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BOTH COMPANIES IN FAULT.

The placing under bail of CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and Mr. JOSEPH PARK, directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, and CHARLES P. CLARK, its President, is good indication that the District-Attorney intends to do all possible towards punishing those responsible for the six lives sacrified in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel on Feb. 20. The charge on which these gentleman are held is manslaughter. None of them would intentionally harm a fellow-man, but the fact that they are answerable for the conduct of the road, and that they allowed their trains to be run in a way hazardous to human life, places upon them the responsibility for such accidents which may result from carelessness or culpable negligence on the part of their employees.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company is perhaps immediately to blame for these deaths, because its trains were in collision, and because it made no protest against running its cars through a dangerous tunnel. Now that its officers may be made to suffer, perhaps it will insist that the New York Central make the tunnel safe.

According to Poor's Manual, the authority on railroad matters, the New York and New Haven Company pays yearly immense sums to the New York Central for the privilege of coming into the Grand Central Station over its tracks. The rental is paid directly from the earnings as they accrue, and does not appear in the operating accounts. Last year $360,624.14 was paid as rental by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. Now, if this Company had refused to pay the New York Central unless its tunnel was made safe, and which it had a perfect right to refuse to do, there is no doubt that the large amount of money at stake would have induced the New York Central to adopt some means for lighting and ventilation, and so have avoided the terrible accident of a fortnight ago, with its accompanying loss of life. It is here where the New Haven railroad officers are most culpable.

In the last thirteen years the New York Central has received in rentals from the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company $3,375,125.06. A small portion of this properly expended would have made the tunnel safe, and not only prevented the horror of Feb. 20th last, but also the disaster which happened in 1882. But the economical system of this grasping corporation, which has never considered the public, caused it to put these vast sums in its own coffers, while the lives of those travelling over its road were risked daily.

The Grand Jury has better evidence against the New York Central Railroad than against the New York, New Haven and Hartford, whose officers are under bail, as the tunnel is under the direct control of the former Company, and it is only the former Company that can remedy those defects which render riding through it perilous. It is more important that action be taken against this Company than the one which merely pays rental for the privilege of going over its tracks.

FIND THE MOTIVE.

The evidence at the inquest over the six victims of the Sands street tenement-house fire failed to furnish a clue to the incendiary. That it was incendiary work is beyond reasonable doubt. There was evidence enough of that.

Then the authorities should run down the fiend whose hand inflicted a frightful death on six innocent people and imperilled the lives of many more. There cannot be a more malignant crime than firing a dwelling, of very combustible material, which is packed with human beings.

Such a crime has some object. Gain or revenge must have stirred the reckless passion which kindled that fire. Who was hurt? Who would profit by it? This is the one to discover. Ordinary sagacity should be able to find him out, and he and the incendiary will almost certainly be identical. No vigilance in searching for him can be too great, and proper activity should secure him. Public safety demands his capture most imperatively, and failure to get him cannot be forgiven.

NOT A RECORDING ANGEL'S TEAR.

On the authority of the Baltimore *American* the assertion is made that ex-Speaker REED wept like a child when Congress was finally adjourned and his Republican colleagues came to take their leave of him. Had Mr. REED been just according to his swelldupois, the spectacle of grief thus conjured up might well move the nation. While power was his, however, Mr. REED was guilty of something akin to that inhumanity of man to man which has made "countless thousands weep;" and beside the deluge of these multitudinous tears the outpourings of the ex-Speaker's sorrow dwindle into a barely perceptible pathos, as distinctly Republican in its bearing as was the vote of thanks tendered by the expiring House to its retiring chief officer.

Mr. REED is not fitted for the roles of grief. His real talent is of more cheerful order. As a quick change artist, leaving the banquet table in loose business suit and reappearing ten minutes later in the full black and white of evening attire, he won honest applause, last night, at the Federal Club dinner.

A millionaire resident of Amsterdam, this State, has avowed his desire for the post of Street Commissioner. The salary is the munificent one of $600. The motive which actuates this citizen is to show, as he feels he can show, that the appropriation of $10,000 for cleaning the streets can be expended with immensely better results.

This is a citizen worthy of the name. His ambition, if ambition it can be called, is one that ought to exist in every citizen. Give him the office and let him clean the streets. New York has cause to envy Amsterdam.

An assault was committed on one of the patients at the Flatbush Insane Asylum by a keeper. The keeper was suspended, but the Asylum authorities refuse to furnish any information on the matter. This is wrong. Abuses in asylums for the insane have been too common, and publicity is one of the safeguards against their recurrence. What the keeper did and why he did it should be known. The public wants to know and it has a right to know. It has a strong voice, too, in the question of what should be done to keepers who maltreat their unfortunate patients.

