company in St. Louis. After the second act, which illustrates a journey from Paris to Nice, by means of a French railway train moving across the stage in view of the audience, Thomas Baker, Mr. Sanger's lieutenant, met the manager of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Said this gentleman: "Mr. Baker, I have given your company a particularly good rate over my road to Kansas City. I am always ready to serve you, and now I have a little favor to ask of you in return."

Mr. Baker begged the gentleman to be explicit, stating that he was anxious to oblige him.

"Well, was the reply, "It is a mere trifle. Allow me to put Chicago and Alton Railroad on the train you use in your second act."

Mr. Baker almost had a fit. Chicago and Alton Railroad on a train conveying passengers from Paris to Nice!

"When you take your train through France I'll do it," smilingly promised Mr. Baker.

* * *

Mr. Gerry has notified Manager H. C. Miner, who is out with an announcement that he is going to give a series of juvenile matinees, that no children under six years of age must appear on the Fifth Avenue Theatre's stage.

* * *

"Charlie" Reed, who calls himself with commendable candor "the plain comedian," leaves "The City Directory" company tonight to play the leading part in "Miss McGinty." The role Mr. Reed is to assume has been tried by three other comedians, who were unable to do anything with it. In despair Manager Russell sent for Charlie Reed. The "Miss McGinty" company will go to San Francisco, and Mr. Reed will be accompanied by his wife, a San Francisco-ite.

* * *

Awfully swell "Cleopatra" posters were yesterday put up at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in white and gold. They look as though they had come to stay—and they have, for five weeks.

* * *

"Green Lights" is the name of a melodrama that is to be produced this season. It is said to be in the style of "The Inspector," the term "Green Lights" referring to the station-house lamps.

* * *

Talking of Mary Anderson, an actress who was in her company in London told rather an amusing story yesterday. When Miss Anderson first appeared in England she was gracious—to itself. She spoke to everybody, and "good mornings" the "supers" in a charming way. Soon, however, Miss Anderson forgot to recognize the "supers," and those extremely exacting people grew indignant. "Supers" can make themselves very unpleasant if they care to do so, and in this case they did care.

One day Miss Anderson appeared without her good morning, and conducted the rehearsal. When it was over the "supers" arranged themselves in a line, and as the star was leaving the stage, they bowed in low reverence before her, and a chorus of voices saluted her gravely. Next day Miss Anderson said "good morning."

* * *

Rosita, the Spanish dancer who declined to appear in Herrmann's Theatre, Monday night, and who claims that her services are not enough to nourish even Terpsichore's devotees, will appear at Herrmann's Theatre Monday night and do her little specialty.

* * *

"Teddy" Marks will have several new features in his International Vaudevilles when he takes them to Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House Monday night. Mr. Marks spares no efforts to get the best in the vaudeville market. On Broadway he is as spick-and-span as ever, with the immaculate white flower in his coat and an undimmed smile on his face.

* * *

The little birds are telling a throbbingly promising story of Mrs. Leslie Carter's leading man, Arthur Dacre. Mr. Dacre recently came over from England to support Mrs. Carter. He was to receive $1,000 per month, and his wife, Miss Amy Rosslie, who accompanied him, had her passage paid to and from England. When he arrived he found that his part in "The Ugly Duckling" had been cut down so that it was of secondary interest.

He was discouraged and said naught. Now, the Mirror says that Dacre has been notified that he is no longer needed, and that in January he can no longer support Mrs. Carter. Dacre, it is said, is going to make a *coup de grace* of it. He may appeal to Mrs. Kendal, in whose company he played for a long time, to establish the fact that he is an actor of repute.

* * *

"A Japanese Romance," Sadakichi Hartmann's play, that will be presented at a matinee at the Amberg Theatre Jan. 22, will have in its cast Miss Loculski Young, Miss Constance Hamblin, Miss Esther Drew and Augustus Oehlichs.

* * *

Young Sydney Drew has been engaged to play the part of B. Sydney Van Cott in the coming production of "Mr. Potter of Texas" at the Star Theatre. Louis Massen will also be in the cast.

* * *

Jean H. Williams, the stalwart actor formerly with Miss Fanny Davenport, is now comfortably established at the Columbus Theatre, Harlem, where he is connected with Manager Hammerstein's executive forces.

Presence of Mind.

[From Puck.]

"Lend me fifteen dollars, will you?"

"Certainly—now much did you say?"

"Fifty dollars."

A Welcome Visitor.

[From Puck.]

"I would like to see President Hawkins, of the L. R., R. & Q. road."

"You will have to state your business, sir."

"I have a scheme for getting around the agreement that the railroad presidents entered into yesterday."

