THE SOUL JUGGLER.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Violet Gunnery, wife of Mark Gunnery, a rich young Englishman, elopes with Horace De Vere, who is possessed of strange occult powers. They take Beatrice, Mark's and Violet's little daughter, along. Mark pursues them to Australia, where De Vere, by means of his mysterious powers changes Mark into an old man. De Vere is drowned in the quicksands. Mark discovers that another man, the exact counterpart of his former self (before his transformation), has assumed his name and estates and is living in dissipation at Sydney, Australia. He also learns that Violet and Beatrice are at Sydney and that Violet is repentant.

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CHAPTER X.

The Crucial Test.

"I HAVE for evident reasons refrained from mentioning the doctor's name. He is still successfully practising his profession in Sydney, and what follows, as well as what has already been said about the duel at Ancona, might prejudice him in the eyes of the public.

"I say this because it has occurred to me that this manuscript may be found after my death, and its contents made public, and I should be loath to injure in any way one whom I have cause to respect and be grateful to, and whom I esteem in my heart as a truly worthy and courageous man. With the scientific views that he held, and my permission, he is, I believe, wholly absolved from blame in regard to what follows. And I say this the more freely in view of the results of his experiments as they unfortunately affected myself.

"But I must proceed with my story.

"The thought which had now taken possession of my mind at first staggered me. I recalled the doctor's words, 'Your idea of the supernatural, as it relates to Mr. Gunnery, of the Golden Gate Hotel, I believe to be altogether mistaken; but I think it possible that we are upon the threshold of a great discovery.'

"What did he mean? Was it that the Gunnery, who had become such a horror in my life, was myself? My soul and body, but without the pneuma, the spirit, which alone makes man to differ from the brute creation? The words of Irenæus passed and repassed through my mind. 'Between these two (the spirit and the body) is the soul which, sometimes following the spirit, is raised by it; and sometimes consenting to the flesh, falls.' In that case, I thought, what am I? I began to analyze my thoughts and inner consciousness. Could it be possible that I was merely a spirit in a body, without a human soul? I thought about it until my fleshly frame was shaken with the vehemence of my feelings and conjectures. There was only one source of relief for me. I must again see the doctor.

"He greeted me gravely and listened with interest to what I had to say. I could see by his face that I had a clue to the bent of his thoughts. In fact, without actually admitting it, he allowed me to see that I had correctly surmised his theory.

"In a word it was this: That by some mysterious power De Vere had unknowingly brought about a severance of the spirit of Mark Gunnery from his human soul and body; that my other self, dwelling at the Golden Gate Hotel, was the animal body and human soul of Mark Gunnery; but the master power, the spirit, the pneuma, was in some mysterious manner united to another body. But the body I possessed was seemingly that of my grandfather. How was it possible that such a resurrection could have been brought about, and by De Vere, for such a purpose?

"'Sit down,' said the doctor, pointing to a large padded operating chair. 'Make yourself quite comfortable. I may want to make an experiment. But first answer me one or two questions.

"'Did you remark any change in your mental and emotional sensations since your illness in Melbourne?'

"'Yes,' I replied, after a few minutes' thought.

"'As you best can, explain or describe them to me,' said the doctor.

"This was a matter of some difficulty, for one may be conscious of mental and emotional changes, which it is very difficult to explain in words. At last I said: 'There seems now to be a missing link, as it were, between the thought of my mind and the action of my body. When my mind is highly excited I feel my body to be full of nervous force and muscular power; but unless so excited it seems as though the connection between thought and action was weak. I feel myself to be deficient in the softer and gentler emotions of the mind; I am easily angered, but never sorrowful; I brood over my state; but the feeling is one more of indignation than regret. I have little desire for the company of my fellows, such as I once had; but pride, hatred, and a burning desire to secure my purpose, and get back my own body at any cost, possessed me. I cannot explain it, doctor,' I said with some vehemence, 'nor can you understand it, but I long to be back in my own form, with a desire which neither love of woman nor any other passion ever created in me before. I would die to secure it.'

"The doctor at this paced up and down the room in deep thought. 'Mark Gunnery,' he said at last, 'will you place yourself wholly in my hands, and absolve me from all blame, if I endeavor to make an experiment, in the interest of science—one which will for a time, at any rate, give you your desire?'

