TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Angry Tenants Thought Rosenbluth Fired His Store.

Chased Through the Street, He Took Refuge in a Police Station.

Many Small Fires, One of Which May Cause a Man's Death.

Several fires gave the Department plenty of work this morning. One family were rescued when all but overcome by smoke. A half a dozen people had narrow escapes. One man was chased by an excited crowd of people, who thought he had fired the house. In another fire a man was burned so badly that he will die.

Simon Rosenbluth, his wife, Fanny, and three children—John, four; Annie, two years, and Bertha, seven weeks—live in the "Mixed Ale" flats at 817 Tenth avenue.

Rosenbluth keeps a crockery store on the ground floor, and his family live in the rear of the place. Simon has for a partner his brother, Herrman, who lives with his family a few doors away at 823 Tenth avenue.

Policeman Lanahan was standing on the corner of Fifty-fifth street at 2 o'clock this morning and saw the glare of flames through the crockery shop window. He blew his whistle, and Policemen McGinley and Barrett, on the adjoining posts, ran towards the burning building.

Lanahan got to the rear door in the hall and succeeded in breaking it open. The place was filled with smoke, and the flames were eating up the wall from the place where the fire had evidently started in one corner of the store.

The Rosenbluths were found in bed overcome by the smoke. The three policemen got them out to the pavement, where they soon recovered, and were taken to the apartments of Herrman Rosenbluth.

While Lanahan was breaking into the shoe store of H. Geller, in the other side of the building and getting the shoemaker out, the other policemen went upstairs to arouse the tenants.

There was a wild flight to the roof and fire-escapes. All got out of the house safely. The firemen had little trouble with the flames, and extinguished them after they had done $1,000 damage.

When the fire was all over Herrman Rosenbluth went around to see how much damage had been done. There were about fifteen tenants standing in front of the house talking in an excited manner. As soon as they caught sight of Rosenbluth, one of them cried: "There's the man who set fire to his store for the insurance!"

Herrman didn't wait to hear any more. He started down Tenth avenue on a wild run. After him followed the excited tenants, howling like mad. One of them carried an axe, and the others had clubs.

Herrman ran on until he reached the West Forty-ninth street police station. There he fell exhausted on the floor with quivering limbs and staring eyes. He begged the Sergeant to save his life.

He was quieted after awhile, and told that no one could hurt him. He started back for his home, but it was hours before he had courage enough to enter it.

In the mean time the tenants had given up the chase and returned to the burned building. The janitor of the place tried to convince them that the Rosenbluths could not have had anything to do with the fire. The tenants thought that the janitor was in league with the others, and he would certainly have come to some bodily harm had there not been a policeman stationed there. As it was the janitor went in his rooms and locked himself in.

The fire that will doubtless cost a man his life, started at 5 o'clock in the old-fashioned three-story rear frame house at 317 West Twentieth street.

Baptiste Amorette, a Frenchwoman, who lives on the ground floor of the place, was awakened by the screams of a man. Going to the second floor, she found a room in the back of the house all afire, and Julian Palmeno, eighteen years old, who lives there, was rolling on the floor, wrapped in flames. The pieces of a lamp lay on the floor near the bed. It looked as though the man had kicked over the lamp from a chair in his sleep.

Mrs. Amorette ran out and got policeman Madden, who turned in an alarm. When the policeman reached the house with the firemen, the burning man could not be found. The flames in the room were extinguished, and the house searched from top to bottom. Still there was no sight of Palmeno.

Finally the policeman found him in a woodshed in the next yard. The clothing had been entirely burned from his body, and the flesh was falling off.

The injured man was taken to New York Hospital, where his head, arms and body were found to be horribly burned, and it was said that the man could not live. The flames did $50 damage.

Fire broke out in a grocery store on the ground floor of the five-story tenement-house at 57 Beach street early this morning. The store is owned by Mrs. Kate Lyons, who lives in the room behind it with her two-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Lyons awoke, smelled smoke and found the entire store in flames. She caught her child in her arms and ran to the front door. But that door was locked, and she had mislaid the key.

The flames were creeping nearer and nearer the woman and child, and Mrs. Lyons was pounding on the door, when Policeman McKeever arrived, battered the door down, and dragged mother and child out.

The people in the upper part of the house got into a wild panic before they got out. The flames were confined to the ground floor and did $500 damage.