"Step in, sir. President Hawkins will be glad to talk with you on this matter."

How He Got Left.

[From Puck.]

Billy Calumet—They say that Van Isching Coyne married his wife for her money, and yet it was a love match on her part.

Jack Lotos—Shouldn't wonder; the poor fellow asked me to lend him a five the other day. I fancy Mrs. Coyne is more liberal with her love than her cash!

Not if He Looked in the Glass.

[From Puck.]

Cholly—Ya-as; I'm going out to see a man, doncherknow.

Miss Sharpe—What an advantage you have over him!

The Same Old Bore.

[From Puck.]

Herodotus—Monument! Why, boys, when I was travelling in Egypt I saw—

Chorus—Ra's! Chestnuts! You've told us that yarn fifty times before!

At the Central Station.

[From Jester.]

First Reporter—You would never take that tall distinguished looking man in the dock to be a bunco swindler, would you?

Second Reporter—Why not? He has an imposing appearance.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

A Committee to Select a Club-House for the Seawanhakas.

Western Quail to Be Liberated on Long Island in the Spring.

At a special meeting of the Seawanhaka Boat Club the following committee was appointed to select a suitable location for a clubhouse, viz.: John M. Rankin, ex-County Clerk; John F. Clark, Assistant District-Attorney; Dr. Walsdell, Mike Flaherty, Joseph Totten, T. Jefferson Hodges, William Mattias, William Wilson and Tom Flaherty. It was also decided to increase the membership to 200.

* * *

The entries for the amateur boxing competitions for the Middle States championships, under the auspices of the Varuna Boat Club, by special permission of the Amateur Athletic Union, will close with W. B. Robertson, 291 Broadway, Monday, Jan. 5.

* * *

There will be a lot of Western quail liberated on Long Island next spring by the Lake Ronkonkoma Gun Club.

* * *

The National League magnates are still resting on their oars and many of the players are beginning to feel a trifle uneasy.

* * *

Companies A and B of the Seventh Regiment will endeavor to show their many admiring friends how the National game of baseball is played, as they are scheduled to play on Saturday evening at the armory.

* * *

The trial bouts of the boxing tournament of the Standard Athletic Club, of Greenpoint, will take place this evening at Turn Hall, Greenpoint avenue, Greenpoint, L. I.

* * *

The Iroquois Athletic Club will hold a cross-country run this afternoon, which it is believed will prove interesting.

* * *

The Flatbush Field Club will enjoy the fresh air to-day by playing lawn-tennis on their Club grounds.

* * *

The Mohican Athletic Club will hold their cross-country run to-day, starting from Boulevard Hotel, Newark, N. J.

* * *

Owing to the difficulty in getting the necessary netting, Manager Muirie, of the New York Baseball Club, had to postpone the opening indoor game at Madison Square Garden.

* * *

The New York Yacht Racing Association will hold a meeting to morrow evening at O'Neill's.

* * *

There will be rather an important meeting held to-morrow night of the Titan Athletic Club. The membership of the Club is to be increased, and, as an inducement, the initiation fee is to be waived for a few weeks.

His Idea of It.

[From Puck.]

Aunt Furby Lowe—How thin that city chap looks that staying over to the Smiths. They say he just got back from Europe.

Uncle Si Lowe—I should think he would look thin if he's been over there. I stayed at one o' them European hotels in the city t'other day, and they charged me $2 a day; and I didn't get a bite to eat the hull time.

A Genuine Swell Joke.

[From the Jester.]

"Aw, Chawley, I've thought of something awf'ly good, y'know."

"Have you, old man?"

"Yaas. When I go out on Mr. Fiddle's coach this afternoon, I'm going to say to the girl I'm with 'A four-in-hand is worth two in the ditch.'"

If you favor trades unionism buy only unionmade goods.

Gordon's shop has been organized by the Piano-Makers' Union this week.

The great and good man, whose birthday is celebrated all over the world to-day, was a carpenter.

"Labor omnia vincit"—labor conquers all, is the motto of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Tenth annual anniversary and Christmas festival of the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum School this evening.

Union cards of the Waiters and Bartenders' Union are being placed in the restaurant windows of St. Paul, Minn.

Moulders' Union No. 199 has paid out over $2,000 in sick and death benefits during the last eleven months.

All donations for the locked-out shoemakers of Rochester should be addressed to Chas. T. Towne, box 558, Rochester, N. Y.

During the last two weeks the receipts at the office of the International Bakers' Union in this city, amounted to $523.30.

Rumor has it that Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers, will resign in favor of his assistant, A. B. Youngson, of Meadville, Pa.

