THE LONDON STAGE.

Mad Race of Mr. Tree and Company to Please the Queen.

Mme. Ruppert's Debut in "Odette" Occurs To-Night.

Marquis of Lorne's Librettos—General News and Gossip.

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LONDON, Sept. 29.—In theatricals, the past week was signalized by one of Queen Victoria's spasmodic indulgences in a dramatic treat. On Monday night the Haymarket Theatre Company gave a brilliant and successful performance of "The Ballad Monger and the Red Lamp" in the ball-room of Balmoral Castle, Scotland, before Her Majesty, the Royal family and party and representatives of the principal families of the neighborhood. The Haymarket Company was afterwards entertained at supper, the members of the Royal family and their guests being present.

For this entertainment of royalty, Beerbohm Tree, after being commanded to take his company to Balmoral, only had forty-eight hours in which to prepare for the trip, have new scenery painted and secure new properties for the strange-sized stage of the ball-room of Balmoral Castle. Everything had to be made with magician-like rapidity and finished in time to be transported by train to Scotland and arranged in faultless manner for Monday night.

After the supper, the Haymarket Company, flushed with success and honors fairly won, left Balmoral Castle at 1.30 A. M., drove ten miles to a railroad station, and then, by means of special trains and special steamer, succeeded in reaching Dublin at 8 o'clock on Tuesday night, where the company opened an engagement. The Queen was much interested in this race against time, and telegraphed her congratulations to Mr. Tree when informed that the company would open on time at Dublin.

To-night is fixed for the first production of "Odette" at the Princess's, when Mme. Anna Ruppert will turn her talents to entertaining London playgoers. She has undoubted dramatic talent, and as Clement Scott is standing sponsor—it is his version of "Odette" that will be produced—a strong cast should be able to fill the Princess's for the few weeks of Mme. Ruppert's lease.

At the same hour to-night Tripp Edgar opens Toole's Theatre with Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown." R. G. Knowles, who has made such a distinguished success at the London halls, will, upon this occasion, make his first essay on the legitimate boards, and will be supported by a strong cast, including H. de Lange, Tripp Edgar, Edgar Stevens, Henry Hillard, Fred Bonsfield, George Egbert, Albert Bernard, Fanny Marriott, Edith Vane, Georgie Wright, Audrey Ford, Kate Everleigh, Marie Dainton and Madeline Rowsell.

Sarah Bernhardt has added "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to her repertoire.

The chief event of the coming season at the Opera Comique, Paris, will be a lyrical version of "La Femme de Claude," the words by M. Gallet and music by M. Albert Cohen.

"A Gay Parisienne" is announced as in rehearsal at the Avenue Theatre. For it Ivan Caryll has written the music.

Grant Allen has joined the ranks of the dramatists, probably to produce something like a Darwinian version of the "Gaiety Girl;" for Allen it was who declared that "No men who do really severe brainwork take an interest in the serious drama."

Sardou's "Belle Maman," adapted by Mr. Barnard, was to have opened the doors of the Court Theatre this evening for its Autumn season, but the production was postponed. The cast was to include Messrs. Brandon Thomas, Edward Righton, Fred Thorne, Gilbert Hare and Mesdames Eva Moore, Mabel Harding and Lottie Venne. This cast should do the fullest justice to the wit of the editor of Punch when his adaptation is produced.

The Marquis of Lorne, replying to inquiries on the subject, writes to the Associated Press as follows: "Regarding operas being written by Mr. Hamish McCunn on librettos of mine, it is true that Mr. McCunn has the music in a forward state of preparation. The themes are worthy of the author of the well-known cantata 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood.' They are founded on the heroic tales so well known in Ireland and Scotland. These are linked with those of England, and are fully equal in interest to those so successfully treated in Germany by Wagner. Two dramas have been put into libretto form already."

It is not improbable that one of these works will be seen upon the London stage next Spring, as a leading impresario is somewhat impressed with the subject.

Mr. Willard writes to the Associated Press that he has finally determined his future movements. He says: "I terminate my London performances of 'The Professor's Love Story' on Oct. 26, and will act at Brighton, Birmingham and Liverpool during the month of November. After that, I mean to rest absolutely until the Autumn of 1895. The success of the 'Love Story' has postponed my holiday, but will doubtless render it more enjoyable."

A curious tale has just reached London from Fiesole, near Florence, Italy. An audience at the local Theatre Royal assembled to witness a performance of "Carmen," but at the appointed hour the curtain failed to rise. The manager appeared and explained that the orchestra had gone on strike until their salaries were paid.

"Gentlemen and ladies," continued the manager, "there are only two ways out of the difficulty. Some one from the audience must preside at the piano, or somebody must lend me the money to pay the orchestra."