A fire that routed out all the inhabitants of the five-story brick tenement-house at 215 Henry street broke out at 7.40 o'clock this morning in the apartments of Henry Keslon, on the first floor. It was caused by his children playing with matches. An alarm was turned in and the fire extinguished before any considerable damage had been done.

A fire that did $150 damage started in the apartments of A. Pougal, on the top floor of the five-story tenement-house, 253 West Thirty-third street, at 8 o'clock this morning. The cause and insurance are unknown.

THIS SOUBRETTE A FIGHTER.

First Fought a Waiter and Then a Policeman.

An Early Morning Row That Delighted "Night Owls."

Policeman Edward Keating, of the East Twenty-second street station, with his uniform coat torn and several buttons missing, appeared in Yorkville Court this morning as complainant against a young man and woman named respectively Joseph Donnelly, twenty-one years, of 459 Third avenue, and Kate Daily, aged twenty-five, who refused to give her address.

He found them fighting and rolling on the sidewalk in front of a clothing store at Twenty-sixth street and Third avenue at 4 o'clock this morning. Donnelly claimed to be a waiter, while the woman said she was a soubrette in a Brooklyn theatre.

The spectacle of a man and woman scuffling together on the street attracted quite a crowd of "night owls," who formed a ring and encouraged the fighters. The noise they made brought Keating t othe scene. He parted the fighters and held on to the man.

While the policeman was questioning him the soubrette suddenly became furious, and turning her attention to the officer, began to claw at him with her nails. To defend himself from her attack, Keating had to release the man and turn his attention to Kate. She kicked and scratched, and in the struggle she pulled off several buttons tore the sleeve of his coat.

Another officer finally appeared on the scene, and the man and woman were taken to the station-house. The soubrette fought the entire way. She was quite meek when brought before Justice Voorhis. Donnelly said the whole trouble was because he had refused to treat her to a drink.

He said that he was coming along the avenue when she accosted him and asked him to give her a whiskey. On his refusal he said she attacked him.

Justice Voorhis fined the soubrette $10 and Donnelly $5.

HAS A DUAL HUSBAND.

Mrs. Lederman's Allegation in Her Suit for Divorce.

Emma Lederman, of 187 Orchard street, has brought an action for an absolute divorce on the statutory grounds, through Lawyer Louis Steckler, of 275 Broadway, against her husband, Ernest Lederman.

The complaint states that the parties were married in February, 1891, and that shortly afterwards Lederman abandoned his wife, and in the year 1893 was discovered living with another woman in this city as her husband.

Mrs. Lederman alleges that while she is positive that he is known as another woman's husband, she is unable to give the name of the woman who is known as her husband's wife, but, upon information, charges that the Christian name of the woman is Mary.

The papers have been served upon Lederman, but up to the present time he has not interposed any defense.

WHOSE BABY GIRL?

Police Looking for the Woman Who Deserted Her in a Hotel.

If the richly dressed woman who left a two-months-old girl baby in the waiting-room of the Central Road Hotel, at 146 Liberty street, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning would return and claim the child she would greatly oblige the police of the Church street station.

The police are trying to discover the whereabouts of the mother, but so far have not succeeded. The child, which is handsomely dressed, was taken to Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon by Lena Weckesser, one of the servants in the hotel, and this morning was removed to the Ward's Island infant asylum.

"The World's" New Uptown Office.

"The World's" Uptown Office has moved into its new quarters at the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, at Thirty-second street. There are eight entrances, two on Broadway, two on Sixth avenue and four on Thirty-second street.

Opening of the Leslie Building.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has sent out several hundred invitations to her friends and to the publishing fraternity generally for a "house-warming" Thursday evening. At this time the formal opening of the new Frank Leslie Building, 42 and 44 Bond street, will occur.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN ARTIST'S SUICIDE.

Henry Alexander Takes Carbolic Acid at the Oriental Hotel.

Estranged from His San Francisco Family and Dissipated.

Then Came Carelessness, Moroseness and Despondency.

Henry Alexander, a young San Francisco artist, committed suicide at the Oriental Hotel, Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, shortly after 4 o'clock this morning.

Alexander locked himself in his room and took a large dose of carbolic acid. The elevator boy heard him breathing heavily and hurrying downstairs notified the night clerk.