El Desperter is a new labor paper just issued in the Spanish language. The editor is Enrique Roig y Ramos, 1223 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Carpenters' Union No. 172, of the Brotherhood, at their last regular meeting donated $50 for the locked-out girls at Clarks' O. N. T. Thread Mills.

The fair of the Socialist Labor party for the benefit of the agitation fund commenced at Clarendon Hall this morning.

The prosperity of a nation would consist in the prosperity of each individual member of that nation, and not in the opulence of a few—are we prosperous?

Bakers' Union No. 87 has appointed F. Brand, Chris. Hutter and W. Fisher a committee to make the arrangements for the annual ball of the organization.

Brewers' Union No. 36 has elected Charles L. Randall, President; Edward Demser, Vice-President; W. A. Gleave, Secretary; John Burns, Treasurer; Matthew Hayes, Financial Secretary.

The Legislature of Canton Basel, Switzerland, has passed a bill providing that barber shops must be closed on Sundays at 1 P. M.

New sections of the Socialist Labor party were organized this month in Washington, D. C.; Binghamton, N. Y.; West Brighton, S. I.; Bristol, Conn.; Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Me.

The Socialists of Belgium are preparing for a general strike in case the demand for universal suffrage should not be complied with soon by the Belgian Government.

The second annual concert, ball and Christmas festival of the Workmen's Free Sentinel of the west side will take place to-night at 340 West Forty-fourth street.

The call for an international miners' convention, issued by the miners of Great Britain, is now under consideration by all miners' organizations in Europe.

The negotiations between the representatives of Furniture Workers' Union No. 7 and the Furniture Manufacturers' Association were continued yesterday behind closed doors. An agreement has not yet been arrived at.

Cigarmakers' Union No. 6 elected: J. L. Galvin, President; Peter Rogers, Vice-President; Henry Wack, Secretary; Mathew Boland, Financial Secretary; Adolph Henry, Treasurer; Peter Haas, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The new officers of Laborers' Union No. 3 are: Thomas Lunn, President; Henry Howard, Vice-President; Michael Reilly, Treasurer; Patrick King, Secretary; J. J. Cain, Financial Secretary; John O'Neil, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The officers elected by Bakers' Union No. 30 are: John Frey, President; Chris. Schmitt, Vice-President; George Oberfeld, Secretary; John Schreiber, Financial Secretary; Herman Hunger, Treasurer; G. Roschdorf, John Frank and Chris. Smith, Trustees.

The election of officers of Tailors' Union No. 45 has resulted as follows: Charles Waithausen, President; James Carey, Vice-President; John Weing, Secretary; J. C. Hoffmann, Financial Secretary; Charles Hoffman, Treasurer; Joseph Bluemie, Sergeant-at-Arms.

There are three great lessons to be learned from every strike: First the necessity for persistent organization during the times of peace; second, the necessity for merging the interests of any individual union in the interests of the whole, and while neglecting none to permit none to force the fighting till all are ready; third, the necessity for political action as a solution of the industrial difficulty, which is the means by which alone the workers can work and live.

Nearly two hundred Italian laborers went on strike yesterday at Newark, N. J. They were employed on the new Caldwell Railroad, and they say that their wages have not been paid during the last four weeks. The contractor is one A. J. Leavitt, who sublet the work to a Mr. Ross, of this city.

Bakers' Union No. 97 has nominated Rudolph Kirsch, President; H. Schlinger, Vice-President; Jacob Mayer, Secretary; Wm. Schnell, Financial Secretary; Chas. Rapp, Treasurer; Chas. Schaefer and Chas. Wurslinger, Door-Keepers. The election will take place on Jan. 10.

The wealth produced annually by the average American workman represents the sum of about $1,600, and our official statistics show that the average wages of the producer in this country amounts to about $400. Where do the remaining $1,200 go? They reappear in the pockets of the owner of the instruments of production.

Painters' Union No. 351, of the Brotherhood, has elected J. P. Cahill, President; W. E. Ashmore, Vice-President; W. J. Connelly, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; J. A. Friend, Financial Secretary; J. E. Toomey, Treasurer; E. E. Hope, conductor; Alfred Priebe, conductor; J. W. Patterson, T. W. Lanfoot and William Simpkins, Trustees.

"The philosophy of trade unionism asserts the dominion of mind over matter. It condemns all cheapening processes that produce cheap men and women. It affirms the right of the wage-earner to have and use the facilities distinguishing men from beasts."—*Frank K. Foster.*

New delegates have been sent to the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum Association by Bakers' Union No. 3, Progressive Musicians' Union No. 1, Williamsburg Framers' Union and Wagon Makers' Union No. 2. The receipts of the Association in November were $2,722.74, while $2,481.90 were expended. The new Turn Hall women was added to the Lyceum will be opened on Jan. 10.