A butcher in front stood up and offered the amount required. The curtain rose, a start was made, and then the curtain came down again.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the manager, once more appearing before the footlights; "I regret to inform you that the chorus has struck. If any one will lend me 100 lire, the performance will proceed."

The butcher this time was obdurate. Words followed and the affair ended in a riot, in which those before and behind the footlights freely joined.

Some London newspapers having announced that Mrs. Humphrey Ward was writing a play which Mr. Irving had accepted, Mr. Irving writes the Associated Press, saying that "the statement is untrue."

Two Viennese journalists have arranged the action and scenario of a ballet which is "to represent and reproduce the history of the press." Theobald Kretschmann is at work on the music.

A Wagner museum will shortly be established and will contain all sorts of memorials and souvenirs of that gifted composer. Vienna wished to have the museum, but the followers of Beethoven and Mozart objected. Probably it will be founded at Dresden or Munich.

Carl Goldmark, the composer of "Die Konigin von Saba," has in hand a one-act opera entitled, "The Cricket on the Hearth," being the text from the well-known story put into verse by Herr Willner.

Liza Lehmann, on Oct. 10, is to marry Herbert Bedford, the composer.

G. Bernard Shaw's first book, "Thespian Thoughts," is to be published on Oct. 6. Henry Irving has accepted its dedication.

Henry Herman, one of the authors of "The Silver King," was buried yesterday. As a soldier he fought under Gen. Lee.

Mlle. Nikita made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Wednesday last. She scored a fine success in "Mignon."

"Little Jack Sheppard" finishes its run to-night at the Gaiety Theatre, as the Board of Works has ordered Manager Edwardes to close that place of entertainment immediately and alter the whole system of drains. The Gaiety, it is expected, will be reopened in November.

Arthur Roberts reopened the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Monday last for a three weeks' season with "Claude Duval," a piece of the Gaiety order, although there is nothing in it but Mr. Roberts, who is provided with about fifty disguises. Mr. Roberts is playing to packed houses.

"Monkey Island" was produced on Monday at the Alhambra. The new ballet is rather stupid, but Walter Slaughter's music is excellent.

The London rehearsals for the Birmingham Musical Festival were finished on Thursday last. The festival opens today. Mme. Albani, Brema and Lloyd caused great enthusiasm at the rehearsals.

Henry Irving, at Walsall, on Wednesday last, as President of the Walsall Literary Institute, delivered an address in which he advocated the establishment of the municipal theatres, "which," he added, "are as much a matter of municipal life as gas and water, &c."

HE WAS JOHN RAGAN.

Identity of the Man Found Dead Dead Under the "L" Road.

The body of the man found at Eleventh street and Third avenue yesterday has been identified as John Ragan, fifty-five years old, a bartender, of 128 Seventh avenue.

From all appearances the man had been run over and dragged seventy-five yards by some team that passed up the avenue shortly before daybreak. His neck was broken.

The identification was made by a friend named Dennis Kane.

Ragan was thought to be a trifle deranged at times, brought on by worry over loss of work.

JUGGLING FIGURES.

Directors of Crosstown Lines Claim to Be Losing Money.

This Is Given as an Excuse for Not Providing Proper Facilities.

Number of Cars Decreases as Patronage Increases.

The cable roads of New York City are not, by any means, the only ones which are reaping a rich harvest every year from public patronage, and which are doing nothing in the way of improving their facilities for taking care of an increased traffic.

Take, for example, the Central Crosstown Railroad Company, which operates the Christopher and Tenth street railway. This road, in the last four years, has more than doubled the number of its passengers, the number carried for the year ending June 30, 1893, having been 10,707,659, according to its own statement.

Yet, in spite of this enormous growth in the traffic, the Company was actually running fewer cars last year than it did in 1890.

In the last named year it had 113 cars in operation, while in 1894 the number was only 94. The gross receipts for the year, according to the last annual report of the Company, were $539,386, while the operating expenses and taxes are put down at $407,224, leaving a net income of $132,162 as the profit on scarcely more than two miles of roadway.

It is figured out that the surplus, after paying interest, dividends and rentals, amounted to little more than $10,000, while the statements for 1886 and 1888 show that there was a deficit in both of those years. It would be hard to make any intelligent and observing citizen believe that this Company had ever failed to make a handsome profit in its business, but the statements of railroad companies are not infrequently wonderful and mysterious affairs. By a little juggling they can be made to show that the best paying property in the world is on the verge of bankruptcy, if not already a complete wreck, and vice-versa, according to the whim of its directors.