The artist was found lying on his bed unconscious. Drs. Pickering and Edwards, who were summoned, applied the usual restoratives, but failed in their efforts to revive him. He died within a short time of their arrival.

Alexander registered at the Oriental last Saturday evening. He was unknown to the hotel people, and apparently had no friends among the guests.

On the body was found a permit to copy pictures, signed by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts.

At the large studio building at 51 West Tenth street, where Alexander lived and had a studio, it was learned that he arrived here from San Francisco about eight months ago. He was a heavy drinker, and had a sullen and morose disposition.

Lacking in the spirit of good fellowship so essential to popularity among artists, Alexander made no friends. The other artists in the building did not get beyond a bowing acquaintance with him.

He told the housekeeper that he had had trouble with his family in California, in consequence of which his sister was the only one of his relatives who would correspond with him.

Alexander had some reputation as a painter of Japanese interiors, and at one time his pictures sold readily. Of late, however, he had grown careless, neglected his work, and as a result was in a bad way financially. He became despondent over his inability to sell his pictures, and drank a great deal.

The body was removed to Winterbottom's undertaking establishment, where it will remain until his relatives have been communicated with.

SHE MUST SHOW CAUSE.

Benj. Marks Wants the Default Taken by His Wife Opened.

Lawyer Alfred B. Jaworower, of the Pulitzer Building, has procured from Judge Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas, an order to show cause in the case of Carrie Marks against her husband, Benjamin Marks, why the default taken by her should not be opened, and staying all proceedings on the part of Mrs. Marks meanwhile, despite the protest of Civil Justice Henry M. Goldfogle.

In September, 1891, Mrs. Carrie Marks, through her guardian ad litem, Adolph Landsman, brought an action in the Court of Common Pleas against her husband, Benjamin Marks, to annul their marriage, which was performed by Judge John Henry McCarthy, of the City Court.

In her complaint she stated that Sept. 5, 1891, Marks, who was a widower, requested her to marry him, and she refused; that afterwards, upon the earnest solicitation of Marks, she partook of some wine and other strong intoxicating drink, from the effects of which she became semi-intoxicated, and, in consequence, her mind was confused and clouded and her faculties partly benumbed.

She alleged that while in such condition she was told by Marks that she must marry him, and that if she refused he would kill her and himself, too. By reason of said threat and the serious manner and action of Marks making the same, she became frightened, she declared, and feared that if she refused to obey his requests he would carry out his threats, and while in such a frame of mind and in the semi-intoxicated condition, and fearing she was in danger of her life, and while under actual duress, she went with Marks before Judge McCarthy, and the ceremony was performed.

At the time the ceremony was performed, she claimed, she was not aware of the nature, consequences or effect of the act she was engaged in.

Lawyer Jaworower's order to show cause is returnable May 17.

Willing to Aid.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Young Wife—The minister wants every woman in the congregation to earn something for the church by her own labor, and I don't know what in the world to do.

Husband—You spoke about needing a new dress and—

Wife—Oh, yes, I never thought of that. I'll get the dressmaker to pay me so much an hour while I'm being fitted, and then she can charge it in the bill.

Coming Events.

Raphael Dramatic Club's presentation of "A Bottle of Fish," this evening, at Chapel Hall, Tenth avenue and Fortieth street.

New York College of Music's sixteenth annual Commencement and concert, to-morrow evening, at Chickering Hall.

Summer-night's festival of the R. W. Timmins Association, Saturday evening, at Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino.

Saturday a testimonial benefit will be given to Ludwig Michaelis, at Lexington Opera-House. The musical farce, "Hummelfritze," is to be produced. Mr. Michaelis has been a member of the German stage for many years, and through severe illness was unable to accept an engagement last season. The entire company has volunteered its services, the cast is a strong one, and comprises some of the principal members of the Irving Place Theatre stock company and others. The Irving Place Theatre orchestra, under the direction of Fred Brumm, will give a promenade concert before and after the performance.

The Greatest Bargain ever offered in Blue Serges. Suits to order, $14.

They are made of the finest worsted, are soft finished and fast colors. This is the best value ever offered by the tailoring trade. They are the dressiest and coolest goods for summer wear.

Samples and self-measurement guide sent.

JACOBS BROTHERS,

229 Broadway, opp. P. O.

Bowery, cor. Broome St.

HE WHISTLED THE OLD TUNE.

