'NO SEATS, NO FARES.'

That Motto Suggested by a Reader of "The Evening World."

Trail Cars on Broadway Might Tend to Relieve the Crush.

Third Avenue Patrons Want a Relay at Sixth Street.

"The Evening World's" crusade against the city street railway lines which refuse to give their patrons sufficient accommodations, but persist in squeezing big profits out of the travelling public by overcrowding their cars and herding passengers in like cattle during the busy hours of the day, is now fairly booming.

The watchword, "No seats, no fares," is suggested by one of "The Evening World's" readers.

Every day now witnesses an increase in the number of travellers which the surface lines are called upon to accommodate. Vacation season is drawing to a close; Fall business is picking up, and the city is filling up with the workers, who must find means of getting to and from their places of employment promptly and expeditiously.

This morning's mail brings in a big batch of letters from readers of "The Evening World" who are interesting themselves in the fight, and are willing to do their share to help along the good work. Thanks are due to them for the encouragement which such a manifestation of interest gives.

Here is one from a correspondent who ought to know what he is talking about:

To the Editor:

As an employee of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, and one who would like to help you in your endeavor to procure seats for the patrons of surface roads, allow me to offer you the following information and suggestion:

This road, as well as the Broadway, has as many cable cars standing idle at its power-houses as it has running. With very little trouble the grips on these cars could be unbolted and the cars used as trailers. This, with relays from the Sixty-fifth street depot mornings and from Eighth street evenings, would do away with the crush on Third avenue. The trailers would also do away with the crush on Broadway, I'd give you my name I will be discharged, so I simply sign myself A READER OF "THE EVENING WORLD."

This one is equally to the point:

To the Editor:

I am a regular patron of the Third avenue cable cars, and as such have noticed very often that empty cars are started out from the Sixty-fifth street depot (uptown) in the morning rush hours, a very ridiculous proceeding, in view of the fact that hundreds of people below Sixty-fifth street cannot get a seat on these cars or on the Elevated road. Therefore, I would suggest that those cars be started from the Sixty-fifth street depot downtown, instead of uptown, during the morning rush hours—say from 6.30 to 9 A. M.—and that relays be given at Sixth street during the evening rush hours, from 5 to 7 P. M. Let the side track at this point (Sixth street) be utilized.

AN ADMIRER OF THE EVENING WORLD."

Wants Relays, Too.

To the Editor:

Your suggestion in Saturday evening's edition as to relays at Ninth street on the Third avenue road is O. K. But give us relays from Sixty-fifth street in the morning also. A. C. DYKMAN.

No Seats, No Fares.

To the Editor:

As to boodle and the respect paid to the laws "Experience" is right. But "The Evening World" has found means to push other laws to benefit the common people, and I sincerely hope it will do the same in this matter of "No seats, no fares." A WORKINGMAN.

BOY RUN OVER BY A TRUCK.

James Farrell Died in a Hospital and Driver Stewart Remanded.

James Farrell, six years old, of 555 West One Hundred and Tenth street, was run over by a truck belonging to the New York Juvenile Asylum at One Hundred and Tenth street and Western Boulevard, this morning.

Policeman Geary, of the West One Hundredth street station, arrested Walter Stewart, the driver of the truck. Stewart said the boy jumped from another truck and slid under the rear wheel of that belonging to the asylum. Several of the boy's ribs were crushed, and he was taken to Manhattan Hospital, where he died a few hours later.

Stewart was remanded when arraigned in Harlem Court.

TWENTY-SIX HORSES BURNED

Livery Stable and Contents Wiped Out at Fort Worth.

(By Associated Press.)

FORT WORTH, Tex., Sept. 12.—James Calvin's South Side livery stable was burned to the ground yesterday. Twenty-six head of horses, valued at $5,000, and thirty-six buggies and carriages, valued at $5,000, were consumed, together with a quantity of feed. The stable and property burned had a total valuation of $25,000.

The horses were well insured, as were also the barns and carriages. The fire is thought to be of incediary origin.

Killed by a Dynamite Explosion.

(By Associated Press.)

KNOXVILLE Tenn., Sept. 12.—By a dynamite explosion in the sewer works at West Knoxville yesterday Nelson Woods was killed and Ruby Reddin was mortally wounded.