The cigar-makers of Binghamton are undaunted, although they had been defeated last Fall; their Union, which had less than 200 members before the strike, numbers now over 500 men and women in good standing. Their candidate for Factory Inspector is Mary E. J. Kelly, now of Syracuse, who was one of the girls whom the bosses had arrested for conspiracy during the strike.

Nominations for officers have been made by Bakers' Union No. 57, as follows: C. E. Smith, and A. Savlor, for President; A. Maxwell for Vice-President; J. Higgins, for recording secretary; E. Warren and Wm. Kelly, for corresponding secretary; George Churchill, for financial secretary; Chas. Jandorf, for treasurer; J. Stewart, for sergeant-at-arms; Amos Holmes, A. Maxwell, C. Smith, D. Ephes, and W. Depong for trustees.

Too Tender-Hearted.

[From Jester.]

"I had to discharge the cook to-day, Jack; she was too tender-hearted."

"What! that red-headed old ruffian tender-hearted!"

"Yes, she positively refused to whip the cream or beat the eggs when I wanted to make a cake, so I told her to go."

He Prefers Whiskey.

[From Puck.]

"Bromide of potassium is said to be an excellent antidote for snake bite," remarked a visitor to an Iowa man.

"Well, I'd rather not be bitten by a snake than take that for it," replied the Iowan.

A Host in Himself.

[From Puck.]

Little Cora—We're going to have a Christmas party at our house.

Little Mabel—Are you? How many are you going to invite?

"Only one."

"Who; me?"

"No; Santa."

In Plain Sight.

[From Puck.]

The Court—You are charged with having no visible means of support.

Bunker Steers—What's the matter with my dear old friend Mr. Kenitz, of Kentry Corners, who's appearing against me, as a visible means of support?

WHEN you suffer from sick headache use CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. *,*

AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS.

Hap Hazard Selection of Jokelets from Humorous Exchanges.

Local Pride.

[From Puck.]

New Yorker—Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like best?

Onondaga County Girl.—The "Comedy of Errors." The scene, you know, is laid near Syracuse.

Indispensable.

[From Puck.]

Wiley—Tell me something good for a joke.

Briley—Point.

Getting Personal.

[From Puck.]

Muffled Figure (to Ditto)—Hello! Merry Christmas!

Second Muffled Figure (gruffly)—Merry Christmas!

First Muffled Figure—And happy New Ye—

Second Muffled Figure—Bill! I'm 1890.

Not a Chicken.

[From the Jester.]

"Tom, that giddy Miss Gusher, who is thirty-seven at least, says the girls disapprove of her because she is a little chic."

"More like an old hen than a little chic, I should say."

Feminine Spite.

[From Judge.]

He—I think you are in her prudish. My other girl never objected to getting under the mistletoe.

She—But just remember how homely she was.

Too Expensive.

[From the Jester.]

Uncle Abner (in the city)—How much be these ere handkerchiefs?

Clerk—One dollar.

Uncle Abner—Ghee whiz! Wasal, there'll be no weepin' for me at Maria's funeral.

Overmatched.

[From Puck.]

Judge—You are charged with bigamy, Mr. Smith. Have you anything to say to the charge?

Prisoner—No, sir. I'm not fool enough to talk against two women.

The Value of Haste.

[From Puck.]

Hedder (seating himself beside friend on L train)—Whew! I'm clean out of breath; had to run a block to catch the cars!

Karmley—Indeed! Which way are you going this morning?

Hedder—To the City Hall.

Karmley—Well, you'll have a chance to recover your wind at Chatham Square. This train goes to South Ferry.

A Prehistoric Illusion.

[From Puck.]

Lehman Hattan—I suppose you hung up your stocking last night, Willie?

Little Boston Willie—You err, sir; I always receive my Christmas check at the breakfast table.

Quite.

[From Judge.]

Maddox—Congressman Bullock, of Florida, has thirteen children.

Gazzam—Isn't that almost a quorum?

Preaches, but No Practice.

[From Judge.]

"Who is that frightfully dressed woman that you just recognized?"

"That is Madame Prim, editor of a fashion magazine."

HIT HIM WITH A FRYING PAN.

A Brooklyn Couple Begin Christmas With a Quarrel.

Within a half-hour after the dawn of Christmas, Henry Brown, of 372 Wallabout street, Brooklyn, quarrelled with his wife.

She struck him over the head with a frying-pan, cutting his scalp and lacerating the temple artery. He is fifty years old and she a few years younger.

