MAY END IN MURDER.

Theodore Priebe Fatally Stabbed in a Political Brawl.

President of the Philip McGuire Tammany Association.

John Kunz Quarrelled with Him After the Meeting Adjourned.

After a political argument at 12.30 o'clock this morning, Theodore Priebe, thirty-four, of 421 East Seventy-sixth street, was stabbed twice in the abdomen by John Kunz, fifty-three, of 413 East Seventy-sixth street. Priebe will die. Kunz is under arrest.

The cutting took place in front of Priebe's home, in the street. Priebe is the President of the Philip McGuire Tammany Association, which has its quarters in the rear of the saloon of Isidor Jesser, on the ground floor of the house in which Priebe lives. Both men are marble-workers and have long been friends.

The quarrel between the two men started in Jesser's saloon. Jesser was there during the progress of the quarrel, but he says that he paid little attention to it until he heard Kunz call Priebe a miserable beggar.

Then there were hot words between all men concerned. Kunz said that Priebe owed him money, and Priebe retorted that the other man had some of his property that was ample security.

Then the two men clinched, and when Saloon-Keeper Jesser separated them Kunz's head was bleeding from a severe scalp wound. Jesser called his two sons, Charles and Herman, and while one of them put Kunz into the street the other took hold of Priebe's arm and started him up a hallway to his own rooms above the saloon.

But Priebe did not go at once to his rooms, and ten minutes later, when he did go up the stairs, he left a trail of blood behind. When he got into his own room he fell on the floor unconscious, in front of his wife, who was sitting up waiting for him.

Policeman Louis Gordon a few minutes later was told by a citizen that a man had been stabbed, and he went up to Priebe's rooms. The man still lay on the floor unconscious, with his wife and his five children weeping over him. The policeman stayed in the room only long enough to see that the man had two frightful cuts in his abdomen. Then he went out and called an ambulance from the Presbyterian Hospital.

Returning to the house he met Policeman McLaughlin, and directed him to make an investigation while he looked after the injured man.

McLaughlin soon learned of Kunz, and went around to his house. Just as he got there he saw the man's daughter leaving the house and he followed her. She went directly to the house of Dr. Johnson, at First avenue and Seventy-eighth street. The policeman followed the young woman into the doctor's house and there he found Kunz, who was having a scalp wound four inches long stitched.

Kunz told his story while the physician was attending to his injuries. He had got into an argument on political matters after the adjournment of the McGuire Association, and he had been struck on the head with a beer glass by Priebe. When he went into the street he said he was followed by Priebe, and it was there in the street that he had acted in self-defense and drawn a knife. He did not know whether he had stabbed Priebe or not.

When Priebe was taken to the hospital it was seen at once that there was little chance of his recovery. The knife had penetrated his liver in one place, and there was another deep cut in the abdomen on the left side of the body. A third cut was found in the right shoulder.

Kunz was taken to the hospital, and there the dying man identified him positively.

"That is the man that stabbed me," he said, "and if I die, I want him punished to the full extent of the law."

The injured man is spoken of by his neighbors as an industrious, sober German, who never quarreled. Kunz is a different kind of a man. While his family insist that he never drinks, and never had a quarrel in his life, there are others, who know him, who say that he is a hard drinker, and that scarcely a week passes but that he has a fight with some one.

Last New Year's Day he quarreled with Saloon-Keeper Jesser, in whose place the altercation started this morning and threatened to shoot. Only a few months ago, it is said, he stabbed a shoemaker who lived next door to him, and only escaped prison because the shoemaker refused to prosecute.

Priebe says that Kunz received his scalp wound by a fall, but the physician, who attended him says that the wound looks more like a cut with a knife.

Kunz was taken to Yorkville Court this morning by Policeman Gordon, of the East Sixty-seventh street squad. His head and face was bandaged. Kunz was represented by Lawyer Thomas H. Murray, who said that his client had been terribly cut, and had simply acted in self-defense. He intends to have Kunz photographed, so that his condition can be shown at the trial.

On the certificate from House Surgeon Dale, of the Presbyterian Hospital, that Priebe's condition was critical, Justice Without bail to await the result of his injuries.

STRIKERS SENT TO JAIL.

Three of the Gang Which Attacked the Vogel Brothers Disposed Of.

Three striking tailors were sent to the Island for three months by Justice Welde in the Morrisania Police Court this morning, charged with assault.

Their names are Jacob Grosman, twenty-eight years old, of 101 Norfolk street; Samuel Gelt, eighteen years of age, of 49 Willett street, and Abraham Goldstein, twenty-one years old, of 120 Attorney street.