MOTHERS will find MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP the best remedy for their children. 25c. ⅌ᵉ

REFEREE TO HEAR EVIDENCE.

Court Grants Mrs. Kuehne Beveridge Coghlan's Motion.

She Sues Her Actor Husband for Absolute Divorce.

Another move in the action brought by Kuehne Beveridge Coghlan for an absolute divorce from Charles F. Coghlan, the actor, was made to-day before Judge McAdam, in the Special Term of the Superior Court.

An application was made by Lawyer Van Schaick, counsel for the plaintiff, for the appointment of a referee to take testimony in the case. Lawyer Van Schaick said that Actor Coghlan had ignored the divorce proceedings, paying no attention whatever to two letters written him on the subject.

After Lawyer Van Shaick had made these statements, Judge McAdam asked: "Is there any opposition to the appointment of a referee by the defendant?"

A representative of the firm of Olin, Rives & Montgomery, Mr. Coghlan's attorneys, replied that they did not exactly approve of the appointment, and still they did not formally oppose the motion. Lawyer Van Schaick replied that the fact was that Coghlan had defaulted in not putting in an answer and had entered no demurrer, besides paying no attention to the letters written him.

Judge McAdam granted the motion and appointed Lawyer Edward Jacobs, of 353 Broadway, as referee. The lawyers on both sides absolutely refused to give any particulars as to the plaintiff's specific charges against the actor.

Coghlan's marriage to Miss Beveridge on Oct. 25, 1893, occasioned great surprise, as Coghlan had for years been living with a woman known as his wife and had a daughter in her teens whom he had introduced as their daughter.

A few months after his marriage to Miss Beveridge, Coghlan left her and returned to the first Mrs. Coghlan.

ILLINOIS LANDMARK GONE.

Fire Destroys a House Identified with an Indian Massacre.

(By Associated Press.)

PRINCETON, Ill., Sept. 12.—One of the old landmarks of Northern Illinois was destroyed by fire early this morning. It was situated nine miles north of this city and was the first house erected by white men in the northern half of the State. It was located on the old Dixon Trail, once the principal highway to the Northwest. Near this site, before the Blackhawk war, lived John Dimmick and his family. They were warned by the old Chief Shabbona to flee to the block-house at Princeton, and saved their lives.

The family of Rev. John Hall, who lived in the old house, laughed at the old chief, and when the raid came were all massacred, except a little girl. She fought so desperately and bravely for a hair ornament which she possessed that the Indians were struck with her courage and spared her life. The father, mother and another daughter were taken to the edge of the timber, one mile north of Princeton, where they were burned at the stake. A cemetery was later located at the spot in honor of their memory.

The old house was afterwards owned by Dr. Collins, but has not been inhabited, except by a few woodchoppers for a few months, since old Mr. Collins was found dead there about ten years ago. The Early Settlers' Association may mark the place with a monument.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE.

As Usual, It Tells of an Alleged Sinking Vessel.

(By Associated Press.)

LEAMINGTON, Ont., Sept. 12.—A bottle picked up on the east side of Point Pelee yesterday contained the following:

"Steamer Sunderberry blew out cylinder-head eighty miles west of Buffalo; now sinking. No hope. Loaded railroad steel. Pig iron. God save us." Signed "Manse Goldusiove."

TO-NIGHT

From 8 to 10 P. M.

Special Evening Exhibit

Latest novelties in Wraps, Bonnets, Laces, Lingerie, etc.

The public cordially invited. No goods sold during the evening.

MUSIC BY

Imperial Hungarian Band.

Richards

58 West 23d Street.

KATIE MORIARTY, NOT BROWN.

Left at the Chambers Street Hospital with Her Hand Gashed.

Vreeland Drove Off in the Cab, Hoping to Escape Identity.

The beautiful young woman who was driven in a cab to Chambers Street Hospital shortly before midnight last night and now lies there with three great gashes across her cheek, forehead and chin, was not correctly identified in the police reports.

Her name was given last night as Katie Brown, of 328 Grand street, Jersey City, but an "Evening World" reporter to-day learned that she is Katie Moriarty, a typewriter, employed in a Broadway store, and that she lives with her parents at 185 Henry street, this city.