According to the statement of the Dry Dock, East Broadway and Battery Railroad, that Company is doing less business than it did eight years ago. Its financial history shows some of the most remarkable ups and downs which are not explained at all in the reports, yet this line is supposed to be one of the most profitable street railroad properties in the city.

For example, in 1886 this road operated 185 cars, carried 17,154,601 passengers at five cents each, and yet its statement for that year showed a deficit of $51,951. The following year 17,577,703 passengers were carried, and there was a surplus of $34,728, after paying interest, dividends and rentals. In 1893 the equipment included only 181 cars, the number of passengers carried was 14,573,141, and there was a surplus of $133, while the year previous, although something like 200,000 more passengers paid their fares than in 1893, the statement shows a deficit of $25,042. The managers of this Company would apparently find it to their advantage to give up trying to run a railroad, for the more business they do the more they seem to lose, but no one ever hears of them selling their stock and getting out.

The overcrowding of the cars of both of these companies during the rush hours of morning and evening is notorious, for the chief patrons of both lines are working men and women who live either in Brooklyn, or across the North River in Jersey City and Hoboken, or along the crowded thoroughfares of the far east side, and who are obliged to use these cars in going to and returning from their places of employment.

FUN FOR INSPECTORS.

Philadelphia Is Entertaining the Delegates Royally.

Philadelphia is making it very pleasant for the delegates to the International Convention of Factory Inspectors.

The first session was held in Independence Hall Tuesday morning. Gov. Pattison and Mayor Stuart made pleasant little speeches. Wednesday the Manufacturers' Club gave a lunch party at 1409 Walnut street in honor of the visitors, and in the afternoon there was a tally-ho drive through Fairmount Park and a visit to the mint, where souvenir badges were made on the spot and presented to the guests with the compliments of Pennsylvania and the United States Government. In the evening there was a theatre party at the Chestnut Street Opera-House.

The programme for to-day is a reception by Mayor Edwin S. Stuart at the City Hall, and a reception at the Drexel Institute by President James MacAlister, followed by an organ recital.

The plans for Sunday are an excursion down the Delaware, tendered by Harbor-Master S. J. Ryan.

The list of delegates who registered their names with Secretary Evan H. Davis included the following from New York: John Franey, Leonard Drake, N. S. Greene, Annie Campbell, Margaret Finn, Mary Donnelly, John Jordan, Thomas Grenne and Ella Nagle.

The 6 O'Clock Edition and the Sporting Extra of The Evening World contain more sporting news of interest than can be found in any other evening newspaper.

LIVING IN TRUNKS.

They Are the Portable Houses of the Flying Population.

Society and Theatrical People the Lungs of the Trunk Trade.

Boxes Used by Politicians, Drummers, Collegians and Dressmakers.

Trunkmakers are the real architects of the modern home.

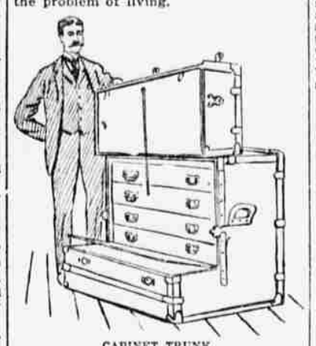
People used to live in houses; now they live in trunks, save more money, and have more fun than the domestics.

Keeping house in cosmopolis is unfashionable and unprofitable. Only the very rich and the very poor can afford it.

The floating or flying population is enormous, and growing all the while. Resident property is the very worst investment in real estate. Hotels and apartment-houses are not only swallowing up the land, but disturbing the clouds, and convulsing art by dislocating the sky-line.

The tendency of civilization is in the direction of exclusive vagrancy, with all the luxuries and elegancies of high life and none of its obligations.

The fellowship of tramps, by a perversion of the divine injunction into "take up thy trunk and walk," have advanced a most attractive solution of the problem of living.



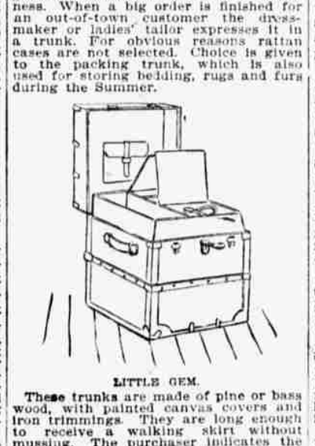
CABINET TRUNK.

There was a time when trunk manufacturers depended upon foreign and domestic buyers, importers and commercial travellers for support. Now society and the stage are the lungs of trade.

The life of a trunk depends upon the progress of the owner. Society women are as hard on trunks as drummers. Those who go abroad regularly or keep up a country place wear out as many "boxes" as the ill-starred actresses who twinkle in a different town every night.