He was attended by an ambulance surgeon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AVOID HARSH PURGATIVE PILLS. They make you sick and gripe; never cure constipation. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels.

A SALLOW SKIN HEALTH FOOD COMPANION. GLUTEN STAR beautifies it. All druggists and all druggists.

"ANCHOR BRAND" COLLARS. "Kodak." Holiday styles. "Lyceum."

"Standard Brand" Collars for Ladies. "Bernhardt." "Fair." "Sensation." Holiday styles.

AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS LUCY. HUBER'S PALACE 14TH ST. MUSEUM. IDEAL OPERA CO., MIKADO. 25 SPECIALTY STARS. PRINCESS LUCY. Smallest woman in the world. George, the turtle boy, and 200 new features. In Curio Hall. CLOSE OF THE GUESSING CONTEST. Pony cart and burro will be weighed FRIDAY, Dec. 20.

HAMMERSTEIN'S HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. MATINEE TO-DAY. KELLAR AND THE LIONS. Next week—International Specialty Company.

H. C. MINER'S 5TH AVE. THEATRE. FANNY DAVENPORT in a grand production of Sardou's CLEOPATRA. Matinees To-Day and Saturday.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. Stowe Blackmer's Sensational Drama of MONEY MAD. MATINEE SATURDAY.

NIBLO'S.—LAST MAT. AND NIGHT, SAT. MONROE & RICE. 50c. Res. Seats, Dre. Cir. & Bal., 25c. MY AUNT BRIDGET. Next week—BABES IN THE WOOD—Pantomime.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. MATINEES Mon., Wed. & Sat. NEW DANCES. GRAND SUCCESS OF CARMENCITA. O'NERO.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE, 23D ST. MEN CHARLES FROHMAN'S CO. & WOMEN. Matinees Saturday and Wednesday. Matinee Xmas and New Year's Day.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE. 24th st. & B'way. Eve'g 8.30. Mat. Saturday at 2. A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Preceded by "After Thoughts." MATINEE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS.

GARDEN THEATRE. Madison ave. & 27th st. "DR. BILL." Impossible to have too much of "Dr. Bill." Extra matinee Xmas.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. Admission, 50c. POOR JONATHAN. Seats on sale two weeks ahead.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. Matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday. JOHN A. STEVENS IN WIFE FOR WIFE. Next week—GREAT METROPOLIS.

OTERO NIGHTS EDEN MUSEE. MAT. SAT. Only. ADMISSION, 50c. RESERVED SEATS, $1.

WINDSOR THEATRE. GREAT XMAS ATTRACTION. GOOD OLD TIMES. 8TH STREET THEATRE. ADA GRAY IN EAST LYNNE. Prices, 15c. to $1. MATINEE TO-DAY.

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

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats, ORCHESTRA CIRCLE AND BALCONY 50c. GRAND HOLIDAY ATTRACTION. TO-NIGHT MISS PAULINE HALL AND HER SUPERB OPERA COMPANY IN "ERMINIE." 3—MATINEES.—3 Wednesday, Christmas Day and Saturday. NEXT WEEK—J. K. EMMET.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. Grand Christmas Jubilee Show. Matinee To-Day. MAGGIE CLINE—JOE HART. TONY PASTOR AND BIG SHOW. THREE HOURS OF GREAT FUN.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle & Balcony, 50c. Wed. & Sat. Matinees. Pauline Hall in Erminie. Extra Matinee Christmas Day. Next Week.....J. K. EMMET.

NEW PARK THEATRE, Broadway, cor. 35th st. THE LILIPUTIANS in the PUPILS IN MAGIC. Special Matinees Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Evenings 8.15. Matinee Saturday 2 P. M. Special Matinee Christmas Day. Kate Claxton, Chas. A. Stevenson, THE TWO ORPHANS. Next week—Mr. Barnes of New York.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Broadway & 30th st. Ave. 8.15. Mr. Palmer's Company and Mr. Mat. Sat. at 2. Willard in The Middleman. MONDAY, Dec. 29, "JUDAH." Seats on sale.

ACADEMY. MATINEE XMAS. DENHAM THOMPSON'S THE OLD HOMESTEAD. IT PENS NEXT WEEK. MAT. SAT.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Cor. 41st St. J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company. To-Night, Friday, Saturday etc. and etc. PATIENCE.

STANDARD THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Mgr. Evenings 8.15. Matinee Special Opera. SHIP AHOY. EXTRA MATINEE NEW YEAR'S.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, MGR. NOW THE BURGESS COUNTY FAIR. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. Extra Mat. Christmas.

STAR THEATRE. B'WAY & 19TH ST. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. W. H. CRANE, 231st TIME! THE SENATOR.