Success and failure at that golden maelstrom, Monte Carlo, are alike accompanied by the presence of that sturdy despiser of gold, Death. A man who had won heavily fell dead, stricken with apoplexy, while the season scores its wonted number of victims who, wild through utter loss, play the sure stake of an ounce of lead. The mad tension of the mind which lusts for gold at Monaco reels to death in the reaction of enormous success, as it does from that of ruin. Probably not a player is deterred from play by either example.

The young brute, MCILVAINE, has been resentenced, and met the solemn words of the Judge with his wonted insolent flippancy. For the sake of public decency let the law be taxed with no further service for this monstrous criminal than to seat him firmly in the electric death chair. It would be outrage to invoke further justice than this in his behalf. His speedy abolition is the only thing the public now asks.

The run on the Provincial Bank is thought to have led the Argentine Republic to a neat device to save it. It declared two consecutive days as holidays. This saved the bank from opening its doors. This is rather a neat financial measure. Apparently the Republic has its eye-teeth cut.

President HARRISON is going to make a circular trip of the country. He will take only a small "grip," and will positively frown at gifts and "dead-heading." This is beautiful, if it doesn't have a bad reactionary effect on his constitution.

The Knights of Reciprocity, it is announced, are soon to come forth into full political bloom. Being a secret organization, the Knights reciprocate at present only in their own councils; but they promise to see the country later.

Gov. HILL is invited to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Henry W. Grady monument, in Atlanta. New York's popular son will ably and truly eulogize Georgia's eloquent dead.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Long Coats This Season—Loose Tea Jackets in Favor—Long Street Dresses Disliked by Shoemakers—Cloaks for Babies.

The morning matinees, where good ladies sew, where professionals sing, read, lecture and play, are crowded with wigs, which are coming out of dye, bleach and blondine. The struggle is as hard as the effect.

Coats, like capes, are cut longer this season, many of them reaching a length which is unbecoming to all but very tall women. Tailors are making for early Spring days deep-skirted English walking coats of tan-colored Meltons. They are closely fitted by seams that are strapped on the outside, and are double-breasted, with two rows of large white pearl buttons extending up from the waist. The skirt is pleated in the back, and is set on two inches below the belt line to show the curve of the waist and give a long, slender effect. The small standing collar flares slightly. The coat sleeves are comfortably large at the top. Wide pockets, pointed at the lower edge, are set across the hips. Louis Quinze coats of very graceful shape are imported from Paris for the Spring and Summer. They outline the figure without fitting too closely.

You can get cut-glass goblets, English made, for $60 a dozen, which any $3.50 dish cracker can silver as readily as flint glass at $1.50 a dozen.

Tea jackets of a loose, comfortable order are much the fashion, and one of these, made in a light, soft silk, had collar, yoke and cuffs cut on the cross. A low bodice of a pretty buttercup tint was made in a point, back and front, and cut full to the bust, whereas at the waist it was outlined with handsome passementerie, being filled in to the neck with white chiffon.

In Great Britian marriages are on the increase. Sir Brydges Henniker's report for the completed year 1889 shows that the number of weddings was 212,865, the rate being 14.7 persons married per 1,000 of the population. This was the highest ratio since 1884.

The long street-sweeping dresses are going to brush half the shoemakers into the lunatic asylum or poorhouse. With them a woman need not wear any shoes at all, or she may be run down on the heels, badly soled and slipshod without any apparent offense to taste. While the short dresses lasted "vanity fair" was as dainty shod as gloved, and bootmakers rejoiced and were glad. Now there is a wailing of voices and gnashing of teeth, and the trade is praying earnestly and reverently for the curtailing of the long, straight walking skirt.

Louise, the daughter of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, now a happy bride, has one of the smallest waists in New York, where imitation of the wasp is now rampant among high-bred dames and damsels. Her tailor-made gowns make her look sylph-like and willowy indeed. She prides herself upon her non-inclination towards embonpoint, and in her wedding dress she charmed all eyes by her slender waist. Among her wedding presents is a diamond circlet from a member of her family. Girl-like, she quickly put it on, and when her mother saw it she was startled to find that it clasped her fair daughter's waist, when it was intended for a necklace. The bride-elect, however, settled the matter by quainly saying: "Why, mamma, you don't think I could wear that little thing around my throat!"

One of the attractions in the line of silverware is an interesting collection of fifty different patterns of sterling spoons, reproductions of Dutch, French, English and mediæval models.