"'Most willingly, doctor,' I answered.

"'It will be a great risk,' he said.

"'Doctor, if by any power you can unite me, if only for an hour, to my other self, I will absolve you from all blame, even should death be the penalty. My best friend,' I pleaded, 'don't trifle with me. If you have the knowledge and the power use it, exert it, I beseech you, on my behalf.'

"He looked very grave and seemed still to hesitate. But I continued to urge him. 'If I can do it,' he said, looking at his watch, 'it must not be for more than an hour.'

"At this he arose and rang the bell.

"'See that I am not disturbed for one hour from the present time; it is now ten minutes to eleven,' he said to the servant.

"As the servant closed the door he turned upon me like a man transformed. His eyes fairly glistened, and his hair seemed to move slightly up and down of its own accord, as though surcharged with electricity.

"'Mark Gunnery,' he said, lifting his hand above my head, 'Sleep!' Again he moved his hand, 'Sleep!' he said.

"I felt my whole body growing rigid, then a tingling sensation crept over every limb, and a sense of death-like but peaceful slumber followed.

"'Mark Gunnery, you are now wholly at my command?

"'Speak!' he cried, impatiently.

"'I am wholly at your command,' I repeated, mechanically, for I was no longer master of my own words.

"'Search the rooms of the Golden Gate Hotel and find whether your other self is there,' he said.

"The sensation which followed these words it is impossible for me to describe. It was as though my whole being was suddenly changed into a thousand eyes. I could see everything.

"'He is in his own room dressing to go out,' I said.

"'For one hour,' said the doctor, solemnly, 'and only for one hour, I permit and command you to take possession of that which is your own. Go! but at the appointed time I will call you return.'

"As the last words fell from the doctor's lips the surgery vanished, and I was again consciously my former self.

"I sat down for a moment on a chair in front of my dressing table, and looked thoughfully at myself. I had no special sense of surprise at the change. There was only one thing which seemed to bind me to the old fearful past. I felt as though a thread of some kind held me near the heart. I tried to brush it off with my hands, but it was useless. I arose and bathed my face in water, but although I could see and feel nothing with my hands, it was there, reminding me that I was only where I was by permission. The other end of that thread, I knew, was fastened to a seemingly inanimate corpse which leaned back in an operating chair in the doctor's surgery in W— street. By means of that thread of sympathy the doctor could at any moment communicate with me, and I was conscious that he was commanding me to make the best of the short opportunity he had given me.

"At that moment I remembered that in another quarter of an hour I had an appointment to meet my wife and child. I need scarcely explain that it had been made the previous day by my other self. I felt ashamed and disgusted with myself, for about the same moment I found out that I had been drunk the night before, or rather that my soul and body had.

"For five minutes I had one of the strangest feelings which was probably ever known by man. I took my own soul and body in hand a bit and let them know that the master had come back.

"'Mark Gunnery, you drunken fool,' I cried, indignantly, 'how dare you make such an ass of yourself,' and at this once again I felt sorry, and well-nigh shed tears over my own unworthy degradation. 'Never do this again, Mark Gunnery,' I said. 'I shall sign the pledge for you this very day, and don't you dare to break it or get into any other abominable wickedness.'

"I completed a careful toilet hurriedly, and during the time recalled a thousand things which had been unknown to me before.

"I passed down into the vestibule and surveyed myself with intense satisfaction in a mirror I found there. I was again Mark Gunnery, as of old.

"One of my other self's companions came up just then and slapped me on the back.

"'You're a regular buck this morning, Gunnery—what's in the wind—come and have a whiskey and a game of billiards.

"'No, thank you, old man,' I answered somewhat coldly.

"'You won't,' he said with an oath, eyeing me with evident astonishment, as he no doubt remarked a change in me. 'What has come over you—going to join the Salvation Army?' This he said with another foul expression.

"I looked at the great blustering cowardly roue, and all the passion of outraged humanity that was left in me seemed to spring up suddenly with overmastering power; this was one of the men who had enticed my wretched soul and body perdition-ward. Lifting my clinched fist—a whole tempest of passionate indignation giving strength and aim to the blow—I smote him fair between the eyes, and felled him to the ground.

"I heard shouts behind me as I stepped outside, and jumped into my cab, which stood waiting.

"'Drive quickly,' I said to the man. 'Snowden Villa, Darlingford.'

"Ten minutes afterward I was in a pleasant drawing room with one arm round Beatrice, and my free hand clasped in the hand of Violet. Good Heaven! I could have forgiven anything, I could have loved any one! I was so filled with delight at being once again my own self.

"'Mark,' said Violet, great tears in her eyes, 'I feel happier to-day than I have been for many years. I have been far from a good wife to you; but you can never know the powerful spell that has been around and over me. You know that I loved Horace De Vere,' she continued, 'before I knew or married you.'

"I had no wish, and no time to chide her half of my precious hour had already gone.

"'Violet,' I said quietly, 'Horace De Vere is dead'

"'I am not surprised to hear it,' she said calmly. 'I have felt for nearly a month past that something had happened to him. But why don't you upbraid me and say what you must feel in your heart, at my having deserted you?'

"She was now sitting on a chair near me, her face covered with her hands. But my arm was still around Beatrice, who stood between my knees, and seemed to cling strangely to me.

"'Violet,' I said hurriedly, 'I forgive you from my heart; I heard all that you said to Beatrice the other day on the cliffs. I ought to have fought for you, but instead of that I let you drift out to sea, poor soul, with mutiny on board. Dry your tears and let me talk to you. My time is most precious; but you cannot understand the awful things De Vere did to me. I cannot, I dare not tell you!'

"I saw her wince under my words, and knew that she altogether misunderstood me, so I hastened to say, 'you are only indirectly concerned in it however. It was something which he did to me personally that I refer to.'

"I saw Violet look at me as I caressed and fondled Beatrice; the child had evidently not forgotten me, and her pleasure at again being with her father filled me with unmixed delight. I bent down and kissed the child's hair, and felt more like a lover than a father.

"'Mark,' said Violet, quietly, 'you are wonderfully changed since yesterday, you are not like the same person.'

"'Violet! Beatrice!' I exclaimed excitedly, 'let me explain an awful secret to you,' and I looked at my watch and saw that in another few minutes my hour would have expired; indeed I already seemed to hear the doctor calling me from his surgery.

"'De Vere by some accursed art has divorced my spirit from my soul and body; the Gunnery you met with before was only a part of me and—and—'

"At that I felt the tugging at my heart again; and the doctor's peremptory voice commanded my return.

"'My last look out of my staring eyes revealed to me the shrinking forms of my terrified wife and child. Then for a moment I heard a knocking at the outer door—then hurried steps and a voice asking:

"'Where is he? He's killed a man.'

"And then unconsciousness.

(To Be Continued.)

DRAGGED AWAY.

"My last look out of my staring eyes revealed to me the shrinking forms of my terrified wife and child."

SERGEANT FELL DEAD.

Staton Was Appointed to the Force in 1876.

Police Sergt. Francis Staton, fifty-four years old, dropped dead from neuralgia of the heart in his home at 108 Lewis avenue, Williamsburg, while at dinner last night.

e Hwas appointed Feb. 12, 1876, and has been at various stations in Brooklyn. At one time he was Acting Captain.

POLICEMAN TOOK A TUMBLE.

Lawlor Fell Off Car and Went to Hospital.

Policeman Thomas Lawlor, of the Eldridge street station, while riding on a west bound Houston street car to-day was thrown from the rear platform by a collision of the car with a northbound Third avenue car at the Bowery.

Lawlor fell off the platform and landed on his left side. He was picked up and assisted aboard the car.

Lawlor went to Police Headquarters, where an ambulance was sent for from St. Vincent Hospital. Lawlor's arm, which was badly contused, was dressed, and he reported sick and went home.

Young Soldier a Prisoner.

John Towey twenty-one years old, of 505 West Forty-eighth street, attired in the uniform of the Twelfth Regiment, was charged with disorderly conduct in the West Side Police Court today. Magistrate Pool sent for the captain of Towey's company and adjourned the case.

FOR A GREEK CHURCH HERE.

Subscriptions Taken in Russia to Erect One in This City.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 27.—The Holy Synod has ordered that all the churches in its jurisdiction take up collections to help build an orthodox Russian church in New York City.

LORD WILLIAM WORSE.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—Lord William Leslie de la Poer Beresford, who has been suffering from peritonitis, passed a very bad night, and was reported worse this morning.

Twentieth Century Number

of the Sunday World. Out next Sunday. Illustrated in colors and half-tone. The greatest list of special contributors ever appearing in any one newspaper or magazine. Order advance copy from newsdealer.

"HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" IS A DISTINCT FAILURE.

MAY YOHE AND THE HOPE DIAMOND.

May Yohe, in Hope Jewels and Minus Her Voice, in "The Giddy Throng."

Very little Yuletide joy enters into the life of the man who is compelled to attend a perfomance of "The Giddy Throng" in the afternoon and "The House That Jack Built" in the evening. Neither play is mirth-provoking, but of the two "The Giddy Throng" is far and way the lesser of the two evils.

In the review at the New York splendid possibilities of improvement loom before one's vision; at the Madison Square Theatre all is a dark, dull, hopeless sky. "The Giddy Throng" can be made acceptable; the combined talent of a dozen playwrights couldn't make "The House That Jack Built" even tolerable.

* * *

But let us consider these holiday offerings as I was compelled to consider them yesterday. The New York Theatre at the matinee was filled. Fifty cents to any part of the house served to attract ladies from Germantown, South Norwalk and Binghamton who are here visiting relatives. And they enjoyed the performance. That was evident, because acts which would ordinarily be received glacially, were vociferously encored. But this condition of affairs is susceptible of explanation. Out-of-town ladies visiting New York at this mad and merry season invariably insist on getting their 50 cents worth. If the act be bad it makes no difference. They will go into a department store, purchase two mark-down handkerchiefs and hold them under an automatic machine which discharges vile perfume until the floor-walker warns them away.

"The Giddy Throng," I gathered from the programme, was compiled by Sydney Rosenfeld, with music by Baldwin Sloan. It started off with a rush, and ended like a rocket. During the first act a gentleman connected with the management drew me confidentially aside and remarked:

"See those three girls R. U. E.? Catch on ter their togs? Say, that brocade business on the front of their dresses cost the management $125 apiece—that's $375 for the bunch. This ain't no guide production; you can bank on that!"

A little later May Yohe appeared—Good old May Yohe, of the Chicago Opera House days, who is now Lady Francis Hope—and again was the sleeve of my coat plucked nervously.

"Them diamonds she has on," whispered a voice, "are the real Hope jewels, and they're worth a hundred thousand, if they're worth a cent!"

May Yohe did appear and so did the Hope jewels. Both looked well. The jewels sparkled brilliantly and Lady May sang miserably.

"She's got a terrible cold," hissed the voice, at my elbow, "so let her down easy."

I will. She shall not be again referred to in this brief article.

Mr. Rosenfeld, in compiling "The Giddy Throng," evidently paid much less attention to his work than when he mixed and strained his cocktail called "The Passing Show" several years back. But he was not given performers as capable as he was then.

Mr. Lewis Harrison, who glued himself to the centre of the stage and refused to be moved, proved conclusively that he is about as bad a comedian as the dying century can produce. If the dawning century can equal him, it's going to be a rough hundred years on the fun-loving public.

Miss Mamie Gilroy, Mr. Frank Doane, Mr. Daniel McAvoy and Mr. William Gould were distinctly good. Miss Gilroy burlesqued Mary Mannering most cleverly, and the "make-up" of Mr. Doane as John Drew, and Mr. Gould as William H. Crane, excellent. Mr. McAvoy cannot help being funny.

Miss Amelia Summerville was a distinct disappointment as the "Duchess of Stood;" but the disappointment she occasioned was as nothing compared to that offered by Mabel Fenton. Shades of Weber & Fields! what has come over the woman! She used to be acclaimed as clever yesterday, in her burlesque of Irene Van Brugh as the manicurist, in "The Gay Lord Quex," she displayed merely a desire to get off the stage. And in this desire she was reinforced by all right-minded persons in the audience. It seemed to many yesterday that Miss Fenton should do one of two things: either devote herself exclusively to the management of the Jersey coast hotel, over which she presides in the Summer; or attend rehearsals regularly. Surely a woman of her reputation cannot afford to make herself unacceptable even to the Out-of-Town ladies.

* * *

Now let us devote a moment to "The House that Jack Built." George H. Broadhurst says in plain and unmistakable type that he wrote it. The temerity of some men is remarkable!

Charles Frohman put it into his theatre, and the only way to explain such an error on his part is that he had some sort of a contract with Mr. Broadhurst. It is positively the crudest, most inane and altogether impossible farce ever brought to New York—that is, "Since Cupid Outwitted Adam" at the Bijou. It hasn't even the virtue of being wicked.

And the players, evidently under salary to some one, know this. Mr. Thomas A. Wise, a comedian whose worth cannot be disputed, hung paper on the walls of the house that Jack built, and had a Tuesday-afternoon - speak-to-the-treasurer look in his eyes all the time. He knew what was coming. He is an old actor, and his name is significant.

The Yeamans family—mother and daughter—were also in the cast. The mother (Mrs. Annie) worked hard, and the daughter (Jennie) put up an earnest endeavor. The former is clever; the latter is coarse. But neither cleverness nor coarseness can save the "House That Jack Built."

WILLIAM RAYMOND SILL.

WILLIAM TEBO'S FUNERAL.

Millionaire Yacht Dock Owner to Be Buried in Greenwood.

The funeral of the late William Moses Tebo, whose "yacht dock" at Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, has become famous, will take place to-morrow from his home in Flatbush. Mr. Tebo died from a complication of diseases on Tuesday. Interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mr. Tebo was born in Canada in 1828; began work as a civil engineer and dredger in this State; dredged under the East River for the present bridge's abutment, and in 1865 established the depot at Twenty-third street, where dredging and shipbuilding were carried on and private yachts repaired and docked. He died a millionaire.

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"LA BOHEME" WITH MELBA.

The Prima-Donna and Saleza Score in Puccini's Opera.

Puccini's "La Boheme," an opera in four acts based on Henri Murger's well-known story, was presented at the Metropolitan last night. Although it had been sung here by the Castle Square company at the American and by the Baggetto company at Wallack's within the last two years it was a first production at the Opera-House and was a new work to most of the audience. There was a fairly large house, of no little brilliancy, with a large Italian contingent that expressed its satisfaction in caracteristically impulsive and demonstrative manner.

In conception and treatment the opera is essentially modern. Starting without an overture, the composer endeavors to develop situations and portray characters by music that is realistic. He does not always succeed. The note of humor, for instance, is not sounded sufficiently strong, and occasionally he drops into old-fashioned lyrical methods. But nearly always he is interesting and sometimes he evolves lovely melody. The orchestration is delightful, a fin bit at the end being well-nigh obscured last night because of the customary impatience of nearly everybody to be th first out of doors.

Upon Melba as Mimi and Saleza as Rodolfo fell the larger share of the singing and most of the honors. It was a great night for the tenor, who was in fine voice and surpassed himself in fervor. If sometimes he shouted and once (shall it be said?) screamed it was the composer's rather than his fault. As for the prima-donna, some of her notes were of exquisite sweetness and purity and always she kept within her lines, never assuming, even in the death scene, which she did well, any undue prominence. Both were called before the curtain many times after each act and at the end.

Fritzi Scheff, who was cast for Musetta, was unable to appear and the part was taken, at short notice, by Miss Occhiolini. Rodolfo's fellow Bohemians, Marcello, Schaunard and Colline were in the hands respectively of Campanari, Gilbert and Journet, all of whom sang well and acted capitally, although Campanari was Italian rather than French. Dufriche was both Benoit and Alcindoro and Mastero was Parpignol. Mancinelli conducted with authority.

A little more lightness and spontaneity would have improved the crowd in the second act, but the groups formed themselves into effective moving pictures and showed uncommon intelligence. The setting of the third act was fine. It is true the snow seemed to fall only in the centre of the stage, but a graphic picture of Winter was presented and the trees were beautiful.

The opera may not prove to be popular, but it is well worth hearing.

SYLVESTER RAWLING.

NO PADEREWSKI DUEL.

Paris Agents of the Pianist Do Not Believe He Fought.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The Prefecture of Police has not heard of the alleged duel in which, according to a report circulated in New York City, Paderewski, the pianist, was killed on a small island in the Seine.

The musical publishers, Chandens & Durand, who have business relations with Paderewski, do not believe he is here.

A rumor was in circulation at the Metropolitan Opera-House last evening for which no verification could be obtained from The Evening World's correspondents in London and Paris up to the hour of going to press.

The story as told was that at the Freundschaft Club, Park avenue and Seventy-second street—one of the prominent social organizations of the city—it was said that the firm of Steinway & Sons had received a cablegram early in the evening that conveyed the sad news that Paderewski, the eminent pianist, had been killed in a duel. No details were given.

Inquiry of members of the firm of Steinway and of the Freundschaft Club failed to verify the tale. Mr. Kraussmann was seen at the club. He is a personal friend of Paderewski and said that he had heard nothing of the rumor. A similar answer was given by Frederick T. Steinway.

LEITER BALL BRILLIANT.

The Talk of Society in Washington To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—The Leiter ball is the talk of official Washington to-day. It will live in memory as the most brilliant social event of the season. For the first time in three years the doors of the stately mansion in Dupont Circle were thrown open.

Meanwhile Mrs. Leiter and her daughters Daisy and Nannie have been to India, where the eldest Leiter daughter, as Lady Curzon, reigns as Vicereine over 69,000,000 people.

Trophies of their visit to the Orient were visible in the ballroom decorations, notably the skin of a royal Bengal tiger, shot by Miss Daisy Leiter from an elephant's back. The presence of the diplomatic representatives, in their brilliant national costumes, military uniforms and decorations, heightened the effectiveness of the spectacle. Although 800 invitations had been extended only half that number of guests were present, as many members of the Government had gone to their homes for the holidays.

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they would be useless. If this advertisement consisted merely of words without facts to corroborate them it would be worse than useless. We claim that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar cures all forms of Bronchial and Pulmonary complaints. We possess abundant evidence to prove it.

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Here is a picture that shows how Omega Oil looks in the drug store. The wrapper on the outside of the bottle is always printed in green ink. The trade mark is a leaf, as the picture shows, with these words upon it: "Omega Oil. It's Green." Down near the bottom is the written signature of Higinio Espinosa, which is a guarantee that the contents of the bottle are genuine. Never under any circumstances buy a liniment unless this trade mark and name are on the wrapper. Never patronize a druggist who tries to sell you something else when you ask for Omega Oil. Beware of any other oil gotten up to deceive you. Always trade at stores where they give you what you ask for. Omega Oil stops all pains in the back, shoulders, arms, elbows, wrists, legs, knees, ankles and feet. It is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for. Rub it in good and hard, and the pains will go away quickly.

All druggists sell Omega Oil, or can get it for you of any jobber if they want to. If your druggist refuses to sell you this liniment that stops pain, the Omega Chemical Co., 257 Broadway, New York, will mail you a bottle, prepaid, for 50c. in cash, money order or stamps. 765

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LION PALACE, B'way & 110th st. High-class Vaudeville. Sunday, Sacred Concerts aft. & eve.

PHILIPP'S GERMANIA THEA. 8 St., nr. B'way. To-day Mat. at 2. "Schneewittchen." To-Night at 8.15. DER MILLIONEN SCHWAB.

Harlem Op.-House. Mrs. Leslie Carter as Zaza. Evgs., 8. Sat. Mat., 2. Next Week—JOHN DREW as RICHARD CARVEL.

STAR. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Gil. 15c. BROS. BYRNE in 8 BELLS. Bal. 25c. NEXT WEEK—HANLON'S SUPERBA. Orc. 50c.

SAVOY. 8.30. Mat. Wed., Sat., New Year's. Mistress Nell. CROSMAN.

Amusements.

HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA. Ev. 8.30. Mats. Sat. 42d st., B'way & 7th av. New Year's, 2.15. "A musical farce of the go-bang order. Keeps an audience very wide awake."—New York Herald. DRESSLER, In Her Musical Comedy, MISS PRINNT. MATINEE PRICES.....50c., 75c., $1.00.

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