And Somnambulist Tuohey's Wife Found Him in the Air-Shaft.

He Wasn't Due for a Week Yet and She Didn't Watch Him.

William Tuohey, thirty years old, a stone cutter, lives with his wife Mary and two children on the first floor of 2319 First avenue. He has been a somnambulist since his youth, but he generally walks in his sleep at intervals of five weeks, so that his wife knows just when to watch him.

He was not due to perform his midnight wandering until next week, so his wife was surprised at 2 o'clock this morning to find that he had left his bed. She got up to look for him and was searching through the halls when she heard some one whistling a tune that was a great favorite of her husband's.

She listened, but could not tell where the sound came from.

At last she got a candle and held it over the airshaft from the first floor. As the light of the candle fell upon her face a voice said:

"Mary, I'm hurt."

"Her husband was in the bottom of the airshaft.

When she got to her husband, Mrs. Tuohey found him so tightly wedged in that she was compelled to get a policeman to help get him out. He had fallen into the shaft from the first floor, and his back was sprained.

He was remove to the Harlem Hospital.

You Read The Evening World! Do You Read The Sunday World?

TITLED PERSONS ARRIVE.

Members of the German Nobility on Incoming Steamers.

Among the passengers on the steamer Aller, which arrived this morning from Bremen, were the Baroness von Baumgarten and the Baroness von Steinwehr, wife of Gen. von Steinwehr.

Count Gebhard von Keyserling was a passenger on the Friesland, arriving from Antwerp.

MORE and better—that's what you get when you buy

Knapp's Rootbeer Extract

One bottle makes six gallons, and the quality cannot be equalled.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

1,600 STYLISH PICCADILLY SACK SUITS

$9.80

BLUE AND BLACK SERGES. ENGLISH HOMESPUNS. IMPORTED TWEEDS.

This line is something that will tempt a man who has even no need for a suit. They are honest value to any one at $15.00 to $18.00. Every garment warranted all wool and finest tailoring. Long cut, &c.

Our English Cut Trousers at $2.98, worth $5.00.

EUGENE P. PEYSER AT OUR TWO STORES, (123-125 Fulton St. (near Nassau). (383 Broadway (near White St.).

S. BAUMANN & CO.

Will grant you all the credit you need to supply your homes with

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Lamps, Stoves, Baby Carriages, Clocks, Refrigerators, Curtains, Crockery and Housefurnishing Goods.

OUR CREDIT SYSTEM

does not require notes, or collateral, save your own honest word. A little down—a little each week or month—and the bill is paid.

733, 735, 737, 739 Eighth Ave.

N. W. CORNER 46TH ST. OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P. M.

TWO JURORS DISMISSED.

They Showed They Had Already Decided Before a Case Ended.

Leopold Rosenthal, in the City Court to-day, brought suit for $820 damages for breach of contract against Keve & Henry, manufacturers of boys' clothing at 61 Bleecker street. He alleged that he was engaged as a travelling salesman for a term of six months, but was discharged at the expiration of three weeks.

Ex-Judge Alfred Steckler, who appeared for the defendants, placed Jacob Henry, one of the firm, upon the stand and had put a few questions to him, and in answers to which he testified that he had engaged Rosenthal for a trial trip only, and not for the season, the trial trip to extend only for a period of three weeks.

The foreman of the jury upon this testimony immediately took Henry to task and asked him: "What, do you say that you only engaged him for a trial trip?"

"Yes, sir," replied Henry.

The foreman thereupon blurted out: "Well, that ain't the way it's done; every one is engaged for the season; that is the usual way employment is made."

Mr. Steckler was evidently nettled, but did not then say anything. Another juror propounded two or three questions upon the probability of Henry making the agreement for a trial trip.

The juror from his manner and speech clearly showed that he did not regard the evidence given by the witness as truthful. Judge Steckler then protested to the Court that it was evident that these jurors could not and would render a fair and impartial verdict; that they had in effect made up their minds that the plaintiff's version was correct, and that it was unlawful for them so to determine without hearing the full and complete evidence of the case, and he asked for the dismissal of the jurors.

Mr. George C. Coffin, representing the plaintiff, appreciating the position of affairs, readily consented to the excusing of these two jurors, and the trial proceeded with ten jurors. Judge Fitzsimons discharged these jurors for the term.