For wee tots the finest cloaks are of ottoman or bengaline silk made with the French back and the loose plaited or gathered front; the handsomest are silk-lined and have enormous pearl buttons and big full sleeves with velvet collars and cuffs; silver-gray, pale brown and Edison blue are among the preferred colors. A charming garment for a brown-eyed two-year-old baby is of delicate brown ottoman, the skirt set on the waist in big box plaits lined with pale blue silk bordered with silver feather edge braid; these plaits are tacked down and form great loose rosettes which fall over the skirt.

THE CLEANER.

Of course, we had all heard such things talked about, but not the less striking to me, at least, are the cold facts brought out in the testimony before a Republican Committee about a Republican primary in the Fifth District. Forty-five men who did not live in the district had voted, and about one hundred others had been impersonated at the primary. Not even Death stood in the way of a full vote, for two men buried long before the caucus was held appeared by its lists to have been present. It takes a bold politician thus to rob the awful King of his terrors.

* * *

A friend, who is a physician, tells me of an epidemic of measles in Boston. But it is by no means to be inferred that there spots on the culture of the Hub.

* * *

Theosophists in America are preparing a cordial welcome for Annie Besant, the noted Englishwoman, who is identified with great works in the cause of social, religious and political reform. It is only recently that she has embraced Theosophy, but she is now one of its shining lights. I think many people will care less for her cult than for her real womanly traits, demonstrated by her work among the London poor. She is very dear to those unfortunates.

* * *

Mr. Flower is placed on record as prepared to accept an unsought nomination for Governor. Certainly. He believes to the utmost in the truth that "the office should seek the man," and his adaptability, when there is the possibility of an office being on the still hunt, has impressed me since he first ran for Congress. I remember how, in the course of his speeches, while on the stump, he used to pull out a bound copy of the Constitution and solemnly declare that he had carried it since he was a boy. What always struck me was the remarkable preservation of that precious book.

* * *

I see that S. T. Hubbard, jr., has been elected a manager of the Cotton Exchange. He will prove an acquisition to the Board.

* * *

Read the "to-night's entertainment" column, and the number of lectures will surprise you.

* * *

We are continually hearing that Mayor Grant is going to do something, but never what he does.

* * *

Among the letters received by Judge Martine consequent upon the fining of Jay Gould for failure to do jury duty are several asking why the Vanderbilts, Goelets and other rich New Yorkers never serve on juries. There is no reason at all. They can better afford it than the workingmen who are dragged from their employment, and no favor should be accorded them.

The Sine Qua Non.

[*From Puck.*]

"He was a perfect prince of good fellows!"
"How was that?"
"Never paid a debt."

"THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

In dealing with the truth to-day playwrights and novelists are obliged to be scrupulously careful. We are such fragile plants, such hothouse flowers, such delicate bits of airy bloom that the knife of investigation causes us to shudder. We cannot endure the pain. Disease in our midst must be nunoticed. We say to the surgical playwright or novelist: "Kindly permit us to putrify; do us the favor of not interrupting our decay. We like it. The disease is infinitely better than the remedy." And those who are rash enough to hold up the mirror, no matter if they guarantee the most radical cure, are pessimists—yes, pessimists, the most outrageously cruel designation we can find for them. They are never credited with an object. All that is most odious is ascribed to them, and, satisfied with ourselves, we flutter around, dipping our wings in the honey of deceit, surcharging our stomach with an indigestion of falsehood, and turning to our enemies with the words, "See how nice we are!"

They call Ibsen a pessimist. Heaven knows why. He is polite enough to believe that human nature is imperfect—the idiot!—but he is earnest in his assertion that purification is possible and necessary. He is rash enough to deal with recognizable types of men and women, instead of wire-strung marionettes, and sawdust dolls, and he is sufficiently persistent to keep his subject directly in front of him, instead of permitting it to pirouette in the labyrinthine mazes of frivolity and hypocrisy.

I am thankful for yesterday afternoon. I saw "The Pillars of Society" at the Lyceum Theatre, presented by graduates of the American Academy of Dramatic Art, and since I left the house I have been asking myself why we have not seen "The Pillars of Society" before. It seems incredible that at a time when we are nauseated with the drawing-room inanities, written in the interests of Worth and Pariset, this vital drama, with its noble theme, its superb language and its benign denouement, should have been left in the background. Yet it is not incredible after all. "The Pillars of Society" deals with men and women. That is enough to frighten us. We want puppets and dummies, and we get them all the time, goodness knows.

