NO CLUE TO FIREBUGS.

Police Believe a Victim of Pyromania Is Around.

Insurance Companies Exercised Over Heavy Losses.

An Early Morning Blaze and a Man Burned.

At 10 A. M. to-day fire occurred in the five-story brick building at 111 East One Hundred and Ninth street, occupied by Simon Grossman. The damage was $25. Tillie Grossman, fifteen years old, was severely burned about the head and body. She was removed to the Harlem Hospital.

In a fire at 3 o'clock this morning in the three-story brick dwelling, 239 West Tenth street, John Nally, forty-two years old, was so severely burned he had to be taken to St. Vincent's Hospital.

On the ground floor there is a saloon run by John Flannery. Nally, an attache, sleeps in the rear of the saloon, and Gustav Bornheim and his family live on the top floor. Mrs. Bornheim smelled smoke, and asked her husband to wake up. When Bornheim got got to the first floor he saw a blaze in the little room in the rear of the saloon, Bornheim pounded on the door. There was no answer. Then he kicked down the door, and Nally walked out carrying a blazing mattress.

Nally's clothing was on fire. Bornheim rushed to the hook and ladder quarters No. 5, in Charles street, two blocks away. Five men came from there and put out the fire, after it had done $300 damage to the saloon. No one could find Nally. It was fully half an hour after the fire that Nally went to the Charles street station and asked to be sent to a hospital. He had been looking for one, he said, but could not find it. He was severely burned about the arms and legs. The firemen think he was smoking a pipe in bed.

There was a fire in rubbish in the cellar of the tenement-house, 650 Second avenue at 12.05 o'clock this morning. Fifty dollars damage was done. The cellar is occupied by James Butler as a store room. The blaze, it is believed, was caused by rats gnawing matches.

Although Chief Bonner and Fire Marshal Mitchell, assisted by the police, have been making every possible effort to solve the mystery of the fire epidemic in the district lying west of Central Park, no definite explanation has been obtained of their origin.

The residents, meanwhile, are alarmed. It is generally believed that a regularly organized gang of firebugs is at work there. The police appear to share this view, although some of the fires have been shown to be accidental.

In more than a dozen cases, however, during the past two weeks, neither Fire Department officials nor police have been able to account for the fires on any other theory than incendiarism.

There has been a general overhauling by owners of large apartment-houses, of fire-escapes, roof scuttles, doors, passageways and other means of exit in case of fire. As very few robberies have been reported in connection with them, it is not believed this could be the purpose, nor is it regarded more probable that obtaining insurance money is the object.

It is said officials are now working on the theory that the fires were started by a lunatic, subject to pyromania, numerous instances of which are on record.

Two of the fires which are believed to have been of incendiary origin are those at Ninety-fifth street and Central Park West and the negro tenement-house 132 West Nineteenth street. In the latter the discovery that kerosene had been poured all over the stairways furnishes clear evidence of incendiary work.

The insurance companies are reported to have lost $250,000 by the recent fires on the west side, and there is talk of advancing the rates on buildings in that part of the city. There has also been great difficulty experienced by the fire patrol, which is maintained by the underwriters at an expense of more than $200,000 a year, in responding to the numerous calls in the uptown district. The territory they cover is extensive, and on several occasions fires have broken out in widely separated places about the same time.

There is to be a meeting of the Fire Commissioners to-morrow, at which, it is said, a conference with the underwriters will be held, and means for improving the management of the Fire Department, particularly the Fire Marshal's end of it, be discussed.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, twenty-three years old, of 41 North Second street, Williamsburg, who was arrested Sunday evening by Policeman Rockwell, of the West One Hundredth street station, on suspicion he was one of the west side fire fiends, was discharged in the Harlem Police Court this morning. Fitzpatrick is a truckman, drank too much and lost his way on the west side of the city.

John Murphy and John Ryan, arrested the same day as firebug suspects, were sent to the island for two months each as vagrants.

A HERO---IN HIS MIND.

That Is What the Firemen Say of Policeman Mellon.

Says He Saved a Man, but Even His Sergeant Is Doubtful.

No Medal This Time for the Patrolman Who Dreamed.

Policeman Thomas J. Mellon, of the Mulberry street station, is a disappointed man to-day. Instead of wearing a crown of laurel and a home-made aureole, and receiving the homage of his superior officers, he performed the ordinary task of lugging a Bowery drunk to the Tombs Police Court.

Mellon was on duty last night. As he leaned on the wooden chest of a cigar-store Indian at Prince and Elizabeth streets he imagined strange things. He had been reading about the fires uptown and the heroic rescues, and in his mind he saw himself coming down the fire-escape of a burning building with an entire family strapped to his back, while from the crowded street came shouts of approval.

