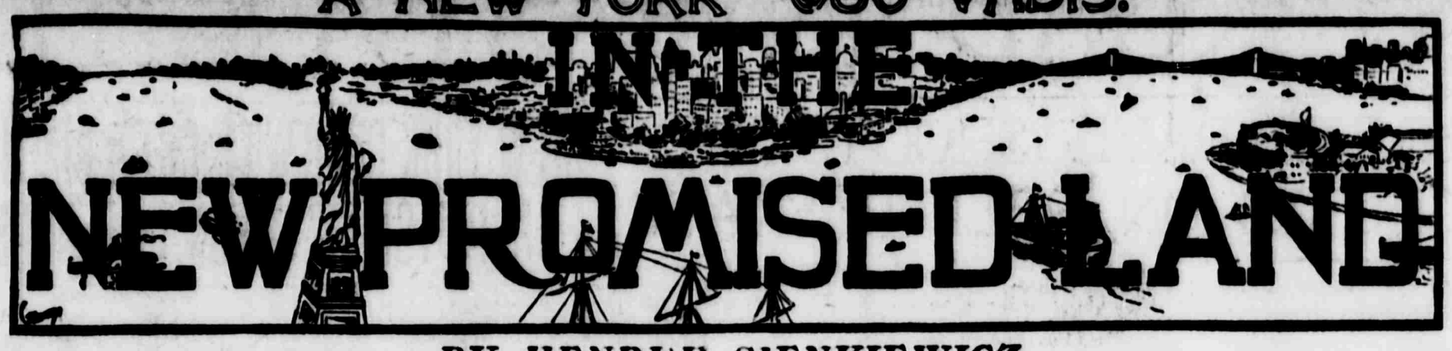
A NEW YORK "QUO VADIS."



BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ,

Author of "Quo Vadis," "The Deluge," "With Fire and Sword," &c., &c.

Translated by S. C. De Soissons.

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CHAPTER I.

UPON THE OCEAN.

On the waves of the Atlantic rode the German steamer Blucher on its passage from Hamburg to New York.

It had been four days at sea. Two days since it had passed the green coast of Ireland and reached the great ocean. As far as the eye could reach stretched the greyish-green surface ploughed into furrows and hollows, rocking heavily, and foaming and gleaming darker in the distance.

Sometimes the reflection from the clouds fell on the water, and on this pearly background the outlines of the steamer showed sharply. The ship, with its bow pointing to the west, climbed to the crest of the billows and then, as though intending to drown itself, sank in the trough of the sea. Sometimes it disappeared from view, sometimes it was lifted so high on the summit of the waves that part of its keel could be seen—but pressing steadily onward. The waves rolled toward it and it rushed toward the waves and cut them with its prow. Behind it, like a gigantic snake, coiled a strip of foaming water; sea-gulls followed in its wake, circling in the air with wild cries.

The wind was fresh and the vessel proceeded under half steam, with all sail set. The weather promised to be finer. In places between the broken clouds were patches of blue, constantly changing form. Since the Blucher had left the port of Hamburg it had encountered strong winds, but no storms. The breezes were westerly, but at times they ceased; then the sails flapped and fluttered, to round out again like the breast of a swan. The sailors, in their blue woollen sweaters, hauled on the rope of the lower yard and cried monotonously "To-hoy! yo-hoy!" heading and straightening themselves, keeping time to the song, and their cries mingled with the boatswain's whistle and the roar of the funnel.

The passengers had come on deck to enjoy the fine day. In the stern of the ship you could see the black overcoats and hats of the cabin passengers; forward was a motley crowd of emigrants from the steerage. Some sat on benches smoking short pipes, some were lying down, others leaned against the rail gazing into the water.

There were several women with children in their arms and tin platters fastened to their belts; some young men tramped from bow to bridge trying to keep their equilibrium with but poor success. They sang "Wo Ist Das Deutsche Vaterland?" and, perhaps, they thought they would never see their "Vaterland" again; but, notwithstanding this, they did not seem downcast.

Among this crowd were two who were most sad and who kept apart from the others—an old man and a maiden. They did not understand German and felt very lonely among strangers. They were Polish peasants.

The man's name was Lorenz Toporek; the girl, Mary was his daughter. They were going to America, and now for the first time had plucked up courage to venture on deck. On their faces, pale from sickness, was painted fear, mingled with curiosity. With timid eyes they looked on their fellow-passengers, the sailors, the ship, the huge funnel pulling violently, the great waves throwing spray on the deck—and they dared not speak. With one hand Lorenz gripped the rail, with the other he held his old-fashioned four-cornered cap on his head so that the wind should not blow it off. Mary stood close by her father, and as often as the ship lurched from side to side the grazed him, crying out faintly with fear. Suddenly the old man broke the silence.