Other witnesses were called by the firm to substantiate their version of the case, and the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, allowing him $80.

And They So Plentiful.

(From Life.)

Tommy's Mother—Did you hear about poor Mrs. Jones? She ran a needle into her hand. The doctors had to open every finger trying to find it.

Tommy—What made 'em do that, mamma? Why didn't they get the lady another needle?

Kennedy 12 Cortlandt St.

Men's Summer Shoes. This Season the shapes have been improved, the finish is finer and prices have been reduced.

Black Kangaroo, $3.98, usually $5.00. Tan Color Calf $2.97 to $3.98. Patent Leather, $2.97, $3.98, $4.98. Black Calf, $2.97, $3.98, $4.98.

Men's Sporting Shoes for any outdoor service

Canvas Tennis, rubber soles, 49c. Russia Calf, heavy rubber soles, $2.97. Black Bicycle (Hand-welt), $2.50.

Men's Hats.

One of the marvels of our great Hat Stock is the Style that stamps them all.

Derbys, $1.90, $2.35, $2.90. Alpines, $1.90 to $2.90. Silk Hats, $3.90, $4.90, $5.90.

Men's Furnishings.

Finest quality Summer Wool Shirts and Drawers in blue, white, tan and natural, $1.49 each, worth $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

175 dozen Cellular Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers (French maker), 79c. each, worth $1.25; 50 dozen French Percale Shirts, open back and front, two collars, one pair cuffs, detached, 98c., worth $1.25.

Finest Madras and Zephyr Neglige Shirts (Eagle brand), 98c.; worth $1.75.

BETWEEN TWO ICEBERGS.

Friesland Passed Them in the Path of Atlantic Liners.

The steamer Friesland, Capt. Nickels, from Antwerp, which arrived at this port to-day, reports that she passed between two large icebergs on May 12, when in lat. 44.26, long. 43.03. One of the bergs was five miles south of the vessel, and the other seven miles north.

The Friesland spoke the steamer Normannia, from this port bound for Hamburg, in lat. 41.27, long. 52.45, and a National line steamer, both on the same day the icebergs were passed. On May 13 she spoke the steamer La Champagne for Havre. The icebergs are drifting south in the course usually covered by steamers to and from this port.

Asking Too Much.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Sturdy Tramp—Won't you help a poor man out with a small sum?

Mr. Uptown—No, I will not give money to a stout, healthy young man like you.

Tramp—Look here! If you think I'm goin' to get the gallopin' consumption just for the couple of pennies you might give me, you are foolin' yourself badly.

For sallow skin and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills.

Book free, pills 25c. At drug stores; or write to B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

Amusements.

NOW OPEN.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West

And Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

AMBROSE PARK, SOUTH BROOKLYN,

ADJOINING 39TH STREET FERRY

(New York end of which is at foot of Whitehall street, Battery).

Twice Daily, Rain or Shine, 3 and 8.15 P. M.

Doors open at 1 and 6.15 P. M. Admission 50 cents. Children half price. Central grand Stand 75 cents and $1. 20,000 covered seats.

HOW TO GET THERE:

39th St. Ferry, Whitehall St., the most direct route from Battery to camp gates; fare 5 cents. Best accessible from all points in and around New York, via Battery, all Ferries and Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated and surface cars connecting. Popular restaurant a feature.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

TO-NIGHT, SPECIAL PROGRAMME.

SOUSA'S BAND.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

Refreshments served. ADMISSION 50c.

BROADWAY THEATRE

TO-NIGHT.

THOS. Q. SEABROOKE. TABASCO.

1894 Established 1841 569 3d AVE. Wholesale and Retail.

Crandall's Baby Carriages.

Largest and best assortment of the newest patterns of baby carriages in this business at low prices, with latest improvements. Call and examine. It will pay you. Descriptive catalogue free. Also Velocipedes, Tricycles, Toll Carriages. Repairing done. Open evenings.

SLAUGHTER! IN Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads THIS WEEK.

Jordan, Moriarty & Co.

155, 157 AND 159 EAST 23D ST., West of 3d Ave.

Furniture, Carpets & Upholstery

Just received from England a heavy shipment of Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads, which we have imported direct. We offer them this week at wholesale prices,

$13.96; Worth at Least $25.

For this Next English Brass Bedstead drop Footboard.