"The Pillars of Society" shows us the picture of a Man (with a capital M), Consul Bernick, who holds a high and enviable position in society, who is respected, admired and looked up to, who is prosperous and sedate, and who has swung himself upon this elevation by a lie. Yet he is not a villain. He is very far removed from the impossible distortions that we love (because we know they are impossible), and he has sinned as many of our beauties have sinned. To save a firm that has for three generations held a high head, he has been guilty of financial trickery, and has permitted the blame to rest upon an absent friend, who, to save him from the consequences of an amorous indiscretion, has assumed the responsibility of that indiscretion and fled.

The crushing influence of appalling circumstances being removed, Bernick settles down into happiness. He is not a bad sort, when things go as they ought to do. He is devoted to his family, kind to his inferiors, enterprising, liberal.

Johann Tonnesen, the amiable friend, returns and falls in love with Dina, the daughter of the woman Bernick has wronged, and she is of course informed that Johann is the villain. The friend beseeches the prosperous pillar of society to set matters right. For years he has suffered for Bernick's fault, but now, when his heart is touched, he is not willing to do so any longer. The whole monument, reared upon the lie, is in jeopardy. Bernick stands upon trembling quicksands as Lona Hessel says, and cleverly, with the hand of a consummate master, Ibsen shows the complicated structure, and its absolute possibility. The gullibility of society; its unhesitating acceptance of moneyed scoundrelism, when that scoundrelism is not made apparent, is indicated with the sharp point of an infallible knife. The facility with which a man, who has been cornered by circumstances, can wear a mask and defy the world, finally winning a position in which, if he choose, he can scatter virtue to the four winds, and sin, and lie, and trample upon decency, accepted all the time as a model of uprightness, is vividly and magnificently pictured.

Yet, Ibsen, as I said, is no pessimist. He believes in the golden wisp that in the very worst natures remains unsullied. Nothing can tarnish its lustre. The arguments of the vigorous and sympathetic Lona Hessel are of but little use. Bernick is afraid to confess, to see his structure topple over. He will share his wealth. He will do anything but ruin himself. To get rid of his embarrassing friend, he is about to permit him to sail upon an unseaworthy vessel—and even this sin is almost forced upon him by tardy workmen. Olaf, Bernick's young son, runs away from home, and, to his horror, Bernick discovers that he has gone on board the leaky boat. He is caught in his own trap. The lad to whom he was to leave the heritage of lies has forsaken him. Olaf is discovered in time by his mother, and Bernick, in whom a strong revulsion of feeling has occurred, and whose rapture at the recovery of his child is almost pathetic, confesses everything voluntarily to a delegation of townspeople who have come to congratulate him upon a successful scheme.

The denouement is brought about most charmingly. "The Pillars of Society" is full of the most convincing and pathetic incidents. It is virile and it is masterly. Its characters are of flesh and blood. There are no effigies of wax, no figures of sugar, no models of paste.

Mr. Sargent's pupils did nobly. As a rule I hate pupils, because I want the result and not the process. The principal success was won by Miss Maude Banks, who, as Martha, was a revelation. Miss Alice Fischer, who says "vurry" for "very," and George D. Fawcett must also be congratulated. ALAN DALE.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Critical Girl.

They met. And afterwards she said
She liked him very, very;
And yet it might be better if
He were a shade more swell.

He took her to the play one night,
And felt he'd met his fate;
She said she'd had a good time—but
He hat was not so straight.

And after they'd been to a ball,
With a tear in eye she wrote
She'd had a splendid time, but, oh!—
That speck upon his coat!

"I love you, dear," he said at last;
The maiden sighed, "I find
I love you too, but, oh, dear me!—
Your necktie's up behind!"

—*Tom Masson, in the Clothier and Furnisher.*

The Latest in Shakes.

Worse than fever-'n-ague quaking
Is the latest in hand-shaking.
On a level with the chin
Is the way they first begin,
Then a smile that is so spacious
You first wonder is it gracious
Nose; or do they mean to eat
You right up there on the street?

—*Judge.*

Past and Present.

I know that by my boot-straps now
I cannot lifted be;
But once a little red-topped pair,
When first in boyhood I did wear,
Much elevated me! —*Money's Weekly.*

Her Glove.

A woman's faded glove
On a bachelor's dusty table!
With a cloud of smoke above,
Queer sort of a pledge, a glove!
Yet surely enough when Love
Gave my heart in its stead to Mabel,
A woman's faded glove
On a bachelor's dusty table! —*Life.*

INFANTS treated with MORELL'S TEETHING COMFORTING while teething are not fretful. Price 25c.

THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" by Hammerstein's Stock Company.

"Wealth" at Palmer's, "Love and War" at the Garden.