HERRMANN'S THEATRE, B'WAY AND 29TH ST. CHRISTMAS. MATINEE TO-DAY. HERRMANN and the vet unexplained STROBIKA.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave., 23d st. Seats 8.30. The IDLER.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Christmas Week. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2. SPECIAL MATINEE THURSDAY. THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE SUCCESS. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Presented by A. M. Palmer's Travelling Company. Preceded by at 8.15, A MAN OF THE WORLD. NEW YEAR'S WEEK—GOOD OLD TIMES.

HUBER & GEBHARDT'S CASINO. Grand Double Bill. Taylor Twin Sisters, Excelsior Quartet, Frank Grainger, Adele Martinetti, Prof. Glenfield and Minor Schools.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE—Nightly with Monday, Saturday and Christmas Matinees. NAT. C. GOODWIN IN A Gold Mine.

AMPHION. Knowles & Morris, Lessees and Managers. Every night, Mats. Wed., Thurs. and Sat. International Specialty Co.

PENSIONS. Neglected cases a specialty. Send for new laws, blanks, &c. O. E. MILROY, U. S. Claim Att'y, 245 Broadway, N. Y., and Box 359 Washington.

THE HOUSE OF GOLD

A CHRISTMAS STORY

CHAPTER I.

A merry Christmas, indeed! Who cared whether mine were merry or sad, full of pain or full of pleasure? Who cared whether I lived or died, came again into the world to prosper or to be a beggar? What meant all the gladness to one stricken down in the prime, to one robbed in a moment of those gifts of strength which man must have to battle against a world where only the strong survive? Did my employer, who had seen me fall back into the flames on the day of the fire, care one jot or tittle? Not he. I was in the hospital; that was enough for him to know. Had I relations? Not one in the world, I believed. Had I a home to go to when the doctors should say that I was well enough to leave Charing Cross? None but the pavement or the poorhouse. A merry Christmas, indeed!

And yet I had the gift of life; for they said that I would live, while others around me were soon to die. I knew that; knew it when the doctor came in during the morning and drew the death screen around the bed of old Jem Martelot; knew it when they asked if he would like to see the chaplain, if he had any friends who might be summoned to his bedside; when they watched him hour by hour as the life slowly ebbed from his body, and weaker and weaker became the movement of his trembling hands.

Jem had not spoken for some time while, and the nurses had left him to himself, saying, I suppose, "There is nothing more to be done." They knew that he would die; and what mattered it? He was only a sailor, a rugged old salt full of his queer notions, as odd a fish as ever came out of the sea. Not a mate had Jem, and not a friend. He had turned to me like a great dog turns to a child, and I alone knew that there was a big vein of good in the man; that, with all his strange oaths, Jem had gold in his heart, and honesty stamped eighteen carat in every line of his weather-beaten old face.

As the night drew on, and, save a groan here or the movement of a nurse there, the ward was still, the screen that separated Jem's bed from mine was suddenly moved a little, and then a great hand came out, and I clasped it.

"Are you awake?" asked Jem; and I said:

"Yes, old friend; what's in the wind?"

"Death's in the wind," he replied, as he lowered his voice so that the nurses should not hear us.

"It's the last voyage, mate, and it's a long'un. Light on the weather bow, and beware of Billy!"

I had heard him talk in this way before, and put it down to the weakness from which he suffered, so I said:

"There, old comrade; all goes well; we'll be as right as day in the morning."

But Jim did not seem to hear me, for he was raising himself up in his bed, and feeling under his pillow as though for something he had lost.

"Hush again," he said in his nigh incoherent whisper. "I want to tell you; it's been on my mind to tell you for a long time. Bend over and listen if you can. I've got it here somewhere, and it's for you, for you, mate, since we've been pals together. Maybe I'd have done it alone if I 'adn't become a water-logged old hull with never a rib to float on, but I'm breaking up fast and they'll pipe hands at two bells to-morrow.

"Hark ye here. We left her at the Lizard Light, me and Billy. There was forty thousand pounds on board her, and we brought it off in the chests, every pound of it. It was a calm night, with no more sea than a duckpond, and we scuttled her off the Light and put off in the longboat, me and Billy, as I tell you.

"There was eight of us in it when we left Rosario, and four more come on board at Montevideo; but five of 'em died of fever, and Billy landed the rest at Madeira, where he rent 'em ashore one by one, and then whipped up anchor and brought the bark off.

"He was a cute 'un, was Billy! and he left the lot, me and him agoing shares. And right, too; for I found the mine, and he was always my pal, while the others was a lot of scurvy hulks as never deserved a pound, and never lifted a pistol when we rau the bark, and rent her crew away in the lifeboat."