About 11.30 o'clock last night a cab drove up to the Chambers Street Hospital and a well-dressed young woman stepped out. She staggered across the sidewalk and would have fallen had not the driver assisted her. The young woman's face was coverd with blood, which trickled down and stained the front of her stylishly-cut gown.

She was helped up the hospital steps by the driver of the cab, and when the latter mounted to his seat again a voice from inside the vehicle called out: "Drive to Liberty street ferry."

The attention of Policemen Kearney and Quirk was called to the cab by some one who saw the episode at the hospital entrance. The cab was stopped and its occupant, a well-dressed young man, was placed under arrest. He said he was Charles W. Vreeland, of 493 Garfield avenue, Jersey City.

At the Church street station Vreeland said that his companion was Miss Katie Brown, of 328 Grand street, Jersey City. They had met with an accident, he said. Vreeland showed a badly cut wrist to prove the truth of his words.

Vreeland was somewhat intoxicated, but told the Sergeant that he was a relative of Prosecutor Winfield, of Hudson County, and was in the advertising business. He was locked up.

It was learned that Vreeland and the young woman had gone to Blendemann's Hotel, 103 West street, about 10 o'clock last night. They went upstairs, too—the ladies' cafe, and Vreeland ordered drinks. A half hour later there was a crash of glass at the bottom of the stairs, and the man and woman were found in a heap on the oor near the door.

The young woman's face was covered with blood. Vreeland explained that in coming downstairs, Miss Brown's boa fell from his neck and, tripping over it, she fell headlong down the stairs. Vreeland said he tried to save her, and fell also. His companion's head struck the centre of a plate-glass door at the foot of the stairs, shattering the glass into fragments. Her face was frightfully cut.

Vreeland said he called the cab and drove to Chambers Street Hospital, where he left his friend, and then tried to get away before his identity was discovered.

At 185 Henry street, Dennis Moriarty, the young woman's father, was found this morning. He had just read a paragraph in a morning paper which told of "Katie Brown's" mishap. Although his own daughter, Katie had not been home since last evening, he did not suspect that the injured woman was his child.

When told that this was so, Moriarty at once started for the Hospital.

Katie's mother and sister, were almost prostrated by the news. Mrs. Moriarty said that she thought that Katie had remained all night with a friend named Ada. It was, however, the first time the girl had ever been out all night. The mother knew that Katie was acquainted with Vreeland. She had met him while visiting at her uncle's, Bernard Brown, 325 Grand street, Jersey City.

Last evening Katie was in a hurry to get out and left home after eating a hurried supper. She did not say where she was going.

The girl was celebrated in the neighborhood of her home for her beauty of face and figure. Her beauty will be forever marred as the result of last night's accident.

Young Vreeland was taken to the Tombs Court this morning and was discharged from custody.

Millionaire Leisenring Ill.

(By Associated Press.)

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 12.—Cablegrams from Homburg, Germany, announce that E. B. Leisenring, the multi-millionaire of Upper Lehigh, is at the point of death at that place. Mr. Leisenring sailed for Europe in August for the benefit of his health. Mr. Leisenring is President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, Vice-President of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and has extensive mining interests in this State.

Steam Navigators Elect Officers.

(By Associated Press.)

CINCINNATI, Sept. 12.—The National Board of Steam Navigation elected the following officers: President, James A. Henderson, Pittsburg; First Vice-President, B. D. Wood, New Orleans; Second Vice-President, J. B. Hubbell, Bridgeport, Conn.; Treasurer, W. J. Wood, Pittsburg; Secretary, E. H. Boyer, New York; Assistant Secretary, T. M. Veneman, Evansville, Ind. The Convention adjourned to meet in New York next year.

Better use too much than too little Pearline

Beware of imitations

SOUBRETTE ROW, NOW

Petitioners, Police Officials and Justice Voorhis in Conference.

Systematic Effort to Be Made to Purify the Block.

Capt. Price Wrathy Over Imputations Upon His Neglect.

The police and judiciary finally began to-day the long-deferred investigation of that much-complained-of stretch of Thirty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, known as "Soubrette Row."