E. S. Willard will appear Monday night at Palmer's Theatre in a play called "Wealth," by Henry Arthur Jones, which will be seen for the first time in this city. The play is said to strike at "a vital social matter." In the cast will be Miss Marie Burroughs, Roger Carleton, Sant Matthews, Harry Holliday, Charles Harbury, Miss Fanny Jackson, E. W. Gardner, Percy Winter, Miss Katherine Rogers, Harry Cane, Louis Massen, Miss Bessie Hatton, H. G. Lonsdale and H. Harting.

Sarah Bernhardt's engagement at the Garden Theatre ends to-night, and on Monday a new play, entitled "Love and War," adapted from the French "Devant L'Ennemi," by C. Haddon Chambers, will be presented. "Love and War" is not a war play. It is said to deal with some interesting sentimental complications. Mrs. Berlan Gibbs, Miss Amy Roselle, Arthur Dacre, Eugene Ormonde, and other well-known people will be in the cast.

Manager Oscar Hammerstein's stock company will appear Monday night at the Harlem Opera-House in Henrik Ibsen's play, "Pillars of Society," of which we have heard so much. The play has been in preparation for a long time, and its production will be watched very carefully. The cast calls for a very long list of names.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will play "Hamlet" at the Broadway Theatre Monday night, with Booth in the title role, Barrett as the Ghost and Miss Gale as Ophelia. The cast will also include John A. Lane, Laurence Hanley, Miss Anna Proctor and others. Thursday and Friday nights "Othello" will be given, and Saturday night "Romeo and Juliet."

At the Amberg Theatre next week, the programme will be as follows: Monday, Emil von der Osten, "Der Kriegsplan;" Tuesday, Streitmann in "The Beggar Student;" Wednesday, "Das Demoiselle Haupt;" Thursday, Streitmann in "Poor Jonathan;" Friday, "Die Ente;" Saturday matinee, "Huttenbesitzer;" Saturday evening, "Das Madel mit Geld."

"Mr. Potter of Texas" will begin the last week of its long and successful run at the Star Theatre Monday evening. The play has no reason to complain of its treatment in the metropolis, and when next season it starts for a tour through the country the New York verdict will undoubtedly prove useful. It could have remained longer at the Star if that house had no other contracts.

Tony Pastor will have his usual wealth of attractions next week. This wealth will include Harry Kernell, Maggie Cline, Ross and Fenton, Miss Jennie Hill, in a new batch of characters; George Holloway, who will be seen here for the first time; the Rogers Brothers, Sam Dearin, Steedman's trained dogs, Walter Plumer and Kitty Burke.

The Alexandroff Brothers, M. Safton, the French mimic; Bessie Gilbert, a cornettist; the Ginnsetti troupe of acrobats and Carmencita will be at Koster & Bial's Concert Hall next week. The burlesque entitled "The Dandy Dragoons" will be continued. Carmencita's Spanish dances are still greatly appreciated.

Hereafter Otero and the troupe of Japanese athletes will appear at the Eden Musee Wednesday, as well as Saturday afternoons, and the entertainment will be identical with that given each evening. The attendance at the Musee during the past week has been very large. The programme is a most attractive one.

"Sunlight and Shadow" will begin the last week of its run at the Madison Square Theatre next week, with Maurice Barrymore, E. M. Holland, Maud Harrison and Agnes Miller still in the cast. Next week "The Pharisee, a new three-act play, will be presented by Palmer's excellent company.

"Nerves" still continues to amuse the patrons of Mr. Frohman's dainty Lyceum Theatre. The fifteth performance occurred Thursday night, when pretty souvenirs were distributed. No announcement of change has as yet been made. No change seems to be necessary. Manager Frohman has a novelty for his spring season.

Nat Goodwin and "The Nominee" are having a delightful time of it at the Bijou Theatre. People still continue to flock to this house to see Mr. Goodwin in Leander Richardson and William Yardley's remarkably clever adaptation. "Harbor," Jerome K. Jerome's one-act play, still precedes "The Nominee."

W. J. Scanlan, the well-known Irish comedian, makes his first appearance this season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Monday night in Jessop and Townsend's drama, "Myles Aroon." The cast will include Mattie Ferguson, Stella Teuton, Millie Sackett, Charles Mason, Thaddeus Shine, Robert McNair and little Constance Wallace.

Miss Annie Pixley in the play "Miles, Child of the Sierras," will be the attraction next week at the Windsor. She will be supported by Charles H. Bradshaw, Joseph Brennan, John T. Burke, Charles Brandt, Benjamin F. Grinnell, George Spencer, W. F. McIntosh, William Maxwell, Carrie Reynolds and Mollie Ravell.