Dressmakers, like the butlers in great houses, are invaluable agents of trade. They not only buy dress trunks for their own use, but order them for their best customers. French, English and Vienna gowns, wraps and robes come over in basket trunks. They are designed expressly for this purpose, and being light weight save the importer luggage rates. Usually they are padded, cotton lined, covered with enamelled or varnished cloth, and fitted with adjustable trays. The sea is hard on finery. In packing, care is taken to prevent creases, for the reason that the dampness lines them in, which with the mildew destroys the material.

These dress trunks are cheap enough abroad, but when they leave the Custom House the United States baggage brigade makes short work of their usefulness. When a big order is finished for an out-of-town customer the dressmaker or ladies' tailor expresses it in a trunk. For obvious reasons rattan cases are not selected. Choice is given to the packing trunk, which is also used for storing bedding, rugs and furs during the Summer.



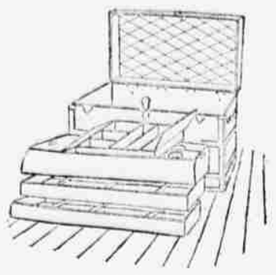
LITTLE GEM.

These trunks are made of pine or bass wood, with painted canvas covers and iron trimmings; they are long enough to receive a walking skirt without mussing. The purchaser indicates the position of the trays, and without any extra charge compartments can be arranged for a bodice, bonnet, wrap and boots as well as the skirt.

These goods vary in price from $2 to $25. The average demand is for $5 trunks. For this trade, novelties have no interest. What is needed is packing space, ample enough to keep the goods in perfect order.

Second in importance is the theatrical trunk. Here, too, size is essential, but strength is indispensable. Not only must the frame dare the baggage and expressmen to do their worst, but the covering must be weather-proof. As a rule, they abound in compartments with yielding walls and strong hinges; the lining offers pockets, cushions and tapes for holding gloves, pins, &c, and anchoring a costume or toilet; lids have spring locks; trays raise up or shut up, but cannot be divorced, and the top is vaulted, always. This often means the sacrifice of a chair, supper table or dressing table, but it is all that saves the trunk from destruction en route.

A great many theatrical trunks are made to order, with complicated attachments that only the designer knows how to manipulate. Receptacles for jewelry, light housekeeping, make-up and druggist's supplies, millinery goods, writing material, &c., are very common. Those for the professional men frequently afford accommodations for walking-sticks, athletic goods and fire arms. A bit of the gossip in trade is that a leading member of the "Trip to Chinatown" company carries a bicycle in his trunk, and that the young lady who makes such an adorable dude that matinee girls write to her, has a model dress-suit-case built in her Saratoga. Theatrical trunks are invariably covered with sail cloth.



LADY'S FAVORITE.

Stock goods are for all the world. They measure from fourteen inches to four feet in length and cost from $2 to $75. It is in this line that innovations are demanded. The novelties on the market now include the bureau, upright, open face and swinging tray trunks. Most of them are no good, but they sell because the world is forever looking for something new. One model, designed to suit the woman who objects to going down on her knees to pack up, is a cumbersome thing, as far-reaching as a telescope. Not long ago a lady with $22 to spare bought one, and while amusing herself loading the step-ladder like trays the machine fell over and smashed $100 worth of furniture. She wanted the firm to take it back, but it refused, and she threatened suit.

Manufacturers have been trying for the last forty years to perfect an upright trunk. The opinion seems to be that when the hotel men and apartment house keepers get it putting a trunk shelf on a bracket just above the base board, as many are doing, the trunk question will be settled.

About the best box for general travel is the drummer's trunk. These samples cases have everything to recommend them to the favor of the trade. They are made in wood, well bound and nicely lined with practical fitments, and also in sole leather of various weights. Prices for the sample cases are $5 and upward. A great many strollers' trunks for steamer travel are made of this leather in the natural color. They wear better than rattan or varnished leather and are cheaper in the end.

The popular trunk for politicians and college students is the Saratoga, so called the safe, on account of its resemblance to a small office safe. It has a lined hat case and a dozen or more boxes in the tray for toilet articles, gloves, collars, cuffs, &c., and below is room for a dress suit and a couple of changes of linen. Gov. Flower, Senator Hill, Mr. Platt, Mr. Morton, Senator Murphy and ever so many other Albany visitors go about with this sort of trunk. At least that's what "The Evening World" was told by a reliable Broadway dealer.

You read the Evening World! Do you read the Sunday World?

READY TO STEAL, BUT DIDN'T.

Miller Denies a Burglary Although Seen on the Premises.