"Mary!"

"What is it, father?"

"Do you see?"

"I do."

"Do you marvel?"

"I do, indeed."

But the feared more than she wondered, and so did old Toporek. Fortunately for them the waves subsided, the wind ceased and the sun broke through the clouds. When they saw the "beloved sun" they felt more easy in their hearts for it looked to them entirely as it did in Lipintse. Everything was new and strange to them, and only the disk of the sun, bright and radiant, appeared like an old friend and guardian.

The sea became smoother; soon the sails flapped, the signal whistle of the captain sounded from the bridge and the sailors rushed to furl them. The sight of the men, apparently hanging in the air above the sayes, again astonished Toporek and Mary.

"Our boys could not do that," said the old man.

"If the Dutchmen can climb John could climb also," said Mary.

"Which John—Sobek?"

"Why Sobek? I mean Smolak, the hostler."

"He is very clever, but you must put him out of your head; you are going to America to be a bride, right he will remain on the Polish Boundary."

"He has some property."

"If he has it is in Lipintse."

Mary did not answer, but thought that Fate could not be avoided. She sighed deeply. Meanwhile the sails were furled and the screw began to churn the water so that the whole vessel trembled, and the rocking motion ceased. In the far distance the water appeared smooth and blue. More passengers came on deck, artisans, German peasants, idlers from different seaports who were going to seek pleasure—not work; the deck was so crowded that Lorenz and Mary sought a secluded spot and sat on a coil of rope in a corner near the bow.

"Father, how much longer shall we be on the sea?" asked Mary.

"How do I know! Those whom you ask answer you as though you were a heathen."

"How shall we speak in America?"

"Did they not say there was a multitude of our own people there?"

"Father!"

"What is it?"

"Talk as you may, I feel that it was better in Lipintse."

Lorenz Toporek pondered. Why was he going to America and how had it happened? Six months ago last Summer his cow broke into a neighbor's clover and he had seized it and taken it to the pound. The farmer who did this wanted three roubles damage; Lorenz did not want to pay. They went to law; the suit was prolonged; the farmer not only wanted damages, but also costs for the cow's keep, and the costs grew every day. Lorenz was obstinate; he thought the demand unfair and did not wish to part with his money. He spent a large amount on the lawsuit and it dragged and dragged. Every day the costs increased and at last Lorenz was defeated. He owed a large sum for the cow, and as he had no money to pay it they took his horse and arrested him for resisting the officer. Toporek struggled to get out of his difficulties. It needed both his horse and his own labor to harvest his crop. He was late in housing his grain; the rains fell and the corn sprouted in the sheaves, and he saw that, because of the small damage done by his cow, his crops were ruined, his property was dissipated and for the coming Winter starvation stared them in the face.

From being a fairly well-to-do farmer he became dependent and took to drink. At the inn he met a German who pretended to be a flax-buyer, but who was in reality an emigrant steamship agent. This German expatiated on the wonders and marvels of America. He promised Lorenz, for nothing, more land than the largest farm in Lipintse—together with woods and pasture lands—so that the peasant's eyes beamed with anticipation. He believed, yet doubted; but the Jew milk merchant, who accompanied the German, said that the American Government gave to every one as much land as they could use. The Jew had been so informed by his nephew. The German exhibited a larger roll of money than the peasant or even the landlord had ever beheld; soon Mary tempted Lorenz till they "moved him." Why should he remain there? What for? Was Mary to be kept starved and flogged by her stepmother? Was she to go to the Boyar's house? Well, he will sell his land to the Boyar and then—everything, but trusted in nothing. A moments he was apprehensive that perhaps these "heathen," as he called his fellow-travellers, would cast him into the sea or command him to change his religion or to sign some paper, perhaps even a cyrograf!—to sell his soul to the devil.