At the Standard Theatre Monday will be presented "Only a Farmer's Daughter" by A. E. Artists's company. The play is sentimental and sensational and its career has been a prosperous one. The company is said to be a very good one. On March 23 Williams and Kelly in "I and I" will appear at this house.

"The Stowaway" begins a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House Monday night. The cast will include Walter Edwards, Mark Lynch, J. Paige Smith, Harry Booker, William McVay, L. J. Joye, Louis Lee, Howard Fores, Libbie Kirke, Maud Edna Hall, Maude Carr and Margaret Robinson.

Herrmann, the inimitable, aided by his charming wife, will be seen at H. C. Miner's People's Theatre next week. Besides his sleight-of-hand work he will present his latest illusion, "Strobekka," the "New Black Art" and "Florine, Child of the Air." Awata, the Japanese juggler, will also be seen.

James H. Wallick, in his sensational drama, "The Cattle King," and "The Mountain King," will be at H. R. Jacobs' Theatre next week. The former play will be presented Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The latter, which is new and the work of Frank Dumont, will occupy the balance of the week.

"The United States Mint," says John F. Harley, "is not coining any better or faster money than Powers and 'A Straight Tip.'" The box-office-boss of this statement is, of course, apparent to the most gullible. It is, however, an undoubted fact that "A Straight Tip" at the New Park Theatre is doing an enormous business.

The 150th performance of "Poor Jonathan" will be given at the Casino Monday night. The souvenirs will be handsomely bound books containing the musical gems of the opera and two of Lillian Russell's songs arranged for the pianoforte. The occasion will be a highly interesting one.

"Men and Women," Belasco and De Mille's play, has not very much more time to devote to Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre. William Gillette's latest comedy, "Sherlock Holmes's Widow," will be produced March 23. Before "Men and Women" goes it will celebrate its two hundredth performance. The celebration will occur March 25.

"The Old Homestead" has seven more weeks' run at the Academy. There has been some talk of presenting the play Sunday nights, but this has not as yet been settled, by any means. When "The Old Homestead" leaves the metropolis, it will be a very long time before it is seen here again.

The entertaining farce "All the Comforts of Home" has made a hit at Herrmann's Theatre. When it was first presented in this city the production was not made during the regular season. Its success, in spite of that fact, prompted managers to put it where it is, and the result has been fortunate.

At the Union Square Theatre "The County Fair" is making the most of the short time that now remains before it must be withdrawn. The play is still presented very conscientiously and Nell Burgess is as screamingly funny as Aunt Abigail Prue as he was three seasons ago, when "The County Fair" was first seen.

Milton Nodes, a star, who has not appeared in New York for four years, will begin a week's engagement at Niblo's Garden Monday night in the play, "From Sire to Son." The hero of this play is a miner and gambler, upon whom a curse rests. The action takes place in California, Italy and Germany.

Roland Reed, of whom New York theatre-goers are very fond, will appear Monday night at Hammerstein's Columbia Theatre, Harlem. His play will be "The Woman Hater," with which he has become identified. It is a very lively comedy, and it displays Mr. Reed's peculiar talents to great advantage.

At Harrigan's Theatre, the address of which need no longer be given, as everybody knows it by this time, "Reilly and the 400" is as strong an attraction as ever. Harrigan always plays to a large audience, and the performance invariably calls forth enthusiasm. Harrigan's popularity is as overwhelming as it was years ago.

At the Coliseum Hall, in One Hundred and Seventh street, near Lexington avenue, skating is still the rage. The cold weather of the past week has made the demand for rollers extremely lively. Miss Jennie Houghton, who appeared at the Eden Musee, has been giving exhibitions of fancy skating during the week.

The Globe Museum, at 598 Bowery, has been very liberally patronized during the past week. To-night for the last time may be seen E. O. Good and miners, who led the brave party of rescuers at the Jeanesville mining disaster. These people are in the curio hall, and relate their experiences while in the mine. In the theatorium the ever-popular Fanny Herring presents the Western play entitled "Pat's Luck."

Linn, the Oregon thoroughbred with the wonderful mane and tail, has proved a great drawing card at Huber's Palace Museum, in East Fourteenth street, this week. Manager Huber promises two complete companies in his theatorium again next week. One of these will appear in a comedy, while the other will give the usual excellent vaudeville entertainment that has become a feature of his theatre popular house.

The Jeanesville miners go to Doris's Eighth Avenue Museum next week. Other attractions will be Miss Mora, a juggler; Colorado Charlie, Miss Flossie LaBlanche, "the female Samson;" Jo n McDonald, a talking man; Prof. Hilliard and his multipede, and on the stage McDowell and Stevens's Comedy Company. This organization will include Nellie Clifford, Frank Eagan, the Ellsworth Zouaves, Aggie Linckley, Daisy Hunter, McDowell and Stevens, in a sketch called "Two Practical Jokers," and the Watsons.