As he imagined he saw a big gold medal pinned to his coat, he opened his eyes and, a block away, saw the reflection of a flame. The opportunity of a chance of a lifetime had come. He ran swiftly.

Before he reached the fire, however, which was at 58 Spring street, in a building occupied by Jacob Frank, distiller, and H. Mendel, maker of braids, the firemen, with an engine and a hook and ladder, were on the scene.

It was only a business building and there were no lives to save, but the policeman was game. He disappeared for a few moments. When he came back he told a wonderful story of how he had saved the life of Watchman George Schmidt, who was half unconscious from fright and smoke.

With graphic detail he related how he had taken the unconscious man on his back and carried him down the fire escape, also as he had dreamed. And then, as he paused for breath, the voice of a fireman was raised:

"Say, what kind of stuff have you been smoking?"

The Sergeant who sat behind the desk of the Mulberry street station said this morning that Mellon had not received any medals yet, but had gone to the Tombs with a tramp. As he looked over the station-house blotter he found that Mellon's name was not mentioned in connection with the fire.

"Mellon," he said, contemplatively, "is a great big"—he paused for a moment and looked weary, then concluded, "I don't think he saved anybody."

The firemen in Marion street wore sarcastic smiles when they heard Melon had his name in the papers.

Killed on His Roller Skates.

John H. Brown, of 109 Sullivan street, driver of the truck which ran over and killed nine-year-old John Schaefer, of 108 Forsyth street, while roller-skating in Broome street, yesterday, was committed to-day by Justice Grady in the Essex Market Police Court to await the result of the Coroner's inquest. Brown claims it was an accident.

P. F. Collier Comes a Cropper.

P. F. Collier, proprietor of Once-a-Week, came a cropper yesterday while riding to the Monmouth Hounds near Red Bank, N. J. The going was bad, and Mr. Collier's horse, which was at the front, struck on a fence and went down, throwing his rider. Mr. Collier was badly shaken up, but was more comfortable this morning.

The Fabian Reception.

The nineteenth annual entertainment and reception of the Fabian Union will take place to-morrow at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue. The programme will consist of a high-class vaudeville followed by the one-act operetta, "Penelope."

To Help Horses Keep Their Tails.

Suggestions have been made for a law forbidding the docking of horses' tails. It is proposed to make it a misdemeanor to sell a horse with a docked tail, or to debar all horses thus mutilated from competing in horse shows.

FOR SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Enlarged Facilities of the Starin Transportation Company.

The arrangements of the Starin transportation lines for excursions during the coming Summer embrace a larger number of picnic resorts and steamer facilities than heretofore. In addition to Islandwild, adjoining the famous Glen Island, are Grand View Park, on the Sound, Oakdale Park, Rickside Park and Forest View Park, on the Hudson; Orchard Beach, on Staten Island, and Boynton Beach, on the Jersey Shore.

New steamers, fitted up in a palatial manner, have been added to the already large fleet, and new barges built. The Glen Island season will open the latter part of May. New attractions have been added to the menagerie, in addition to several new novel features in the playgrounds. ***

"I use Cleveland's baking powder in my kitchen and class work."

Emma P. Ewing.
Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery.

VETERANS RECALL SUMTER.

At the Annual Banquet the Old Flag is Displayed.

The fourth annual banquet of the Veteran Association of the Department of the South and the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron of the State of New York was held at St. George's Hotel, Brooklyn, last night.

FORT SUMTER'S OLD FLAG.
(It was a feature at the Veterans' banquet in Brooklyn.)

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford presided. At one of the tables were seated six members of the Anderson Zouave Veteran Association in full uniform. They were the guard of honor to the old flag of Fort Sumter, which had been placed in their keeping by the widow of the hero of Fort Sumter and the present owner of the relic. The speakers were Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, Gen. Lyman Abbott, Gen. Velle, Gen. Sewell, Gen. Curtis and Chaplain Trumbull.

TAKE COLLECTION IN SILENCE

Michigan Deacons Decide that Music Had a Bad Effect on It.

(Special to The World.)

OWOSSO, Mich., April 15.—In the First M. E. Church, the largest in the city, the choir has always chanted an anthem while the collection was being taken up. But there was no chanting yesterday, the deacons having decided that the singing diverted the minds of the congregation from the collection and made it smaller.

The collection yesterday was much larger than usual, and the deacons claim that it was in consequence of the new order.

Ferry-Boat Couldn't Paddle.

The machinery of the new ferry-boat America, running between Grand street, New York, and Broadway, Williamsburg, became "centred" last evening shortly after the new boat left the New York slip. The America drifted down to Jackson street amid great excitement on the part of her passengers. The ferry-boat Nevada then took her in tow and landed her at the Brooklyn slip, where the defect in her machinery was repaired.

Claim a New Fever Cure Now.

Dr. William Jacobsohn and Dr. J. M. Bleyer, of this town, believe that a fluid they call "nuclein," which is one of the compounds in anti-toxine, is a sort of elixir of life. They have experimented with it in many fever cases with good results. They also use it for diphtheria and as a tonic. Out of 200 cases of scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria and scarlatina in which the fluid has been used, it is said that only nine patients have died.

Found a New Cure for Cancer.

Dr. Walter S. Wells, of 256 West Thirty-fourth street, has been conducting a number of experiments in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, and is said to have discovered a cure for cancers and tumorous growths. The remedy is a powder known as protunuclein, which is dissolved and hypodermically injected into the parotid glands.

Scow Found Adrift.

A very large scow belonging to the New York Horse Manure Company was found adrift off Governor's Island last night by the River Police of pier A. A tug brought it to pier A, where it lies, half-submerged in the water.

AN OPPORTUNITY
To Try Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach Almost Free.
DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE.

Mme. Ruppert, the Eminent Complexion Specialist, who gave the ladies of New York a most charming lecture at the Fifth Avenue Theatre March 19, makes the following liberal offers for this week:

OFFER NO. 1.

To every purchaser of a $3.00 bottle of her world-renowned FACE BLEACH she will give a bar of her exquisite Almond Oil Soap FREE. This offer applies to any who live at a distance and order by mail as well as resident patrons who purchase in person.

OFFER NO. 2.

To all who have not tried her world-renowned FACE BLEACH she offers to sell during this week a trial bottle for 25 cents. This offer also applies to any at a distance, who will receive a trial bottle, in plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents, either silver or stamps.

FACE BLEACH, which is an external treatment, is solely the invention of Mme. A. RUPPERT, and is the only preparation for the complexion that has withstood the test of time. Eighteen years it has been manufactured, and during that time many millions of bottles have been used. It has never failed, if used as directed, to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eczema, Moth, and, in fact, all diseases the skin is heir to. It is used externally, and when applied strikes, as it should, at the root of the trouble.

Call or send 6 cents in postage for Mme. A. Ruppert's book, "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL," which alone is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and should be read by all.

MME. A. RUPPERT,
LEADING COMPLEXION SPECIALIST,
6 EAST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

CYCLES FOR SPARROW COPS.

Chicago Favors Dressing Park Policemen in Swallowtails.

CHICAGO, April 16.—Lincoln Park Commissioners at their meeting last night decided to mount four park policemen on bicycles. This concession was readily reached, but when it came to the uniform there was a pause in the proceedings. Engineer Allen favored knickerbockers and brown hose.

The Commissioners were not sure that a swallow-tail coat and knee trousers would be as dignified as the long pantaloons, with the buttons gathered in puckers about heavy shoes, and will discuss style at a future meeting.

Pears'
If a touch is enough, why don't it last longer? You like it so well.

WATERS PIANOS

An Elegant, New 7 1-3 octave three stringed WATERS UPRIGHT PIANO, only

$225

cash, or $250 on instalments, payable

$7 MONTHLY.

Stool, Cover, Tuning and Delivery Free. Also, Fifty Second-Hand Pianos at Great bargains. Payments only $5 per month. Send postal for catalogue.

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134 FIFTH AVE., NEAR 18TH ST.

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ESTBD 1807
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TRADE MARK
"RELIABLE" CARPETS
MATTING DAY.

A fine seamless Japanese Straw Matting, double-dyed, for

$5.85 per roll of 40 yds.

No match for them in the country at this figure.

Our Carpet Department is the wonder day by day—such beauties in weave and colors as no other season has shown. Prices unheard of.

Furniture to suit all, and prices very low.

CASH OR CREDIT
COWPERTHWAIT & Co.
104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.
NEAR 6TH AV.
Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near Fulton St.

THE
Extraordinary Sale
of Dry Goods from the
STOCK OF
E. S. Jaffray & Co.
Will be continued all the week.

In addition to the immense number of 'good things' at low prices advertised on Sunday last the following special bargains will be offered.

TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY)

Children's Ribbed Hose, full regular made of best Maco yarn, double knee, heel and toe, in Black or Tan, usual price 38c, at

19c.

Richards 58 West 23d St.

JORDAN & MORIARTY,
207, 209, 211 and 213 PARK ROW,
near Chatham Square, New York.

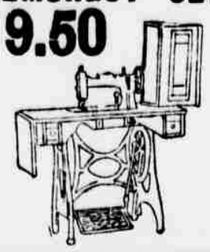
FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.
FREE THIS WEEK.

One elegant, highly polished Cobbler-seat Arm Rocker given away free with every purchase of $50.00 or over.

$1.00 Week on $65 Worth.
$1.50 Week on $100.00 Worth

DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE.

$19.50



EXQUISITE. DURABLE. RELIABLE.
Always ready to work. Never out of order. Makes no noise and easy to run.
YOU NEED NOT PAY YOUR MONEY UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED IT.
NO BETTER MACHINE MADE AT ANY PRICE.
GUARANTEED 10 YEARS.
CASH OR INSTALMENTS.

$1.00 WEEKLY.

INSTRUCTIONS FREE.
Our Representative Will Call if Desired.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Demorest Sewing-Machine Co.,
155 WEST 23D ST., N.Y., near 6TH AVE

RHEUMATISM.

Simple Self-Treatment.

Of all the great medical and scientific discoveries of this enlightened age none have conferred a greater boon and blessing on mankind than

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELTS.

These belts place within easy reach of any man a certain and simple means of self-cure without the aid of doctors, drugs or medical applications of any kind. Dr. Sanden's system of Electric Self-Treatment supplies an element in the cure of these complaints wholly beyond the reach of medicines, and it cures in thousands of cases where medicines and drugs are of no avail.

These Belts cure at once Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney Complaints, Lame Back, &c., &c. Electric Suspensory for men free with all belts.

None can possibly form an idea of the wonderful currents produced by these body batteries without examining; therefore, if you can, call at our office and see and test one.

Thousands of bona-fide testimonials are on file from every section of the United States. If you live too far, our illustrated book will be sent free, sealed, by mail, upon application to inventor and manufacturer.

Dr. A. T. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, N. Y.

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KOSTER & BIAL'S TO-NIGHT.
FOURTH SERIES LIVING PICTURES.
YE OLDE TIME BELLES AND BEAUX.
Meers Bros., Stelling & Revell, Frantz Family, Bill & Hull, Tachernoff, Wood & Shepard, Rossows.
EVERY SATURDAY, FAMILY MATINEE.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE, Evg. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2.
E.H.SOTHERN To-night & Sat. Mat., A Way to
E.H.SOTHERN Win a Woman; Wed. & Thur.
E.H.SOTHERN Capt. Letharia; Fri., Lord
E.H.SOTHERN Chumley; Sat. Evg. Highest Bidder.

STANDARD Theatre. Eve. 8.30. Mat. Sat. 2.
7TH MONTH.
TOO MUCH JOHNSON.
WITH WM. GILLETTE AND COMPANY.

HOYT'S THEATRE. Hoyt & Mckee, Prop.
"CISSY FITZGERALD'S Great Success at 8.45.
EVENINGS at 8.30. THE FOUNDLING
SAT. MAT. at 2.15.
Preceded by THE MAN UPSTAIRS.

PASTOR'S J. W. KELLY
MATINEE TO-DAY.
Sam Bernard. Billy Jerome.
Lizzie B. Raymond. Lillie Western.

BIJOU. LAST 3 WEEKS. MATS. WED. AND SAT.
D'ARVILLE | C. MIC OPERA | MADELEINE. By Stange & Edwards.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE, 21st st. & 3d ave
BOB FITZSIMMONS ATHLETIC AND SPECIALTY CO.

GERMANIA THEATRE. 202D TIME.
THE NEW YORK BREWER.

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GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
Every afternoon at 2. Evening at 8 P. M.
GRAND WATER CARNIVAL.
High Diving. Fancy Swimming. Log Rolling.
ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS.
Strange Living People from Everywhere.
TWO MONSTER MENAGERIES.
14 Elephants, 20 Camels, 40 Ponies.
100 GRAND EQUESTRIAN ACTS.
THRILLING AERIAL DISPLAYS.
Admission, 25c., 50c., 75c. 1, $2. Reserved Seats, $2.
Children Under Nine Years Half Price.
Box-office open from 9 to 4 for sale of advance seats.

PROCTOR'S CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE
Always the best and foremost.
From 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. No waits. 25c., 50c., $1.
The 3 Eugenes, Midair Marvels.
Unique, armless wonder; Geo. R. Murphy and Kitty Kursale, Drummond, Staley and Belle Birbeck, Joe Flynn, Annie Hart, Hilliard Sisters, and others.
Sunday Concerts continuous, 2 to 10.30 P. M.

KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE.
Noon to 11 P. M., 50c., 25c., $1. Popular Prices.
ORIGINAL CONTINUOUS Performance.
Julia Mackey (American farewell), Leo Dervalto, John W. Ransone (last week), Thorne & Carleton, Bros. Carpos, Nellie Chandler's White Orchestra of 15 Pretty Girls, Inch Meconker, 30 others.

CASINO Broadway & 39th St.
Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2.
LIVING BRONZE STATUES. Papinta's L. Dec. Dance
YOSCARY TRIO EUROPEAN ACROBATS.
RESERVE SEATS 50c. and $1.00.

ABBEY'S THEATRE. B'way, cor. 39th.
FAREWELL NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT OF
Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL.
This Tuesday Evening and Sat. Mat. Impulse; Wed. and Thurs. Eve'gs. A White Lie; Friday and Sat. Eve'gs. The Queen's Shilling.

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EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way and 40th St.
6TH WEEK—MATS. WED. & SAT.
JOHN A. DREAMS.
Next Monday—The Importance of Being Earnest.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Eves., 8. Sat. Mat. 2.
AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA CO.
ALADDIN, JR.

THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL.
134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d ave.
Monster orchestrion plays afternoon and ev'g.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl.
Prices, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.
HERRMANN THE GREAT.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. Eve. at 8.15.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Ev. 8.15; Wed. & Sat. Mat.
Mr. CHARLES H. HOPPER,
assisted by Miss ANNIE WARD TIFFANY, in
THE VALE OF AVOCA.

STAR THEATRE. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.
LAST TWO WEEKS DENMAN THOMPSON
AND THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
SUNDAY NIGHTS, SONGS AND PICTURES.

ATLANTIC GARDEN. Bowery, nr. Canal.
Boyle and Graham, Stappa and Remonie, Dunn and Mack, Maude McIntyre, Ella Koim, Lady Orchestra

Covert Overcoats

here at $15 that good dressers take to like squirrels to a nut. Down from our workshops every morning come great, fresh stacks of the coats—but by evening they've melted away. Fashionable, strong-seamed, remarkably handsome coats, and going at a pace that takes the palm from hot cakes.

They'd rattle off at $20 as fast as at $15, but we sell our coats, and all our clothes, indeed—suits, trousers, Prince Alberts, &c.—not for as much as we ought, but for as little as we can.

Our way, that, of building a big business.

HAMMERSLOUGH BROS.,
Bleecker St., cor. Greene.
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TO-NIGHT.
THE SANDOW
TROCADERO COMPANY
Directed by F. ZIEGFELD, Jr.
HEADED BY THE FEARLESS SANDOW
AND A CONGRESS OF ATHLETES
ATHLETES, INCLUDING THE
WONDERFUL JORDAN FAMILY,
—AND—
THE LUCIFERS.....Gymnasts
TOM BROWNE.....
SCOTTIE.....Queen of Cane Crooks
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HILLA VAN.....Athletic Dancer
BEN DUNHAM.....Premier Bar Performer
MUSICAL DALE.....Instrumentalists
—AND—
AMANN.....Europe's Greatest Athlete

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
Supplementary Season of Grand Opera.
To-night, Huguenots; Wed., Apl. 17, Prophète; Thurs., Apl. 18, extra night, Falstaff; Fri., Apl. 19, Aida; Sat. Mat. Romeo and Juliet; Sat. night, Apl. 20, at popular prices, Lucia; Sun., Apl. 21, popular Sunday night concert; Mon. evg., Apl. 22, Wagner's Die Meistersinger.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.
AGNES HERBERT.
To-night, Wed. Mat. & Eve. & Sat. Eve.
LA BELLE MARIE.
Thurs. & Fri. Evgs. & Sat. Mat.
MARGARET MATHER.
Next Week—ALEXANDER SALVINI.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. EASTER HOLIDAY BILL. Bunth and Rudd, Kessler and Rose, Prof. Woodward's Performing Sea Lions, Jas. Thornton's Donkey, others.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
HENRY C. MINER Proprietor.
THE POLICE INSPECTOR.
A BIG CAST. NEW SPECIALTIES.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.
WM. H. CRANE. HIS WIFE'S FATHER

ROLLER SKATING Every Afternoon and Evening.
107TH ST. AND LEXINGTON AV.

Lyceum Theatre. (8.20) 4th ave. & 23d st.
TO-NIGHT. FORTUNE.
THURSDAY MATINEE, REBELLIOUS SCHOOL.

Personal.

A.—A—BEST QUALITY OF COAL, all sizes, $5.50 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered, at Trolley's, corner 27th st. and 9th ave., 26th and Southern. Telephone 386A. 18th st., 128 Columbus ave.

A.—DIVORCES, how obtained in Rhode Island, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Dakota or any other State; full information by reliable attorney, personally or by mail, $5. Room 28, 2 West 14th st.

A.—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, moles, &c., removed forever; electricity; sittings only $1. Prof. Miner, 37 West 14th st.

A.—KNOW your fate and fortune. Consult Mme. Selwyn, scientific palmist, 24 East 17th st.; fee $1.

ABDULLAH, adviser in matrimonial, love, and business troubles; consultation, $2. 221 W. 39th.

ADOPTION—Very pretty new-born baby; good parentage; full surrender. 318 East 95th st.

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BAYER DETECTIVE AGENCY investigates all cases, civil or criminal, promptly, confidentially and reasonably. 234 and 235 Broadway, rooms 1 and 2; telephone, 2223 Cortlandt.

GEORGE—Your letter received; I will do all that I can to help you redeem yourself; write more fully. P.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? "Art Studies from the Nude," a monthly portfolio for lovers of highest art; superb reproductions of paintings by renowned artists; 4 numbers ready, $1; or any one, 25c. Mailed by Artists' Publishing Co., Dept. W, St. Louis, Mo.

IF THIS MEETS THE EYE of Agnes Hohlbach, or any one knowing her, it is to let her know her mother is very sick and anxious to hear from her.

NOTICE—I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, she having left her child, bed and board. John Joseph Geibel, High Bridge, N. Y.

PICTURE FRAMES at retail, made to order; complete assortment; large saving. Lincoln & Co., 52 John st.

RETURN $50 received on false check. Alexander Ave., L. B. F.

WE WILL FURNISH your flats and apartments with furniture and carpets at the lowest prices on your own terms. Lewins, 45 West 4th st.

A HUSBAND'S AWAKENING.

Knowledge and Pain that Came to Oswald Praed Too Late.

The doctor had taken his departure with a few well-turned words of sympathy and regret. Praed mechanically watched the brougham disappear into the yellow fog, which shrouded the houses across the road and darkened the room behind him, filling the corners with mysterious shadows, though it was yet barely 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The street-lamps were burning. In a wondow opposite some one lighted the gas. He watched it flare up, a patch of vivid orange among the smeared, confused tones of gray and brown, and recalled a picture he had seen at one of the galleries.

It was an impressionist thing; he remembered thinking it, at the time, a supremely ridiculous composition, but then, he had never cared about the Impressionist School.

The fog thickened. A few foot passengers hurried by, mere black shapes in the gathering gloom. Praed continued to stare vacantly into the street. To-morrow he would be deprived of even that trifling relaxation. In a few hours, six or eight at most, the blinds would be drawn, would remain drawn, he supposed, until after the funeral. The mental formulation of the word broke through the sense of unreality which had possessed him for the past ten days.

Lilias was dying, would soon be dead! and he would no longer have a wife. It seemed incredible.

More than once in the past eight years he had told himself that his marriage had been a mistake; that uniettered or linked with a woman of different calibre, he might have risen higher, given fuller play to those intellectual powers which were so far above Lilias' feeble comprehension.

Now that his freedom was within measurable distance, he became conscious of a faint stirring of regret. After all, she had been an excellent wife, in her way. His home had been admirably ordered. She had uniformly studied his comfort and acquiesced in his lightest wish. He never remembered her impatient or out of temper, and she had never interfered with his pursuits. Her devotion had been single-hearted and entire. No breath of scandal had tarnished the mirror of his home life. He was so entirely sure of her; from the first, he had reigned alone in undivided sovereignty, so secure of his kingdom that he had taken little trouble to guard it, and she was certainly very pretty—when that photograph was taken two years ago, for instance. He groped his way to the mantel-piece and lighted a candle.

On either side of the clock stood a large portrait in a silver frame. Both were of women. Praed's eyes travelled from one to the other. It was Lilias who had insisted on filling the companion frame, and had selected the photographs a perfect match.