Day and night the steamer held on over the unfathomable sea—shook, groaned and churned the water into foam, breathed like a dragon and at night emitted a long tail of fiery sparks so that it seemed to him to be some suspicious and uncanny force. These childish fears, although he did not confess them, oppressed his heart; for this Polish peasant, torn from his native nest, was truly a helpless child, under the care of God alone. His head and heart could not contain all that he saw and felt; so it was not strange that as he sat on the coil of rope, his head was bent beneath his burden of heavy trouble and uncertainty. The sea breezes sang in his ears and kept repeating: "Lipintse! Lipintse!" Sometimes it whistled like a Polish flute. The sun spoke to him: "How are you, Lorenz? I have been in Lipintse." But the screw of the propeller churned the water violently and the funnel sent forth great clouds of smoke, and these two were like evil spirits that carried him further and further from Lipintse.

Meanwhile Mary was troubled by other thoughts and memories, and they followed her like the creamy wake behind the ship or the flying sesquila. She recalled how last Autumn, late one evening, shortly before their departure, she went to the old well in Lipintse to draw water. The first stars twinkled in the sky. She was singing as she drew up the bucket:

"John entered the house,
Made down the water."

and she was as sad as the swallow who twitters mournfully before its flight to the south. Then from the dark trees came the long note of the signals, which was the signal of John Smolak, the groom, to let her know that he would come.

Presently the sound of hoofs was heard and he rode up to the well, jumped from the stallion's back, shook his flaxen locks—and now the memory of his words was as music to her ears. She closed her eyes and it seemed that Smolak whispered again to her in his trembling voice:

"If thy father is so obstinate then I too, will give up my place, dispose of my property and follow thee. My Mary, where thou wilt be there too will I fly like a stork in the air, float like a duck on the lake, roll like a golden hoop on the road and find thee, my own! What is my lot without thee? Where thou goest, there will I follow. Thy fate will be my fate; together we shall live, together shall we die. And as I vowed to thee over this well, so let God forsake me if I forsake thee, Mary, my only love."

Recalling these words Mary saw the well and the large red moon over the tops of the trees and John as if he were alive.

These thoughts cheered her and eased her burden. John was a determined youth, so she believed that what he said he would do. Now she wished only that he could be by her side and listen with her to the sounds of the sad sea. She would be glad and happy then, because he feared no one and knew how to take care of himself. What was he doing now in Lipintse, where most likely the first snow had fallen? Was he going to the woods with his axe or tending after his horses. Was he hurrying on an errand with his sleigh or cutting openings in the ice? Where was her dear one now? Here the girl, in her mind's eye, saw Lipintse as it was: the crackling snow on the road, the sky red between black leafless branches, the cawing flocks of crows, the chimney smoke rising to the sky, the frozen sweep of the river and in the distance the forest sprinkled with snow and reddened by the setting sun.

Ah! where is she now? Where will her father take her? As far as the eye can reach nothing but water and water. The greenish furrows and foamy billows on these immeasurable watery fields, this one ship—a strayed bird; skies above, desert below, the great voices of the crying waves and whistling winds, and there in front of the vessel's prow, somewhere afar off, on the edge of the world—land!

Alas, John! how will you find her there? Will you fly through the air like a falcon? Will you swim through the water like a fish? And do you, in Lipintse, still think of her?

Slowly the sun lowered to the west, dropping into the sea. On the ripples of the waves a bright pathway was spread out, embroidered with golden scales; it corruscated, flashed, shone, burned and merged in the sunlight in the distance. The ship, entering upon this fiery pathway, seemed to chase the setting sun.

The smoke from the funnel was red, the sails and wet ropes were pink. The sailors began to sing; the ruddy disk looked larger and larger as it slowly sank into the sea. Soon you could only see half of the orb above the waves, then the whole west was flooded with one great glow, and in this glorious brightness you could not tell where the lustre of the waves ended or where began the sky, air and firmament, all suffused with this radiance, which gradually grew paler and more tender as the ocean murmured a long, low paean, as if intoning its evening prayers.

In moments like these the soul takes wings; what it has to remember it remembers; what it loves it loves still more warmly; what it longs for to that it flies.

Lorenz and Mary both felt that though the wind bore them on like useless leaves the tree which gave them birth is not the land to which they go, but that whence they come—that Polish land which is so fruitful, swaying like one great field of golden grain, covered with green forests, dotted with thatched roofs, full of meadows, golden with buttercups, blue with lakes swarming with storks and swallows, with wayside crosses and white villas among the linden trees, where one is greeted with "The Lord be praised" and answers "For ever and ever," the most worshipful, the sweetest mother, so upright, so beloved and the first in all the world. So what these peasant hearts had not felt before they felt now. Lorenz removed his cap and the sunset light fell on his gray hair. His thoughts were busy; the poor fellow did not know how to express his feelings to his daughter. But at last he said:

"Mary, it seems to me as though we had left something behind us."