Justice Voorhis retired from the bench at Jefferson Market Court when he had finished this morning's docket, and presently sent from his office a mysterious notification to the newspaper reporters that he wanted them present in his private chambers.

When the reporters entered, they found the Justice at his desk with Inspector McAvoy and Capt. Price standing solemnly on either side, while the room was comfortably filled with a group of very respectable-looking men and women.

The Justice arose and read the following petition:

To Thomas Byrnes, Superintendent of Police, New York City:

The undersigned, property-owners and persons interested in the block on Thirty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, respectfully call your attention to the fact that a number of houses and flats located on the block are occupied by immoral people, and that some of the reputed owners (one of whom has been indicted) continue to allow their premises to be occupied for immoral purposes.

Ladies living on the block scarcely dare to open their front doors after nightfall, and cannot sit on their stoops or in their front yards without being subjected to insults and being compelled to see repugnant sights.

In one house the front shades are never raised for fear the children will see sights in the street which will bear blighting marks in after years. Children of respectable parents cannot play on the street without coming into contact with young pickpockets, gamblers and others with other forms of vice, drawn there by the attractions of immorality.

Young men congregate in the street at night, and are drawn into these dens of vice, and are seen leaving in the early hours of the morning.

Property-owners on account of the above conditions are unable to rent to desirable tenants such their buildings. The Captain of the precinct does not afford any relief, although we are satisfied that he knows fully the character of every house in the block. We have appealed to some of the chief executive officer of the Police Department, and we beg you will correct the existing evils. The citizens of Thirty-ninth street are in earnest, and will adopt such measures as are within their power if the Police Department fails longer to perform their plain duty.

New York, Aug. 31, 1894.

There were about twenty signatures to the petition, and of these the following were present: H. Allen, No. 218; Edward Beck, No. 222; Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. Loewenstein, No. 218; William A. Reid, No. 272; M. Robinson, No. 234; Miss Kemble, No. 224, and G. C. Sterling, No. 270.

Inspector McAvoy brought me this petition last week, and I made up my mind," said the Justice, addressing his little audience, "to the step which we have now taken. I believe that this street, which is so frequently under complaint, needs purging, it can best be accomplished by a concert of action between the police, those residents and property-owners who complain and myself.

"I have thought that the best way to approach the matter was to call this conference of you ladies and gentlemen and the Inspector and Captain of the territory this morning. Now, I would like to know who may be properly regarded as the leader or the first mover among yourselves."

Several men and women announced in concert that their leader was D. Osgood, who owns the flat-houses, 270 and 272 West Thirty-ninth street, and lives in one of them. Mr. Osgood was not present, but a message was received from his wife saying that he was in Providence and could not return until Friday, but that upon that day he would be glad to attend the meeting.

The Justice then said that the authorities could not proceed in an unadvised manner against the nuisances of the block without knowing specifically in which houses the irregularities occurred. He called upon those present to give him the numbers of offending houses. This proved to be a little more than they were able or willing to do.

"They had all seen painted and gayly dressed women and fast-looking men moving up and down the block and in and out of houses, had seen women call men from the street, had heard the sound of drunken fights and orgies and all that disagreeable sort of thing, but when it came to giving house numbers, they hesitated and all confessed to a dependency upon Mr. Osgood for those points.

Capt. Price stepped forward with a paper in his hand, and said, with slight sarcasm:

"I may be able to help these ladies and gentlemen to locate their complaints. I have here a list of the owners and occupants of all the houses on the street. But I want to demand right here that help from you which you have denied me!"

Inspector McAvoy raised his hand and told the Captain to stop.

"I demand the right of an officer," insisted Capt. Price. "These very people (and he pointed out several of them) will not help the police to clean that block. My policemen have been abused and insulted."

The Captain was running on hotly, when Justice Voorhis peremptorily commanded him to leave off, and enforced his order by talking louder and faster than the Captain.

"We will go into details later," said the Justice, "and with the consent of you all I will postpone this conference until Friday, so that we can have Mr. Osgood present."

Several of those present said that they did not complain of Capt. Price; that he had usually attended to all direct complaints promptly, and that the street had improved in the past year, but they insisted that there was ample room for further reform.