Dennis A. Hearne, alias John Clark, twenty years old, and Arthur Miller, twenty-eight years old, both claiming to be homeless, were arraigned at the Yorkville Police Court this morning on suspicion of being the burglars who, on Wednesday morning, broke into the stationary store of Matthew Cosgrove, on Sixth avenue, near Forty-sixth street, and stole $20 in cash and $5 worth of postage stamps.

On the morning of the burglary Policeman Walsh, of the East Fifty-first street, saw the two men coming out of the hallway near the store, but they gave a good account of themselves and were allowed to depart. After they were gone Walsh learned from the stationer that the store had been entered by a rear window.

Walsh had jotted the names they gave Miller gave his right name, and mentioned the name of a storekeeper in the neighborhood. The officer last night found them together at Forty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

Both denied that they had committed the burglary. Miller, however, volunteered the statement that if he would not soon get something to do, he would become a thief as he would rather steal than starve. They were remanded.

Two more burglars, named Thomas Healy, twenty-five years old, of 318 East Thirty-fifth street, and William McLoughlin, thirty-seven years old, of 202 East Thirty-second street, were held for further examination. With false keys they entered the dwelling, 135 Lexington avenue last evening.

The ywere caught in the lower hallway by E. S. Crakow, a real estate dealer, who has charge of the premises.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES · NOURISHES · STIMULATES · REFRESHES
Body and Brain
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

JAILED AS A VAGRANT.

Young Short Sought Work and Found a Cell Instead.

Unless He Can Get Employment a Long Term Awaits Him.

Seventeen-Year-Old Boy a Victim of Hard Luck.

Henry Short, or Friedman as he is known to his keeper, an orphan, seventeen years old, whose greatest crime is his inability to procure employment, has been forcibly incarcerated in the boys' ward of the Tombs prison, for more than ten days, his daily associates young and hardened thieves and other lawbreakers.

The serious aspect of his case is that he has not been able to communicate with the Commissioner of Charities, who sent him to the prison, and explain his position, for the boy is one of the unfortunate ones of the world, whose wants don't usually count with the keepers at the Tombs prison.

If Henry Short doesn't find some one who wants a boy to work for him before next Tuesday a three-months' period on Blackwell's Island awaits the boy. The very thought of being sent there has nearly driven him crazy.

If the story told by the boy is true—and no one has been found who says anything but good of him—he is held in duress on a charge of vagrancy, and is deserving of much sympathy. At the same time, some explanation on the part of officials as to how he landed in prison, in the company of criminals, should be forthcoming.

In a word, this boy asked for work, and instead of getting it he received a joke, which was probably inadvertently perpetrated by a number of officials.

Ever since the day he realized his peculiar position, the poor boy has been whispering his story in the ear of every man or woman visitor who chanced to visit the ward, when the opportunity offered.

At last his words reached the ears of a woman whose name he doesn't know, and touched by his story, she wrote a letter to "The Evening World."

She didn't know the boy's right name, for to avoid the disgrace of having it known that he had spent days in prison, he gave the name of Friedman. This is what the kind-hearted woman wrote:

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.

To the Editor:

Knowing that "The Evening World" is always ready to stand up for the weak and oppressed, I wish to call your attention to a case which I believe will come under that heading.

A boy is now confined in the Tombs Prison and will be sent to the Island for three months unless some step forward before next Tuesday and promises to give him employment.

This boy has committed no crime, but through some mistake he has been sent to the Tombs. Visitors go about with this sort of trunk, and as I cannot help him I thought I would write to "The Evening World," trusting that this letter will be published and that some lover of humanity will come to his rescue.

His name is Henry Friedman, and by inquiring of the keeper of the boys' prison more particulars of the case can be learned.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN APPEALED TO BUT IS UNABLE TO RENDER ASSISTANCE.

A reporter for "The Evening World" visited the Tombs Prison yesterday afternoon, and Warden Fallon at once granted an interview with the boy. The keeper summoned him from an upper tier cell.

Short, or Friedman, as the keeper called him, has a round, honest-appearing face, sparkling blue eyes and a fairly intelligent appearance. His complexion is sandy, and his flaxen hair yesterday was covered by a well-worn derby hat. The clothing he wore was plain but neat.

Short did not care to talk about himself at first.

"I don't want to speak of myself here," said he, in a whisper to the reporter.

"Don't the keeper treat you well?" was asked.

"Why should he not? I'm doing the same hard work that the criminals do here. That isn't the trouble. I don't want them to hear my name. It's not Friedman, my name is Short. My father was Leo Short, and he was a mail carrier before his death.

"My mother is dead, too. They both died seven years ago and then I went out to fight alone to make a living. I finally landed in Dansville, Ill., and went to work for a farmer named Daniel Voorhees, but after staying with him a long time, I had at last to leave because he was so cruel.

"I started for the East, and by stealing rides on freight trains and doing odd jobs, I finally landed in New York last July. Then I began to hunt for work, and occasionally found an odd job. I frequently earned money by helping a janitor about a school house in East Eighth street, but that work played out, and last Tuesday week I went to the foot of West Tenth street to see if I could get a place on an oyster barge there.

"Somebody directed me to a man named Steel, who, they said, owned a barge, and told me that he would give me something to do. But when I climbed aboard the barge he said his name wasn't Steel, but he would send me to the Commissioner, who would fix it all right for me. He wrote a note and told me to give it to the Commissioner.

"I was directed to the building on Sixth avenue and Tenth street, Jefferson Market Court, where I showed the note and told a man that I had no place to go and wanted work.

"The next thing I knew I was here in prison. Now I am told that I will have to go to the island, if I don't get work before next Tuesday."

"Why don't you see the Commissioner of Charities," was asked.

"I can't see him; no word seems to reach headquarters, though I have told every one that I could talk to that I didn't want to stay here.

"Why," exclaimed the little fellow, "if I desired to get in prison, I could have robbed and got here long ago, but I don't want to do wrong. I thought somebody was going to give me work, but instead I'm in jail with thieves and can't get out now until somebody gets ready to let me go."

"Then you don't want to remain here and go on the island?" the boy was asked.

"No. I want to get work, or have an opportunity to look for it until I am able to find it."

Warden Fallon's clerk showed a certificate which stated that Henry Friedman had been committed to the care of Charities and Correction by Justice Hogan at Jefferson Market Police Court Sept. 18.

"How must the boy proceed to get out of prison?" was asked.

"Oh, he can see Commissioner Sheehy, who committed him," said the clerk, as he examined the paper and read off Commissioner Sheehy's name. "He will no doubt let him go."

The record at the Jefferson Market Police Court also states that "Henry Friedman, an Austrian, came to the court and gave himself up, saying that he had no home."

It was ascertained that a person may apply at the office of Charities and Correction and be committed. In Short's case, Commissioner Sheehy had the boy sent to the boys' prison, and, according to the keeper there, the Commissioner ordered that any visitor who came in should be told of the boy's case, and be asked to give him employment.

But what bothers the little fellow is that he may, after all, be sent to the Island.

Who will help him?

ABSOLUTELY PURE.
The Old Reliable
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE
HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.
More Sold Than All Other Brands Combined.

Brooklyn Amusements.
GRAND To-night, Matinees Wed. & Sat. The Racing Melodrama, THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER. 8 FULL-BLOODED HORSES. Next week, The Bros. Byrne in 8 BELLS.
GAYETY BROADWAY & THROOP AVE. Mats. Mon., Thurs. and Sat. A RAILROAD TICKET.
COLUMBIA. EDWIN KNOWLES & CO., Proprietors. Every Evening, Matinees Wed. & Sat. MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN.
AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. IN OLD KENTUCKY.
COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. STUART ROESON THIS WEEK. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. IN THE HENRIETTA.
EMPIRE. Walter Sanford ..... Lessee & Mgr. Prices—15c., 25c., 50c. and 75c. 400 good reserved seats at 25c. GUS WILLIAMS in APRIL FOOL.
STAR Walter Sanford, Lessee & Mgr. Prices always 15, 25, 35 & 50c. 419 good reserved seats at 25c. THE CAPTAIN'S MATE.

Jersey City Amusements.
BON TON THEATRE. Uninterrupted Merriment from 10 o'clock to 11 P. M. Mat. Wed. & Sat. Prices 10, 25, 35 and 50c.

Amusements.
HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. AN ALL STAR SHOW THIS WEEK. $1 SHOW FOR 10 CENTS.

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF "BLACK CROOK" SKATING HORSE.

A horse that positively skates on rollers. BILLY WELLES, man with the iron skull; Prof. Stalbert's performing sheep and dogs; Corrine Carter, the Sing Sing mystery; Lilie Baldwin, human suction pump, lifts heavy weights with his mouth; Rowe, spanglonist; Mlle. Rea, long-haired lady, and others. Theatre—Living pictures. 20 high-class vaudeville artists. Grand Sunday Concerts.
DORIS' 8TH AVE. MUSEUM, bet. 27th and 28th sts. WESTON, THE WALKING MAN. CAPT. JACK O'NEIL, WORLD'S CHAMPION TRICK RIFLE SHOT. KOHL & MIDDLETON'S NOVELTY COMPANY. Only to be seen at DORIS' 8TH AVE. DIME MUSEUM. GRAND SACRED CONCERT SUNDAY FROM 1 TILL 10 P. M.