"Fortune is left and love is left," faintly answered the girl, raising her eyes as though in prayer.

It grew darker. The passengers began to leave the deck and sounds of commotion ran through the ship. The night is not always quiet after a beautiful sunset; therefore the whistles of the mates sounded continually and the sailors hauled on the ropes. The last purple reflection died out on the sea and a mist arose from the water; a few stars flickered in the sky and then disappeared; the mist thickened visibly, enveloping the sky, the horizon, the ship itself; the funnel and the great masts could still be seen; the figures of the mariners looked like shadows. An hour later all the lights, even those which had been hung on the tops of the masts, and the sparks which the funnel breathed out, were hidden in a white fog.

The ship did not roll. The waves slackened their force and glided smoothly away under the heavy fog.

The night was falling blind and still. Suddenly, among the stillness from the far-off horizon, came the echoes of mysterious voices, like the heavy breathing of approaching giants. At times it seemed as if some one called from the darkness, and from a distance came a chorus of voices, immeasurably sad and mournful, moaning and lamenting. These calls seemed to come from the boundless infinitude of the gray night. (The sailors hearing the murmuring of these voices, say that it is the God of the Storm calling the winds from hell.)

Indications of a storm became more and more apparent. The captain, wrapped in a mackintosh and with an oilskin cap on his head, stood on the highest bridge; the mate stood in his usual place by the compass. There were no passengers on deck. Lorenz and Mary had descended to the steerage. Silence reigned there. The lights of the lamps fastened in the low ceiling burned dimly. The emigrants sat in groups near their bunks. The saloon was large, gloomy, as steerages generally are. The bunks rose in tiers close to the roof, looking like the dark lairs of animals, and the whole gave one the impression of a dark, murky wine cellar. The air was filled with the smell of sail-cloth, tarred ropes, bilge water and damp. Does anything here remind you of the handsome saloons of the cabin passengers? Even two weeks in such a hole poisons the lungs with unwholesome air, covers the skin with a sickly pallor and often breeds scurvy.

Lorenz and Mary had been there only four days, and if you placed the Mary from Lipintse, healthy and rosy, side by side with the Mary of to-day, was and pale, you would hardly recognise her. Old Lorenz had also become yellow as wax. Their condition was aggravated because they had not gone on deck the first two days of the passage; they thought it was not allowed. How could they know what was permitted, what they may do? They were afraid to move or leave their bunks. Now they and all the rest met by their partitions the whole place was filled with the emigrants' bundles, which increased the disorder and the disheartening aspect. Mattresses, clothing, packages of food, tools, tin cups and platters lay in heaps on the floor. The emigrants, nearly all Germans, sat on their bundles. Some chewed tobacco, some smoked pipes; the puffs of smoke struck the ceiling and then spread in wide layers, dimming the lamplight. A few children cried in corners, but the crowd had ceased its usual noise because the fog infused everything with uneasiness and anxiety. The more experienced travellers knew that this foretold a storm. It was no secret that danger and perhaps death was approaching. Lorenz and Mary could not make out anything, although when the hatchway was opened for a moment they could distinctly hear those ominous voices coming from afar.

They sat in the narrowest part, near the bow; the annoying motion of the ship was more perceptible here, and that was the reason why their fellow-passengers had crowded them there. The old man strengthened himself with Lipintse bread and the girl, who was tired of doing nothing, braided her hair for the night.

The unusual silence, interrupted only by the children's cries, surprised her.

"Why do the Germans sit so still?" asked she.

"Do I know?" answered Lorenz. "It may be some holy day with them."

Suddenly the ship shook terribly as though it trembled before some frightful thing. The tin utensils rattled against each other, the lamp flames leaped and flashed brighter and a few frightened voices began to ask:

"What is that? What is it?"

But there was no answer.

A second shock, stronger than the first, jarred the vessel; the bow rose up quickly in the air and as quickly ploughed into the trough of the sea, and the waves dashed heavily against the windward portholes.

"The storm is coming," whispered Mary, in a frightened voice.

Meanwhile the tempest roared around the ship like a whirlwind through a forest—howled like a pack of yelling wolves. The sharp wind struck again and again, careening the vessel, tossing it up on the crest of the waves and casting it down again into the depths. Bedding, tools, tin pans and packages were thrown from one corner to another. Some of the emigrants were knocked off their feet. The feathers from the pillows flew about and the chimneys rattled on the lamps.

Then the air resounded with the noise and clatter of the waves dashing on the deck, the quivering and jarring of the ship, the cries of the women and children, and amid this chaos could be heard the shrill whistles of the officers and the tramping of the sailors running overhead.

"Virgin of the Bright Mountain!" whispered Mary.

* A locality in Poland where is a miraculous image of the Holy Virgin.

(To Be Continued.)

Monday's instalment will tell what Mary and her father experienced during the storm at sea, and of their first glimpse of New York harbor.

ON THE WAY TO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

"MARY!" "WHAT IS IT, FATHER?" "DO YOU SEE?" "I DO." "DO YOU MARVEL?" "I DO, INDEED."

CHARGE ON GUM BRIGADE.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, May Make Civil Service Girls Take the "Gum Cure."

CHICAGO, March 17.—Mayor Harrison has ordered President Lindblom to stop the gum chewing among the girls in the rooms of the Civil Service Commission.

A commission was appointed to look into the matter. Every woman denied that she chewed gum.

When the commission found gum stuck all over the desks, the women were in a panic. Mayor Harrison threatens to subject them all to the gum-chewing cure.

SHELDON'S LINES SUIT.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 17.—The Topeka Capital will be continued along the general lines marked out by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, but will print more news and less religious matter.

Mr. Sheldon's connection with the newspaper ceased to-day, but the business management will not let the advertisement the sheet has enjoyed go for nothing. The minister-editor says that he will look to the religious press for the verdict as to the success of his efforts.

DISCARDED.

The Old Methods of Treating Piles and Rectal Diseases Supplanted by the Pyramid Pile Cure.

The old methods of treating piles by ligature, by the knife or by the cruel methods of dilatation, besides causing intense pain and frequently collapse and death, are now known to be but mere makeshifts as far as a cure is concerned.

The liver is responsible for nearly every case of piles, and the mistake has been made of treating piles as a purely local disease. Such is not the case, however, and the success of the new treatment known as the Pyramid Pile Cure has demonstrated it.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is not a salve or ointment, but a suppository which is applied at night and absorbed into the sensitive rectal membrane and acts both as a local and a constitutional treatment, and in cases of many years' standing this treatment has been effectual.

Thousands of pile sufferers bear witness to the inestimable value of the Pyramid, and even those who have undergone surgical operations without a cure have been happily surprised by results from a few weeks' treatment with the Pyramid.

The relief from pain is so immediate that patients sometimes imagine that the Pyramid contains opiates or cocaine because the relief is so instantaneous, but the Pyramid Pile Cure is guaranteed absolutely free from any opiate or mineral poison whatever.

The relief is the result of the astringent properties of the remedy which cause the little tumors and congested blood vessels to contract and a normal circulation is established.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is strictly scientific, both in its composition and in its therapeutic action, and the best feature of it is that it is perfectly safe and harmless. No ill effects ever result from its use, but only positive benefit.

A singular fact, in view of the large number of patent medicines before the public, is that the Pyramid is the only pile cure of national reputation. It is the only pile cure popular enough and meritorious enough to be found in every drug store in the United States. It sells at 50 cents a package.

JUDGES' DECISION SUPREME.

Important Judges' Decision that Dr. Greene's Nervura Is the Most Wonderful Remedy in the World to Cure.

The All-Powerful Curative, Health-Giving Properties of Dr. Greene's Nervura Established Beyond Doubt. The Remedy Which Makes Health and Strength Possible to All. The Great Spring Medicine That the People Want and Insist on Using.

Judge J. H. Hastings.

Judge Edwin C. White.

Judge J. M. Fisher.

The decision of the court is the highest and best of evidence. When eminent Judges hand down a decision it is only after the most thorough research and investigation. Three distinguished Judges have recently brought in a decision which affects the whole people of the entire country, affects everybody everywhere, in fact, for it is given in the interests of the health of the community.

The eminent Judge J. H. Hastings, Waitsfield, Vt., says:

"I have heard Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy most highly recommended by my friends and neighbors who have used it, and know of several decided cures where people have been in a very feeble state of health and had failed to get relief from the usual sources. A lady who lived in my family has often spoken of the wonderful good which Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has done her mother, who was cured of nervous prostration by its use. One of my near neighbors who used the Nervura and derived benefit from its use advised me to use it in my own family. They are all enthusiastic in its praise, and I join in the same."

The learned Judge Edwin C. White, Hyde Park, Vt., renders decision in the following enthusiastic words, which will give renewed hope to the weak, sick and suffering:

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in my family and am pleased to say with good results. My wife had been troubled with indigestion, which produced nervousness which might have been serious and at times troubled her greatly. We had tried many things for her relief, but without success. I saw the wonderful cures claimed for Dr. Greene's Nervura and resolved to give it a trial, and it gives me pleasure to say I am glad I did. My wife now sleeps well and is greatly benefited from indigestion, having had only one slight return (where they had been daily) since taking the Nervura. Give permission to print this unqualified testimonial."

The distinguished Judge J. M. Fisher, Cabot, Vt., gives in his decision the highest evidence that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the best medicine a person can use to restore health and strength. It is the best spring medicine for the blood and nerves, and the surest remedy to restore you from the weakness and exhaustion following grip. He says:

"Last winter my wife was very much taken down with the grip very severely. We employed the usual methods of physicians and she improved some, but was left very feeble, so that she could hardly get around the house. She continued along this way, until a friend advised us to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. We used two bottles of this medicine, and I am rejoiced to say that she is much improved. I think it is the best remedy we have been made acquainted with, and have no hesitancy in recommending it to others."

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the greatest spring tonic, invigorator, and restorative the world has ever known, and is the spring remedy to take above all others.

Remember that Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, who is the most successful physician in curing diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. There is nothing to pay for consultation, examination or advice, and this fact, together with the low prices of his wonderful health-giving medicines, places a cure cure in reach of all.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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His every-day suit, his Sunday suit, his party suit, his Top Coat, his hats, his furnishings — all that the Little Gentleman wants is here.

Cut in the fashions that he likes—prices that his parents like.

Best kinds, too, because they wear longest and look well until outgrown.

Men's Spring Top Coats—any and all good styles—$14 to $35.

IN ALL THREE STORES.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Amusements.

KNICKERBOCKER. B'WAY & 38TH ST. HENRY IRVING. Mat. To-Day at 2. ROBESPIERRE. To-Night at 8. REPERTOIRE FOR NEXT WEEK OF HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY: Monday and Tuesday—Robespierre. Wed., Thurs. & Fri.—The Merchant of Venice. Sat. Mat.—The Amber Heart and Waterloo. Sat. Night—Nance Oldfield and The Bells. ***SEATS NOW ON SALE.

Proctor's 23d St. Cont. Perf. 15c., 25c., 50c. CISSIE LOFTUS. Montrell, Lew Hawkins, Smith & Cook, Mov. Pic.

Palace 59th St. & 3d Ave. Cont. Perf. 15c., 25c., 50c. CISSIE LOFTUS. Ore, Bernard & Ore, J. Glenroy, Willett & Thorne

AMERLAN CASTLE SQ. OP. CO. "Melodious Music at Modest Prices." Evgs., 25c. to $1. Mats. 1,150 seats, 25c. $4 yr. Fra Diavolo. Next Week—PATIENCE.

MURRAY HILL THEATRE. Lex. av. & 42d st. Henry V. Donnelly Stock Co. PEACEFUL VALLEY. Ev'g Prices: 15c., 25c., 50c.

MINER'S 125th St. Theatre. ZELMA RAWLSTON, MONTGOMERY & STONE. DEMPSEY, MITCHELL CO. CHAS. T. ALDRICH——HART & TILLSON. 2D WEEK OF THE GREAT ST. BELMOS. SUNDAY CONCERT TO-MORROW NIGHT.

5th Ave. Assisted by John E. Kellerd. MODJESKA. Mat. To-Day. Macbeth. & To-Night. Mar. 19—Stuart Robson in Oliver Goldsmith

THE NEW YORK Broadway to Tokio. B'WAY, 46-45 sts. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2. No smoking at matinees.

WEBER & FIELDS' Burlesque. MUSIC H'WAY HALL. & 30th. The New SAPOLIO, in conjunction with WHIRL-I-GIG. MATS. Tues. & Sat.

BIJOU Offitsi Kawakami, Sada Yacco & FAMOUS JAPANESE PLAYERS. "Shylock," "Loyalty" & "Geisha." Ev'g, 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Public Reception To-Night.

CASINO Broadway & 39th St. George W. Lederer's New Production. PRODUCTION POSITIVELY MONDAY EVENING.

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HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. 1861. TO ALL. American & European Attractions. 3 Curio Halls. Continuous Show from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Come When You Please, Stay as Long as You Like. Complete Change of Bill in Every Department.

MME. YUCCA. Strongest Women on Earth. Remarkable feats of strength. Lifts horse weighing 1,500 lbs. A female Samson.

MAJOR GANZ, Smallest perfectly formed man in the world.

DEL KANO, Fire King. Most marvellous exhibition of fire-eating ever seen. 20 other big features, including Seth Hathaway, sharpshooter; Cartoons, ladder act; Alfano Punch and Judy.

THEATRE. 3 Co.'s. 20 stars. Continuous show. Fred Roberts, Ada Jones, Carlisle & St. Clair, Wilson & Lorraine, Morrison & Berwick, Ed Vinton, Amy Nelson, Harris & Harris, Deaves's Marionettes, Edison's Projectoscope and others.

SUNDAY CONCERTS. SPECIAL BILL.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. GRAND OPERA SEASON 1899-1900. Under the direction of MR. MAURICE GRAU. This Afternoon at 2.....FAUST. To-Night at 8 (Pop. Prices)....Barber of Seville. Sat. Ev., Mar. 18, at 8.15, Grand Popular Concert, Eames, Schumann-Heink, Van Rooy, Barn, Scott. Mon. Eve., March 19, at 7.30...Die Meistersinger. Tues. Aft., March 20, at 1.....DIE WALKUERE. Wed. Eve., March 21, at 7.45, Grand Double Bill, Lucia di Lammermoor and Cavalleria Rusticana. Thurs. Aft., March 22, at 1.....SIEGFRIED. Fri. Eve., March 23, at 8.....CARMEN. WEBER PIANOS USED.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14TH ST. & Irving place. E. G. Gilmore & Eugene Tompkins, Props. & Mgrs. WAY DOWN EAST. Highly Moral and Instructive. Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. Eve. at 8.15.

PASTOR'S 14TH STREET. CONTINUOUS SHOW. 10 & 20 CENTS. DAY AND NIGHT, 12.30 UNTIL 11 P. M. Smith & Campbell, Elizabeth Murray, The La Velles, Cassield & Carlton, Hall & Staley, Hansen & Drew.

HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA. B'WAY & 50TH. Evs. 8.20. Mat. To-day, 2.30. MAM'SELLE AWKINS with Josie Hall. No Smoking or Drinking at Matinees. 50c. ADMISSION TO PROMENADE 50c.

EDEN MUSEE. World in Wax. New Groups. Extra Attraction. Passion Play OF OBERAMMERGAU. Band Music. Cinematograph.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway & 40th st. MATINEES TO-DAY AND WEDNESDAY. Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, 2.15. BROTHER OFFICERS.

Charles Frohman's JAMES K. HACKETT. Criterion Theatre. B'way & 44th st. Ev'gs. 8.15. Mats. To-Day and Wed. 2.15. The Pride of Jennico.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st. & B'way. Ev'gs. 8. Mat. To-Day. Wm. Gillette in his New Play, Sherlock Holmes

MADISON SQ. THEATRE. B'way & 24th st. Mats. To-Day & Wed. 50TH TIME. FRI., MAR. 23. SOUVENIRS. Ev'gs. 8.20. Mats., 2.15. CORALIE & CO., DRESSMAKERS

GARDEN THEATRE. 27th st. & Madison ave. "Biggest kind of a hit."—Herald. EV'GS. 8 O'C. MATS. TO-DAY & WED., 1.45. Chas. Frohman's $50,000 Production HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. and B'way. Evg. at 8. Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2. MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2. THE GREAT SUCCESS. BEN HUR.

MANHATTAN Theatre, 34d & B'y. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. ANNA HELD in PAPA'S WIFE.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery, near Canal st. 3 Hickman Bros., Amann & Hartley, Wiley & Hamilton, McCale & Carew, Marion Harr., Eachert's Or.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Evgs. at 8. MATS. TO-DAY & WED. LAST 7 NIGHTS. MADAME BUTTERFLY and NAUGHTY ANTHONY.

METROPOLIS THEATRE, 142d st. & 3d ave. Ev'gs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. AT PINEY RIDGE. Next Week—"IN OLD KENTUCKY."

DALY'S B'way & 30th st.....At 8.15. Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2.15. Last week—THE AMBASSADOR.

LYCEUM 4th ave. & 23d.....At 8.15. Matinee Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15. ...MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW...

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADER'S Minstrels. Mat. To-Day. Next Wk.—Gay Deceivers in "Silver Slippers."

Amusements.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.15. TO-NIGHT AT 8.15. THE WHOLE TOWN IS AT THE FEET OF THE REGATTA GIRL, AND CROWDS ARE ENTHRALLED BY THE DAZZLING GLORIES OF THE GREAT BALLET SPECTACLE, 400 PEOPLE. PROGRESS.

SCHLEY Music Hall, 34th & B'way. Extra Mat. To-Day. EVENINGS 8.15. POPULAR PRICES. POLITE VAUDEVILLE. DIXON, BOWERS & DIXON, JNO. W. RANSONE. HINES & HEMINGTON, DOLAN & LENHARE. BOYNTON'S SEA LIONS, RICH'D HARLOW. WILSON & LESCHETIZER, LEWIS & RYAN. ARTIE HALL. FOY & CLARK.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. SPORTSMEN'S SHOW. LAST DAY. TO-NIGHT AT 8 P. M. WATER POLO CHAMPIONSHIP, K. A. C. VS. DUQUESNE; SPECIAL RELAY RACE FOR BOAT CLUBS, 1-3-Mile Championship Race, etc. Open 10 A. M. Adm. 50c.

KEITH'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. MARIE WAINWRIGHT, LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS, HARRY WATSON, SOLAREY, KNOX WILSON, Jules Keller, A. D. Robbins, Spencer Kelly.

THE DEWEY EAST 14TH ST. Extra Mat. To-Day. HIGH ROLLER CO. Paris Exposition; Living Pictures.

COMIQUE B'WAY & 30TH ST. MAT. TO-DAY. RICE & BARTON'S BIG GAIETY CO. Burlesque & Vaudeville.

14TH ST. THEATRE, nr. 6th av. Nights, 8. Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2. TIM MURPHY, in "THE CARPETBAGGER." Next Week—Augustin Daly's production, "Top of the Ladder," with Rose Coghlan.

HURTIG & SEAMON'S 125TH ST. & THE AVE. MINNIE SELIGMAN & CO., OPERETTA. NEXT WEEK—THE GREAT LAFAYETTE.

STAR. Evs. 8.15. MAT. TO-DAY. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Next Week—ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

HARLEM OP. HOUSE. A RUNAWAY GIRL. Next Week—ANNIE RUSSELL in MISS HOBBS.

Brooklyn Amusements.

BIJOU. MAT. TO-DAY. BALCONY, 25c. ORCHESTRA, 50c. ACROSS THE PACIFIC. NEXT WEEK—WILLIAMS & WALKER.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. SHENANDOAH. 200 PEOPLE, 10 HORSES. MATS. WED., SAT. NEXT WEEK—MATHEWS & BULGER.

Religious Notices.

BLOOMINGDALE CHURCH, Broadway and 67th st., on March 18 Rev. T. Edward Bull, of Yonkers, preaches at 11 A. M., subject, "We Lost Our Vision of God;" at 8 P. M., Rev. W. Walton Clark, "Good News from a Far Country."

Special Notices.

BASTOW'S INC. TURKISH & ROMAN BATHS. Bennett Building, Fulton, Nassau & Ann sts. Finest baths in the city. Open Saturday, Sunday.

Lectures.

SCHOOL BOARD FOR THE BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN AND THE BRONX.

Free Lectures

This (Saturday) Evening at 8 o'clock.

Public School 1, Henry and Catharine sts. Mr. RICHARD A. PURDY, "OTHELLO."

Public School 13, Mulberry and Bayard sts. Mr. H. E. NORTHROP, "THE HOME, MANNERS AND HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE." Illustrated.

Public School 54, 104th st. and Amsterdam ave. Prof. JAMES HENRY ROBINSON, "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

Public School 167, E. Broadway and Seward st. Mr. F. M. PEDERSEN, "WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY." Illustrated.

Art Students' League, 215 West 57th st. Mr. GRENVILLE T. SNELLING, "GOTHIC CATHEDRALS." Illustrated.

Cooper Institute, 8th st. and 3d ave. Mr. THOS. McKEON, Jr., "IRELAND." Illustrated.

St. Bartholomew's Hall, 205 East 42d st. Mr. J. NEWTON GRAY, "OUR ATMOSPHERE ENVELOPE." Illustrated.

Y. M. C. A. Hall, 5 West 125th st. Prof. E. R. VON NARDROFF, "THE EVOLUTION OF DRESS, A TRANSLATION OF HOTTO." Illustrated.

NO EXTRA CHARGES FOR THESE LECTURES.

Advertisements for these columns will be received at our Annex Office, 1 Park Row, Brooklyn Office, 361 Fulton st.