It came out in the discussion, with which the conference adjourned, that not only the tenants of houses in that block of Thirty-ninth street are always rapidly changing, but that the properties themselves pass frequently from one owner to another.

Charles Moffatt, the well-known furnished-flat man, has within two months bought the flat-houses at Nos. 220 and 222, whose undesirable tenants were recently cleared out. The Ashton House, at Nos. 226 and 228, has also altered the character of its guests, according to the reports of those present at the conference.

THE TREATMENT IS FREE

And Behind It Is Doctor Copeland's Purpose

Not Only that the Deceptive Use of the Word "Free" Shall Be Exposed, but that the Whole People Shall Have the Benefit of Scientific Diagnosis and Correct Treatment by Expert Specialists.

The new general admission—the universal verdict—that the Copeland system of treatment is the best ever devised for curing deep-seated diseases cannot fail to be of benefit to those who need the services of skilful as well as honest specialists, FOR THE TREATMENT IS GIVEN FREE.

This verdict (that the Copeland treatment is the best in existence) the opponents of the Copeland system are powerless to withstand. They cannot deny the superiority of the treatment, and they content themselves with crying that the Copeland offices are crowded and patients are, therefore, not given sufficient time for thorough attention. Dr. Copeland prides himself on making this matchless treatment, if it is possible, more complete and perfect now than ever before. The increased facilities and extended office hours make possible the treatment of all without the least hurry, with few long waits and with ample time for every case.

There is more than an exposure of the deceptive use of the word "free" in the plan of Dr. Copeland as carried out under his clear and unequivocal offer of absolutely costless free treatment. Behind it all is his aim that the whole people shall have the benefit of diagnosis by scientific specialists, and that the best treatment shall be within the reach of all.

We all know as a matter of fact the many people are all the time perishing among us from lung trouble, stomach trouble, kidney trouble, nervous trouble, heart trouble, bladder trouble, &c., simply because they can't afford what is known as expert specialty treatment. Under Dr. Copeland's theory this is very much the same as though vast numbers of shipwrecked sailors were allowed to drown like rats because unable to pay charges to life-saving crews or for seats in life-boats. When we say that so many invalids perish for want of proper care and medicines the meaning of it is that help from the medical profession is withheld, cruelly if not criminally, from perishing thousands.

Physicians as a rule are not ruffians and savages, given to violence and rough bloodshed. But, as Dr. Copeland has so often intimated, too many of them sin by apathy, by passive indifference. They don't notice the wide hell of sickness and suffering that is always roaring around them. They neglect to save where neglect is just as bad as refusal, and where refusal is in reality just as bad as homicide.

DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER ALL TREATMENT FREE; NO CHARGE WHATEVER FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES. THE PATIENT REQUIRED TO PAY NOTHING EXCEPT THE ACTUAL COST OF MEDICINES HE USES. THIS TO ALL PATIENTS, OLD AS WELL AS NEW.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

The above is a portrait of Mr. Daniel O'Shay, who resides at 408 West 47th st., city. He said: "For eighteen years past I had catarrh of the stomach and catarrhal deafness. My hearing became gradually impaired; buzzing, hissing and roaring sounds were in my ears. The noises were worse at night and in damp weather, and whenever I had a cold, which I had nearly all the time. Sometimes there would be a discharge from the ear, other times they would be dry and itchy and filled with wax; frequently I would have earache. I finally grew so bad I could not hear anything. There was a bad taste in my mouth. I was constantly coughing and spitting. I suffered from nausea, vomiting spells, disgust for breakfast and bloating after eating. There was a constant belching of wind and gas. I grew nervous and despondent; would get dizzy spells which would cause me to reel like a drunken man. I suffered considerably with constipation, was short of breath and had a pain around my heart. Since Drs. Copeland and Gardner treated me I can hear as well as I ever did in my life, and I am entirely cured of my catarrh of the stomach."

CURING BY MAIL.

Mr. THOMAS BROHAN, of South Amboy, N. J., writes: "I must say I am cured. I often heard catarrh was incurable and believed it until the lucky day I was treated by Drs. Copeland and Gardner. I will remember you for many a long day and will make known the result of my treatment with you to all people with whom I come in contact."