Amusements.
LAST CHANCES! CLOSING DAYS!

Buffalo Bill's Wild West AND congress of rough RIDERS OF THE WORLD. Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn. Twice Daily, Rain or Shine, 3 and 8.15 P. M. DOORS OPEN DAILY AT 1 AND 7.30 P. M. All roads to Battery connect with 30th St. Ferry, foot of Whitehall st. Most direct route. Fare 5 cents. Admission 50 cents. Grand Central Stand 1, 75 cents. Reserved seats.
KOSTER & BIAL'S. ADM. 50c. 20 SERIES LIVING PICTURES. Mlle. Di Dio, Mlle. Fougere, Freres Martinetti, the Theodore Tocherroff, Les Phantos, the Hayters. Vaudeville. Specialties. Novelties. NEXT WEEK ANNIE ABBOTT, THE GEORGIA MAGNET.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th st. & Irving place. Prices: $1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c. Howard's SHENANDOAH. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Eve. at 8.15. Extra sun. Irving, Gilmore's Band, Victor Herbert, leader, & many vocalists of note.
TONY PASTOR'S. TO-DAY. Fred Waldman's Big Show. Frank Moran Home from England. JOHN HART, 4 BARRA TROUPE. BIG BILL TO-NIGHT.
5TH AVE. THEATRE. MAT. TO-DAY 2 P. M. THE LILIPUTIANS in HUMPTY DUMPTY UP TO DATE.
MINER'S 8TH AVE. THEATRE. HOPKINS'S TRANS-OCEANICS. Mats. Tues., Thurs. & To-day.
CASINO. EVENINGS 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY. 5TH WEEK DELLA FOX. THE LITTLE TROOPER.
HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. B'way & 35th St. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee to-day at 2. RICHARD MANSFIELD. "ARMS AND THE MAN." Next Week—Mr. Mansfield in repertoire.
LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. & 23d st. At 8.15. E. H. SOTHERN ..... in A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN.
GARDEN THEATRE, 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. RICE'S 1492. KILANYI LIVING PICTURES. LAST 2 WEEKS. 450th Souv. Oct. 12.
14TH STREET THEATRE ..... Near 6th ave. Reserved seats, Orchestra Circle & Balcony, 50c. Mats. Wed. & Sat. LAST WEEK OF The Great Comedy, STRUCK OIL. Next Week—Chauncey Olcott in The Irish Artist.
PROCTOR'S 10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. 25 & 50c. Renée Thornton. Strong Vaudeville. Living Pictures 12, 4 & 10 P. M. Sunday Sacred Concerts 2 to 10.30 P. M. Continuous.
HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. The Girl I Left Behind Me. Eve'gs 8.15. Sat. Mat.
MINER'S BOWERY THEATRE. THE IRISH ALDERMAN. BIG SPECIALTY COMPANY. Mats. Mon., Tues., Thurs. & To-day.
BIJOU THEATRE. B'way, near 30th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. MR. TIM MURPHY in the new and successful comedy, LEM KETTLE.
COLUMBUS Theatre. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. & Sat. Mats. YON YONSON. MR. GUS HEEGE. Next Week—"IN OLD KENTUCKY."
THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT. 116 and 118 East 14th st., near 3d Ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.
STAR THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. WM. H. CRANE and his admirable company, presenting MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
B. F. KEITH'S UNION SQUARE. Original continuous performance. Noon to 11 P. M. Fred Pickansky, Frederic Solomon, O'Brien and Redding, American Mars, Zamora Family, 30 others—Great Show, 20c., 25c. and 15c.
ABBEY'S THEATRE. B'way, cor. 38th st. Evenings 8.15. Mat. Saturday 2. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY. THIRD WEEK. THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY.
PALMER'S THEATRE. Broadway & 30th st. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2. NEW BLOOD. A NEW Comedy-Drama by Mr. AUGUSTUS THOMAS. To-Night 8.15. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HENRY C. MINER, Prop. THE SILVER KING. Next Week—THE CAPTAIN'S MATE.
BROADWAY THEATRE. Eve'gs at 8. Sat. at 2. Invitation Matinee Thursday, Oct. 4. DE WOLF HOPPER | DR. SYNTAX.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Eve. at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. EUGENE TOMPKINS' BLACK CROOK. 200 People. Grand Ballets. Specialties. &c.
STANDARD THEATRE. Evening 8.30. Mat. Sat. 2. Crowds Laugh and Roar. THE NEW BOY.
NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. Prices 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c. Walter Sanford's Stock Company, THE SHAUGHRAUN.
EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th st. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2. Mr. JOHN DREW. THE BAUBLE SHOP.
AMERICAN THEATRE. Matinee Saturday. Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. HOYT'S A TRIP TO CHINATOWN. With the original Madison Square Theatre Co.
MATINEE TO-DAY. IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. B'way and 29th st.
ATLANTIC GARDEN. 50-54 Bowery, near Canal St. Every Evening Grand Concert and High-Class Vaudeville Performance.
H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. Matinee To-Day. PECK'S BAD BOY. Cor. 31st st., 3d ave. Next week, The Still Alarm.
DALY'S THEATRE. Every night & GAIETY GIRL. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2. George Edwardes's Co. from Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

DASHED HOPES.