Prompt Attention Given to All Out-of-Town Orders.

No Extra Charge for Freight or Packing of Goods.

PRICE LIST MAILED ON APPLICATION.

ACCOMMODATION Given on Easy Terms.

Amusements.

ABBEY'S Theatre, B'way, cor. 39th. Mr. Oscar Barrett's Fairy Extravaganza CINDERELLA. Evenings at 8.15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. Admission 50c. FIRST SERIES OF LIVING PICTURES. VAUDEVILLE SPECIALTIES. NOVELTIES.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Twice Nightly. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2 BARON BLAT IN A GRAND REPRODUCTION OF THE PLANTER'S WIFE. Next week, Miss Belle Archer in an Arabian Night.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. H. C. MINER, Proprietor. THE DIAMOND BREAKER. EMPIRE THEATRE. Mats. Wed. and Sat. TO-NIGHT AT 8.10. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP AND A NEW COMEDY. CUDGEONS. LYCEUM THEATRE. THE AMAZONS. 8 o'clock. 2 o'clock. Mat. Thursday and Saturday.

BOYT'S MAIN ST. THEATRE. Evgs. at 8.30. THIS WEEK ONLY. Mat. to-day (Tues.) at 2.15. MAY 17 AND 18. ROSE COGHLAN IN FORGET-ME-NOT. THUR. DAY, May 17, POLY WEFFINGTON.

BIJOU, BROADWAY, near 30th st. Last week of the comedy farce, CHARLEY'S UNCLE. Next week THE SKATING RING.

14TH ST. THEATRE. Near 6th Ave. Prices, 10c., 20c., 30c. and $1.00. THIS WEEK ONLY. Matinees Wed. and Sat. A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving Pl. LAST WEEKS. The Girl I Left Behind Me. Prices, $1.00 (lbc., 50c., 25c. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Eves. 8.15.

CASINO. ADMISSION 50c. THE PASSING SHOW. Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Music, Drama, Farce & Spectacle. 1000th time Sept. 100.

STANDARD THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Mgr. M. B. Curtis in Sam'l of Posen. EVGS. AT 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.15.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT. MAYOURNEEN. Popular Wednesday Matinee, 25c. and 50c.

PALMER'S. To-night at 8.15. Mat. Sat. only. A Tidal Wave of Superb Scenic Time-Space. RICE & DIXEY CO. in ADONIS. See Dixey's Wonderful Imitation of Irving.

GARDEN THEATRE, 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. RICE'S 1492. Enormous Success. KILANYI. Entire New Series.

DALY'S. LAST WEEK BUT ONE. JAMES A. HERNE in SHORE ACRES. Evenings, 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Mgr. The Great Quarry Play. A LIFE OF TOIL. 1,000 Reserved Seats at 25c.

GERMANIA THEATRE. Last performance. Aug. Walker's Benefit. DR. BARKHURST.

No Microscope

Is needed to see the goodness of our Shirts. The minute you take one in your hands you know it is a good shirt. The more carefully you examine

Keep's Shirts

the better you will be satisfied with their thorough good quality, both in material and making. Neither could be better—at any price. Our price for 30 years has been

9 dollars for 6 (unlaundered).
10 dollars for 6 (laundered).

Made to Order to Fit.
"Best" ready-made $1.50 each.
"K" ready-made $1 each.

KEEP MFG. CO., Broadway, bet. 11th and 12th Sts.

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offers the "PORTRAIT TYPES" at 10 cents for each Portfolio, and this concession will hold for the whole series for those who secure Portfolios during the week of issue.

Address all mail to THE WORLD PORTFOLIO DEPARTMENT, World Building. Include no other business in Portfolio orders.

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Amusements

CENTRAL OPERA-HOUSE TROJA; JOSIE SABEL. Kelly & Ashby, Clair & Tourjee.

MUSIC HALL, 57th st. & 3d av class. High Vaudeville. Every Eve at 8.15. Box Seats, $1; Reserved Seats, 50c.; Admis., 25c.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE, Cor. 31st st. and 3d ave. MAT. MON., THURS., SAT. EVGS. W. MONROE in MY JUDGE BRIDGET. Next Week—A SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. Open from 11 to 11. Grand Concerts, Vaudeville Performances. All 2.30. Admission 50c. Eve'gs 8.