The Copeland Medical Institute,

15 West 24th St., New York.

W. H. COPELAND, M. D., E. E. GARDNER, M. D., Consulting Physicians.

SPELLMAN'S HATS

FOR FALL AND WINTER. BEST MATERIALS; ALL THE LATEST STYLES AND SHADES. A SAVING OF TWO DOLLARS ON BROADWAY PRICES ON BOTH DERBY AND SILK HATS. CORNER PARK ROW and CHAMBERS ST. (109, 111, 113 Park Row; 1, 3 and 5 New Chambers St.)

BUSY AS BEES.

The Fall trade has opened splendidly, and crowds of people daily take advantage of our SPECIALLY LOW PRICES, made to meet the times. Our watchword is LOWER PRICES, SMALLER PROFITS, LARGER SALES. We are first hands on Carpets, which means to the purchaser a saving of 25 per cent. Remember this before making your purchases.

SPECIAL OFFER THIS WEEK.

THIS BEAUTIFUL BRASS AND ONYX

TOP TABLE.

Sold in all the retail stores for $8.00. OUR PRICE.

$3.98.

EVERYTHING IN OUR STORES AT LOWEST Low Tariff Prices.

WE FURNISH A HOME COMPLETE WITH

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Housefurnishing Goods,

AT ONE PRICE, AND THAT THE LOWEST, CASH OR CREDIT.

McCLAIN, SIMPSON & CO.,

THE ONLY ONE-PRICE CASH OR CREDIT HOUSE IN AMERICA.

539 & 541 EIGHTH AVE. N. W. COR. 37TH ST.

Save the Pieces!

(The Five and Ten Cent Pieces.)

THEY GROW UP INTO DOLLARS. THE ODD CHANGE THAT'S LEFT OVER FROM SATURDAY NIGHT WILL FURNISH YOUR HOUSE. PROMISE TO PAY US A LITTLE MONEY ONCE A WEEK OR ONCE A MONTH—THAT'S ALL WE ASK.

No Money Down

IF YOU SATISFY US YOU ARE THE RIGHT PARTY.

J. & S. BAUMANN'S

AMERICA'S GREATEST CREDIT HOUSE.

Everything for Housekeeping.

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Lamps, Baby Carriages, Oilcloths, Stoves, Pictures, Clocks, Portieres, Crockery, Refrigerators and Tinware.

Those who cannot call can write of any proposition of terms and same will receive prompt attention.

We allow the railroad fare both ways to out-of-town buyers.

8th Ave., Cor. 19th St.

Notice to Our Patrons: We Are Open Saturday Nights Until 10 O'Clock.

Amusements

Cheapest Excursion—Grandest Exhibition in Greater New York is Buffalo Bill's Wild West AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD. *Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn.* MOST DIRECT ROUTE FROM NEW YORK to camp gates: Long Island Railroad, foot of Wallabout st., Battery. FARE 5 CENTS. Twice Daily, Rain or Shine, 3 and 8.15 P. M. DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7.30 P. M. All roads via Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, Hamilton, Wall, Fulton, 23d st. and other ferries make connections direct to gates. Admission 50 cents. Grand Central Stand, 75 cents and $1. 30,000 seats.

PALMER'S THEATRE Reopens Sat'y Eve. SEASON BEGINS NEXT SATURDAY EV'G. NEW BLOOD. Comedy-Drama by Henry Arthur Jones. BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN DAILY.

STAR. Evenings, 8.15. Mat. Sat. at 2. JOSEPH S. HAWORTH in Lester Wallack's Most Successful Play. ROSEDALE.

AMERICAN THEATRE. Matinee Saturday. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle & Balcony, 50c. A deal by HERRMANN MME. HERRMANN Next week, THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. 507 Reserved Seats at 25c. Mat. Wed. & Sat. Tennessee's Pardner.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Eve. 8. Mat. Sat. 2. SUCCESSFUL DE WOLF HOPPER DR. SYNTAX.

GARDEN THEATRE. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2d Year. RICE'S NEW 1492. Enormous Success. Barrett & Gillespie's Burlesque. KILANY LIVING PICTURES. 450th time. Souvenirs, Oct. 12.

