FOUR CENTS A LOAF.

Price of Bread to Be Reduced Within a Few Days.

One Big Firm Agrees to the Rate and Others Will Follow.

A Fair Margin of Profit Will Remain Through Cheaper Flour.

"The Evening World's" fight for a reduction in the price of bread is now practically an assured success, and within a few days the public will be able to purchase a loaf of bread for which it is at present paying five cents, at the rate of four cents a loaf. At least, this fact was promised this morning to an "Evening World" reporter by one of the best known, and largest wholesale bakers in the city.

Hugo Fredericks, manager of Rockwell's Baking Company, to-day promised to aid "The Evening World" in securing the reduction, and intimated strongly that within the next few days his firm at least would make a reduction in the price of the staff of life.

Mr. Fredericks is the first wholesale baker to accede to the demands of the public. It has been the wholesale dealers who have been responsible for the fact that, despite the great reduction in the cost of flour, the public has been forced to pay the same price for bread as when flour was 50 per cent. higher.

The justice of the demand that the price be reduced from five to four cents a loaf has been so forcible that Mr. Fredericks has determined to accede, despite any protestations from his brother bakers.

With such a prominent firm as Rockwell's to break the existing combine, it is hardly possible that other firms can keep from falling into line, and within a few days the public may expect to see the reduction general all over the city, thanks to "The Evening World."

It is almost needless to say here what position Rockwell's Bakery holds in the bread market. It is one of the largest and best known in the city, having been in existence for over a quarter of a century. Many of the poor people on the east side have reason to know them, and it will hardly be news to them when they learn that Rockwell's was the first to break the monopolistic combine.

Mr. Fredericks was found at his office this morning and said: "I am aware of the fight now being made by 'The Evening World,' and am also aware that something must be done. I will say right here that I am entertaining the proposition made by 'The Evening World,' and will do all in my power to aid it.

"I cannot assure you that there will be a general reduction immediately, but within a few days I am sure that such will be the case. You see that at present most of the wholesale bakers are using flour that they purchased under contract when that staple was much than it is now; consequently, any reduction immediately would entail an enormous loss to them. Most of the flour bought under these contracts is by this time nearly used up, and nearly all the big producers have signed contracts on a much lower scale. This will enable them to make a cut in the prices.

"As far as my own firm is concerned, I can say that they always have been, and always shall be, open to any just demands of the public, and if we can see our way clear to make the cut, it will be done. I can promise you that within a short time the price of bread will be seen at ther rice proposed by "The Evening World," and it will remain at that figure as long as the wheat market enables us to buy flour at a reasonable figure.

"The Evening World's" demand is a just one in many ways. The only error I can see is that bakers—that is the greater majority of wholesale bakers—have not yet reaped any actual benefit from the great reduction in the price of flour. It has been the only paper to give the bakers any chance to eplain their position and has treated us fairly. I think that other wholesalers as well as ourselves will fall in line for a reduction.

"Just hom soon the reduction will be gereral I cannot say, but it will be soon. I can say that we are conferring about the matter, and as soon as plans are perfected we will put them into action."

Of the other firms who will most probably follow the example set by Rockwell is the Droste Baking Company, whose establishment is on East Seventy-fifth street, near Rockwell's.

Manager Goldwin said this morning that he was unable to say at present just what his firm would do. He intimated, however, that Mr. Drost was not against the reduction proposed by "The Evening Word," and that, if others were willing, he, too, would fall in line.

Among the smaller bakers the public demand is being regarded, and many of the bakers are making the required reduction of one cent per loaf.

In many of the show windows on the east and west sides, loaves that originally marked 5 cents are now marked 4 cents.

CHICAGO'S BIG DYNAMO.

Machine and Attachments for the New "L" Weigh Fifty Tons.

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—What is probably the heaviest single piece of machinery ever moved through the streets of Chicago is now en route from the C., M. and St. P. tracks to the new powerhouse of the Metropolitan "L" road, near Van Buren and Throop streets. It is one of the huge dynamos which is to furnish the electrical power by which the road will be operated.

It consists of a large steel shaft, twelve feet long, with a crank at either end, carrying on it the tremendous core and the wire which will be wound to make the armature. The weight of the piece is fifty tons. It was made in Milwaukee and brought here on a car specially constructed for the purpose. It was received at Ann street Tuesday morning and placed on rollers similar to those employed in moving houses.

Relief crews work at the moving, and now have the mammoth affair as far as Madison street. It will probably take another day to complete the task of getting it to its destination.

PAINTED ARAB GIRLS.

Bodies and Faces Dyed a Bright Yellow with Turmeric.

Shief is a very picturesque spot perched on a rock, with towers and turrets contructed of sun-dried brick, only here, as elsewhere in these valleys, the houses are so exactly the same color as the rock behind that they lose their effect, says a writer in Nineteenth Century. The rich have evidently recognized this difficulty and whitewash their houses, but in the poorer villages there is no whitewash, and consequently nothing to make them stand out from their surroundings. Arab girls, before they enter the harem and take the veil, are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are died a bright yellow with tumeric. On this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes. The fashionable color for the nose is red, green spots adorn the cheek, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

Women wear their dresses high in front, showing their yellow legs above the knee, and long behind. They are of deep blue cotton, decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and red sewed on in pattern.

It is the universal female dress in Hadramut, and looks as if the fashion had not changed since the days when Hazarmaveth, the patriarch, settled in this valley and gave it his name (Genesis x. 28). The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in the fields contributes with the mask to make the Hadrami females as externally repulsive as the most jealous husbands could desire.

Richards

RIBBONS!!!

We offer to-morrow (Saturday)

5,000 yards of Ribbon in Satin and Gros-Grain, Satin and Moire, and double-faced Satin in all colors. Also Black Ribbons in Faille, Gros-Grain, Taffeta, Satin and Gros-Grain and Satin and Moire, also a choice line of fine fancy Ribbons, regular prices from 30 to 55 cents per yard, at 15c. PER YARD.

Our Extraordinary Cloak Sale will be continued for one week longer.

58 West 23d Street.

DEUTSCH & CO.

The Famous Ladies' Costumers Will Move to Twenty-third Street.

Deutsch & Co. have leased for a long term of years Nos. 39 and 41 West Twenty-third street, the fifty-foot front iron building next door to Flint's furniture house, and directly across the way from Stern Brothers'.

It is a six-story building, which they will break through, and connect with two buildings on Twenty-fourth street, which will give them six floors, 50x200 feet floor space.

Messrs. Deutsch & Co. have demonstrated to the New York public that they are successful and practical ladies' tailors, furriers and milliners, and that their trade-mark in a garment is a lasting guarantee for first-class material, superior workmanship, exclusive design, perfect fit and finish, while their prices, everything being equal, really defy competition.

Deutsch & Co., when in their new building, will be the largest manufacturing retail ladies' tailors, furriers and milliners in the world, and we wish them "Good Luck." *.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an unexcelled medicine for children while teething, 25c.*

PURROY IS DUBIOUS.

He Says This Is a Critical Time for Tammany Hall.

Thinks the Situation Has Grown Brighter During the Week.

But Says the Ultimate Result May Surprise Either Party.

Henry D. Purroy, Chairman of the Tammany Hall Committee on Organization, which meets this afternoon to report on the condition of the campaign, gave his views on the situation this morning to an "Evening World" reporter. He was by no means sanguine about the outlook.

"I have thought all along," he said, "that this is a very critical year for Tammany Hall. There are still many doubtful factors, and nobody can tell how they may turn out. The result may surprise the other side and it may surprise me.

"Still, considering everything, I believe that the prospects for the success of the Tammany ticket and of the Democratic State ticket have been growing brighter every day in the last week. That is all that can be said about the situation from a Tammany standpoint, and it is all that the leaders can report this afternoon if they tell the truth.

"This figuring on big majorities is nonsense. No man can give any authentic figures yet."

In conclusion Mr Purroy said, very solemnly:

"This is a very critical time for the organization I cannot go into particulars before the election."

Mr. Purroy emphasized "before" in a way that left the inference that he would have a great deal to say after the election. This is the third time within the last two weeks that he has given intimations about what he was going to say or do after the election.

Two big meetings, both of an anti-Tammany character, are announced for to-morrow night, and when the last speaker closes his address the campaign of 1894 will have been brought to an end. Nothing will then have been left undone by either side, and both parties can only await the fall of the ballots on Tuesday next.