Prof. Worth at his new theatre and museum is daily adding to his numerous curios and also to the menagerie—the latter being quite a feature in this large establishment. For next week there will be an entire change of programme both in the curio halls and on the stage of the theatre. Principal in the curio halls will be Capt. C. H. Week, said to be the tallest man alive. La Belle Minnie and her performing dog, and Doddrett, the modern Hercules. Leonard and Harris, the Donegal acrobats, Irish comedians, vocalists and dancers, will head the list of specialists in the theatre.

A diorama, said to be the first ever seen in this country, representing scenes in the capture of Fort Donelson, is to be exhibited in connection with the Battle of Gettysburg cyclorama.

Brooklyn Theatres.

Joseph K. Rhmet will begin on Monday evening at the Lee Avenue Academy, his first Brooklyn engagement in two years, appearing in his newest comedy drama, "Uncle Joe." In this play he will be seen in a part which allows the introduction of his original and inimitable specialties, his lullabies, with guitar accompaniment, and his clever performance on his silver-mounted drum.

The latest Casino success, "Poor Jonathan" will be seen at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre next week. In this opera, Rudolph Aronson seems to have found a second "Erminie." A capital company has been selected to interpret the opera, including among others, Camille D'Arville, a handsome woman and a finished singer; Fred Solomon, George Olmi, Louise Essing and J. H. Ryley.

Rose Coghlan will begin an engagement of one week at the Amphion Monday evening, presenting her own version of Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," reserving her new drama of "Lady Barter" till Thursday evening. Saturday evening Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance" will be given, with Miss Coghlan as Lady Gay Spanker.

One of the best comedies of the author-actor, William Gillette, "The Private Secretary," will be seen next week at the Star Theatre. In this comedy, which is from the German, Mr. Gillette has infused humor in most generous quantities, and it is in the hands of a capable company.

A Madison Square Theatre success is the announcement of Manager Woolom for the coming week at the Novelty Theatre. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is the play. It relies on the strength of its story and the intelligence of the company presenting it, rather than on any clap-trap features, for its success. Minnie Dupree and Beatrice Lieb are in the cast.

That indefatigable musical director, C. Mortimer Wiske, announces a festival performance of "The Redemption" at the Academy of Music Tuesday evening of next week, with a chorus comprising no less than five hundred voices and the Theodore Thomas orchestra.

The Lily Clay Gayety Company will hold forth at Hyde & Behman's Theatre next week, presenting a programme varied enough to suit the most fastidious. The usual monotony of a burlesque will be relieved by the groupings of the gods and goddesses of a mythological era. The specialties will be presented by people well known in the vaudeville line.

Napier and Marzelo, acrobats, who have been seen in Brooklyn before with Harry Williams's company, form the principal attraction of the coming week at Huber & Gerhardt's Casino. Others on the bill are the Fenz Brothers, Annie Wilmuth and Minnie Schult in duets, Charles H. Duncan, W. P. Lowe and Theodor Hoch.

SPOTLETS.

Sweet meats are allowed even on a fish-day in Lent.

* * *

Half a crumb of comfort is better than no crumb.

* * *

Sometimes quickness of act on in the West is accompanied by tarred-ness for the object of it.

* * *

The floating population of Venice is a very stable one.

* * *

The publisher and the humorist
Live on good terms, like men of sense,
Although the best jokes of the latter are made
Invariably at the former's expense. —*Puck.*

* * *

Berlin ought to go to the wooly West and get something to compare with Berlin wool work.

* * *

The quill with which the Copyright bill was signed was taken from an American eagle. The signature had to be a-quill-line anyhow.

* * *

Gladstone may think that if public men are found out to be immoral they should never be found in—found in office.

* * *

France's treatment of his mamma makes Kaiser Wilhelm think of a-nasty-nation.

* * *

A parrot ought to be able to discount the lyre bird. A parrot can talk.

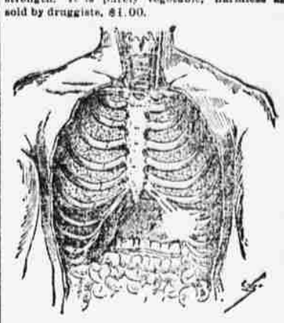
OUR LIVER.

What People Ought to Know of It

THE LIVER.

The nerves which control our liver often become weakened, irritated, diseased, especially in the Spring. The function of the liver is disturbed, and torpid liver or disordered action results. Hence the bile, which is waste and poisonous material designed to be expelled, is not properly secreted and eliminated from the body. Thus retained it causes indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, bloating, biliousness, constipation, bad taste, headache, dizziness, dull head, nervousness, and particularly during Spring, weak, languid and tired feelings. *If not cured this condition* leads to fatal liver and kidney diseases.

The best remedy and most certain cure is Dr. Greene's Nervura, which restores digestion, corrects the disordered liver, regulates the bowels, invigorates the blood, and, by strengthening and vitalizing the nerves, re-establishes health and strength. It is purely vegetable, harmless and sold by druggists, $1.00.



THE LIVER IN POSITION.

"I tried all our doctors to no purpose. My kidneys, liver and stomach were terrible. I was full of pains and all run down, weak and tired. *I never saw such a wonderful effect as Dr. Greene's Nervura had.* It has completely cured me, and I know several other ladies who were cured in this town with Dr. Greene's Nervura.

"MISS V. D. SANBORN, Billerica, Mass."

☞ Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

Or, the Cleopatra Dress Trimmings.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

I.

Miss Inswim—Why, Mr. Racket, I'm so glad to see you!

II.

"Good gracious! What has happened? What in the world is the matter with him?"

III.

"Well, I knew I'd been going it rather strong lately, but I never thought I would see snakes!"

True Economy.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

De Jinks—Where d'ye get that suit?
Finchy—At Waste's.
De Jinks—then you paid two prices for it, my boy.
Finchy—Oh, no, I didn't!
De Finks—Well, you paid more than it was worth.
Finchy—Nixy! Fact is, I haven't paid for it at all!

The Proof of It.

[*From Puck.*]

Mordling—That girl in the candy store may be only a poor shop girl, but she's a true woman!
Faxon—I'm convinced of it, me boy! Why, only the other day I got her to break a dollar for me, and she handed back one dollar and seventeen cents in change.

Very.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"How do you know she was upset by his coming?"
"Why, as soon as he arrived she said, 'it's him'—and that's extraordinary for a Boston girl."

BOOK NOTES.

It seems like furnishing a diagram with a rather good joke to explain that the *Kings' Jester*, which has just made its first appearance from 202 Broadway, is published by Herbert Booth King & Brother. Nevertheless, it's true. The *Jester* is a new humorous monthly, entering a unique field. Its funny things are all centred about points presented in matters of business advertising and advertisements. If subsequent issues hold to the standard of the first one, it will be a welcome visitor to the circles it seeks to entertain.

WORLDLINGS.

The late Earl of Athemarle, who lived to the good old age of 92, was an extremely popular man. He was the born ideal of an English officer and gentleman, and he was loved by the ladies and idolized by the people about his home. He was kind, upright, and honored. He left a valuable collection of relics of the Duke of Wellington.

Kyle, the new South Dakota Senator, is more than six feet tall. He is only thirty-seven years old and will be the youngest man in the Senate.

The rank of General was first held by Grant. The title was never conferred on Washington, though Congress at one time voted to offer it to him.

It is estimated that to complete young George Vanderbilt's castle in North Carolina it will require ten years of labor and the expenditure of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000.

Mrs. Hearst, the Senator's widow, is yet in the prime of life. She is a handsome woman, and has become celebrated as one of the most elaborate entertainers in the National capital. Her home is usually filled with guests.

Three Important Points

Nothing is more worthy our serious attention than the keeping of our blood in good condition. And yet there are comparatively few people who give the subject any consideration at all. We ask you to read carefully the following:

1st THE SITUATION: Health depends on the state of the blood, and is immediately affected for good or for ill when any change takes place in the vital fluid. The blood conveys all the elements which go to make up the organs of the body, and carries away all dissolved and useless material. Every bone, muscle, nerve and tissue lives upon what the blood feeds to it. Moreover, every beating of the heart, every drawing of the breath, every thought flashing through the brain, every movement of muscle or limb, needs a supply of pure blood, to be done rightly and well.

2d THE NECESSITY. The human race as a whole is in great need of a good blood purifier. There are about 2,400 disorders incident to the human frame, the large majority arising from the impure or poisonous condition of the blood. Scrofula, a disease as old as antiquity, has been inherited by generation after generation, and manifests itself to day virulent and virtually unchanged from its ancient forms. If we are so fortunate as to escape hereditary impurities in the blood, we may contract disease from the germs in the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink.

3d THE REMEDY. In Food's Sarsaparilla is found *the* medicine for all blood diseases. Its remarkable cures are its loudest praise. No remedy has ever had so marked success, no medicine was ever accorded so great public patronage. Scrofula in its sever