Leo Vogel, of Vogel Brothers, manufacturers of cloaks, at 554 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, was the complainant. He was accompanied by his brother Abraham, and both bore traces of rough treatment. Leo was lame from a stab-wound in the groin, inflicted with a pair of shears in the hands of a striker.

Last night the Vogel brothers, with a half dozen of their non-union workmen, were attacked by a gang of the strikers at Melrose avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. The non-unionists fled, and the Vogels were knocked down and beaten.

On the approach of a policeman, the assailants fled, pursued by the assaulted men. Then ran to the platform of the Elevated road at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, where four of the attacking party got on a train and escaped. The three prisoners were unable to follow their comrades, and fell into the clutches of the law.

FELONY MAY BE CHARGED.

How Policemen Appointed by Fraud Can Be Punished.

Assistant District-Attorney Wellman, in the capacity of special counsel to the Board of Police Commissioners, has rendered an opinion to the Board, pointing out a means of punishing the eight policemen who, as has been shown, secured their appointments by fraud, in not personally passing the civil service examination.

Mr. Wellman informs the Board that it is not empowered to bring charges against the policemen for offenses against the Civil Service Board, and advises that the Board pass a resolution directing the Superintendent to order the men to surrender their shields. If the policemen then mandamus the Board to compel the payment of their salaries, they will, in his opinion, be guilty of a felony under section 95, of the Penal Code, which relates to the filing in a public office of forged documents.

The policemen in question are: Joseph Devlin, who is now a roundsman; Dennis Keating, Herman F. Ludwig, Richard Burk, E. F. Douglas, John Flatley, Solomon Cohen and John R. Krushinsky. The Board will pass upon the matter to-morrow.

DIVVER NOT ON DUTY.

It Was Announced He Would Be in the Morrisania Court To-Day.

Police Justice Divver did not resume his work on the bench of Morrisania Police Court to-day, as it was his duty to do, in continuing to draw the salary of his office.

Mr. Divver has allowed his friends to announce that he would surely resume his work on the bench on Nov. 1, and yesterday afternoon Justice Welde, who has been sitting in the Morrisania Police Court, said he expected to be relieved to-day by Justice Divver. Justices Hogan, Grady and Ryan also stated yesterday that Divver would resume work to-day.

At Divver's residence, 7 Madison street, an "Evening World" reporter was told that the Justice was not in. James Divver, his son, said:

"My father will not sit in court this week. I know nothing of his reasons for the postponement, and cannot speak for him."

Asked if his father was in the city, Mr. Divver replied, "Yes."

VICTIMS OF HYDROPHOBIA?

Two Alabama Boys Died of a Disease Resembling Rabies.

(By Associated Press.)

ABBEVILLE, Ala., Nov. 1.—Two sons of John Brannon, of Henry County, aged ten and nineteen years respectively, were taken ill last Sunday and seemed to be affected with hydrophobia. They would bite and gnaw at everything within reach. They both died Monday and were buried in one coffin.

The family knew nothing about their having been bitten by any animal.

HARRY HAD NO PULL.

Obliged to Stay in Prison While His Tammany Boss Got Bail.

They Ran Over and Killed Karl Biermann's Little Girl Aug. 8.

The Boy Says Hirshberg Was Driving, but Ran Away.

Harry Bennett, the seventeen-year-old boy, who, with his employer, Julius Hirshberg, was arrested Aug. 8, accused of running over and killing the four-year-old child of Karl Biermann, in Clinton street, has been in jail ever since.

Two months of his incarceration has been spent in the boys' prison of the Tombs, while Hirshberg, with a Tammany "pull," was released in $2,000 bail in Essex Market Court the day he was arraigned.

Both were held by Justice Simms to await the action of the Coroner and District-Attorney Fellows's presentation of the case to the Grand Jury.

It did not matter, it appears, whether Young Bennett pined away in jail or not, so long as the Tammany Hall man, who was bailed out by the Tammany saloon-keeper, Henry Ried Muller, of 32 Delancey street, had his freedom and walked the streets.

Up to the present time neither the boy nor Hirshberg has been indicted by the Grand Jury. Nor, indeed, has the Coroner's office taken any action in the matter.

"The Evening World" to-day received a postal from the boy, Harry Bennett.

"I have been lying in the boys' prison for the last three months," he writes, "and nobody seems to want to do anything for me. I was arrested in Clinton street three months ago—I forget the date. I was blamed for running over a child, and the man that did it is out on bail.

"I was employed on a wagon by a man named Hirshberg as a helper. The driver ran over the child and he gave me the reins and ran away."

When the reporter called at the Coroner's office to-day, the densest sort of ignorance prevailed, as to the existence of a boy named Harry Bennett, and that he was in the Tombs. They knew of no case in the office in which a person of that name was criminally or otherwise implicated.

Assistant District-Attorney George Gordon Battle, when questioned as to the case, remembered Bennett's name, but said:

"The District-Attorney's office is awaiting the action of Coroner Schultze."

Mr. Battle didn't know where the papers in the case were. They were finally traced to Clerk Flynn's office. But an order had to be issued by Chief Clerk Carroll, of the Court of General Session, before the documents could be seen.

More delay followed. Then it was learned by the papers that Bennett was a wagon-boy, that Hirshberg was a collector of bottles, and that Bennett, as he wrote, was Hirshberg's helper.

Going through Clinton street on Aug. 8, Karl Biermann's child was killed by Hirshberg's wagon. Boy and man were arrested by Policeman Maguire, of the Delancey street station. Hirshberg was bailed, but Bennett, without friends who had money or political influence, was locked up in the Essex Market Prison. He was transferred from there to the Tombs, Sept. 1.

A separate paper bearing the letter head of the District-Attorney's office, was among the papers. On it was written "Sept. 25. No Coroners' paper received."

Clerk Reynolds, of the Coroners' office, when his attention was called to the Biermann matter, said:

"Why yes, that is the case."

Immediately there was the biggest sort of a hustle.

"Fix that inquest for to-morrow," orders the chief clerk. "Coroner Schultze was just inquiring about it," and the case was set down accordingly.

In this connection it is interesting to note Col. Fellows's remark that he can't try bail cases, while prisoners are lying in the Tombs awaiting attention.

Young Bennett lives at 17 Orchard street, and Hirshberg, who is thirty-two years old, resides at 109 Second street.

STRUCK A ROUNDSMAN.

Feims Assaulted with a Brick or Club by Thomas Fogarty.

Roundsman John Feims, of the Mulberry street station, while patrolling at Spring and Mulberry streets early this morning, was struck on the head with a brick or club by Thomas Fogarty, thirty-six years old, of 336 Spring street. An ambulance removed the roundsman to the station-house.

Fogarty was arrested and was taken to the Tombs.

Fogarty was held in the Tombs Court this morning. He says he is a "longshoreman and denies all knowledge of the assault on the roundsman. Policeman O'Brien, who captured him, however, says he saw him running at top speed towards the Bowery just as he heard Sims cry for help.

Sims remained at the station-house all night, refusing to go home or to a hospital. His skull was not fractured, but the doctors say he had a narrow escape. He was able to appear in court to-day against Fogarty.

AN HOUR well spent in looking over the stock of Free Wool Carpets and Rugs at COWPERTHWAIT'S, 104 West 14th st. Low prices. *x*

Silk Sponge Flannel.
A hand-made fabric for underwear. Silk Home-spun in Greek costumes, Athletic Suits and Gowns. Sole Agents, Delsarte Mfg. Co., 124 West 23d st. *x*

200,000 SICK IN NEW YORK.

Many Physicians Confirm the Estimate Made by Dr. Copeland.

Copeland Experts Caring for All at Nominal Outlay at Their Offices, 15 W. 24th St., Near Madison Square.

Physicians estimate that there is now in New York the appalling number of fully 200,000 persons in all stages of sickness, from lung, throat and kidney troubles, or from rheumatism or other climatic or catarrhal maladies hitherto dormant and asleep in the system, but suddenly awakened and developed to varying degrees of malignity and danger by the prolonged bad weather.

Dr. Copeland, who is conceded by the ablest of his professional brethren here and elsewhere to be with few exceptions, the clearest and ablest writer and authority on chronic climatic maladies now living, was, as will be remembered, the first to foresee and to announce this extraordinary epidemic of fall sickness, and family physicians now realize that he was right.

The past month of October has been singularly vicious and violent in its changes, laden with bane and damp, sour with atmospheric poisons, and bringing with it every principle of disease and blight that lurks in our climate. And of those now applying to the Copeland physicians for relief in vast numbers are persons in whom rheumatism, kidney trouble, lung trouble, &c., have developed under this malign climatic action almost as suddenly as a sweep of the black plague.

Of course, the main curse of our climate is catarrh, but it can't be too often repeated that catarrh isn't always an inflamed and running nose or a stuffed-up head and stopped-up nostrils. It is usually something deeper, more subtle, more secret and more serious. How many thousands now suddenly find themselves suffering from some mysterious dyspeptic trouble or becoming suddenly conscious of some distressing kidney or bladder trouble, or of some abominable liver or bowel trouble, or some wasting lung trouble, or alarming uterine trouble, all coming in reality from some long-lurking, long-dormant, long-sleeping catarrh of either of those vital organs! And how many other thousands find themselves suddenly sick and miserable from a strange, debilitating bodily heat, which is in reality a slow catarrhal fever coming from the aroused action of catarrhal poisons upon the entire system.

Drs. Copeland & Gardner have but one office, 15 West 24th st. (next to Hoffman House). The office hours include a continuous session daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. The Sunday hours, for the convenience of business men, are from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Among the well-known and representative residents of New York City and its vicinity who have testified publicly to the Copeland methods are acknowledged to-day the following:

Mr. James Pierce, Ashland House.
Mr. H. F. Blossom, Hotel Beresford.
Hon. Isaac G. Ogden, 115 West 78th st.
Hon. Emanuel B. Hart, 2111 Madison ave.
Mr. John Dunne, ship chandler, 9 South st.
Mr. Orlando Noble, sculptor, 314 West 18th st.
Mr. G. S. Roberts, formerly of Moses & Guttman.
Mr. B. Reed, of Schoonmaker & Co., 28 Warren st.
Mr. Goodlet Crystal, electrician, Brooklyn Navy-Yard.
Vice-President Paul, St. Francis's College, Brooklyn.
Father Kernan, of s. Gabriel's Church, 301 East 37th st.
Father J. G. Vassalo, St. Theresa's Church, Sussex, N. J.
Rexton Carpenter, of 16th St. Baptist Church, 304 West 15th st.
T. P. Gray, the well-known insurance man, 70 4th ave., Brooklyn.
Miss Madge Lessing and Mr. Henry Hallem, operatic performers.
James Clark Perry, the well-known real-estate holder, 226 West 75th st.
Mr. H. H. Coon, founder of Coon Collar Co., 48 Monroe st., Brooklyn.
Charles B. Ward, music publisher and tenor balladist, 12 West 28th st.
Henry A. Hurlbut, trainmaster, Second Avenue Elevated Road, 926 East 168th st.
Government Engineer Fernandez, Porto Rico; New York address 62 West 19th st.
Wallace H. Priable, 325 East 14th st., New York State Circuit of Opera-Houses.
Mr. Hopkins Tompkins, Sovereign Commander Scottish Rite Masonry, 206 East 32d st.
Mrs. Pauline Newman, wife of John Newman, plate and window glass dealer, 242 West 27th st.
Mrs. John Boston, wife of Mr. John Boston, of Scribner & Sons, and a well-known operatic singer.
Rev. P. J. O'Carroll, St. Anthony's Parish Roman Catholic Church, 330 Manhattan ave., Brooklyn.
Mrs. Marie Heinsius, wife of Consul Heinsius and niece of Rev. Ray Palmer, author of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," 172 East 74th st.
The lady managers of St. Joseph's Institute, regarding the cure of fifteen of the little inmates with distressing cases of skin disease which had baffled the skill of specialists.

A COMMISSIONER'S STATEMENT.

Mr. John C. Reid has resided in Hopewell, N. J., for twenty-one years. He is a representative citizen, being commissioner of the borough, school commissioner and a prominent worker in the Presbyterian Church. He says: "I had had catarrh 15 years. Before I commenced treatment my symptoms were as follows:

COMMISSIONER REID.

"I had headaches."
"My ears closed up."
"I was short of breath."
"My stomach failed me."
"I was frequently dizzy."
"I was tired in the morning."
"I would faint away on the least exertion."
"My heart palpitated."
"My memory was poor."
"I lost the sense of smell."
"I had roaring in the ears."
"I had pains all over my body."
"I could not sleep an hour at night."
"I tried Patent Medicines, I tried doctors and doctors. I found no relief until I went to Dr. Copeland. If I were under oath I could not say more truthfully that I could not have lived had it not been for his treatment. No one ever had catarrh worse than I and lived to get through."

WHY HE WENT TO DR. COPELAND.

Mr. N. G. Nelson, of 67 Columia street, West New Brighton, S. I., says:

"My troubles all seemed to originate in catarrh of the head, which I have had for twelve years. It was very slowly but steadily growing worse. My nose was constantly stopped up, severe pain over the eyes, my throat was continually filled with mucus and felt as though it was scratched with sand. This catarrhal trouble was slowly extending down into my lungs. Every morning I would cough and raise up large quantities of thick gratich phlegm. I was in this condition when I applied to Drs. Copeland and Gardner for treatment, believing as they were specialists for such diseases as mine that they could cure me much more quickly than my family physician. I was never regretted taking their course of treatment. During the first month's treatment I noticed considerable improvement, and now I am entirely and perfectly cured, and consider that my health is as good as ever in my life before.

The Copeland Medical Institute,
15 West 24th St., New York,
Near Madison Square.
W. H. COPELAND, M. D., } Consulting
E. E. GARDNER, M. D., } Physicians.

She's a Demolisher.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

"Japan says she proposes to demolish China," said Mr. Blykins. "She ought to have our servant girl," replied his wife wearily.

Richard
TRIMMED HATS.
Special offer for
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
We have selected from our Stock about One Hundred and Fifty Hats, beautiful trimmed, in the very latest styles, formerly marked from $10 to $15 each, and will sell the choice of the assortment for $5.00
Our Extraordinary Cloak Sale will be continued for one week longer.
58 West 23d Street.

PREMIER BRAND CALIFORNIA WINES
Produced from best varieties of foreign grapes, transplanted and grown in California. Guaranteed to be pure and unadulterated. Superior to imported that cost double the price.
Pacific Coast Wine Co., Growers and Distillers, 548 Broadway; Uptown Branch, 1403 Third Avenue. Depots: H. M. Hanx, 1293 Broadway; L. P. Frank, 2253 Eighth Ave.; Frank Kuhne, 104th St. and Columbus Ave.
FOR SALE BY
ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT,
And all dealers.

Where the Mistake Comes In.

(From the Boston Gazette.)

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.

Our Overcoats at $14.80 are attractive.

3-Button Cutaway Suits.

Sack Suits are deservedly popular, and Our Prices, $11.80, $14.80, $17.90,
Will save you 25%, and you get STYLE.
AT BOTH STORES.
Catalogue Mailed Free.
EUGENE P. PEYSER
123 and 125 Fulton St., Near Nassau St.
383 Broadway, Near Welte St.

ALL REAL ESTATE ADS. OF 5 LINES OR LESS IN TO-MORROW'S WORLD GO FREE IN THE EVENING WORLD.

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COWPERTHWAIT'S "RELIABLE" CARPETS
FREE WOOL
HAS MADE THE PRICES ON CARPETS VERY LOW, AND OUR STOCK WAS SECURED AT THE LOWEST EBB OF THE MARKET—AT A TIME WHEN MILLS WERE READY TO RUN SLOWLY AND PRODUCE CARPETS OF THE BEST MAKE AND WEAVE TURNED OUT FOR YEARS.
DO NOT LET THIS CHANCE SLIP BY WITHOUT SECURING ITS BENEFITS, FOR IF THE ELECTION GOES FOR HIGHER DUTIES AGAIN CARPETS MUST ADVANCE IN PRICE.
COME EARLY, SECURE A BARGAIN, AND ACCEPT THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR LIBERAL CREDIT SYSTEM.
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104 TO 108 WEST 14TH ST.,
NEAR 6TH AVE.
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FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.
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The Largest Cash and Credit House in the World.
EASIEST TERMS ON EARTH.
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PRICE LIST MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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14TH STREET THEATRE, near 6th ave. Reserved seats, Orchestra Circle & Balcony, 50c.
TO-NIGHT CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
in the season's BIG SUCCESS.
THE IRISH ARTIST.
POSITIVELY LAST 2 WEEKS.
B. F. KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE Original continuous performance. 25c., 15c. GREATEST SHOW IN TOWN. Lydia Yeamans-Titus, Alcide Capitaine ("The Perfect Woman"), Raymon Moore, Freres Crescent, Gilmore and Leonard, 25 other Stars.
BROADWAY THEATRE. Evgs at 8. Sat. at 2. DE WOLF HOPPER. DR. SYNTAX. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY.
EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th St. DR. JIM DREW. Evenings at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. THE BAILIE MAID. Special Matinee Election Day. Tuesday, Nov. 6.
STAR. EVE. AT 8.15. SAT. MAT. AT 2. WM. H. CRANE IN THE PACIFIC MAIL. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY, NOV. 6. TONY PASTOR AT HOME
GRAND. PRESTON SISTERS, PAULENE, SHOW, J. W. KELLY, AWAY AND DAY. MATINEES TUESDAY & FRIDAY.
GARDEN THEATRE, 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. RICE'S BURLESQUE COMPANY. LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. KILANYI LIVING PICTURES. SPECIAL MATINEE ELECTION DAY.
HOYT'S THEATRE, 24th st., near B'way. Hoyt & McKee, Pr'ps. 4TH WEEK A Milk White Flag. Eve. 8.30. Mat. 2.15. Extra Mat. Election Day.
STANDARD THEATRE. Eve. 8.30. Matinee Sat. 2. THE NEW BOY. 50th Performance. SHIDY SOUVENIRS. JAMES POWERS.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 8.15, 4th ave. & 23d st. E. H. SOTHERN—AS LORD CHUMLEY. Thursday Matinee—"Way to Win Woman."
HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Broadway & 35th st. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. Wk. they Opera Comique in De Koven & Smith's opera, "ROB ROY."
THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL 134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.
Harrigan's Theatre. Evgs 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. Matinee prices 25c., 50c., 75c. & $1. THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HENRY C. MINER, Proprietor. STRUCK OIL. ALL. H. WILSON. JANE STUART. Next Week—Hallen and Hart—LATER ON.
H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE. Matinee To-Day at 2. THE FLAG OF TRUCE. For Sixteen Weeks. Next Week, The Two Sisters.
IRVING PLACE THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. To-night, Fri., Sat. Mat. and Eve. Lessing Week. Hirsch and Mittelmann. MONDAY—400th anniversary of Hans Sachs. Die Meistersinger Nurnberg.
IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL, MATINEE TO-DAY. THE GREAT MARIE VANONI. LIVING PICTURES AND VAUDEVILLE.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. PRICES, 25, 50 and 75. SHENANDOAH. Nats. Wed. and Sat. 2. Eve. at 8.15. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. EXTRA. GILMORE'S BAND SUNDAY EVENING.
AMERICAN THEATRE. Mat. sat. Reserved seats, orchestra and balcony, 50c. THE SPAN OF LIFE. NEXT WEEK, OLD GLORY.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Eves at 8. BYRNE BROS. NEW 8 BELLS. Next week—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."
COLUMBUS THEATRE. Evgs 8.15. Wed. & Sat. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. McFADDEN'S ELOPEMENT, WITH JOHN KERNELL. Next Week—PRIMROSE AND WEST.
GERMANIA THEATRE. EVERY NIGHT. THE NEW YORK BREWER.

Amusements.
Portraits of Women.
FORMAL OPENING OF THE LOAN EXHIBITION
FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD AND THE ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL.
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, CORNER 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST.
THURSDAY, 1ST NOVEMBER, 2 TO 11 O'CLOCK P. M.
TICKETS FIVE DOLLARS, FOR SALE AT THE ACADEMY.
Eve. 8.15. COMSTOCK'S MINSTRELS. St. James Hall, 29th & B'way. 5 big Successful Week. Orc. $1. Sat. Mat. 25c.
NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & M'g'r. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c. THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.
DALY'S THEATRE. Every eve. at 8. A LADY OF QUALITY. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2. George Edwardes's Co. from Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Brooklyn Amusements.
Bijou THEATRE
MR. JOSEPH MURPHY, in THE KERRY GOW.
SHAUN RUE—MATINEE TO-DAY.
Reserved Seats 25c., 50c.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. TO-NIGHT. PRIMROSE & WEST'S GIGANTIC MINSTREL FESTIVAL. SUNDAY NIGHT. Nov. 4, 77TH REG'T BAND, Metropolitan Quartette, Black Jennie Lee, the Colored Queen of Song. Seats now on sale. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. NEXT WEEK, AUTUMN CIRCUS.
EMPIRE. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Mgr. Prices, 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Stock Company in Ticket of Leave Man. 407 Good Reserved Seats at 25c.
COLUMBIA. Edwin Knowles & Co. Proprietors. EVERY EVE. MATINEES WED. AND SAT. William Gillette TOO MUCH JOHNSON.
AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES, Manager. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. FANNY RICE IN Miss Innocence Abroad.
COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. This Week. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. WAINWRIGHT'S DAUGHTERS OF EVE.
HUBER and GERHARDT'S CASINO. LIVING PICTURES. WESTON SISTERS and Others.
STAR. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. Prices always 15, 25, 35 and 50c. 419 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. THE WHITE SQUADRON.
GAYETY THEATRE. Matinees Mon., Thurs. and Sat. LOTTIE COLLINS'S TROUBADOURS.

Personal.
AT 1,432 Broadway, money advanced on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Seal Garments and other valuables; established 1845. JAMES P. MATTHEWS.
A FULL SIZE one-piece mattress made over at residences, $1.95. Mauborgne, 347 West 27th st.
BAYER DETECTIVE AGENCY—Etienne Bayer (formerly detective N. Y. police force), chief; civil and criminal investigations; prompt, reliable; entire staff expert detectives. Room 16, World Building.
EXPERT detective service: Benjamin Franklin Detective Agency, 290 Broadway; established 1854; Philadelphia office, Broad and Chestnut.
FULLER'S DETECTIVE BUREAU, 926 Broadway, private entrance 12th st.—All civil and criminal investigations; confidential; moderate.
JAMES DERMEREQ—Call at office 238 W. 39th st., in reference to terrapin, Friday, o'clock. Garley.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—I, the undersigned, will not be responsible for any debts made by Mrs. William Steinmetz, as she left my bed and board. William Steinmetz.

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

A Frontier Romance Which Killed a Soldier's Ambition.

The chief and first tendency of the [illegible] individually and collectively, is to [illegible] all new arrivals; the second and [illegible] one is to pick them to pieces [illegible] backbite them.

[illegible] loved Miss Rohan with true Christian spirit when she first came to the [illegible] being the headquarters of the [illegible] and we having a band at our [illegible], we gave her a serenade upon the [illegible] of her entrance upon military soil. [illegible] style of the serenade was largely in [illegible] our colonel called "Q minor," being his way of expressing "ultra classic." The programme had been arranged before we had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Rohan, and when we realized how entirely unsuited it was to her style there was no time to change.

We called on her in a body the night of the day which she came, which is the delightfully barbarous custom at military posts, like a lot of savages crowding about a newly arrived runner who brings news of the outside world. It is meant well. Most of the inane and annoying things that we do in the social body are meant well, which is their only excuse. Nobody stops to think that the travel-stained wanderer would like time to rid herself of the rubbed-in coal soot and the alkali powder of the plains; that she would like the first impression to be a favorable one.

We sat within the tawdry little parlor while the band played symphonies and andantes under the window, and we watched the drop of new blood in our stagnant veins. It was not blue blood in the least; it was hearty and red and strong; but it was the better appreciated on that account.

We were four, the bachelor officers—I mean in the room—and one of us was undoubtedly doomed to become the prey of this young person. Which of us heaven had set its mark upon was not then to be guessed. Miss Rohan smiled on all alike. It was a generous smile, which showed two rows of teeth rather heavily upholstered in gold. They suggested that she had eaten a good deal of taffy and pickled lime in her very youthful days. As I see it now, in the light of cool reason, she would have made an ideal milkmaid, for she was plump and fair, her nose was crimson from exposure to the Arizona sun, her hair was an undecided blonde, and her eyes were blue—real Irish blue. Also, seen in the cool light of reason, her gown was more intricate than graceful; she had on a skirt ruffled quite to the waist—a fashion, it seems, among stout women—a very large flounce, if that is the name for it, falling from the shoulder and sleeves, which were simply huge. She was very much laced, too, which may have had something to do with her florid skin. One is pretty apt to notice a woman's feet; hers were short and broad and encased in red slippers. As for her hands, they were dumpy, and the tips of her fingers were square. I learned afterwards that her hands were her pride. She would sit on the front porch every morning at guard-mounting and manicure them. There was no hesitation in her manner nor in her voice; in fact, she spoke loudly and not always quite grammatically.

Then I looked at my three companions. There was Blake, who was tall, fair and handsome—the kind of man that women fall head over ears in love with, who stood and looked deep into their eyes as if he read therein the story of his life. He was the son of a New England farmer, of the kind called "good, plain people," and he was about as manly and whole-souled a fellow as the cavalry held.

Then there was Thomas, who was small and trim. He had enough conceit for a much bigger man, but, then, conceit is usually in adverse ratio to a man's proportions. He was of the cavalry, too, and he rode the largest horse in the garrison. As to his ancestors, they were Philadelphians, and he led one to believe of the good old Quaker stock.

Also, there was Bayard. Now, he was what any man with his name should be—we all know the old motto. And he was so blue-blooded; his people were the very best that the United States affords. His mother—stern, refined, high-souled old lady—was dead, and had left to him her diamonds for his future wife. It did not even occur to her that he could marry beneath him, so she gave him no deathbed warnings. His father, a tall and stately old General, with huge white mustache and a fondness for good wines, still lived in Washington, where he sat in the War Department all day and at the Army and Navy Club all night.

Now Bayard had not much beauty of feature, but he was well-built and refined to the last degree. His ambition was something unbounded; he was regimental Adjutant now, and could have had almost any detail or appointment he chose to ask for. There was for him one aim; to rise as high as an officer may. He would have graced any rank, too, better than a good many others.

For myself, I need no description, for I was out of the race from the first.

We had a Welsh rarebit and some beer before we left. Miss Rohan liked beer, but I think she was disappointed in the rarebit.

She came upon the porch the next morning to see guard-mounting, and she brought her manicure set with her. If you can get used to it, a woman really looks fascinating when she sits before the world in broad daylight and "does" her nails, more especially if you happen to be one of several lone bachelors who have not looked on the face of a young woman for six months.

After guard-mounting she went for a ride with Blake and Bayard. She sat her horse splendidly, although she did hold the reins in both hands; but that was a habit she had picked up from riding hard-mouthed cart-horses, she sweetly explained. Blake and Bayard took luncheon with her. We sat by and betted on the outcome.

In honor of the young lady's arrival we had a hop that night. It was quite an affair—twenty couples in all, some of the best people from the neighboring railroad town having driven over. We promptly discovered that Miss Rohan could not dance; at least her way was not our way. She went around in a circle, which was enough to make even a soldier's head swim; but then she took it so cheerfully and sweetly when she stepped on our patent-leather pumps, and informed us so honestly that she "guessed she never had been much at dancin'," that we were only too anxious to assure her that she was a perfect fairy. In course of time she came to believe it.

She had one habit which was delightful, it was so old-fashioned and quaint. She said, "Yes'm" and "No'm," "Yessir" and "Nosir" always. Capt. Grant said it was just like a servant girl, but then he had just been on leave and was engaged to an Eastern girl.

We thought she was very good company, and so did the garrison children. They took a violent fancy to her. She played tag and prisoner's base with them; she climbed fences and woodpiles; she sat on the top of the barns; and she rode barebacked horses around the post. And then she was such a thoroughly good-hearted girl, generous to the last degree, and such a cook.

For a long time Bayard and Blake divided the honors. Miss Rohan and fair smiled on both equally. But Miss Rohan was a girl with considerable natural tendency to aim high; moreover, her married sister had an eye to the main chance. If there was one thing more than another that she hoped for, it was to see the girl, Kate Bayard.

Here is the case stated plainly: Given a lieutenant of twenty-six who is born with a fondness for feminine society, who has not had any of it for at least a year—that is, not any young feminine society; given also two women, one of them married and determined, the other unmarried and not unattractive. It needs no great wisdom to see the natural outcome. Had Bayard just then had one redeeming, womanly influence, had he broken away for a month and gone back among his equals, or had one of his equals come to him he would have been saved. As it was, he was left alone with his ambition and this girl.

He fell in love; therefore he lost his reasoning powers, otherwise he would have been bound to see that this woman and ambition could not both be in his life. He fell in love and he married her then and there. She wore the diamonds of the stately old mother as she sat on the porch at guard-mounting with her manicure set.

The first intimation we had of the way the wind blew in that family was when the young Mrs. Bayard sat one day on the front steps and read a copy of "Don't," which she told us that "my husband" had bought for her. She was very much pleased with the gift, and took much pleasure in reading it. We noticed after that that she was most careful about breaking, biting and cutting her bread at dinner, breakfast and luncheon, but "Don't" evidently did not include any reference to manicure sets. I think Bayard told her about them, though, after a time, for she ceased making her appearance in public with it, but she bit her nails nervously.

I went away on leave about this time. When I came back there was a little Bayard, which promised to look very like its mamma. There had been a great quarrel as to the naming of the child. There were a good many quarrels now, anyway. Mrs. Bayard had liked the name of Kathleen—she said it was her mother's name, and, for my part, it seemed very musical and pretty—but the father was determined upon Beatrice, with the accent on the second syllable. The child was baptized Kathleen.

When I had gone East on my leave Bayard had begged me to give my attention and what personal influence I had to his promotion as captain and commissary at Washington. He wanted even worse than he did a foreign attacheship.

I saw the turn affairs had taken, that madam was growing stouter, untidy; that she neglected even the manicure set for the very noisy and unprepossessing baby; that poor Bayard's spick-and-span clothing and appearance were a thing of the past; that he looked worn, and did not seem to feel at ease among his brother officers. So I carried to him some encouraging news with regard to his erstwhile desired appointment. I told him that I knew it to be a sure thing; that the enviable post in Washington would soon be his; that ere long he would again be in his native air.

An uneasy look came into his fine brown eyes. He shrunk back as his wife and baby came into the room. For an instant his glance rested on them.

"Thank you, old fellow," he said. "I think I shall be content to pass the rest of my life on the frontier, 'far from the madding crowd,