He would have felt some delicacy in according Pauline's likeness so prominent a place in his special sanctum. He had always been careful of his wife's feelings. It was agreeable to him, now that she was dying, to recognize that he had been an irreproachable husband. True, he had never given her companionship. The best of himself, his aspirations, his thoughts, his dreams and ambitions, these belonged to another woman, a woman of higher intellectual status, whose sympathies and tastes were more on a level with his own. He had always thought his wife one of the prettiest women in town. He had also thought her one of the most stupid. His devotion to Pauline Bellarmine had robbed Lilias of nothing. It was not a vulgar intrigue, his the taste would have revolted against that, but it was the completion of his inner life, the stimulant of his best intellectual efforts, the centre of his interest, which never flagged because it could never possess, and in possession find "love's sad satiety." He loved Pauline; for Lilias he had a sincere affection, the affection of the collector for his choicest specimen. She was his wife, and he had taken care that she should enjoy all the material advantages due to her position. What he gave to another she had never missed. Poor Lilias! He was everything to her, and that she was comparatively little to him had been no hardship to her, since he had never let her know that while she was the modest taper that lighted his home, Pauline was the star by whose rays he shaped the course of his life.

She had been quite contented. An acuter woman might have guessed something, but Lilias— It was fortunate she should have taken such a fancy to Pauline. It had simplified matters greatly. After all, there were advantages in stupidity.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a summons from his wife.

As he went up stairs, it struck Praed, vaguely, as odd that she should have had to send for him. He wondered whether or not the nurse would stay in the room. He was conscious of a certain unwillingness to be left alone with Lilias. He had never known what to say to her. On the rare occasions when they had found themselves in solitude a deux, she had invariably made the running, chattering her usual irresponsible nothings, to which he hardly took the trouble to respond. It seemed unreasonable to expect such an effort on her part now, and he felt himself unequal to the burden of sustaining conversation. His eyes fell on the clock. It was five minutes past 3. That committee was at 4. His presence was urgently required, but, under the circumstances, he had, of course, been compelled to absent himself. He wondered what they would do without him. A week, at least, must elapse before he could go to the House, and just at this crisis—Praed was slightly annoyed. Of course, it was no one's fault, least of all his wife's, that she was dying, but the moment was distinctly inopportune.

In the sick room the curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted. There were flowers on the mantel-piece and on the little table beside the bed. Some delicate aromatic perfume smoked in a miniature silver brazier. Lilias was propped up with pillows. Her face took a faint pink from the reflection of the lamp, which was covered by a rose-colored shade. The lace-edged sleeves of her night-dress were drawn up, showing the delicately shaped arms, on which glittered one or two gold bangles. A nurse stood near the grate, in which a bright fire was burning. Praed stepped noiselessly across the room and spoke a few words in a cautious undertone. A faint voice made itself audible from the bed.

"Don't whisper, please, and don't walk on tiptoe. It may be the proper thing when people are dying, but it worries me. I'm not going to die just yet, either—not for three or four hours; and now that horrid pain has gone I feel almost well, and I want to see Jack."

Praed approached the bed and, bending down, kissed her forehead. She looked up at him and smiled.

"I don't look ugly, do I? Nurse has curled my hair, and she is going to bring me some 'fizz.' I may have anything I like now, and you won't mind my seeing Jack, will you, just to say good-bye?"

"Of course, dear; I will send to the nursery at once."

She interrupted him with a feeble gesture of impatience.

"No, no, not Baby. I want to see Jack Bellarmine."

"Bellarmine," he repeated with visible astonishment; "why should you wish to see him? If it had been Mrs. Bellarmine——"

She laughed softly, nodding to the nurse, who quietly left the room.

"Pauline would come to see you. If you'd been dying, I should have sent for her without waiting for you to ask. I should know you wanted her all the time that was left."

Praed was confounded.

"I—I—want Mrs. Bellarmine?" he stammered.

One of his hands rested on the pillow. She took it between her own and stroked it gently.

"I always meant to tell you if anything happened to either of us, that I'm not so stupid as you thought. I've known all the time. I've made it as easy as I could for you. You have been a good husband in your way, Oswald, though you never understood me. Pauline would have suited you much better, just as I should have suited Jack. You have never loved me; no, don't interrupt; you know you haven't. You do love her, and—well—I've loved Jack for a long time. Don't think I have any confession to make. There was nothing wrong in it. He's too good—so am I, for that matter. You have lost nothing by caring for him. I never let him kiss me until after I'd seen—don't you remember—when Pauline dined here the first night of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' I came into the drawing-room quickly, and I couldn't help seeing—you know. I went away and shut the door softly, you thought it was the wind. I asked her to dinner again the next evening. I didn't mind. I knew it wouldn't go too far. You're too cold, and she's too selfish—but you suited each other. We all got on very well.

"Jack understood me. He isn't selfish or cold, but he saw never anything but the truest friend to me. I only let him kiss me twice, no—three times, that was all. You can't say as much for Pauline, can you? I've never forgotten that I was your wife, and I think I've been as good a one as you'd let me be—no—as I could be. I'm not an intellectual woman, and you didn't want the trouble of teaching me when there was Pauline. I like her, too, in a way. She is Jack's wife, you know. She has helped you on in your career. Jack has helped me to live my life, and be patient. It wasn't always easy, but he taught me to make the best of things. It's good now to feel that one has run straight. You don't like turfy expressions, do you? That's the only thing I object to. I'm glad you about—going to Sandown. I shall never go again. Ah, well! it doesn't matter much. We must all die sometime, and you won't miss me a great deal. But—he will, and—I want to say good-by."

The nurse had come back with champagne. Praed stood aside while she poured out the wine and held it to the patient's lips. He was petrified. The sense of utter unreality closed in upon him like an icy mist. He stared doubtfully at the familiar furniture and surroundings, at his wife's eager face, her large eyes seeking his over the edge of the glass. He could not realize the meaning of her words. If they meant anything at all, it was the shattering of all his most fixed beliefs. Lilias had known all the time and had not cared. It was impossible.

"I never interfered with you," she pleaded, the champagne giving a momentary strength to her voice. "I put that photograph in the study because I knew you wouldn't like to do it yourself. I've gone and written letters and had frocks tried on lots of times, just on purpose. You don't know how many little things I've done. I never was afraid to trust you. And I'm dying. It's 4 o'clock now, and the doctors said I couldn't live the night out. You have always been kind to me within reason, Oswald, please, please let me just say good-by."

Praed had walked to the fireplace. The nurse, under pretence of removing the tray, passed close to him.

"She should not be thwarted, sir," she murmured respectfully. "It will be a question of minutes if she is."

He went back to the bed. Lilias was breathing irregularly, her eyes were half closed, her slender fingers picked feebly at the embroidery on the quilt. At the sound of his step she lifted her heavy lids.

"Send for him," she said. "Do, Oswald, do."

A tumult of bewildering thoughts clamored in Praed's brain, but outwardly he was quite unmoved.

"It is a very unusual proceeding," he said at last. A gleam of humor crept into her eyes.

"It is very unusual for me to die," she answered.

"Where am I to send?"

"The club."

"And if he is not there?"

She roused herself with an effort.

"He will be there. Do you think he'd go away while there was a chance of a message from me? Write a note—immediate—tell him I want him. Tell him I can't die till I've said good-by."

* * * * * *

Hal fan hour later a hansom drew up at the door. Automatically Praed went out into the hall. A tall, good-looking man hurried up the steps. His face under the gaslight was haggard and drawn; there were dark rings round his eyes. He wrung Praed's hand hard.

"It's awfully good of you to send for me," he said, in a low, uneven voice. "I'm sorry for you, old man. She's the best friend, the kindest woman God ever made, and—you've got to lose her."

Praed let his hand drop limply. Not a muscle of his face moved.

"Will you come to my wife's room?" he said, with casual indifference.

He led the way upstairs, along the softly carpeted corridor. At the door, he turned with his fingers on the handle and looked straight in the other's face.

Bellarmine's eyes were fixed on the wooden panels, as though he could already see what lay behind; the muscles of his throat worked. Praed noticed that the strong shoulders were quivering. He opened the door and stood aside, motioning Bellarmine to pass in.

He saw a light, which had never shone for him, spring into his wife's eyes; saw a shade of color glow through the deathly pallor of her cheeks; heard the weak voice raised in glad welcome.

"Jack! Jack! old Jack! it's good-by for always this time. I'm not afraid of dying now. You—always said a clean conscience would pull one through anything, but—I wanted you, too."

Then he shut the door and went downstairs to the study.

A servant had drawn the curtains and lighted the gas. Praed looked at the clock, only twenty minutes to five. Would this afternoon never come to an end? He seemed to have lived centuries in the space of a couple of hours. All the emotions of a lifetime were crowding in upon him at once, emotions he had never known before; dull, aching pain, doubt, suspicion, a disheartening sense of his own futility, and through them all, a strange, pathetic sorrow of impending loss, for a coming blank and desolation, of which he had hitherto not so much as dreamed, for a something gone forever, that had only revealed itself in its withdrawal. He stood opposite the two photographs. This time, he looked at one only. Then he dropped his head on his folded arms and groaned. There was a slight movement behind him, a rustle of silk and some one touched him gently on the shoulder. Pra