The Pretty Widow Could Not Live Without Her Old Lover.

In the dim corners of Lady Arlington's big drawing-room in Grosvenor place rose-shaded lamps were casting a tender glow, but near the three tall windows and in the centre of the room there was still sufficient daylight to illuminate the faces and frocks of the guests who were assembling for dinner.

Lady Arlington, clad in shimmering white satin and wonderful pink pearls, flitted like a spirit from group to group, now greeting a fresh arrival, now pairing off her friends.

"Lady Susan, Lord Marrable will take you down. He's awfully dull, I know, but Bertie Fancourt is your other side, Sir Charles, you're destined to the tender mercies of Dolly Lansdown. Take care of yourself; she's a dreadful little flirt, and boasts of her victims. Ah! Olivia, I'm delighted to see you. Col. Egerton, take care of my friend, Mrs. Abinger, for a few moments till her cavalier turns up. What a nuisance your sex is, Colonel. Here we are, twenty-three hungry souls, all waiting for one tiresome man. Olivia, my dear, if in five minutes he does not turn up I'm afraid you'll have to go downstairs alone."

And with a gay little laugh Lady Arlington turned away.

Mrs. Abinger smiled after her retreating figure, and Col. Egerton, catching sight of her slightly curled mouth, though she had the sweetest lips he had ever seen, and so thinking he looked the closer.

He saw a slender woman, with a shapely head set upon a round white throat. The low-cut bodice of her plain black gown clasped a slight waist, and made a fitting framework for her dimpled shoulders. Her big black fan seemed all too heavy for her tiny wrists and small pink-tipped fingers. In the fast-fading light he could scarcely distinguish her features, but he noted that her hair was soft and fair, and that her eyes were large and just a little sad.

The gallant colonel was still wondering what kind of voice so charming a woman could have when the door was flung wide and a tall man strode into the room. Lady Arlington heaved an audible sigh of relief, waved rather than spoke an introduction between Mrs. Abinger and the newcomer, and then, like a multi-colored snake, her guests rustled down the wide white staircase to dinner.

There was a momentary dragging of silken trains under chairs, and a general settling down before the last arrival turned to scan the woman at his side, whom in the swift transit from the drawing-room to the dining-room he had only vaguely concluded was slight, and pretty, and fair-haired.

"Olivia! You?" His tone of astonishment was too loud for good breeding, but the chat about the table was lively, and no one heard his voice save, indeed, Mrs. Abinger.

"Yes, it is I. I knew you the moment you entered, though the room was almost dark."

"And yet we've not met for so many years," he said; then, with the gallant after-thought of a man of the world, he added: "Not that you look one day older than when"——

She finished the sentence for him, "We parted."

There was a sigh in her voice and a touch of pure sentiment in her sad eyes as she spoke, and recalled, as women love to do, the agony of that hour, fifteen years ago, which had torn her from Angus Ferrers's arms.

She had been so young then—little more than a child—but her whole soul had been given to her boyish lover, and the parental edict which had sent Angus to India and herself to a wretched marriage had nearly broken her heart.

But the dream of the past was dispelled by him who had recalled it.

"And you married," he said.

"Yes! I was obliged. Mr. Abinger was rich in those days, and he bought me."

"In those days! Is he not so now?"

"He died two years ago, a pauper."

Mrs. Abinger spoke quietly. She had lived so long with the tragedy of existence that it had lost its most poignant thrills, and had degenerated into a gray monotony of misery.

Not so Sir Angus Ferrers. A look of unutterable pity crept into his eyes, a note of intense sympathy into his voice.

"And y ou are"——

"A widow and a pauper, too."

She made a little gesture with her small, white hands; a gesture that invited inspection of her poor gown, of her lack of jewels—and that told more plainly than could a thousand words of genteel poverty and want.

"My poor Olivia," he said, and as she glanced at him she saw tears on his eyelashes.

Lady Arlington grumbled next day to her husband of Mrs. Abinger's dulness and Sir Angus Ferrers's silence. But that long dinner was, in truth, nothing but a dream to