A TALE OF TREASURE, LOVE AND HATE.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jasper Trenoweth's grandfather, a pirate, has secreted and hidden a great treasure in the princess Ruby of Ceylon. He leaves word for his son Ezekiel to journey to Ceylon in search of the key of the treasure's whereabouts. Until the time Ezekiel is due to return, a ship is wrecked off the Cornish coast where the Trenoweths dwell. Jasper's mere boy goes to the shore next morning and finds in horror a dead man washed ashore and a living man who warns him of a tall, dark man. The man in question is seen approaching, and the reader gives chase to a pocket-book safe keeping. The lad hides on Dead Man's Rock and try to guide the dark man.

The stranger meets with the refugee (whose name is Tom Ralliton) and threatens Jasper with death unless he shows him a safe place. Jasper's name he knows from a paper found on the dead man.

Jasper plays escape. Jasper. The murderer escapes. Plays escape back. Ralliton gave Jasper the paper, learned that the murdered man's name was Collyer. Jasper finds Ralliton's hiding place. Ralliton discovers the pocket-book. Jasper finds Ralliton's secret. Ralliton discovers the stranger's hiding place and kills Ezekiel during the week the preceding night. The pocket also contained half a gold buckle, the other half of which Collyer had left behind in the secret part of the secret of the treasure's whereabouts.

Jasper grows up without one idea in life—the desire to avenge his father by killing Collyer. He and his cousin, Tom Loveday, go to London to seek the stranger. Over a glass of whisky they go to a gambling house kept by a weird old woman. Having no money Jasper stakes the gold half-buckle which the woman seems to recognize.

Jasper has a miraculous run of luck and breaks the bank, winning a fortune. A man stabs him in the dark hallway on the way out, but the blow is stopped by the gold buckle in Jasper's pocket. While spending Sunday on the Thames he meets a beautiful girl who attracts him strangely.

Her first name, she tells him, is Claire. They become engaged.

Claire is really a famous actress. She plays the leading part in Tom's tragedy "Francesca," which score an enormous hit. Tom is stabbed by Simon Colliver, who mistakes him for Jasper Colliver escapes.

Loveday dies. Jasper learns that Claire is the daughter of John Ralliton, who killed his father, and that Claire's mother later married Colliver. The lovers part in consequence of this discovery and Claire commits suicide.

CHAPTER IX

Face to Face at Last!

SHE died without speech. Only, as I knelt beside her and strove to stanch that cruel flow of blood, her beautiful eyes sought mine in utter love, and, as the last agony shook her frame, strove to rend the filmy veil of death and speak to me still.

Then, with one long, contented sigh, my love was dead. It was scarcely a minute before all was over. I pressed one last kiss upon the yet warm lips, tenderly drew her white mantle across the pallid face, and staggered from the theatre.

I had not eaved or protected as I had done that same afternoon. Fate had no power to make me feel now, the point of anguish was passed and in its place succeeded a numb stupidity more terrible by far, though far more blessed.

My love was dead.

Then I was dead for any sensibility to suffering I possessed. Hatless and cloakless I stepped out into the freezing night air, and, regardless of the curious looks of the passing throng, I turned and walked rapidly westward up the Strand.

There was a large and eager crowd outside the Coliseum, for already the news was spreading; but something in my face made them give room, and I passed through them as a man in a trance.

Scarce knowing what I did I moved along through the December night.

Slowly one idea crept through the numbness that enchrouded my brain: Since all I loved was dead, why should I live on?

Death seemed very sweet. It was the only way, now, to end the accursed farce.

I would get my boat, row up the river to the spot where Claire and I had first met, and there seek forgetfulness.

I aroused the waterman who had charge of my boat, paid him enough to silence his wondering protests, and with quick, nervous strokes I rowed upstream.

How far I rowed under the cold, wintry moonlight I cannot say. But I suddenly found myself under the dark shadow of a three-masted schooner lying close to shore. The words "Water Witch" were painted in white on her prow.

I was about to row onward when I heard voices aboard the schooner that made me pause.

For in those two voices I recognized Mrs. Luttrell and Simon Colliver!

"Have you not done enough?" the woman's voice was saying. "Have your profits no end, that you must pursue me so?"

"Take this money, and let me go."

"I must have more," was the answer. "Indeed, I have no more just now. Go, only go, and I will send you some. I swear it."

"I cannot go," said the man.

"Why?"

"Never mind. I am watched." Here the voice muttered some words which I could not catch. "So that unless you wish to see your husband swing—and be, to me, my confession and last dying speech would not omit to mention the wench—you must do as I bid you."

"Hush! oh hush! If I get you this money, will you leave us in peace for a time? Knowing your nature, I will not ask for pity—only for a short respite. Claire, poor girl, she does not know yet."

Quite softly my boat had drifted once more across the schooners' bows. I pulled it round until its nose touched the anchor chain, and made the painter fast. Then slipping my hand up the chain, I stood with my shoeless feet upon the gunwale by the bows.

Still grasping the chain, I sprang and swung myself out to the jibboom, and, climbing alongside it, dropped noiselessly to the deck.

The two stood full in the moonlight in front of me. I now remembered for the first time the scar on Luttrell's forehead—the scar I had left at home.

Suddenly Mrs. Luttrell turned and saw me.

As I stood there, bareheaded, with the moonlight shining full upon my white shirt sleeves, I must have seemed a very ghost for a look of abject terror swept across her face; her voice broke off and both her hands were flung up for mercy.

"Oh, God! look, look!"

As she cried I turned, he turned, and then with the spring of a wild cat was upon me.

Even as he leaped my foot slipped upon the greasy deck; I staggered backward one, two, three steps—and then fell with my crash down the unguarded forecastle ladder.

I woke to my senses to find myself in a narrow, dingy cabin, bound hand and foot. Opposite me, in the smoky lamplight, sat Simon Colliver. On a table between us lay my half of the golden buckle, united with the half stolen from my father.

I was weak from a bleeding cut on the head. After glancing idly at the clasp my eyes returned to Colliver.

I found his wolfish eyes still regarding me, and for a minute or two we studied each other in silence. Then, without removing his gaze, he tilted his stool forward, slowly drew a short heavy knife from his waistband, slipped it out of its sheath—still without taking his left hand from his pocket—laid it on the table and leaned back again.

"I suppose," he said at last and very deliberately as if chewing his words, "you know that if you attempt to cry out or summon help you are a dead man that instant?"

"Well, well," he continued, after waiting a moment for my reply, "as long as you understand that, it does not matter. I confess I should have preferred to talk with you and not merely to you. However, before I kill you—and I suppose you guess that I am going to kill you as soon as I've done with you—I wish to have just a word; Master Jasper Trenoweth."

From the tone in which he said the words he might have been congratulating me on some great good fortune. He held the buckle down upon the table and read out the inscription as follows:

Start	At	Full	Moon	East	South		
Point	27	Feet	N.N.W.	22	Feet		
W.	22	Ring	North	Side			
Feet	6	Inches	Deep	At	Point		
Of	Meeting	Low	Water	13½	Hours		

He read it through twice very slowly, and each time as he ceased looked up to see how I took it.

"It does not seem to make much sense, do it?" he asked. "But wait a moment and let me parcel it out into sentences. I should not like you to miss any of its meaning. Listen again." He divided the writing up thus:

Start at full moon.
East South Point 27 feet N.N.W.
22 feet W. of Ring. North side.
6 feet 6 inches deep at point of meeting.
Low water 13½ hours.

"You still seem puzzled, Mr. Trenoweth. Very well, I will even go on to explain further. The person who engraved this clasp meant to tell us that something—let us say treasure, for sake of argument—could be found by any one who drew two lines from some place unknown, the first 27 feet in bearing direction N.N.W. from the South Point of that place; the other 22 feet due West of a certain Ring on the North side of that same place. So far I trust I make my meaning clear. That which we have agreed to call the treasure lies buried at a depth of 6 feet 6 inches on the spot where these two lines intersect. But the person (you or I, for the sake of argument) who seeks this treasure must start at full moon. Why? Obviously because the spring tides occur with a full moon, consequently the low ebb we must expect then to find our treasure buried in a spot which is only uncovered at dead low water, and to this conclusion I am also helped by the last sentence which says Low water 13½ hours. It is, then, I submit, Mr Trenoweth, in some such place that we must look for our treasure, the only question being, 'Where is that place?'"

I was waiting for this, and a great tide of joy swept over me as I reflected that after all he had not solved the mystery. The clasp told nothing, the key told nothing. The secret was safe as yet.

He must have read my thoughts, for he looked steadily at me out of those dark eyes of his, and then said very slowly and deliberately:

"Mr. Trenoweth, it grieves me to taunt your miserable case, but do you mind my saying that you are a fool?"

I blandly stared in answer.

"Your father was a fool—a pitiful fool; and you are a fool. Which would bend me, did I not know better, to believe that your grandfather, Amos Trenoweth, was a fool also. I should wrong him if I called him that. He was a villain, a black-hearted murderous, cold-blooded damnable villain; but he was only a fool for once in his life, and that was when he trusted in the sense of his descendants."

His voice, as he spoke of my grandfather, grew suddenly shrill and discordant, while his eyes blazed up in furious wrath. In a second or two however, he calmed himself again and went on quietly as before.

"You wonder perhaps why I call you a fool. It is because you have lived for fourteen years with your hand upon riches that would make a king jealous and have never had the sense to grasp them. It is because you have shut your eyes when you might have seen, have been a beggar when you might have ridden in a carriage. Upon my word, Mr. Jasper Trenoweth, when I think of your folly I have half a mind to be dog-sick with you myself."

What could the man mean? What was this clue which I had never found?

"And all the time it was written upon this key here as large as life, not only that, but to leave you no excuse, Amos Trenoweth actually told you that it was written here."

"What do you mean?" stammered I, forced into speech at last.

"Ah, so you have found your voice, have you? What do I mean? Do you mean to say you do not guess even now? Upon my word I am loath to kill so fair a fool." He regarded me for a moment with pitying contempt, then stretched out his hand and took my grandfather's key.

"I read here," he said, "written very clearly and distinctly, certain words. You must know these words; but I will repeat them to refresh your memory:

"'Thy house is set upon the sands and thy hopes by a dead man.'

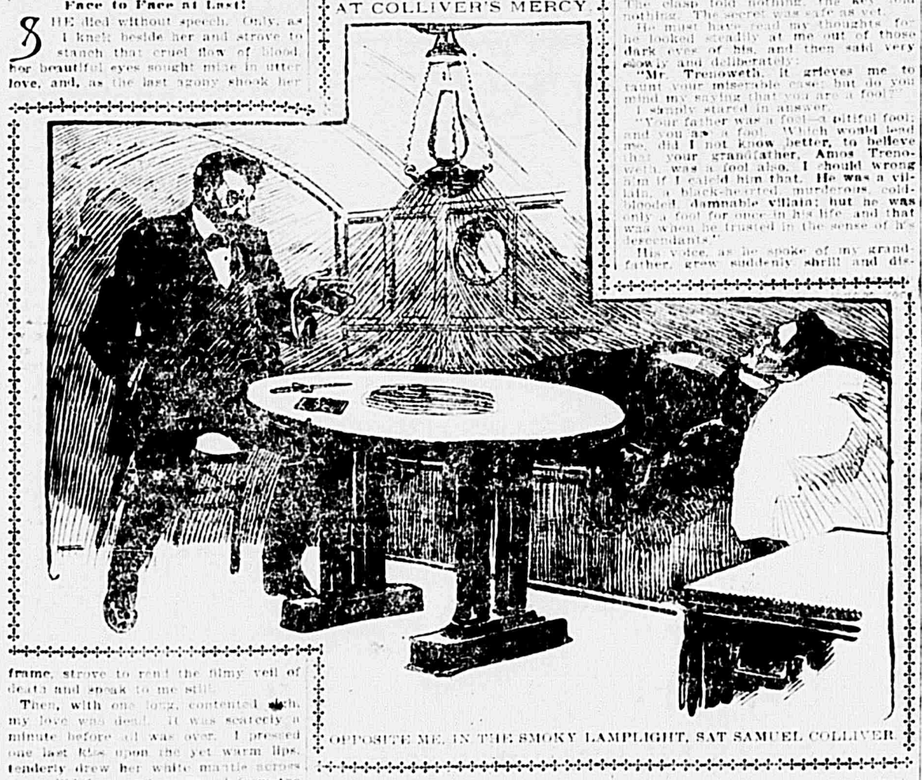
"Well?" I asked, for—fool that I was—even yet I did not understand.

"Mr. Jasper Trenowith, did you ever hear tell of such a place as Dead Man's Rock?"

The truth, the whole horrible certainty of it, struck me. The place whence the treasure must be sought was Dead Man's Rock!

(To Be Continued.)

AT COLLIVER'S MERCY.



OPPOSITE ME, IN THE SMOKY LAMPLIGHT, SAT SAMUEL COLLIVER.

RAN UPSTAIRS; DROPPED DEAD.

Glickstein Scorned the Elevator and Life Was Penalty.

Louis Glickstein, a glazier, forty years old, of No. 2377 Eighth avenue, and who has a place of business at No. 241 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, dropped dead on the elevated station at One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue. The platform was crowded with people at the time.

At One Hundred and Sixteenth street there is an elevator which carries the passengers to the ...ge. He did not take the elevator, but ran upstairs and, after pushing his ...ger, placed his hand over his heart and dropped to the platform dead.

Glickstein was wealthy and leaves a widow and ten children.

There have been several other deaths from the same cause at this station in the last few years.

Germ'n Count a Fugitive.

BERLIN, April 10.—The Boerstein Zeitung prints a special despatch from Budapest, to the effect that Count Rainere Gaiffy has fled to the United States, leaving debts amounting to 200,000 crowns.

BURNED AT THE RANGE.

Woman Cooking Lunch Suffers a Terrible Death.

While cooking lunch at noon to-day Bridget Mulligan, sixty-five years old, of No. 365 Tenth avenue, was burned to death by her dress catching fire from the kitchen range.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

The Evening World's Woman Caricaturist Criticises the New Production.

By MISS KATE CAREW.

PASS THE QUICKLIME.

Whatever the reason may be our language does not lend itself to vulgarity either the champagne kind the French or the lager's kind of the Germans. It would have been much better to have written the Mason in the original tongue, but since it has been farmed upon Broadway the more Broadway buries it decently and deeply the better—and a little quicklime would help. Mr. Leo Dietrichstein in assuming the character of a woman does not look like one in the least. I am thankful to say, but his performance is a model of offensiveness without humor.

THE OLD FARCE HUSBAND.

If there is still humor in an old man's wife, then Mr. Thomas A. Wise has a humorous part to play. In justice to him as an actor let it be said that it couldn't be played better.

THE YOUNG FARCE HUSBAND.

Mr. John C. Rice plays with the breathless quickness that the traditions of farce demand, but he manages to grate on one's sensibilities as distressingly as a raw onion or Mr. Dietrichstein. He appears as the youthful Tenderloins husband, which the French and German farce factories, with their unproved machinery, are turning out in greater numbers than ever.

ANOTHER OLD FRIEND (?)

The man with the bottle—oh, don't you know him? The threadbare tragedian and continued inebriate, as funny as a funeral and as novel as Little Eva. Mr. Arnold Daly plays the part and does all that could be done with it.

LOOKS FETCHING, BUT—

Miss May Robson usually takes such fantastic liberties with her appearance that it is a surprise to see her in her own proper person, which is very attractive—in a part that would be better for an elderly character make-up. But as she has no opportunity to do anything clever in "Are You a Mason?" it doesn't matter much.

PERSPIRES REALISTICALLY.

Mr. George Richard, in the character of a farmer who is so anxious to become a Mason that he runs downtown to the Brooklyn Bridge and back on a summer's day, believing himself to be under orders from a Grand Master, supplies the greater part of the thin streak of fun that runs through the farce.

TRUCK THIEF IN ACTION.

Gets a Load of Merchandise Worth $1,400.

Central Office detectives are investigating the daring theft of a single truck containing five boxes of merchandise valued at $1,400 from in front of a saloon at Broome and Crosby street.

The truck and merchandise are the property of Lesher, Whitman & Co., importers of cloth and linings at Broadway and Bond street.

The theft was barefaced. The truckman got off his wagon at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon and went into the Senate saloon. He was in the place only five minutes. Meanwhile a young man mounted the seat of the truck, whipped up the horses and drove rapidly off toward the east side.

Top Coats
SPECIAL Silk lined, $15.
A fortunate purchase of twenty-five top coats that are worth $22, are here at $15.
G. N. VINCENT,
Sixth Ave., Cor. 12th St.

95th YEAR.
COWPERTHWAIT & SONS,
Chatham Square: 193 to 205 Park Row, Chatham Square.
121st Street: 2226 to 2234 Third Ave., Corner 121st St.
EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING.
Dresser of quartered oak, French bevel plate, 34x30, 2 upper drawers, serpentine front, top measures 21x43 inches, $14.90.
Upholstered Couch, covered in velour, wool fringe, $4.90.
3-Piece Parlor Suits, $14.00
5-Piece Parlor Suits, $22.50
Rattan Rocker, $3.40
Either red, green or white shellac, or "Empire" finish.
EVERYTHING RELIABLE.
Cash or Liberal Credit.
Everybody Suited in Every Way. No Extra Charges of Any Kind.

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125th St. West, bet. Lenox and Seventh Aves.
SOLE AGENTS FOR NEW YORK OF THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN,
Queen Quality
Oxfords, $2.50. Boots, $3.00.
Spring styles in Boots and Oxford Ties now on exhibition. Every woman who values comfort, loves beauty or appreciates economy is invited to inspect these shoes. All shapes, all leathers, all styles for all uses, indoor or out; dress, walking, wheeling, golfing, housewear.

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NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
WATERPROOF
LIQUID Court Plaster
ANTISEPTIC. ASEPTIC.
Heals CUTS, ABRASIONS, HANGNAILS, CHAPPED or SPLIT LIPS or FINGERS, BURNS, BLISTERS, etc. Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, etc., etc.
Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a transparent, colorless, waterproof coating. At any store or mailed on receipt of 10 cents.
Douglas Mfg. Co., 107 Fulton St., N. Y.

$10 SUITS & TOP COATS.
VALUE ELSEWHERE $20
S. N. WOOD & CO.
See them—you also will get enthusiastic.
Keen clothing men look twice at the price tag to make sure.
Not ordinary $10 fabrics.
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Thorough excellence is manifest in these New Spring Suits and Top Coats—a delightful surprise for so little as $10.
Union made—which means highest paid workmen in light, clean, sanitary workshops.
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740-742 Broadway.

Amusements.
GRAND Mat. To-Day, 25c.-50c. FRANK DANIELS THE AMER.
STAR. Eve. 8.15. Mats. To-day & Sat. Gal. 15c ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE. Bal. 25c Orc. 50c

Amusements.
EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th st. Evgs. 8.20. Matinees To-day & Saturday. LAST 4 NIGHTS. Brother Officers. LAST MATINEES Monday—Empire All-Star Cast—DIPLOMACY.
GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st. and B'way. Evgs. 8.30. Matinees To-day and Saturday. CAPT. JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES, with ETHEL BARRYMORE and GREAT CAST.
GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. & Mad. ave. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees To-day and Saturday. The Biggest and the Best. Under Two Flags, with BLANCHE BATES as Cigarette.
Charles Frohman's CRITERION THEATRE B'way & 44th St. Twice Time Monday—Julia Marlowe Pic. Souvenirs Evenings, 8.15. Only Matinee Sat. at 2. JULIA MARLOWE— WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.
MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th st. near B'way. Evgs. 8.20. Matinees To-day & Sat., 2.15. WILLIAM COLLIER | ON THE QUIET.
WALLACK'S, Broadway & 30th st. Evgs. 8.30. Shouting, Laughing Crowds! Mats. To-day & Sat. 2.15. ARE YOU A MASON?
14TH ST. Theatre, nr. 6th ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Res. orch. circle or bal. 50c. MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, MAVOURNEEN. Hear "Molly O" and all the famous songs.
Broadway Theatre, 41st st. & Broadway. 25c to $1.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10. Matinee To-day. Eve. & Sat. Mat. 50, 75, $1 (choice orch. seats, $1.50). THE PRICE OF PEACE. All Week. Mat. 25, 50, 75, no higher.
KNICKERBOCKER. Geo. W. Lederer's Big London Co. Evgs. 8.10. THE NEW Casino Girl. Broadway and 38th. Mats. To-day & Sat.
BIJOU AMELIA BINGHAM COMPANY FOURTH MONTH. TONIGHT AT 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. In Clyde Fitch's Best Play THE CLIMBERS.
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Republic 42d, just W. B'way. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. To-Day. Last 4 Nights. Seats Sale for Last Week. VIOLA ALLEN, IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.
WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL. Evgs. 8.15 sharp. LAST TWO WEEKS. SEATS NOW ON SALE. FIDDLE-DEE-DEE. Mat. To-Day. VICTORIA MY LADY. Best Orch. Seats, 50c. Mat. To-Day. Last Week. Sam S. & Lee Shubert present Lyric Opera Co. in Robin Hood. Next week, Lucia.
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METROPOLIS 142d st. & 3d ave. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. "Barbara Frietchie," with Effie Ellsler.
AMERICAN 42d ST. AND 8TH AVE. Evgs. 8.15. 25c., 35c., 50c. MAT. DAILY. EAST LYNNE. Popl. Mon. 25c. Next week—PLAY OF TRUCE.
EDEN WORLD IN WAX. New Orchestra. CINEMATOGRAPH. King Edward Villeggiatura (Parisiana). MUSEE GEN. PUNSTON and AGUINALDO.
HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. Giant, Giantess, Midgets, 100 Freaks, 2 Big Shows.

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SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
TWICE DAILY, AT 2 AND 8.15 P. M.
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST AND ROUGH RIDERS
U. S. LIFE GUARDS IN ACTION.
ORPHAN'S DAY, TUESDAY MATINEE, APRIL 16. SUPERINTENDENTS OF CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS apply for seats by mail. Address Treasurer, Buffalo Bill's Wild West, Madison Square Garden. Replies will be mailed. PRICES, 25C. TO $2.00.
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NEW YORK'S FAVORITE THEATRES. GRAND REFINED ENTERTAINMENT. Devoted Solely to Laughter and Novelties. CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—15, 25, 50c.
23d St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. Digby Bell, J. K. Murray & Clara Lane, Clemart, Warren & Blanchard, others, "Mme. Butterfly," Severes Schaefer, Kathryn Osterman, Musical Dale, &c. 5 O'Brien Wm. Devere & Co., Eckert & Berg, Nichols Sis., Zelma Rawleton, &c. Fatma & Smaun, Ward & Curran, DuPont & Lothian, Clarice Vance, 4 Rentans.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. & Irving place. ALWAYS CROWDED. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Prices—25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Eve's 8.
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KOSTER & BIAL'S WHITE RATS. W. 34 St. 1.45, 7.45. Sund. Mat. & Eve. Concerts. 25c Mat. Daily. ALL ORCH. EVGS 50c. Jos. J. Corbett. Favor & Sinclair, Three Powers Bros., the Eugene Cardeld & Tim Cronin Co., Jennie Yeamans, Georgie Evans, Blockoom & Burns, 3 Livingstons, 3 Tonzoon Arabs, Annie Hart, Mlle. Lotty, 2 Cyrenes, others.
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PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS SHOW. 14th Street. 20 & 30 CENTS. DAY AND NIGHT—12.30 TO 11 P. M. Russell Bros. & Co., Jess Dandy, Morrell & Evans, Dyson, Robinson & Speck, Deaves Trio, Lily Hart, Vitagraph, others.
KEITH'S THE BIG SPECTACLE. WINONA WINTER. FRED NIBLO. SAM BERNARD. SIMMS & ANGELES. LOST & CLINTON.
CASINO, B'way & 39th st. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. FLORODORA
DALY'S B'way & 30—Begins 8.10. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2. —SAN TOY—
LYCEUM at 8.15. Mat. Thurs. & Sat. 2. ON AND OFF, followed by THE SHADES OF NIGHT.
HERALD SQ. THEA. THE PRIMA DONNA Positive Opening Date Later. Postponed
The New York B'way 45th st. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Wed., Sat. New Special Vaudeville Features. Paid by Rosenfeld & Sonne's GIDDY THRONG.
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ORPHEUM. LADIES' MATINEE EVERY DAY. THE GIRL WITH THE AUBURN HAIR. EXTRA FEATURE—HART AND DE MAR. NAT M. WILLS, HOLCOMB, CURRAN & CURTIS. Lizzie and Belle Ostella and Many Others. MR. AND MRS. HARRY THORN AND CO., RAY L. ROYCE, DE WITT AND BURNS. A TRIP TO AFRICA, AND OTHERS.
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COLUMBIA EVERY EVENING. Mats. To-day & Sat. Charles Frohman's Magnificent Production. TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.
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