Tammany Hall has already announced that its share of the had work is over, and late this afternoon the Executive Committee will meet to hear reports from the leaders as to the work accomplished and the outlook for victory or defeat. The Committee met yesterday, but the conversation was of an informal character. The meeting to-day will be the last before election.

In the discussion which took place yesterday some figures were gone over, and the leaders found little comfort in them. It was admitted that there would be a big falling off from the usual majorities in the wards below Fourteenth street. There are several causes assigned for this, chief among them being the wholesome fear which repeaters have this year of being caught and punished.

Grant himself is claiming his election by about 25,000, but the most sanguine of his managers think that claim is worse than foolish. The anti-Tammany men, on the other hand, predict the biggest kind of a landslide, and say the reform ticket will win easily by 30,000.

The revolution which took place in Kings County last year will, it is said, be duplicated.

At the grand rally of the Seventy, which will take place at Carnegie Hall to-morrow night, the speakers so far selected are John W. G ff, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, John Claflin, Peter B. Olney, ex-Judge Jeroloman and William H. Harburger.

The Wheeler people will also hold a mass-meeting at Cooper Union to-morrow night to protest against Hill's candidacy. The principal speaker will be Henry George.

The Milholland men will hold a mass-meeting and parade in Union Square to-day.

Plenty of Know How

is necessary to make the highest grade shirts at a moderate price. Other makers could produce something nearly as good as

Keep's Shirts

if they knew how, but they don't, and they don't seem likely to learn. We say—six for $9, made to measure—"none better at any price." Send for our new book. It is free.

Keep Mfg. Co.,
Broadway, bet. 11th & 12th Sts.

LESSON OF THE CZAR.

The Fierce Light That Beats Upon the Throne.

Reflects to the People One Grave Truth.

Brings Out in Bold Relief Some Sober Thoughts.

Bids Us Look Deeper Into our Inmost Selves.

To Solve the Great Problem, Each for Himself.

The mighty Czar of all the Russias, sitting in the shadow of impending death, and transfigured in the fierce light which beats upon a throne, becomes to the civilized world an object lesson.

Amid the manifold cares of his empire, busied with its great interests, he has confessedly neglected the important duty of self-knowledge and self-care; and even now, while the world is watching with anxious eye, the tide of his life in its ebb and flow, he disregards Nature's admonitions. Endowed by kind Nature with a wonderful vitality, and a recuperative force that astonishes his physicians, he has succumbed to disease at a period when he ought to be at the zenith of his physical health. No doubt he has been many times warned, for in such cases danger signals are always displayed to announce approaching harm. Why did he not heed them? Why did he not fortify against the exigency which was sure to come? Simply because he probably deemed these admonitions trifling and unimportant.

How many of us in less conspicuous place, but in work important of its kind, yielding to the rush and whirl of business activity, of constant worry and work, and forgetting all else in the mad struggle, live as he has! How few of us heed the danger signal until it is too late! How many, apparently in the full tide of health, sink under self-imposed burdens, and fall by the wayside! Could their stony lips break their silence, what a mournful story the churchyard marbles could tell.

And how utterly without excuse seems all this negligence, when right at hand within easy reach, is provided a sure preventative. Dr Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City, foremost in the ranks of distinguished specialists, and devoted to progressive ideas in his profession, with patient study and scientific research has in his wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, discovered a medicine which will cure—a safe and sure preventative against the manifold ills that come from impurity of the blood, weak and shattered nerves and debilitated bodies. In many a sick chamber, in every land to-day this marvellous medicine has brought hope and comfort to many an anxious heart. It relaxes that nervous irritability and tension, cures insomnia, strengthens brain and nerves, builds up the wasted tissue, stays those weakening processes, and paints with the roses of health, pallid cheek and temple.

Let the reader of the bulletins from the royal sick chamber heed this warning. He may not sit upon a throne, may not be among the world's leaders even, but whatever his station, however humble, in his walk and sphere of life, he may be none the less valuable. To the family circle, the sick one is always the most important. Let sufferers take this grand medicine and be well.

Watch for the signs, therefore, and act in time; better be safe than sorry. If you don't feel just right, are a little out of order or ailing, a little weak, nervous and run down, do not forget that the most serious diseases begin by just such symptoms. Neglect is always dangerous. Now is the time for you to get well—or it may be forever too late. Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is never appealed to in vain. Buy it and use it. It will make you strong and well.

Children with Rheumatism.

Ida Postal, seventeen years old, her brother, were taken from the home of their parents at 17 Ludlow street at 3 o'clock this morning by the police to Gouverneur Hospital. They are believed to be suffering from rheumatism and are unable to work. Their father, who is a tailor, claims he cannot give them the medical attention which their condition demands. The family came to this country from Poland a short time ago.

A WELL selected stock of FURNITURE at very low prices at COWPERTHWAIT'S new store, 104 West 14th st. *.*

See Our $14.80 Swell Suits.

Overcoats in KERSEYS at our price must interest you. Half silk & cassimere lined. We have no competitors.

$14.80, $17.90, $20.00.

AT BOTH STORES.
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EUGENE P. PEYSER

123 and 125 Fulton St.,
Near Nassau St.
383 Broadway,
Near White St.

RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient; examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.

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Banking and Financial.

Our new pamphlets contain all available financial information. We are "up to date" and a little ahead.

Our daily market letter is sent free upon request, and the information contained is invaluable to investors. Our percentage of accurate forecasts is 80 per cent. It cannot be beat.

FISHER CO.,
18 AND 20 BROADWAY,
ROOMS 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324 and 325.

Political.

LAST GRAND RALLY,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY,
WILL BE HELD AT
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL,
7TH AVE. AND WEST 57TH ST.,
Saturday, Nov. 3d, 8 P. M.,
at which
CHAS. C. BEAMAN WILL PRESIDE.
Addresses by
PETER B. OLNEY, WM. L. STRONG, GEN. HORACE PORTER, JOHN W. GOFF, WHEELER H. PECKHAM, GEN. WAGER SWAYNE, WM. B. HORNBLOWER, CARL SCHURZ and others.
EXCELLENT MUSIC WILL BE PROVIDED.

TRADE MARK Est'd 1807
COWPERTHWAIT'S
"RELIABLE"
CARPETS
TRY IT ONCE
as an experiment. See if you cannot furnish your house better with the assistance of our
EQUITABLE CREDIT SYSTEM
than by paying cash.
Our carpets, made on a FREE WOOL basis, are the cheapest and best ever shown. No old, shopworn stock. Furniture of the latest pattern, well made and finished; just such as will make any house attractive and homelike.
WHY NOT COME TO SEE US?
COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
104 TO 108 WEST 14TH ST.,
NEAR 6TH AVE.
BROOKLYN STORES:
FLATBUSH AVE., NEAR FULTON ST.

SPECIAL SALE
Black Satin Neckwear.

20c.

These Ties are now the most popular and fashionable of all Neckwear. Made of a superior quality of Black Satin. Also White Japanese Silk "Four-in-Hand" (reversible) at the same price.

This Neckwear can't be bought anywhere for less than 50 cents.

GEO. BRADFORD TRIPLER,
101 Nassau St., Cor. Ann.
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Just What I Want.
CLOTHING
READY-MADE. ON TO ORDER
CREDIT
FOR LADIES, GENTS AND BOYS
LARGE VARIETY OF LADIES' DRESS GOODS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND DIAMONDS. BUSINESS CONFIDENTIAL.
PROGRESSIVE CREDIT CLOTHING CO.,
112 WEST 14TH ST.
Open till 8 P.M. Monday, Saturday, 10 P.M.

Brooklyn Amusements.

Bijou THEATRE
MR. JOSEPH MURPHY,
in THE BERRY GOW.
Matinee To-morrow. Reserved Seats 25c., 50c.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. TO-NIGHT.
PRIMROSE & WEST'S
GIGANTIC MINSTREL FESTIVAL.
SUNDAY NIGHT, Nov. 4, 7TH REG'T BAND.
Metropolitan Quartette, Black Jennie Lind, the Colored Queen; song. Seats now on sale. 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c., $1.
NEXT WEEK A COUNTRY CIRCUS.

EMPIRE. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Mgr. Prices, 1c., 25c., 35c., 50c. 407 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. Walter Sanford's Stock Company in Ticket of Leave Man.

COLUMBIA. Edwin Knowles & Co., Proprietors. EVERY EVE. MATINEES WED. AND SAT. William Gillette in TOO MUCH JOHNSON.

AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. FANNY RICE IN Miss Innocence Abroad.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. This Week. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. MARIE WAINWRIGHT, DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

STAR. Walter Sanford, Lessee & Manager. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50c. 410 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. THE WHITE SQUADRON.

GAYETY Matinees Mon., Thurs. and Sat. THEATRE. LOTTIE COLLINS'S TROUBADOURS.

Amusements.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. TO-NIGHT "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE." Next Week—CHARLEY'S AUNT, Original Cast.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Broadway & 35th st. Evgs. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. Whitney Opera Co. in ROB ROY. SPECIAL MATINEE ELECTION DAY.

No old stock in this store. Everything sold the season it's made.

Llama Thibet Overcoats, $14

Worth $10 more.

He couldn't be better pleased if he got it for nothing.

An Overcoat without a character is no better than a man without a character.

These Llama Thibets have an advantage over other overcoats, because people know just what they are and just what to expect of them—that's character—good.

Silk-lined, $14; without silk lining, $10.

E. O. THOMPSON,
Tailor, Clothier and Importer,
245 Broadway,
Bet. Park Place and Murray St.

Amusements.

ABBEY'S THEATRE. B'way, cor. 38th st. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2. FRANK DANIELS AND COMPANY, THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY LAST WEEK. Beginning Wednesday, 7th, Lillian Russell Opera Company in the Spectacular Opera, "THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS." SEATS NOW ON SALE.

CASINO. Matinee Saturday. Evenings 8.15. THE PASSING SHOW. Extra Mat. Election Day (Tuesday.) TONY PASTOR HOME TO-NIGHT. With His Own Company at His Own Theatre. J. W. KELLY, SISTERS PRESTON, PRINCESS PAULINE, ROGERS BROTHERS.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Broadway & 35th st. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2. Whitney Opera Co. in De Koven & Smith's Opera "ROB ROY." MATINEE TO-DAY.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. BYRNE BROS. NEW 8 BELLS. Next week—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

AMERICAN THEATRE, Mat. sat. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. THE SPAN OF LIFE. NEXT WEEK, OLD GLORY.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HENRY C. MINER, Proprietor. STRUCK OIL. AL. W. WILSON, JANE STUART. Next Week—Hallen and Hart—LATER ON.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2.30. LAST WEEK. THE LILLIPUTIANS HUMPTY DUMPTY Commencing Election Day, Nov. 6.

B. M. JACOBS' THEATRE. To-night at 8. THE FLAG OF TRUCE. Col. 1st & 3d ave. Next week The Two Sisters.

STANDARD THEATRE. Eve., 8.30. Mat. Sat. To-Night, 50th Performance. Souvenirs. THE NEW BOY. WITH JAMES POWERS.

14TH STREET THEATRE, near 6th ave. LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in the great big success THE IRISH ARTIST.

GERMANIA THEATRE. EVERY NIGHT. THE NEW YORK BREWER.

HAMMERSLOUGH BROS.,
Makers. Wholesalers. Retailers.

The corner-stone of the big business we are building, is small profits. We aim to sell good clothes for less than any other store in New York.

And that, we honestly believe, is exactly what we're doing.

Overcoats, Trousers, Business and Full-Dress Suits, &c. Swell as can be—all of them—and absolutely reliable.

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Bleecker St., Cor. Greene
(Bet. Broadway and 6th Ave. "L").
Also
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B. F. KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE. Original continuous performance since Noon to 11 P. M. 10c., 20c., 30c. GREATEST SHOW IN TOWN SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 4, 8 O'CLOCK. SUNDAY NIGHT Grand Concert. Popular Prices. Mme. Melba, Scalchi, Betz, MM. Plancon, Maurel; Mr. Anton Seidl, with his grand orchestra. Prices 50, 75, $1 & 1.50. Seats $1.50 at box office.

KOSTER & BIAL'S TO-NIGHT. NEW SERIES OF LIVING PICTURES. The Finneys, Fougere, Mlle. Di Dio, Les Freres Martinetti, Les Phantos, Todesco, Bertolfi, Hassan Ben Ali Troupe, Duncan. NEXT WEEK—CARMENCITA. CHANGE OF BILL.

EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th st. MR. JOHN DREW. Evening, 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. THE BAUBLE SHOP. Special Matinee Election Day, Tuesday, Nov. 6.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Ev'gs at 8. Sat. at 2. DE WOLF HOPPER. DR. SYNTAX. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. sat. MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE APPEARING AS CAMILLE. SPECIAL MATINEE ELECTION DAY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. & Irving pl. PRICES, $1, 75, 50 and 25. SHENANDOAH. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2. Eve. at 8.15. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. EXTRA, GILMORE'S BAND SUNDAY EVENING.

HOYT'S THEATRE. 24th st., near B'way. 4TH WEEK. A Milk White Flag. Hoyt & McKee, P'rs. Eve. 8.30. Mat. 2.15. Extra Mat. Election Day.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. To-night, Sat. Mat. and Eve. Der Verlorne Sohn. Hinde and Mittenzwemm. MONDAY—400th anniversary of Hans Sachs' Die Meistersinger Nurnberg.

STAR. EVE. AT 8.15. SAT. MAT. AT 2. WM. H. CRANE IN THE PACIFIC MAIL. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY, NOV. 6.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. Evgs. at 8. Mat. Wednesday, Saturday. Monday, Nov. 5. MARIE JANSEN. In her latest success, "MISS DYNAMITE." Seats now on sale at Box Office.

PROCTOR'S 125TH ST. THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, TO-MORROW MAT., SAT. 25 and 50c. Funny Specialties. All new Living Pictures. 12, 4 & 10 P. M. Sun. Sacred Concerts 10 A. M., 2 & 8 P. M. continuous.

THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT. 134 and 136 East 14th St., near 3d Ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.

Harrigan's Theatre. Ev'gs at 8. Sat. Mat. 2. Popular Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c. & $1. THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. 28TH ST. AND BROADWAY. THE GREAT MARIE VANONI. LIVING PICTURES AND VAUDEVILLE.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. & Sat. Mats. McFADDEN'S ELOPEMENT, WITH JOHN KURNAN. Next Week—PRIMROSE AND WEST.

NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford, Lessee & M'g'r. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c. THE COUNTRY CIRCUS. Thursday Matinee—"Way to Win a Woman."

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. & 23d st. E. H. SOTHERN—AS—LORD CHUMLEY. Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Sat. 2.15.

COMSTOCK'S MINSTRELS. St. James Hall, 29th & B'way. 5th Big Success in Week. Orc. $1.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every eve. at 8. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2. GAIETY GIRL. George Edwardes's Co. from Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Personal.

A FLAT furnished complete; no deposit required. LEWINS, 45 West 14th st.

BAYER DETECTIVE AGENCY—Etienne Bayer (formerly detective N. Y. Police Department), chief; civil and criminal investigations; prompt, reliable, entire staff expert detectives. Room 103 World Building.

BUSY young man of good character, prospects, some money and not bad looking would like to increase his acquaintance by corresponding with fair young Protestant lady of good character and money, object matrimony; no trifling; everything honorable. Address Honorable, box 93 World.

COAL, $4.50 per ton; any quantity; all sizes. Address Lehigh, box 31 World.

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20 WORDS 10 Cts. If You Want Employment, Apply to The World's 2,000,000 Daily Readers For It. 10 CENTS for 20 Words.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY.

Laurine Dreaded the Invasion, but Was Happy for a Time.

"New Orleans, La., June 15, 1862.—Clotilde Perthuis, Bayonne, France.—My Dear Clo: They are come—the Yankees, you know. Oh! Would that they had never come!

In my last letter I told you, you remember, how mother frightened us all when she talked about the Federals; what a frightful description she gave of the Northern soldiers: Immense giants who wore bear and tiger skins all the year round; coarse, shaggy blond hair, and large, blue, savage eyes—"Northern barbarians," she called them. It is true, one of our neighbors laughed when he heard of it; he said that the Yankee soldiers in appearance did not differ much from the Southern, only they could not fight so well, because they were too sluggish. However, we were not pacified by our neighbor's assurance, even when he said that the Yankees would "never capture New Orleans, anyway." He "should like to see them make the attempt." He was "afraid they wouldn't try to come into New Orleans," he said. He also said something about having a lot of blue beans ready for them if they ever came up the river. I don't know what he meant by that. I never heard of blue beans, but I supposed at the time that it was some big vegetable which only those huge barbarians could swallow.

We were told one day that these terrible people were in a lot of vessels at Ship Island, which is only about fifty miles from here. Mother and I were frightened for several days. The newspapers, however, said that the enemy could never pass the batteries. I don't know what batteries are, but it seems that the Yankees passed them, led by an Admiral called Farragut, whom I imagined an awful ogre. It was the 25th of April when they came up the river. I shall never forget that night. From my window I could see fires all along the shore of the river, which was full of burning vessels, while the levee was filled with madmen. Then on the following Sunday soldiers came in, headed by a General named Butler, whom I have seen since and who has a comical eye.

Well, when mother heard that the enemy was in town she told us to make ready for them. She felt almost certain that these "brutal savages" would kill us, "but, Laurine," she said, "I have heard that wild beasts sometimes spare their prey when they have enough of other food, so let us pile the table with everything edible that you can find."

So I went through the cupboard for bread and meat, and I rummaged in the cellar for bottles of wine. Then, full of resignation, I awaited the moment when I expected to hear people running about the street crying for help.

Finally, in the direction of the front room I heard steps accompanied by the clinking of swords. Much to my surprise, there were no unusual noises. Presently there was a light, genteel knock at my door. I was so terribly frightened that I couldn't say "Come in." Don't think, however, that the door was forced open. The knock was repeated and not until I had given my faint permission, was the door opened.

I expected to see enter at least a dozen tree-high fellows with four-cornered heads, wearing bear-skins and long, savage beards, and with sacks over their shoulders in which they carried their booty. I also supposed that they were equipped with long knives and pistols, just as mother, in her prophetic visions, described them. Imagine my surprise when, instead of all this, two spruce young officers entered. One, a short, slender blond, the other a dapper little gentleman, with black hair and a dark mustache. Both were wholly pleasant-mannered and respectful. They were attired almost the same as the other officers I have seen walking about the street since the beginning of the war—there wasn't the slightest trace of four-cornered heads; indeed, I thought the brunette quite handsome. They at once excused themselves for whatever inconvenience they might cause.

I commenced out something about their not incommoding any one and that I was prepared to serve them with anything they wished. The blond took this as an allusion to the provisions and to the wine upon the table. I noticed that he could scarce keep from laughing. I know that this confused me dreadfully, and I also know, Clo, that my cheeks were burning red when he saw that I had four enormous hams upon the table, which I supposed were scarce a mouthful for my guests. However, the blonde put me at my ease. In a few well-chosen, respectful phrases he expressed his thanks, and only begged to be shown a room where he and his companions could rest, for, he said, they were very tired, not having slept in a bed for months, and during the last few days they were not permitted to sleep at all. Poor fellows! I almost pitied them. Not slept in a bed for months.

"It must be very uncomfortable to sleep in a sofa, or upon a cot, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, we sleep anywhere; upon the ground, under high heaven, and sometimes upon the snow," he replied.

"Think of that Clo! I have never seen snow, but I am told that it is very, very cold, and as for sleeping upon the ground in the raw night air, why, that would kill our negro servants. After all, there must be something savage about these Yankees to be able to endure such a thing as that!

"Please to follow me," I said, and I conducted them to our best room, which contains two beds. As all the servants, without exception, had fled the house, I began to arrange the sheets and pillows.

"No, no; we must not permit that. We shall do all this ourselves," they politely remonstrated. As I perceived they required rest immediately I left them at once.

Hardly had I reached my room when I heard in the direction of the officers' quarters frightful screams of "Help! Robbers! Murder!" The voice was familiar, but in my excitement and terror I didn't recognize it. "Robbers! Help! Murder!" Imagine my feelings. Suddenly some one tumbled into my room. It was mother; but, heavens! in what a state! Her dress all crumpled, her hood sprawling all over her face, her hair wildly dishevelled. In her mad flight she lost a shoe. She was as red as a peony. Her screams for help were continuous. It was some time before she was sufficiently calm to tell me that she had hidden herself in the room where the two officers were lodged—in one of the beds—and had covered herself with spreads and pillows. You may easily surmise the result when the lieutenant—the blond—weary and worn, threw himself upon the bed. Really, mamma's shrieks were pardonable.

I succeeded, after a time, in quieting her, and in a measure was successful in assuring her that the officers were not here for plunder and murder. She promised not to hide herself again, when I told her that I would tell the officers that she (mamma) was rheumatic, and that she had crawled under the many covers for the purpose of taking a sweating bath.

Our friends, the enemy, had hardly fallen asleep when an orderly appeared, who said that he wished to speak with them.

"That is impossible now," I said. "They are asleep; wait awhile, or, come again, later."

"Where are they?" he asked.

I conducted him to the apartment. Without a moment's hesitation he awoke them. I feared that the officers would upbraid him for doing this, but they didn't. In a few minutes they followed the orderly to the Generals' headquarters. What singular creatures these soldiers are! They obey without a murmur. I know that I would make a very insubordinate private were I a man. If I were told to do anything I should always want to know why it should be done before obeying. Within a half hour the officers returned. They showed neither ill-humor nor sleeplessness. They didn't begin to return to their apartments. They at once briefly informed mother and myself that the corps proposed giving a ball in the evening, and that we were invited. Both of them begged of me to put them down for the first two numbers. Of course, I agreed, because I hadn't danced since the last Mardi-Gras. While we were discussing the matter mother was constantly tugging at my dress and bringing up all manner of impediments.

"Why, Laurine, you haven't a thing to wear."

"I have worn my white gown but twice. It will answer very well, I think."

"But that is out of fashion, now," mother objected.

"Permit me to suggest," said the brunette, "that you fasten a few ribbons, made up of the national colors, upon your dress. You will then wear a most becoming style."

"But my feet are sore, Laurine," demurred mother.

"Oh, you need not dance, mother dear."

The officers were too polite to laugh at this rejoinder, and due respect for those present precluded mother from expressing her unfavorable opinion of me. She yielded her mind, however, as soon as we reached her apartment.

"You wretched girl! So this is the way you wish to rush headlong to your ruin!"

I thought she feared, as she always feared that were I to attend the ball I should catch cold. I therefore sought to pacify her by promising to dance a few numbers only. This remark was very unfortunate. "You have surely lost your reason," she said. "Do you suppose, you silly goose, that these dreadful Northerners have organized this affair in order to dance? Why, it is merely a pretext on the part of these savages to allure all the girls in one place and then to carry them off."

"But, mother, officers cannot marry while the war is raging."

This seemed to exasperate her. She called me a "hopeless little foo" and said that "such people don't abduct girls to make wives of them."

"Well, mother, if they don't want to marry us they won't run away with us."

"Well, you'll see," she said. She didn't prevent me from going, however.

It was dark when I had finished my toilet. Acting upon the suggestion of the officer, I placed a red-white-blue sash about my waist, allowing the ends to drop, and in my hair I fastened a blue-colored comb, upon either side of which I placed a red and white rose, thus completing a second combination of the national hues.

The two officers were ready awaiting me in parade costume. That charming rogue, the brunette, whispered so many flattering compliments in my ear that I cannot now recall half of them, which, between ourselves, Clo, is something extraordinary for a woman, I think. Don't you think so? I seem to remember that I frown upon my upper lip? Well, he remarked it. I never could see anything mention-worthy about it.

"This will all end in tears," sighed mother, as she arranged that part of my toilet I suppose she was determined that I should look well, anyway, even if the enemy should carry me off.

The officers escorted us to the ballroom. I felt not a little pleasure at the thought of the fine impression I should create with my sash, hair and my "only" gown. I confidentially, Clo, I didn't like to renounce the belle that the other Northerners had four-cornered heads, and I had made up my mind to be pleased with the round-heads only. Imagine my surprise—yes and my own it, my chagrin, when I saw that every one of my girl friends was adorned in red, white and blue ribbons. Not to please the Yankees, oh no. The Confederate flag, you know, but no, you don't know that made up of blue, white and blue colors. I was so disappointed for I soon discovered that my escorts were only third in rank as compared with some of the other officers present. All of them, however, were amiable, and it was so hard to believe that they were capable of shedding so much blood. There was one whom I fancied particularly. He was a wonderfully handsome man, tall and slender—a captain. His nicely trimmed, black mustache harmonized beautifully with his white and red complexion. You should have seen him dance, Clo! Yet the most fascinating thing about him was his large, dark, wistful eyes, in which there was an indescribably haunting expression; they animated, they conquered, they killed, they inspired me. Within an hour he had turned the head of every girl in the ball-room, not excepting myself. Oh, his eyes were simply ir