He told me this in long-drawn whispers, and his heart throbbed so with the exertion that I could see his whole body shaking with every beat of it.

"Where did you get the money from?" I asked; and he went on:

"Ah, that's it! Me and Billy, I tell you, found the mine, which I see by the papers they've been searching for with a yacht—a whole parcel of 'em—when we found it five years ago, and dare'n't speak, not one of us. Then Billy wouldn't trust a ship, so we stole the Spanish bark and ran for the Old Country, and we scuttled her by the Lizard Light and come with our chests from Falmouth, and it's lying—ah!"

He fell back on the bed, and I began to grow interested. Was he telling the truth? Forty thousand pounds! What had he done with it? where had he placed it? I looked at him; he was still trying to think of the name that he had forgotten. At last, as a new idea seemed to strike him, he felt under his pillow again, drawing from it a crumpled piece of paper that he clutched as though it were precious beyond all price.

"It's all here," he said in a whisper; "all, all, and it's all for you, but there's death in it, there's death in it!" and raising himself right up in the bed, he cried, almost aloud, "It's the light, mate, the light; six bells, and the light's on the weather bow!"

Then he fell back. The nurses went to his bed; I drew the clothes on my own around me, and crushed the paper to my breast. Jem was dead!

CHAPTER II.

Was the secret mine? Did the paper contain all that I wished to know, or was the whole story but a mere phantom of the dying sailor's mind? These were the questions that I asked myself as I crouched under the clothes, hugging the precious document to me, feigning sleep, not daring

"SEND 'EM ASHORE, ONE BY ONE."

to seem to know that Jem lay dead in the bed by my own. Yet I heard them waiting on him, applying the final tests ere the dread verdict was given. I heard a nurse say:

"Poor fellow! and to-morrow is Christmas Day."

I knew that they had called the house surgeon and that he had said:

"The man is dead; we can do nothing more."

I knew all this, and yet, shrinking and crouching, I dared not to move, hardly to breathe, lest they should come and should take the paper from me.

When all was again still, when the death-screen had once more been drawn around Jem's bed and the nurses had left, I raised myself up and took the paper from my breast, reading by the light of the low gas. It was a curious manuscript, if you will; written red, as in the blood of the writer, and curious signs and hieroglyphics decorated the head of it. These I could not understand; nor did I need to, for in one simple sentence the whole secret that I desired to learn was written:

"This is written between me and Bill, and sealed with our blood, and we agree as mates that have sailed the seas together, and have risked our lives as one man, and as brothers, to divide it for the use of us both, share and share alike, no difference or favor, but pound for pound and man for man. And we agree to leave it at the Red House, Wandsworth Common, in the cellar, as drawn below, and there it shall stop until, as mates, we divide up and square, and take pound for pound, as we have taken life for life; and neither of us, so help him heaven, will enter the Red House until the other shall go with him, pal with pal, to divide it, as herein agreed."

These were the words that lead me all the secret. The money lay in the Red House at Wandsworth, wherever that might be. The house should, moreover, be unoccupied, for each man had sworn not to enter it until the other went with him. What easier, then, than to leave the hospital, to visit the Red House alone, to make myself the master of this sum of money, the property of no man, since by robbery and murder it lay doubtlessly where it was? What easier? Ay, if I had the strength what a Christmas for me—for me, a beggar and friendless—with this untold wealth in my own hands!

My heart beat wildly at the thought; the thirst for wealth gave me new strength; more determined and yet more determined I became. Staggering out of bed, I drew my clothing on quietly and prepared for a speedy flight. All seemed then to sleep in the great ward of the hospital. Muffling my steps and clutching my boots in my hands, I took one last look at Bill, his face rigid in depth, and slipped down the stone staircase unnoticed and unstayed.

Once in the streets, I knew I had escaped them all. A wild and delirious joy came upon me. I looked up at the sky and saw that dawn was breaking over the city. My poor burnt arm seemed indeed to be consumed with a new fire as the cold wintry air fanned it, and my legs hardly supported me as I staggered up the pavement; but on I went—on through the streets and squares, on as the bells broke into a merry chime for the glad morn, on when day had fully come and a glorious sunlight shone upon the sparkling snow and the silvered roofs.

On, aye through the long hours; on until night came again, and through the window-panes of the brightly lighted houses I saw the holiday makers, the feasts, the dinners and the wine; on until, breaking across the common, a boy showed me where Red House stood, and in the first darkness of night I crouched against its high wall and looked up upon a deserted, dilapidated, half ruined mansion, whose very aspect seemed to recall the memories of a crime—of some awful and sinister event that had happened in its history.

Then I remembered the words of Bill: "There is death in it," and, fearful, I paused and listened.

CHAPTER III.

Was I followed? The thought seemed to haunt me. I looked again over the reach of snow that I had trodden, but only my own footsteps had marred its sheen of white. No man had followed me there, but yet the echoing of footsteps seemed to ring in my ears, and I skirted the wall that bounded the grounds once and again ere I passed the low gate.

How was I to gain admission? How penetrate those dark and night-hid regions? For the doors were barred, and the windows on the ground floor had shutters to them. Had I come in vain, then? Had all this struggle against nature been futile? Alas! it looked like it, and with the disappointment of a child—for I was as weak as one—I sat upon the coinstone of the great door and felt hot tears trickling down my face.

After awhile, and as I gazed up at the bare windows above, upon which a bright moon now shone, an idea came to me. If I had a ladder I could reach the casement, and the knife in my pocket would do the rest. Ah, the "if"! Twice I walked around the house, twice I passed through the small gate into the garden, ere I saw the little greenhouse that had hitherto escaped my notice.

Feverishly anxious, I tried the broken door, and it gave way to my pushing. Then I looked for the ladder, and as the moon shone more brilliantly I saw that my search had been successful. A wooden stand for plants, high, yet easily moved, stood in the otherwise bare greenhouse. Inch by inch, with many pausings and much pain, did I bring the stand against the wall and climb upon its few rungs until I gained the little balcony against the window, and knew that success had smiled upon me.

Premonitions such as had been taken on the ground floor seemed to have been neglected at this. A pane of glass was broken in this window, and without the assistance of my knife I opened the casement and stepped into the empty room, across the floor of which bright lines of white moonlight were flashing.

You ask me, Did I fear? and I answer, Yes. From the moment that I stepped into that room, although I knew that I was alone, although I knew that the house was empty, a terrible and overpowering dread haunted me. To my overtaxed imagination it seemed that I heard footsteps—heard them in the room above, in the room below; more than all, that I heard the grating of a hinge, as of the turning of a heavy door.

"Bah! I thought, "who comes here on this Christmas Day?" and gently and fearfully I opened the door of the chamber and

"HORRIBLE TO TELL, IT WAS A HUMAN SKULL."

found myself upon a broad stone landing, illuminated as the other room by the brightness of the midnight light. The hall was empty, that I could avow, for the strong rays showed up every quarter of it, and with this knowledge I descended the stairs, starting at the hollow sound of my own footsteps, and becoming yet more alarmed a moment later, as silently, quickly, mysteriously, as though by an unseen hand, the door above that I had left open was shut and the key turned in the lock.

My alarm at this peculiar mystery was so great that for a moment I almost determined to retrace my steps and leave this terrible place; but again the dream of wealth dragged me on, so that I descended the steps, and, taking a match from my pocket, lit the candle I had brought, and looked for the cellar marked on the plan.

"The third door to the right from the bottom of the steps; there lies straight on, by one to the left, by one to the right." The matter was plain enough; and sure, the very door stood open. My great fear had lear was thus removed in a moment.

Yes, I stood within the cellar, and, for getting the agonies of cross, I seemed to see myself on the threshold of a house of gold. My delight at the prospect is beyond my powers to depict. Jem must have told the truth, and, falling upon the ground, I tore at the loose earth with my hands and my knife.

How long I worked I know not. The candle placed against the wall had burned very low; my hands were covered with masses of clay and loam; a great hole had been made in the earth, and yet I came upon nothing. Had Jem lied, then? Oh, cruel lie! cruel treachery! And yet I could not believe it, and again I worked, tearing at the soil like a madman, oblivious to all save to the one prevailing dream—the gold.

Perhaps at the end of another hour, perhaps at the end of two, my candle was nigh out, when of a sudden I felt something hard grate against my hand as I buried it deeper in the earth, and my heart bounded and my limbs trembled as I stretched myself full upon the floor and with a great effort brought the substance to the surface. Oh, horrible to tell! it was a human skull; and as I held it in my quivering hands I heard a mocking shriek of laughter behind me, and in a moment I was left in black darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

For many minutes after this terrible experience I lay as one insensible in the cellar, uncertain whether my own ears had not mocked me, my own imagination wrought a dream baleful, appalling in its terror. At last I concluded that it had; but with the conclusion there came an intense desire to leave this fearful house and its secret. Now I would have given ten years of my life to have been at that moment in the world of the hospital; and when I left the cellar my nerves were so unstrung that I cried out aloud in my agony, and prayed to God that it might end.

I was great hall, now