PROCTOR'S. Jas. F. Hoey, Bessie Bonehill, American Mars, De Forests, Seeley & West and 14 other new acts. 10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 2 to 10.30 P. M. May 21—Without Opera company, with Vaudeville.

THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND AMERICAN HAMBURG COURT. 124 and 126 East 14th st., near 3d ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening. MATINEE TO-DAY.

PASTOR'S. VESTA TILLEY. THE 2 CLIPPERS. LOTTIE GILSON. NATIONAL TRIO. MADAM ANNA.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. Garden. Pool Expert Stanton, Hypnotic Gallotti's monkeys. Dime Museum. Daily stage show.

ATLANTIC GARDEN. Every Evening Concert and Vaudeville. Lady Orchestra. Paul Stanley, Allen Sisters, Gina P. Ricks, Alfrina. Pneumatic Orchestrion. 11 A. M. to 6 P. M.

PROCTOR'S. Hoey, Bonehill, American Mars and 10 other new acts. 10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 2 to 10.30 P. M. May 21—Without Opera Company, with Vaudeville.

AMERICAN THEATRE. Matinee Saturday. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. TO-NIGHT. LEONARD BOYNE. JULIA ARTHUR. SISTER MARY.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. This Week. SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT. TO-NIGHT "A SCRAP OF PAPER." MR. and MRS. KENDAL

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. B'way & Mats. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. RIP VAN WINKLE and a great Vaudeville Bill.

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NOVELTY. JOS. W. FRANKEL, Manager. 10, 20, 30, 50c. NO HIGHER. Matinees Tues., Thurs. & Sat. MR. POTTER OF TEXAS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Bonnie and James. The Funny Farce-Comedy. THORNTON. Specially Engaged. THE SKATING RINK.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. EDWARD HARRIGAN. This Week. Matinees Wed. & Sat. THE MULLIGAN GUARDS' BALL.

STAR. WALTER SANFORD, Lessee & Mgr. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50c. 419 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. AN EXCITING STORY OF HEROIC ROMANCE. THE WESTERNER.

EMPIRE. WALTER SANFORD, Lessee & Mgr. PRICES 15c., 25c., 35c. & 50c. 407 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. MILTON NOBLES in the PHŒNIX.

AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor. EVERY EVENING. MATINEE SAT. ONLY. THE BOSTONIANS IN ROBIN HOOD.

COLUMBIA. Edwin Knowles & Co., Proprietors. EVERY EVENING. MATINEE SAT. ONLY. LILLIAN RUSSELL IN GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

THOR'S PERILOUS WOOING.

Canute Admitted that He Deserved His Bride.

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night; and it was always worst on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches, and laying a stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nesset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course, old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still they smiled and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hayloft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose clear and cool through the sun's misty rays, the cowbells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs, and blew the cowhorn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening, one after another they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action: "Come up here again and there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion. That there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nesset. And all the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favor.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now, Canute was certainly getting on in years; still, although he was past sixty, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavily on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm-garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said some one else behind him, and gave him a great blow in the back of his neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the third man," said old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully; he dived and he ducked; whenever a blow fell it missed him, and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterwards that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up until blood began to flow, then Canute cried out: "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone: "If you can get up here next Saturday in spite of Canute Husaby and his men the girl shall be yours."

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight upon Husaby hill, but every one said: "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself: "If I may not have Thor I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor stayed in his bed all Sunday, and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came, and it was a very lovely day. It had rained in the night; the hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odors were wafted in, the cowbells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above some one was "jodling." * * * Truly, it it had not been for his mother, who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he stayed in bed; on Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said. "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm: "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby hill; but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upward—all was quiet; he looked over towards Husaby farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut; her day's work was done, she was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the dog and without saying anything walked further on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked towards the side where lay the fjord; it seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with "long-drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second it seemed to her as though some one answered from far down below. "Hear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge and twined her arms round a slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing; the fjord lay there calm and at rest, not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones, and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet, and again leaned over the cliff. And there down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap, and under it the figure of a man, climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself, and, letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down upon the greensward, seized the grass with both hands as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots; she screamed aloud and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him, but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and, therefore, he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time, and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seemed to her quite endless.

Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow wow!" said he to Aslang, and jumped upon her. And again, "Wow, wow!" then over the edge of the cliff a coarse round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason.