HELD UP ON A TRAIN.

Rock Island Passengers Robbed in Indian Territory.

Three Masked Outlaws Secured $600 and Valuables.

No Booty Was Obtained in the Express Car.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Dec. 11.—A special despatch from Terrell, Indian Territory, says that the northbound Rock Island passenger train was held up and robbed at 11.30 last night by masked highwaymen. The robbery occurred one mile south of Terrell, and at the bank of the Red River. Two of the three outlaws climbed over the tender and into the engine cab, compelling the engineer to stop the train. They then made the engineer and fireman accompany them to the express car and called to the messenger to open the door, which he did. As no money is carried at night, no booty was secured there.

The bandits next turned their attention to the passengers, going through the cars and robbing them of money and valuables. It is reported that about $600 was secured in this manner, together with several watches. The passengers were awakened and compelled to hand over their valuables. Several shots were fired into the train and two shots were fired at Conductor Cannon, through the door.

Pullman Car Conductor Brown was struck by a bullet which lodged in his coat. He was not injured. The robbers, after accomplishing their work, fled in a westerly direction. They were shabbily dressed and seemed to be amateurs at the business.

HER HUSBAND WAS RUDE.

Mme. Steinmetz Failed to Have Him Arrested and Shot Herself.

Mme. Steinmetz is a fashionable hairdresser at 216 East Eighty-fourth street. She called in a policeman last night and demanded that he arrest her husband who, she tearfully declared, had been rude to her.

The husband said that it was a family matter; that he was only talking to his wife because she was intoxicated. He had found her so when he returned to the house, he said. Madame didn't appear intoxicated to the policeman, and she said it was an insult to consider her so. It took the policeman only a few minutes to fix matters up, and when he left the husband and wife said they would quarrel no more.

An hour later another policeman found Steinmetz wringing his hands and crying for help from his doorstep.

"My wife has killed herself," he yelled.

The policeman found Mme. Steinmetz lying on a bed with a small revolver in one hand and the blood streaming from the right side of her head.

"Who did it?" asked the policeman. And the woman answered:

"I did, and if this don't kill me, I've got something that will."

The husband said the revolver had been under the bed clothes, and that the woman had shot herself because of the quarrel. He had gone out of the room for a few minutes, and heard the shot as he was coming back. The woman wouldn't say why she had shot herself. Ambulance Surgeon Hartwell said the wound in the head was not necessarily dangerous. She was taken to Presbyterian Hospital.

BIG BUFFALO PLANT BURNED.

Birge's Wall Paper Factory Again Destroyed by Fire.

BUFFALO, Dec. 11.—Birge's wall paper factory, at Niagara and Maryland streets, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning before daybreak. The loss is estimated at $250,000, and the insurance is said to nearly cover the damage. Fourteen years ago the works, then located on Perry street, were burned, and ten lives were lost. The fire broke out at 4.30 o'clock this morning in the stock-room. The night watchman discovered the flames in the cellar. A strong southwest wind impeded the efforts of the firemen, who were fortunate in confining the fire to the factory.

The office effects were saved, but stock and materials were all destroyed. The factory was the largest plant of its kind in the country, and perhaps in the world. The Birges did not belong to the Wall-Paper Trust, having persistently refused to join. About 500 hands will be thrown out of employment.

Banquet to Senator Lexow To-Night.

A banquet will be given Senator Clarence Lexow by Herbert Booth King at the Waldorf this evening. Covers will be laid for about fifty guests. Jen. Nelson A. Miles, Joseph Choate, Chauncey M. Depew and Dr. Parkhurst will be among the speakers.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A STORM OF PROTEST.

The Chancellor's Efforts to Punish Socialists Denounced.

General Opinion that the Public Prosecutor Cannot Interfere.

Prince Hohenlohe Outlines the Government's Policy.

BERLIN, Dec. 11.—The fact that Prince Hohenlohe, the Chancellor, has communicated to Herr von Levetzow, President of the Reichstag, a request from the Public Prosecutor, exclusively announced by the Associated Press yesterday afternoon, that the Reichstag sanction the criminal prosecution of the Socialist Deputies who remained seated on Tuesday last, when Herr von Levetzow called for cheers for the Emperor, has aroused a storm of discussion in the press. The National Zeitung, commenting on the request, says:

"If the Reichstag were to authorize the prosecutions further action would depend upon the decision of the judicial authorities on the doubtful question as to what constitutes lese majeste."

The Boersen Courier remarks:

"There is no doubt that the Reichstag will emphatically reject the request. If the Government intends to dissolve Parliament let it be done before unpleasant debates arise."

The Vossische Zeitung thinks that:

"The harm that will be done will outweigh the advantage which would be derived from prosecuting the Socialists."

The Tageblatt states that:

"The Socialists stand in great need of a weapon with which to stir up the masses, and the Government is going the best way to supply the same."

The Kreuz Zeitung expresses the opinion that:

"Even if the Reichstag refuses to grant the request of the Public Prosecutor, proceedings can be taken after the session, as the offense was not covered by Parliamentary privilege."

The Vorwaerts, organ of the Socialists, says:

"Article 27 of the Constitution reserves to the Reichstag alone the right of regulating its discipline. The Public Prosecutor is not entitled to interfere with what the Deputies do within the precincts of the House. In the interest of its authority, the Reichstag must take up a decided position against the application of the Public Prosecutor."

Continuing, the Vorwaerts described the proposal as an attack upon Parliamentary privileges, and asserts that the Reichstag must prevent the possibility of its repetition.

Prince Hohenlohe appeared in the Reichstag to-day a few minutes before the sitting opened. There was no demonstration of any description.

The Chancellor chatted with Herr Beckh and other South German delegates while waiting for the session to open, and when the sitting began the Prince sat buried in a chair until he arose and began reading in a low, halting voice, which was almost inaudible, his speech outlining the programme of the Government.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—The Post's Berlin correspondent telegraphs that the semi-official North German Gazette contends that a member of the Reichstag cannot commit an act of Lese Majeste in the discharge of his functions. The Socialists or other members who commit crimes that are indictable under the common law may be punished by the loss of their seats.

Gen. Ortiz Charges that Barrios Is Selling Nicaragua.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Dec. 11.—Gen. Ortiz has issued a manifesto in which he charges both Zelaya and Boca with selling out their country to the British.

Ortiz avers that Envoy Barrios, in London, is negotiating a sale of the National territory.

Hot Fire in Jersey City.

Fire this morning in a stable at the rear of 26 Canal street, Jersey City, spread to three tenement-houses, Nos. 28, 30 and 32 Canal street. Three alarms were turned in. The tenements were three-story, frame structures. The inmates were aroused by the police and escaped in their night garments. A horse, owned by Martin McDonnell, was burned to death. William Hayes, John Teaman and John Walsh owned the buildings. Loss, $12,000; insured.

No Work, Death by a Rope.

William L. Heckerman, a man of forty years, hung himself last night in a shed at the rear of his house, 34 Church street, Jersey City. He was a carpenter, but could get no work. His body was discovered this morning suspended by a piece of clothesline.

MUNYON'S ABLE ADVOCATES.

WONDERFUL ARRAY OF NAMES.

An Estimate of the Value of the Great Reformer's Methods.

Mr. J. P. Espie, 2562 Eighth ave., says: "Professor Munyon cured me of rheumatism two years ago, and I have not had a twinge of pain since. I was so bad I could not walk on account of the soreness, pain and stiffness in my knees. I know that Professor Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is a permanent and positive cure for rheumatism."

Mrs. Kate McDonald, 116 East 123d st.: "I was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not keep even a glass of water on my stomach. Now I am perfectly well and strong, and can eat anything. Prof. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure cured me. I was also afflicted for years with asthma, and was cured by Munyon's Asthma Remedies."

Major Elliott, 70 Washington place, says: "When I went to Prof. Munyon's office I had such a bad attack of influenza I could scarcely speak. Munyon's Cold Cure and Cough Cure, taken alternately every half hour, restored my voice and broke up my cold in a few hours."

Why Pay Big Fees to Doctors?

When you can cure yourself with Munyon's Home Remedies. They are absolutely harmless, and contain positive cures for the most obstinate diseases. Sold by all druggists.

If you are in doubt what remedy to take, call on Professor Munyon for a thorough medical examination. Absolutely no charge for examination or advice. Open all day. Sundays, 3 to 5 P. M. 7 East 14th st., between 5th ave. and Union square.

WEST 14TH ST.

Est'd 1807

COWPERTHWAIT'S "RELIABLE" CARPETS

Trade Mark.

OUR FREE WOOL CARPETS HAVE FOUND MANY FRIENDS THIS SEASON, AND ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE CAUGHT THE POPULAR FAVOR, YET OUR PRICES HAVE REMAINED AT THE FIRST LOW FIGURE.

FURNITURE

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS. NOTHING MORE ACCEPTABLE CAN COME IN ANY HOUSEHOLD THAN A PRETTY BIT OF FURNITURE. IT WILL EVER BE A REMINDER OF THE HAPPY, GLAD HOLIDAY.

A DESK, A CHAIR, A TABLE, A SIDEBOARD OR PARLOR SUITE.

CASH OR CREDIT.

COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,

104, 106 & 108 WEST 14TH ST.,

NEAR 6TH AVE.

BROOKLYN STORES:

FLATBUSH AVE., NEAR FULTON ST.

STEAMSHIP LINES COMBINE.

Hamburg-American and Thingvalla Companies One.

Joint Service Between New York and Scandinavian Ports.

HAMBURG, Dec. 11.—The Hamburg-American line of steamships and the Thingvalla line of steamships, the latter of Copenhagen, to-day consolidated their interests in all traffic between Scandinavia and New York.

Arrangements have been made for a joint service between Copenhagen, Gothenburg and Christiania and New York, which will include regular weekly departures of steamships from both sides of the Atlantic.

The first actual information of the above traffic consolidation of the Hamburg-American and Thingvalla lines was conveyed to the agents of the two lines interested, in this city, early this morning by a representative of the Associated Press.

Mr. A. E. Johnson, agent of the Thingvalla line, was out of town, but his representatives said they had heard rumors of the proposed arrangement, and that was all they could say on the subject.

Mr. E. L. Boaz, agent of the Hamburg-American line, when informed of the consolidation also said that he had heard rumors that such an arrangement was contemplated.

The consolidation, the agents of both companies said, was one that concerns the freight traffic alone. The magnitude of the interests involved may be imagined when it is known that the Hamburg-American line alone owns ninety-nine ships, of which fifty-eight are seagoing vessels. The Thingvalla line owns six ocean steamers.

How They Love in Sunny Italy.

Luigi Russo loved Julia Candianna in Italy so fiercely that Julia came to this country to escape him. Luigi followed by the next steamship and continued his suit in this city. Last night Luigi learned that Julia was to wed another. He procured a revolver, went to her apartments and fired two shots at her. Neither took effect and Luigi is now in a cell wondering why fate uses him so hardly.

A LITTLE CASH

Paid to us every week or month, as you wish, will furnish your home comfortably with

Furniture, Carpets, &c.

JORDAN & MORIARTY,

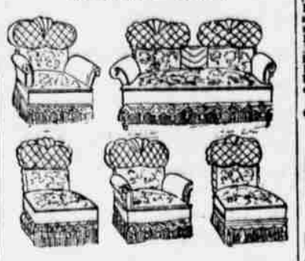
207, 209, 211 AND 213 PARK ROW,

Near Chatham Square, N. Y.

JUST THINK OF IT

$36.99;

WORTH $60.



This elegant Silk Brocatelle Parlor Suit, 5 pieces.

FREE THIS WEEK.

One 6-foot Oak Extension Table given away free with every purchase of $50.00.

OUR EASY TERMS

$1.00 week on $65.00.

$1.50 week on $100.00.

Open Saturday Evenings

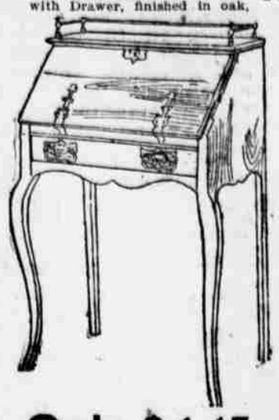
HOLIDAY PRESENTS FOR ALL.

THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES,

ranging in price from $1.50 upward. Substantial and suitable for Holiday Gifts. Prices lower than any other house.

THIS DESK,

Polished Brass Rails and Trimmings, with Drawer, finished in oak,



Only $4.15.

SEE OUR ASSORTMENT OF

Couches, Divans, Centre Tables, Brass and Onyx Tables, Piano and Banquet Lamps, Clocks, Ornaments, Stationery, Silk Shades, Pier Mirrors, Mantel Mirrors, Hanging Hall Racks, Gilt Chairs, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, Combination Desks, Ladies' Desks, Secretaries' Bookcases, Book Shelves, China Closets, Music Cabinets, Curio Cases, Parlor Folding Beds, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Rockers, Armchairs, Lace Curtains, Lambrequin's, Chenille Curtains, Table Covers, Carpets, Smyrna and Japanese Rugs. Entire Housefurnishing Our Specialty.

ONE PRICE AND THAT THE LOWEST.

CASH OR CREDIT.

McClain, Simpson & Co.

539 and 541 8th Ave.,

Northwest Cor. 37th St.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL XMAS.

VIAU'S CORSETS!

LONG WAISTED—NO PADDING.

These corsets are adapted especially for slim ladies. We also make a corset for stout ladies, with the best abdominal supporter ever known before, which will fit perfectly in every respect. We do not ask a cent until fit is approved by the wearer. This corset has been recommended by the leading physicians. Send for circular and price list.

PROF. P. VIAU,

153 West 23d st., near 6th ave., New York.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE SOME QUICK MONEY

by investing a few dollars that will bring a tenfold return within 90 days? From $10 up. It costs nothing to investigate and get full particulars. An opportunity for small as well as large investors. Place a small sum where it can make you a large one. Inclose stamp and address King of the Rockies Gold Mining Company, Balfour, Park Co., Col.

Loans.

MONEY—Any amount on furniture or any collateral. No removal.

Mercantile Loan & Guaranty Co.,

87 Nassau, cor. Fulton, Rooms 709-711.

J. BAUMANN & BRO.

FURNISH FLATS FREE.

UNTIL JAN. 1ST WE WILL FURNISH FLATS FREE OF ANY IMMEDIATE EXPENSE, GIVING YOU THE PRIVILEGE OF PAYING WEEKLY, AS YOUR MEANS WILL ALLOW, THE PRICES NAMED BELOW INCLUDE EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Tinware, &c.

3 ROOMS FURNISHED COMPLETE, $75.00.

4 " " " $95.00.

5 " " " $115.00.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES NOW READY.

J. Baumann & Bro

1313 to 1315 Third Ave., bet. 75th and 76th Sts.

76TH ST. ELEVATED RR. OR CABLE CARS. Open Evenings till 9.

SHOT A MAN WHO KNEW HIM.

German Criminal Attempts Murder in Illinois.

FREEPORT, Ill., Dec. 11.—Chris Meyer and Albert Fenken met here recently, and as Meyer knew that Fenken was wanted in Germany on a criminal charge, the latter, fearing Meyer would betray him, waylaid Meyer in a lonely spot yesterday and fatally shot him.

Fenken then fled to the country, and at the point of a revolver made a farmer get him dinner. He showed two revolvers and swore he would not be taken alive. Late last evening, however, he was overtaken by Chief of Police Brubaker and Deputy Sheriff Silk and captured.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

STEINWAY

THE STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

Having Purchased the Entire Stock of

ALFRED BENJAMIN & Co.,

49, 51, 53 Lafayette Place.

Makers of High-Class Clothing,

CONSISTING OF

Suits, Overcoats

Dress Coats and Vests, and Ulsters.

We will place them on sale

THURSDAY MORNING AT 8 A. M.

We wish to state that this purchase is one of the largest ever consummated in this city. We could easily state the amount, but prefer to remain above criticism, as there are always a lot of "Doubting Thomases." Suffice it to say that this stock is large enough to withstand the onslaught of purchasers for at least two weeks, and the variety of styles and prices is simply immense. We would like to have you come early, as our previous sales have taught us that the REAL GOOD JUDGES are the early purchasers, and thereby secure the best bargains.

PRICES WILL BE PUBLISHED TO-MORROW.

Sale Commences on Thursday at 8 A. M.

Uptown Store, 211 Sixth Ave. Near 14th St. An extra floor 100 feet deep will be devoted to this sale. Open evenings 9 P. M. until Christmas.

Brill Brothers Men's Outfitters.

RELIABLE ADVERTISERS OF FACTS.

SALE AT BOTH STORES.

25 EXTRA SALESMEN WANTED FOR THIS SALE.

Downtown Store, 47 CORTLANDT ST. Between 6th & 9th "L" Stations. Two separate floors at this store will be devoted to this sale. Open evenings, 9 P. M. until Christmas.

Amusements.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. GRAND OPERA, under the direction of HENRY E. ABBEY and MAURICE GRAU. WED. Evg., Dec. 12, Gounod's Opera, Faust. THURS. Eve., at Brooklyn Academy, OTELLO. Fri. Eve., Dec. 14, Wagner's Opera, LOHENGRIN. Sat. Mat., Dec. 15, Verdi's Opera, Otello. Sat. Eve., Dec. 15, 2d Popular Night, LUCIA. Sat. Evg. Prices, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

14TH STREET THEATRE, Near 6th Ave. PALMER COX'S BROWNIES. LATEST FEATURE—Mme. Nilsson's Parisian Sensation, THE AERIAL BALLET. Handsome Souvenirs. 50th Performance Dec. 21. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th st. & Irving Pl. PRICES, $1, 75, 50, 25c. The Cotton King. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Eve'g at 8.15. Extra Sunday Evening "Pops" Every Sunday Evening.

HARRIGAN'S THEATRE, M. W. Hanley, Mgr. TO-NIGHT Mr. Edward Harrigan's new play, AT 8.15. NOTORIETY. Six new songs by Dave Braham. WEDNESDAY, MATINEE AND SATURDAY.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. HENRY C. MINER, Proprietor. BILLY BARRY IN THE RISING GENERATION.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. To-night at 8.15. FANNY DAVENPORT IN SARDOU'S GISMONDA.

HOYT'S THEATRE 24th st., near B'way. 67TH TIME PERFORMANCE. Hoyt & McKee...Props. A MILK WHITE FLAG. Evenings at 8.30. Mat. Saturday at 2.15.

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. THREE NEW MECHANICAL GROUPS. TWO GRAND CONCERTS. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. ADMISSION, 50c.

HERALD SQUARE B'way and 35th st. Evs. 8.15. Theatre, Sat. Mat. 2. Whitney Opera Co. in De Koven & Smith's Opera ROB ROY.

THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT 104 and 106 East 14th St., near 3d Ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.

BIJOU, B'way, 30th & 31st st. Mats. Wed & Sat. OLD BOSS BILL HOEY. The only laughing show in town. THIS WEEK, FLAMM.

EMPIRE THEATRE. 8.15. Mats. at 2. ENORMOUS HIT. SECOND WEEK. THE MASQUERADERS. MATINEES WED. AND SAT.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. OPEN 10 A. M. TO 11 P. M. THE TOY FAIR. OLD NUREMBURG. ADMISSION TO ALL 25 CENTS.

IRVING PL. THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. To-Night, Der Herr Senator; Wed., Zwölfe Geläutet; Thurs. & Sat., Jugend; Fri., Maria Stuart.

Baptized in a Dream Brook.

Amen Jung Kin Chun, a former opium-eater, converted to Christianity, dreamed a few days ago that he was directed by an angel to go to Jamaica and be baptized there in a brook. Amen obeyed the dream, and went to Jamaica Saturday, where he was duly baptized by Rev. T. L. Poulson, of the Methodist Church, in the brook he had seen in his dream. He intends to go to San Francisco as a missionary.

He Starved to Death.

James Maher, a native American, after wandering about for eight days without food, looking for work, fell senseless from fatigue and starvation at the Brooklyn tower of the Bridge yesterday afternoon. He died later at the Brooklyn City Hospital.

Amusements.

ABBEY'S Theatre, B'way, cor. 38th st. Evgs. 8.15 to 10.45. Mat. Saturdays, 2 to 4.30. Positively Last Two Weeks of the Lillian Russell OPERA CO. GRAND PRODUCTION Of Offenbach's Opera Bouffe, The Grand Duchess. Seat Sale for Next Week Opens Thursday. Monday, Dec. 24—MR. and MRS. KENDAL.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. Broadway and 30th St. FIRST PRODUCTION OF THE MAGNIFICENT BURLESQUE, Old Age and Youth AND GREAT VAUDEVILLE STARS.

KOSTER & BIAL'S, TO-NIGHT. NEW SERIES LIVING PICTURES. Vanoni, Jules Levy, Perrego, Bret-Riviere, Mlle. Chelli, Rossows, Bros. Forrest, Tackeroff, A. O. Duncan. NEXT WEEK—NEW LIVING PICTURES. WEEK CINQUEVALLI, King of Jugglers.

B. F. Keith's new UNION SQUARE. Original Continuous Performance Noon to 11 P. M. 50, 25, 15c. BEST VAUDEVILLE IN AMERICA. Severus Schaffer, Ema Bartoldi, the Nevins, Zamora Family, Leclair and Leslie, Bessie Gilbert, 35 others.

TONY PASTOR'S. EVERY ACT A New This Week. GEO. THATCHER, AL H. WILSON. MADGE ELLIS, WONDERFUL APPEL. MATINEE TO-DAY.

PROCTOR'S 10 A. M. to 2.30 P. M.: 25c. & 50c. Neat and laughable vaudeville Novelties. Living pictures, 2, 4 & 10 P. M. Sun. Sacred Con., 2 to 10.30 P. M. Continuous.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Ev'g 8.15 Sat. Mat. WM. H. CRANE. To-night, Tues. & Wed. THE PACIFIC MAIL.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2. POSITIVELY THE NEW WOMAN. LAST WEEK NEXT MONDAY—ESMERALDA.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Ev'gs at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. M'KENNA'S FLIRTATION. New Fun. New Songs. New Specialties. Next Week—MRS. JOHN DREW.

NIBLO'S. Walter Sanford.... Lessee & Mgr. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50c. Chas. L. Davis—ALVIN JOSLIN. STANDARD THEATRE. Eve. 8.30. Mat. Sat. 2. "AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS."—Herald. TOO MUCH JOHNSON. With William Gillette and Company.

STAR. TO-NIGHT AT 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. ROSE COCHLAN. IN HER NEW PLAY "NEMESIS."

BROADWAY THEATRE, Eves. 8. Sat. 2. BOSTONIANS. PRINCE ANANIAS.

AMERICAN. MATINEE SATURDAY. TO-NIGHT, WILSON BARRETT in THE MANXMAN. FRI., SAT. MAT. and NIGHT, HAMLET.

GARDEN THEATRE, 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. RICE'S GARDEN BURLESQUE CO. LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. NEW KILANYI LIVING PICTURES.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, 50 Bowery, near Canal St. Every Evening, The Goldens, Durell Bros., Theo Kosko, Gladys Van, Daisy Golden.

COLUMBUS THEATRE E'g 8.15. Wed. & Sat. Mats. M. B. CURTIS. SAM'L OF POSEN.

LYCEUM Theatre. (8.15). 4th Ave. & 23d St. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. Sardou's New Drama, A WOMAN'S SILENCE.

GERMANIA THEATRE. EVERY NIGHT. THE NEW YORK BREWER.

Brooklyn Amusements.

Bijou THEATRE. WARD AND VOKES IN "A RUN ON THE BANK." Matinee Thurs. and Sat. Seats 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. DON'T MISS IT. LAST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON HON. WALLACE BRUCE in his famous lectures, "WIT AND HUMOR," ASSOCIATION HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 14, 1894. Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 and 75 cents. Secure tickets at Chandler's, 300 Fulton st., or at Y. M. C. A. office.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE TO-NIGHT. Shaft No. 2. MATINEE WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. MARIE JANSEN, This Week Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. TO-NIGHT MISS DYNAMITE.

AMPHION, EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor. Every Evening, Matinees Wed. and Sat. RICE'S 1492.

STAR WALTER SANFORD, Lessee and Manager. 419 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. IN THE TENDERLOIN.

EMPIRE WALTER SANFORD, Lessee & Mgr. Prices 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. 407 Good Reserved Seats at 25c. Walter Sanford's Stock Company in UNDER THE LASH.

GAYETY Matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday. HARRY W. WILLIAMS'S CO. J. W. KELLY. 20—Other Artists—20

COLUMBIA. Edwin Knowles & Co., Proprietors. Every Evening, Matinees Wed. & Sat. MRS. E. H. SOTHERN in A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN.

Personal.

ADVICE FREE—All law matters, civil or criminal; experience, integrity, moderation. Mose Laughlin & Bruno, 253 Broadway.

ADVICE FREE—Lawyer, highest references; practice all courts; transacts all legal business. 1180 Broadway, room 8.

BAYER Detective Agency—Any case promptly, confidentially and successfully attended to; only expert detectives employed; charges reasonable. Room 103 World Bldg.; telephone 2223 Cortlandt.

BEST QUALITY OF COAL—All sizes, $4.75 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered, at THEODORE'S, cor. 27th st. and 9th ave. Telephone 3464. 225 st. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at retail; beautiful gold chairs only $2.50; worth $7.50. Gold Chair Manufacturers, 59 Murray st.

COAL, $4.50 per ton; any quantity; all sizes. Address Lehigh, box 21 World.

FINE TAILORING; small weekly payments; moderate prices; will call with samples if desired. Tailor, box 54 World.

FLATS FURNISHED with furniture and carpets; no deposit; low prices. Lewins, 46 W. 24th st.

FULLER'S DETECTIVE BUREAU, 236 Broadway; private entrance 12th st.; all civil and criminal investigations; confidential; moderate.

J.—WEDNESDAY, 2 o'clock. H. H.

KITTIE—Same is my desire; afternoon. Philip.

LADY of refinement, age 32, desires acquaintance of gentleman; object matrimony. B. G., 407 Broadway.

PATHY—Meet me to-day 12 A. M. Christopher st. ferry, Hoboken side; very important.

PORTRAITS in crayon enlarged from any photograph, size 16x20, framed in gold or bronze, only $2. Holland Studio, 838 Broadway, 13th st.

WILL D. MACDOWELL, formerly of Philadelphia, send present address to J. J. Murphy, box 327 World, uptown.

THE RECTOR'S SECOND LOVE.

It Came to Atone for the Wasting of His Early Passion.

The rector of Orlestone sat in his study gazing into the fire. He was alone, he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many, he sighed to remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately; so passionately that honor and his plighted word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with a gentle girl he was engaged to marry. And then he had found out that his passion's queen had not the least intention of marrying him. As he looked in the fire this October evening he remembered so well how she had told him that on which he had staked his whole life's treasure could never be.

"I must marry a rich man," she had said, "for my poor father's sake," with tears and many kisses she had said it, and he, with kisses and the tears the heart bleeds in solitude, had believed her.

It was many years now since he had left behind him the world that held her, and had accepted the rectory of Orlestone with its miserable £150 a year. And still o'nights, when the curtains were drawn, and the wind outside was wild in the laurels and cypresses, when the bare thorny rose-sprays tapped at the window like bony fingers, he sat by his fire, and thought of the woman he had loved and loved still. He had her portrait in the secret drawer of his shabby old writing desk—the one that had been his father's. And sometimes he would take out the portrait—the bright girlish face—and look at it, sigh, and yet with a half-gladness that the knife was still sharp in the old wound.

Celia Ringwood, the woman who loved him, whom he should have married, had told him that time would dull the pain. But time had not dulled it, and he was glad. He had given up ambition and friends, and dreams, the old life and the old life's hopes, to shut himself up alone with the plain daily duty—and his love-memory. And if the memory had failed him, had grown dim, what would have been left of him? Celia Ringwood, in her little lonely house in the market town, thought there might be much.

He came to see her once a week, and talked about the parish. Once he had been used to talk of the other woman; he did not mean to be cruel; she had taken his confession of his unfaithfulness so calmly, and so gently begged to be his friend, that he at once believed she had never cared for him. But such talk was over now. He had not spoken of her now for years. Celia began to think, almost to hope. Then she looked in the glass at her faded face, her pale hair, from which all youth's colors had gone, and she sighed a sigh that was half a shudder, put on her demure bonnet and cloak, and went out through the rain to see a child who was ill, because that was the only case for her heartache.

Miss Celia Ringwood was washing up the breakfast things—not, as all genteel people in stories seem to do, in the parlor, but in a workmanlike manner in the back kitchen. She had just hung up the tea cloth to dry, when her heart stood still, and then began to beat violently. At thirty-eight one's heart can beat just as quickly as it can at eighteen, and much more plainly, if one hears a certain footsteps on the threshold or a certain hand on the door-knocker.

"Good morning, James," she said sedately. "This is an unusual and pleasant surprise." Some of the light still lingered on her face, but the rector did not observe it; his own thin face was slightly flushed, and his gray eyes were shining.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She led him into the little parlor—spotlessly neat. Miss Celia instinctively turned the blind so that the sunshine should not fade the carpet, and said:

"Well?"

"You've always been such a true friend to me," he said, nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.

"Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me there was nothing left in life but duty and the blessed faith in the life to come. But now—oh, Celia!—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her again to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.

"Yes, of course," he said simply.

Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountdew is very rich. People will say—she might think"——

"You don't know Eva Mountdew," he said, proudly.

Celia was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She held his thin hand a moment between her soft palms and looked at him wistfully.

"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Celia," he answered—and some faint sub-conscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little, and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," she said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms, and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly and began to walk up an down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.

"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.

"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it is fair. I'm old you see, and I have grown dull. It is like offering her the dry husk of—of"——

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."

"You are unjust,' he said.

"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; and be sure you come and tell me about it. Good-by; you need not be afraid because your hair is gray. If she loved you—well, good-by."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone, Miss Ringwood went up to her room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing-table, among the prim woolmats and the little daily text-books, and looked again at herself in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth where a smile still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."

Then she blushed at the two feminine thoughts, and the new color in her cheeks became her so that she turned away from the glass in confusion.

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old any one was if he loved them."

Then the pretty color faded quite away, and Miss Ringwood went slowly downstairs to cut out petticoats for the Dorcas meeting that afternoon.

For four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrows to her always; surely he would bring his joy, too. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that, while yet it was in the postman's hands, for she had been watching at the window, and had to run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date and "Honored Madam," "but master is very bad, and he says 'No doctors.' He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over, you might persuade him for his good.—Yours obedient to command, Emma Wellings."

"I am going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."

The shortest way to the rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood took it. She hurried on through the keen, sweet air, devoured by a burning anxiety that consumed all self-consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the rectory above the laurels and cypresses, she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture.

The housekeeper opened the door.

"How is he?" Celia had to clear her throat twice before the words would come.

"But poorly," the woman answered. "He was out up at the hall Tuesday; and all day Wednesday walking the wet woods, as I well know by the state his boots was in. And then he coughs all night, he does, and the next morning he sends out his breakfast, and so it's gone on; and he won't let me send for the doctor—and—well, yes; p'raps it 'ud be better for you to see him at once."

Celia clinched her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realized for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked, indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm, and he started and looked at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded at once. He did not know who it was; he thought it was—some one else," she said to herself, but not bitterly.

"You are ill, and you never sent for me. And you never came, as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.

"I could not," he spoke hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him, and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."

"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef-tea and things."

His brows contracted. "Now, Celia, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The grieved look in her eyes stopped him.

"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Celia, I went to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow.

"She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the parson about her dog, and sent for him as she sends for anything else she wants! She did not know me at first, and—when she did!"

"I have thrown away life, and youth, and hope, and love—everything, for the sake of a woman who never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James!" she said; she had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all our poor people; you still have them to live for."

"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone, and it looks such a long way to the end."

"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.

"I don't know, I didn't realize before, and that was why I couldn't come to you. Oh, Celia, you don't know—I didn't know till just now, all that you've been to me all these years; and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at my side, all these long, long years, for you did love me once, didn't you, Celia?"

She was silent.

"At least," he went on, hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."

"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth, faded hair.

"You did