PASTOR'S. GUS HILL'S BIG SHOW. THE FUNNY LOCAL IRISH COMEDY. SLATTERY'S RECEPTION.

MINER'S BOWERY THEATRE. BONNIE THORNTON, TROJA, SAMPSON, BILLY CARTER, VAUDEVILLE. Mats. Mon., Tues., Thurs. & Sat.

MINER'S 8TH AVE. THEATRE. ROSE HILL ENGLISH FOLLY CO. Mats. Tues., Thurs. & Sat.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HENRY C. MINER, Prop. HANLON BROTHERS' FANTASMA.

14TH ST. THEATRE, near 6th ave. Reserved Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50 cents. ON THE BOWERY. STEVE BRODIE, Frank Bush and big company.

BIJOU THEATRE. B'way, near 30th st. Mats. Wed. & Sat. FANNY RICE in her latest and greatest success, MISS INNOCENCE ABROAD.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. ADMISSION, 50c. MARIE LLOYD. Voujens, Zara, Vandeville. Mats. Mon. & Sat.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. JOS. J. DOWLING, THE LIFE GUARD. Cor. 21st st. & 3d ave. Next week—My Aunt Bridget.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broad'y & 40th St. EVGS. 8.15. SAT. MTS. 2. MR. JOHN DREW. THE BAUBLE SHOP.

Proctor's. 10 A. M., all day to 10.30 P. M. 25c. & 50c. New Continuous Vaudeville. The Living Pictures, 12.4 & 10 P. M. Sunday sacred concerts, 2 to 10.30 P. M., continuous.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Ev'gs 8.15. Wed. & Sat. Mat. DARKEST RUSSIA. Wednesday Matinee. Popular Prices 25 & 50c.

THEISS'S. 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL. VARIETY AND THEATRICAL ART. 134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d Ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. EVES. 8. SAT. MAT. A TEMPERANCE TOWN.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. & 23d st. 8.15. E. H. SOTHERN. THE VICTORIA CROSS. Mat. Thurs. & Sat.

Amusements.

DALY'S THEATRE. To night at 8.15. 7-20-8. Only Matinees Wed. & Sat. Sat. Night Last Performance. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Gresham, Mrs. Gilbert, Catherine Lewis, Percy Haswell and Mr. Henry Dixey. Tues. Next—"A Gaiety Girl." Geo. Edwards's Co.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. ADM. 50c. 20 SERIES LIVING PICTURES. Mlle. Di Dio, Mlle. Fougere, Freres Martinetti, the Fletchers, Tschernoff, Les Phantos, the Hayiors. VAUDEVILLE—SPECIALTIES—NOVELTIES.

CASINO. Evenings 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2. DELLA FOX. The hit of the year. THE LITTLE TROOPER. Secure seats early. Roof Garden Open Nightly.

Sunday, Sept. 16, Benefit Non-Sectarian Lebanon Hospital. All leading artists.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. & Irving place. PRICES: $1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c. BRONSON HOWARD'S SHENANDOAH. The capacity of the theatre nightly tested. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Eve. at 8.15.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Eve. at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. MR. THOMAS KEENE. TO-NIGHT—Louis XI. Thursday—Othello. Friday and Sat. Mat.—Hamlet. Sat. Eve.—Richard III. Next week—The Great Brooklyn Handicap.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Two performances daily. At 2.30. Evgs. 8.30. BAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS. 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00. Children Half Price. MENAGERIE. Open from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Adm., 10c.

ABBEY'S THEATRE, B'way, cor. 38th st. EVERY EVENING. MATINEE SATURDAY. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY—THE NEW COMIC OPERA. THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY.

5TH AVE. THEATRE, B'way & 28th st. First Mat. Thursday. The Liliputians in Under direction Henry C. Miner, Prop., Mgr. To-day, 2 P. M. Humpty Dumpty. Carl & Theodor Rosenfeld. Evgs. at 8.15. Upto Date.

Brooklyn Amusements.

THE NEW Bijou. MATINEE TO-MORROW. The famous LEW DOCKSTADER Minstrels, assisted by McIntyre and Heath in "HOW'S MOBILE." Seats 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. 40 PERFORMERS. 40.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. TO-NIGHT. 500 RESERVED SEATS AT 50c. SOUVENIR MATINEE SATURDAY. HOYT'S A BUNCH OF KEYS. Next Week—THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

HUBER & GEBHARDT'S CASINO. LIVING PICTURES.

AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. The Prodigal Daughter.

COLUMBIA. EDWIN KNOWLES & CO., Proprietors. Every Evening. Saturday Matinee. CHARLEY'S AUNT.

STAR. WALTER SANFORD, Lessee & Mgr. Prices always 15, 25, 35 & 50 cts. 419 good reserved seats at 25 cts. HARBOR LIGHTS.

GAYETY. BROADWAY & THROOP AVE. MATINEES—Monday, Thursday & Saturday. The Howard Athenaeum Specialty Co.

EMPIRE. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. Prices 15c., 25c., 35c. & 50c. 407 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. Big Scenic Production. In the Name of the Czar. Russian Melodrama.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. TAVARY GRAND ENGLISH OPERA CO. TO-NIGHT. CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, DOUBLE BILL. I PAGLIACCI.

Use The World's Uptown Office To-Morrow: Junction Broadway, Sixth Ave. and 32d St. "House and Home Day." 14 Words 30 Cts. Houses and Rooms Ads. Go All Day in All The WORLDS.

A WELL-MATCHED PAIR.

Double Dealings Which Made Them Close Companions.

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap trippers for Southsea, heavy swells and swelles for the links at Hayling Island, with bags of golf sticks. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. If he is a new hand—a Dickey Sam—he wears a cloth peaked cap with the club burgee, a well-cut coat of serge or pilot cloth bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuations and white shoes. No man was ever so much a seadog as the yachting tyro looks.

The older sailing men, those to the manner born—"swagger squadron men," who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean, frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and glossy hats—the aim of the man who has lived is to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Caste or on Ryde pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burgees and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.

Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak, with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and then told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new 100-rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girlike. A neat, natty blue serge Redfern frock; a sunburnt straw hat, with a dark blue ribbon; tiny tanned boots; a waite shirt, with a turndown colar, and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick gossamer veil that completely hid her face, and but for the whiteness and purity of her neck it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement. It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a birdlike quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelless, twitched nervously round the handle of the morocco monogrammed case she carried. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked towards her with the easy, firm self-assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said in perfect English, with the mere scent of an accent: "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty, with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and"—with a little shrug—"I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours."

"That is mine, madam. I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train? Pardon, do not trouble. I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backsheesh, and the missing bag with a dainty monogram and small crest was placed carefully on the rack of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collusion and a lavish tip, for, though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started, and they found themselves alone, securely locked in.

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid, but he was afraid not for some hours.

"Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad. She does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, titled, rich, but horrid. No mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azuregore, in Guernsey.

Yes, she was Lady Constance Azuregore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she trusted him so implicitly on the platform, of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? "Come, now," anxiously, "a lady? An elopement?"

No, no, and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff and had fallen between two stools—had incurred the enmity of the Imperial Court through coquetting with the nihilists. That meant the Alexiefsky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg, and, on the other hand, finding the "party of progress" going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag.

"You must pardon me, Prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective?"

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a tablecloth, plates, knives, forks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken. Their mutual confessions had lessened embarrassment, and the lady, after making a little moue, said that she was so hungry and so glad to eat, etc.

They chatted and laughed as the train sped through the beautiful country, and by the time Southampton was thought of she had smoked half a mild cigarette and he had kissed her hand.

She readjusted her veil, and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of the train signalled the station.

"The Guernsey boat does not leave till midnight. What are you going to do? Where will you put up?"

"I don't know. I will never be taken back alive. And you? You are hunted. What will you do?"

"Go on board my yacht. She is lying off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them, as none of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no nihilists on board." And he looked moodily out of the window.

She made a sudden movement, as if about to speak, but drew back. Again she leaned forward, and the repetition roused him from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying.

"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you?"

"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced into this detestable marriage. Can you—may I?"—

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all honor, yes." And he held out both his hands, and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny g