THE GREATEST OF ALL MARVEL ROMANCES.

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

BY H. G. WELLS

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An English scientist named Cavor discovers a motive power that overcomes limitations of gravitation and space. He constructs a glass sphere in which he and a friend named Bedford (who tells the story) set out for the moon.

After a strange voyage the adventurers arrive on the surface of the moon toward the close of the long lunar night and decide to await the dawn before leaving their sphere.

The adventurers find they can breathe lunar air. Under the rays of the rising sun the snow on the orb's surface melts and gigantic fungus growth springs up everywhere. The first effect of the air is to make both men ill.

The fungus plants grow with startling rapidity. The adventurers take a stimulant to brace their shattered nerves and then decide to venture forth on the moon's surface.

Owing to the quality of lunar atmosphere the two men find they can leap six times as far as on earth and their weight is but one-sixth their usual specific gravity.

In their wanderings around the gigantic mushroom vegetation they discover traces of the sphere and cannot find it. A "moment" sound as of machinery from underground, mingled with the bellowing of huge beasts, startles them.

They see several Selenites, oddlooking biped[s] who somewhat resemble men, and who are driving to pasture a herd of huge cows (shaggy, hairless beasts 200 feet long). A huge metal plate in the ground slides aside, moved by invisible machinery, and reveals a shaft leading down into the interior of the moon.

Bedford captures one of the Selenites, who, hungry enough to eat a fungoid plant which intoxicates and stupefies them. They awake to find themselves in a cavern, bound hand and foot and prisoners of the Selenites.

A Selenite comes to look at them, but goes away again, leaving them with no clear idea as to their probable fate.

CHAPTER XI.

Plans for Communication.

WHATEVER temper you choose to go through with it in, you will have to go through with it. We have experiences before us that need all our coolness."

Cavor paused, as if he required my assent. I sat sulking.

The problem is, communication. Gestures, I fear, will be different—pointing, for example. No creatures but men and monkeys point."

That was too obviously wrong for me.

"Pretty nearly every animal," I cried, "points with its eyes or nose."

Cavor meditated over that. "Yes," he said, at last, "and we don't. There are such differences—such differences!"

"One might—but how can I tell? There is speech. The sounds they make, a sort of fluting and piping. I don't see how we are to imitate that. Is it their speech, that sort of thing? They may have different senses, different means of communication. Of course, they are minds and we are minds; there must be something in common. Who knows how far we may not get to an understanding?

"I remember reading once a paper by the late Prof. Galton on the possibility of communication between the planets. Unhappily, at that time it did not seem probable that that would be of any material benefit to me, and I fear I did not give it the attention I should have—in view of this state of affairs. Yet—now let me see.

"His idea was to begin with those broad truths that must underlie all conceivable mental existence and establish a basis on those. The great principles of geometry, to begin with.

"He proposed to take some leading proposition of Euclid's and show by construction that its truth was known to us; to demonstrate, for example, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and that if the equal sides be produced, the angles on the other side of the base are equal also; or that the square on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the two other sides. By demonstrating our knowledge of these things we should prove our possession of a reasonable intelligence.

"Now suppose I—I might draw the geometrical figure with a wet finger or even trace it in the air."

He fell to buzzing. I sat meditating his words. For a time his wild hope of communication, of interpretation, with these weird beings held me.

Then that angry despair that was a part of my exhaustion and physical misery resumed its sway. I perceived with a sudden novel vividness the extraordinary folly of everything I had ever done.

"Ass!" I said. "Oh, ass unutterable ass! I seem to exist only to go about doing preposterous things. Why on[e] we ever leave the thing? Hopping about looking for patents and concessions in the craters of the moon! If only we had had the sense to fasten a handkerchief to a stick to show where we had left the sphere!"

I subsided, fuming.

"It is clear," meditated Cavor, "they are intelligent. One can hypothecate certain things. As they have not killed us at once they must have ideas of mercy, possibly of intercourse. They may meet us. And—this apartment and the glimpses we had of its furnishing. These fetters. A high degree of intelligence."

"I wish to heaven," cried I, "I'd thought even twice. Plunge after plunge. First one risky start and then another.

"It was my confidence in you. Why didn't I stick to my play? That was what I was equal to. That was my world and the life I was made for. I could have finished that play. I'm certain it was a good play, if I had the scenario as good as done. Then, confound it, leaping to the moon! Practically, I've thrown my life away."

I looked up and stopped in mid-sentence. The darkness had given place to that bluish light again. The door was opening, and several noiseless Selenites were coming into the chamber.

I became quite still, staring at the ophidious impassiveness of their faces.

Then suddenly my sense of disagreeable strangeness changed to interest. I perceived that the foremost and second carried bowls.

One elemental need, at least, our minds could understand in common. They were bowls of some metal that, like our fetters, looked dark in that bluish light; and each contained a number of whitish fragments.

All the cloudy pain and misery that oppressed me rushed together and took the shape of hunger. I eyed those bowls wolfishly, and, though it returned to me in dreams, at that time it seemed a small matter that at the end of the arms that lowered one toward me were not hands, but a sort of flap and thumb, like the end of an elephant's trunk.

The stuff in the bowl was loose in texture and whitish-brown in color—rather like lumps of some cold souffle, and it smelt faintly like mushrooms.

From a partially divided carcass of a moonvalf that we presently saw, I am inclined to believe it must have been mountain flesh.

My hands were so tightly chained that I could barely contrive to reach the bowl; but when they saw the effort I made, two of them dexterously released one of the turns about my wrist.

Their tentacle-hands were soft and cold to my skin. I immediately seized a mouthful of the food. It had the same laxness in texture that all organic structures seemed to have upon the moon; it tasted rather like a gauffre or a damp meringue, but in no way was it disagreeable. I took two other mouthfuls.

For a time we ate with an utter absence of self-consciousness. We ate, and presently drank, like tramps in a soup kitchen.

Never before nor since have I been hungry to the ravenous pitch, and save can I have had this very experience. I could never have believed that a quarter of a million of miles out of our proper world, in utter perplexity of soul, surrounded, watched, touched by beings more grotesque and inhuman than the worst creations of a nightmare, it would be possible for me to eat in utter forgetfulness of all these things. They stood about us, watching us and ever and again making a slight elusive twittering that stood them, I suppose, in the stead of speech. I did not even shiver at their touch.

And when the first zeal of my feeding was over, I could note that Cavor, too, had been eating with the same shameless abandon.

When at last we had made an end of eating the Selenites linked our hands closely together again, and then untwisted the chains about our feet and rebound them, so as to give us limited freedom of movement.

Then they unfastened the chains about our waists.

To do all this they had to handle us freely, and ever and again one of their queer heads came down close to my face or a soft tentacle-hand touched my head or neck.

I don't remember that I was afraid then, or repelled, by their proximity. I think that our incurable anthropomorphism made us imagine these were human heads inside those crustacean masks.

The skin, like everything else, looked bluish; but that was on account of the light, and it was hard and shiny, quite in the beetle-wing fashion, not soft nor moist nor hairy as a vertebrated animal's would be.

Along the crest of the head was a low ridge of whitish spines running from back to front, and a much larger ridge curved on either side over the eyes. The Selenite who untied me used his mouth to help his hands.

"They seem to be releasing us," said Cavor. "Remember we are on the moon. Make no sudden movements."

We remained passive, and the Selenites, having finished their arrangements, stood back from us, and seemed to be looking at us.

I say, seemed to be, because, as their eyes were at the sides and not in front, one had the same difficulty in determining the direction in which they were looking as one has in the case of a hen or a fish.

They conversed with one another in their reedy tones that seemed to me impossible to imitate or define. The door behind us opened wider, and glancing over my shoulder I saw a vague, large space beyond, in which quite a little crowd of Selenites were standing.

"It seems to me that they are trying to make us understand something," I said.

"I can't make anything of their gestures. Do you notice this one, who is worrying with his head like a man with an uncomfortable collar."

"Let us shake our heads at him."

We did that, and finding it ineffectual, attempted an imitation of the Selenites' movements. That seemed to interest them. At any rate they all set up the same movement.

But as that seemed to lead to nothing, we desisted at last, and so did they, and fell into a piping argument among themselves.

Then one of them, a little shorter and thicker than the others, and with a particularly wide mouth, squatted down suddenly beside Cavor, and put his hands and feet in the same posture as Cavor's were bound, and then, by a dexterous movement, stood up.

"Cavor," I shouted, "they want us to get up!"

He stared, open-mouthed.

"That's it!" he said.

And with much heaving and grunting, because our hands were tied together, we contrived to struggle to our feet.

The Selenites made way for our elephantine heavings, and seemed to twitter more volubly.

As soon as we were on our feet the thick-set Selenite came and patted each of our faces with his tentacles and walked toward the open doorway. That also was plain enough, and we followed him.

We saw that four of the Selenites standing in the doorway were taller than the others and clothed in the same manner as those we had seen in the crater, namely, with spiked, round helmets and cylindrical body cases; and that each of the four carried a goad with spike and guard made of the same dull-looking metal as the bowls.

These four closed about us, one on either side of each of us, as we emerged from our chamber into the cavern from which the light had come.

We did not get our impression of that cavern all at once. Our attention was taken up by the movements and attitudes of the Selenites immediately about us, and by the necessity of controlling our motion lest we should startle and alarm them and ourselves by some excessive stride.

In front of us was the short, thick-set being who had solved the problem of asking us to get up, moving with gestures that seemed, almost all of them, intelligible to us, inviting us to follow him. His spout-like face turned from one of us to the other with a quickness that was clearly interrogative.

But at last the great place that formed a background to our movements asserted itself.

It became apparent that the source of much, at least, of the tumult of sounds which had filled our ears ever since we had recovered from the stupefaction of the fungus was a vast mass of machinery in active movement, whose flying and whirling parts were visible indistinctly over the heads and between the bodies of the Selenites who walked about us.

And not only the sounds but the odd blue light sprang from this.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

"CAVOR," I SHOUTED, "THEY WANT US TO GET UP!"

MISS ABRAMS'S MUSICALE.

Large Party at Home of Belle Formerly of Brooklyn.

Miss Ray Abrams, formerly one of the popular belles of Brooklyn and now of No. 21 West One Hundred and Eleventh street, gave an elaborate house party and musicale to a large number of friends last evening at her home.

Miss Helen Van Damm gave an exhibition of her elocutionary talent, and Miss Tillie Markendorf and Miss Ida Kiss performed solos. Mr. A. Meyer and Dr. Howard Levy delighted the party with their songs. Prominent among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Meyer, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Levy, Mr. and Mrs. I. Abrams, Miss Tillie Markendorf, Philip and Julius Markendorf, Max Hart, Miss H. Hyams and Leo Gelsberg.

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

"KITTY" RAMPONE MAY SING AT PARK CONCERTS.

Her Friends Seek Appointment for Late Bandmaster's Daughter.

Friends of "Kitty" Rampone are endeavoring to have the Park Commissioner engage her to sing at the open air concerts this summer as she has in former years. She is the daughter of the late bandmaster Joseph G. Rampone and frequently sang in Abingdon Square, where the concerts were given by her father's musicians. She lives with her mother and married sister at No. 222 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and hopes to make her living as a vocalist.

Miss Rampone is small and demure, but there is a magnetic quality in her singing that has won her great applause. Many will remember the enthusiasm of her Abingdon Square audiences when she sang "My Lady's the Engineer" and invited all to join in the chorus.

MUST COURT IN SILENCE.

Brooklyn Rector Bars Audible Love Making in Church.

The Rev. William Alexander Wasson, rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has served notice upon his congregation by publication in the church paper, St. George's Bells, that he distinctly disapproves of audible courtship in his church, and insists that it be barred.

The Rev. Mr. Wasson further states that he is not inclined to be severe upon those who simply wish to hold hands or other mild forms of expressing affection indulged in by those in love. His crusade is solely against those who wish to carry on a verbal courtship in a key that drowns his sermon.

"If this nuisance is not stopped at once," declares the Rev. Mr. Wasson, "I will call upon one of the vestrymen to speak to the offenders."

VERA DE NOIE HAD LEG BROKEN

Actresses's Plucky Attempt to Stop Runaway Failed.

Miss Vera De Noie, actress, and proprietress of the Passmore Inn, near Long Branch, N. J., was injured in a runaway accident last night.

She had been out driving with a companion and on her return was about to draw up in front of the hotel when her horse took fright and ran.

Miss De Noie, who held the reins, was unable to get control of the animal and it dashed down the road at top speed. After going a short distance the carriage struck an obstacle and Miss De Noie and her companion were thrown violently to the ground. One of her legs was broken and she was bruised about the body. Her companion was also bruised and badly shaken up.

MARIE BURROUGHS MARRIES MEMBER OF UNION LEAGUE.

Noted Actress Becomes Mrs. Barclay Macpherson in a Quiet Wedding.

Marie Burroughs, the actress, yesterday became Mrs. Robert Barclay Macpherson. The ceremony was performed in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. George Morris at the Aristen, Broadway and Fifty-fifth street, by the Rev. Mr. Carswell. But few guests were present. James A. Metcalf, the editor of a humorous weekly, was the best man, and Miss Elizabeth Morris the maid of honor. The wedding had been originally set for June, but Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson concluded there was no use waiting, and so surprised their friends by the suddenness of the marriage.

Mrs. Macpherson was born in San Francisco in 1866, and came East in 1887, appearance as Gladys in "The Rajah," at the Madison Square Theatre. Her name was Lillie Arlington, but she adopted that of Marie Burroughs. Two years after her debut she became leading lady for E. S. Willard and appeared with him for several seasons. Seven years ago she came before the public as a star in "The Prodigate" and later in "Romeo and Juliet" and as Leah. She has also supported Stuart Robson and Robert Hilliard.

In the early part of the present theatrical season she starred in "The Heart of the Strong," but remained only a short time. She was married some years ago to Louis F. Massen, but obtained a divorce not long afterward.

Mr. Macpherson, who is a member of the Union League and Lambs' Clubs, is the New York representative of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago.

MARIE BURROUGHS.

TWAIN ADMITS HE'S LOW BORN

Humorist Glad that Adam Was Not Assailed Too.

Mark Twain is not greatly perturbed at the attack recently made on him by Rev. Dr. Wayland Spaulding, who called him low born and ill bred. The humorist was a guest last night of the Brooklyn Clerical Union, and he told the ministers that he was appreciated only in Brooklyn.

A previous speaker, in welcoming the ladies who were present, said: "All our best and noblest inspirations come from the women."

Mr. Clemens took exception to the adulation of the gentler sex, saying:

"What is the use of bragging about it about our wives? Don't you think that's a little extravagant? Mrs. Clemens was too tired to come, and I'm glad she was. I don't want her to hear things like that. Why don't you people, so far as your calling will allow, try to tell the truth? To be sure, you sometimes get out of practice, but, one saying one thing and one another, you produce confusion in the minds of the people about religious matters.

"The Rev. Dr.—oh, I won't mention his name—has just called me low born and ill bred. I don't mind that so much. Shakespeare was low born, too, and there was Adam—I believe he was born out in the woods. But I'm glad the doctor didn't say it about Adam. When such a thing is said about the head of the family it hurts.

"As for me, I think I would prefer to be low born in a republic—like the rest. If I had been born on the other side, why, then I would have liked to be born a duke, as I suppose the Rev. Dr.—I won't mention his name—would have been if he had been born there."

ANOTHER BISPHAM SUCCESS.

Audience Enthuses Over Baritone—Another Series Next Year.

David Bispham brought his series of Sunday song recitals to a close yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The series has been a popular and artistic success and Mr. Bispham is to be congratulated on the outcome of his experiment. An audience that comfortably filled the hall greeted the singer yesterday. His unique programme, which consisted of seventeen "request" numbers, frequently evoked enthusiasm.

After his intensely dramatic singing of Loewe's "Edward" which culminates in a son caressing his mother, Mr. Bispham was forced to make a little speech. He thanked his supporters and announced a similar series of recitals for the first Sunday in each month next season.

Walter Damrosch's "Danny Deever" was also sung with such force that the house demanded an encore.

Silk Eton Coats.
Tucked taffeta with Arabian lace collars, also plain taffetas with batiste collars; sizes 32 to 42; value $15, at
$10.00
each.
Also
Broadcloth Etons,
with straps of taffeta and stitched white silk vest; value $12.50, at
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each.
Lord & Taylor,
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Piles and varicose veins. Permanent cure. No operation. Book FREE. Refs. DR. CHAPMAN, 107 E. 23.

Amusements.

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POPULAR PRICED PLAYHOUSES—15, 25, 50c. DIVERSIFIED PROGRAMS—Drama & Vaudeville NOVEL IDEAS—SPLENDID COMEDY SHOWS
23d St. / 5th Ave. / 58th St. / 125th St.: Severus Schaeffer, Kathryn Osterman, Giles & Ella Garrison, the Keatons, 4 Lost 2 weeks, Butter-ed, Jos. Hart & Carrie DeMar, Maud Courtney, Toronto & F. F. Proctor's Big Stock Co. in "Pink Dominos" & Gus Bitterest Fox & Jess Dandy, Little Western & F. F. Proctor's Big Stock Co. in "The Bill" & "Sunset." Also Geo. W. Monroe, Pauline Moran & "Picks." 4 c.

14th St. Theatre, nr. 6th ave. Matinee Saty only. Reserved circle of Sat., 50c. POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in a magnificent revival of MAVOURNEEN.
Hear "Molly O" and all the famous songs. NEXT WEEK—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in "SWEET INNISCARRA."

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS SHOW. 14th Street. 20 & 50 CENTS
BEST SHOW IN VAUDEVILLE TO-DAY. Moreland, Thompson & Ambler, Artie Hall, Macdonald & Martell, Post & Clinton, The Deners, Ellene Jaqua, Billy Link, Vitagraph.

BROADWAY Theatre, 41st st. & B'way. Evgs. 8.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10. Evgs. & Sat. Mat. 50, 75c., $1, Choice orch. seats, $1.50. All Wed. Mat. 25, 50, 75c. no higher.
The Price of Peace

KNICKERBOCKER. B'way & 38th. Evgs. 8.10. *Geo. W. Lederer's Big London Co.* Last Week. Mats. Wed. & Sat. THE NEW *Casino Girl*

CASINO B'way & 39th. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.
FLORODORA

BIJOU AMELIA BINGHAM COMPANY FOURTH MONTH. In Clyde Fitch's Best Play *THE CLIMBERS.* Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.15.

LAST WEEK. HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA. Best Orch. 50c. Mats. Wed. Sat. Last 4 A. H. Chamberlin's Great Success, MY LADY. Company of 100, including CHAS. J. ROSS.

THE DEWEY MATINEE TO-DAY. HIGH ROLLER CO. E. 14th St. LIVING PICTURES. BENNY HERR.

WALLACK'S. Evgs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. HENRIETTA. In the Merry Play CROSMAN. MISTRESS NELL.

KEITH'S SENOR LA PREA. MR. & MRS. E. M. ROYLE. LE NORR & GABRIEL. MAY WENTWORTH—PATTI HORA CO.

PHILIPP'S GERMANIA THEA., 8th st. nr. B'way. THE POTATO KING. "The only really successful production in town."—N. Y. Herald.

DALY'S At 8.10. Matinees Wed. and Saturdays at 2. SAN TOY

Dr. Koch's Great Consumption, Catarrh and Asthma Cure.

Trademark. The Great Invention, KOCH INHALATION

FRED RAMMLER MAKES A CONFESSION.

The reason why I quit work last year was because I had Consumption, was getting weaker from day to day, and I could hardly breathe. The doctors out here could not stop my cough. I had night sweats. I was getting thinner each day. My cough kept me awake. I was told that I had consumption, and I must confess that I had this terible disease, but was cured by the original Koch Lung Cure, of 48 W. 22d st., N. Y., five months ago, and no symptom of the disease has returned since they gave me a health certificate last fall. Those who care to prove the facts of my cure can be satisfied by calling on me or my neighbors. Take the 14th St. Ferry to Hoboken, then the North Bergen car will take you to my door, cor. 23d and Bergeline aves.
FRED RAMMLER.

Amusements.

TO-NIGHT AT THEATRE REPUBLIC (42d st. just west of B'way. Tel. 2940-38.)
LOVERS' LANE
Wm. A. Brady's original production of Clyde Fitch's Greatest Success.
$1.50 FOR BEST ORCH. SEATS.
Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

KOSTER & BIAL'S 34TH ST. NEAR B'WAY.
THIS WEEK EVERY DAY AT 2, GRAND PRODUCTION OF AUBER'S POPULAR OPERA, FRA DIAVOLO, BY THE MAUD DANIEL OPERA CO. 100 PEOPLE. TOGETHER WITH THE BEST VAUDEVILLE BILL IN TOWN and GRAND AMAZONIAN BALLET. Reed Seats, 25c. Matinees. Evenings, 50c.

ONLY CIRCUS THIS YEAR—LAST 6 DAYS. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. GREATEST SEASON IN GARDEN'S HISTORY.
FOREPAUGH & SELLS BROS.' 20TH-CENTURY COLOSSUS.
KILPATRICK, the DARING AUTOMOBILIST.
Menagerie on exhibition in basement before and after performances. Open at 1 and 7 P. M. Performances at 2 and 8. Box-office open at 9 A. M. Don't buy tickets on the sidewalk.

MURRAY Hill Th. Lex. av. 42d st. Evgs. pr. 25c., 35c., 50c. Prices as quoted. No tickets sold on sidewalk at a premium. The Crust of Society, with Elsie Proctor Otis. MATINEE 25c. EVERY DAY.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th st. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Triumph de Luxe of All Empire Triumphs. *EMPIRE ALL-STAR CAST.* DIPLOMACY.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st. & Broadway. Evgs. 8.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. CAPT. JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES, WITH ETHEL BARRYMORE.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. & Madison av. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. *100TH TIME WEDNESDAY EVENING. PICTORIAL SOUVENIRS.* UNDER TWO FLAGS, with BLANCHE BATES as Cigarette.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S CRITERION THEATRE. B'way and 44th st. Evenings, 8.15. Only Matinee Saturday at 2.15. JULIA MARLOWE. WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th st., nr. B'way. Evgs. 8.20. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15. 100TH TIME FRIDAY—SOUVENIRS. WILLIAM COLLIER. ON THE QUIET.

AMERICAN. 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. MATINEE DAILY (except Monday) 25c. Evgs. 8.15, 25c., 50c. CAMILLE. Next Week—Darkest Russia

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. New Orchestra. CINEMATOGRAPH. INDIA, CHINA and AFRICA. Special Attraction To-Day.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl. THIRD MONTH. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Prices, 25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Evs. 8.

GRAND Williams & Walker SONS OF HAM—50 People.

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HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. A RUNAWAY GIRL. Arthur Dunn & 60 People.

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Hurtig & Seamon's 125th & 7th ave. Tom Nawn & Co., Mats. Wed. & Sat. Grapewin & Chance, Reed, Orch. 25c. Stanton & Modena, etc.

The New York. B'way, 45th st. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. New Special Vaudeville Features. Built by Rosenfeld & Shanks GHOST THRONG.

HUBER'S 14th St. Museum. Hoochee-Coochee, Dear Theatre. Minstrels.

Brooklyn Amusements.

COLUMBIA Every Evening. Mats. Wed., Sat. KLAW & ERLANGER'S SUPERB PRODUCTION. BEN HUR. Curtain rises Evenings 8. Matinees 2 sharp.

BIJOU THEATRE, BROOKLYN. HARRY LACY, IN THE STILL ALARM. Next Week, A ROMANCE OF COON HOLLOW.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN. RICHARD GOLDEN in OLD JED PROUTY. THE BRILLIANT BURLESQUE, "MY LADY."

ORPHEUM ROBT. COGHLAN & CO., Staley & Birbeck, Lockhart's Elephants and 8 Other Star Acts—8. LADIES' MAT. DAILY.

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EVERYTHING for HOUSEKEEPING.
Carpets, Rugs, Etc.
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5-Piece Parlor Suit, heavy frame, handsomely carved, covering of damask, best upholstered throughout..... $39.60

Mahogany or Oak Chiffonier Shaving Stand, 2 drawers, $8.75. 5 drawers, $11.75.
Parlor Table, in oak or mahogany finish, 24x24 top, $2.15.
EVERYTHING RELIABLE.
Cash or Liberal Credit.
Customers may add to their accounts in either store or make payments at either, suiting their own convenience. No extra charges of any kind.