THE GREATEST OF ALL MARVEL ROMANCES.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Bedford and Cavor, two Englishmen, discover means of reaching the moon in a large glass sphere. They find that luminary a dead world during part of the time, and covered with fungoid growth at other periods. It is peopled by a semi-human race which Cavor calls Selenites. The Selenites capture the two adventurers and conduct them beneath the moon's surface, where the Selenites dwell. The prisoners escape, but are pursued, and engage in a running fight, wherein they kill many Selenites.

They scatter their opponents and make for an opening in the cavern, whence they fancy they descry a gleam of daylight.

They gain the surface of the moon and renew their search for the sphere. They realize they must find it before the long lunar night sets in.

Cavor and Bedford separate in their hunt for the sphere, agreeing that whichever finds it shall signal the other.

Bedford finds the sphere and goes to notify Cavor, but cannot find him.

He picks up a scrap of bloodstained paper whereon Cavor has written that he is injured and that he is pursued by Selenites. Seeing he can fly of no more use to his friend and fearing lest the lunar night overtake him, Bedford returns to the sphere and starts it earthward.

The motion of the sphere through space makes him almost delirious, and he becomes oblivious of the flight of time.

The sphere comes to earth on the English seacoast where Bedford is found by several bathers, who are much astounded at his presence there and invite him to a nearby hotel.

Before Bedford, at the hotel, can clearly explain, a mischievous boy crawls inside the sphere and turns on some of the motive power. It vanishes with him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The End of It All.

I GESTICULATED convulsively.

He receded a step as though I had threatened him. I made a bolt through them into the hotel.

I charged back into the coffee-room, rang the bell furiously.

I gripped the waiter as he entered.

"D'ye hear?" I shouted. "Get help and carry these bars up to my room right away."

He failed to understand me, and I shouted and raved at him.

A scared-looking little old man in a green apron appeared, and further two of the young men in flannels. I made a dash at them and commandeered their services.

As soon as the gold was in my room I felt free to quarrel.

"Now get out," I shouted; "all of you get out if you don't want to see a man go mad before your eyes!" And I helped the waiter by the shoulder as he hesitated in the doorway.

And then, as soon as I had the door locked on them all, I tore off the little man's clothes again, shied them right and left, and got into bed forthwith.

And there I lay swearing and panting and cooling for a very long time.

At last I was calm enough to get out of bed and ring up the round-eyed waiter for a flannel nightshirt, a soda and whiskey and some good cigars.

And these things being procured me, I locked the door again and proceeded very deliberately to look the entire situation in the face.

The net result of the great experiment presented itself as an absolute failure. It was a rout and I was the sole survivor.

It was an absolute collapse and this was the final disaster. There was nothing for it but to save myself, and as much as I could in the way of prospects from our debacle. At one fatal crowning blow all my vague resolutions of return and recovery had vanished.

My intention of going back to the moon, of rescuing Cavor, or at any rate of getting a sphereful of gold and afterward of having a fragment of Cavorite analyzed and so recovering his great secret—all these ideas vanished altogether.

I was the sole survivor and that was all.

I think that going to bed was one of the luckiest ideas I have ever had in an emergency.

I really believe I should either have got loose-headed or done some fatal indiscreet thing.

But there, locked in and secure from all interruption, I could think out the position in all its bearings and make my arrangements at leisure.

Of course, it was quite clear to me what had happened to the boy. He had crawled into the sphere, meddled with the studs, shut the Cavorite windows and gone up.

It was highly improbable he had screwed in the manhole stopper, and even if he had the chances were a thousand to one against his getting back. It was fairly evident that he would gravitate to the middle of the sphere and remain there and so cease to be a legitimate terrestial interest, however remarkable he might seem to the inhabitants of some remote quarter of space.

I very speedily convinced myself on that point. And as for any responsibility I might have in the matter, the more I reflected upon that, the clearer it became that if only I kept quiet about things, I need not trouble myself about that.

If I was faced by sorrowing parents demanding their lost boy I had merely to demand my lost sphere or ask them what they meant.

At first I had a vision of weeping parents and guardians and all sorts of complications, but now I saw that I simply had to keep my mouth shut, and nothing in that way could arise.

And, indeed, the more I lay and smoked and thought, the more evident became the wisdom of impenetrability.

It is within the right of every British citizen, provided he does not commit damage or indecorum, to appear suddenly wherever he pleases and as ragged and filthy as he pleases and with whatever amount of virgin gold he sees fit to encumber himself with, and no one has any right at all to hinder and detain him in this procedure.

I formulated that at last to myself, and repeated it over as a sort of Magna Charta of my liberty.

Once I had put that issue on one side, I could take up and consider in an equable manner certain considerations I had scarcely dared to think of before, namely, those arising out of the circumstances of my bankruptcy.

But now, looking at this matter calmly and at leisure, I could see that if only I suppressed my identity by a temporary assumption of some less well-known name and if I retained the two months' beard that had grown upon me, the risks of any annoyance from the spiteful creditor to whom I have already alluded became very small indeed. From that to a definite course of worldly action was plain sailing. It was all amazingly petty, no doubt, but what was there remaining for me to do?

Whatever I did, I was resolved that I would keep myself level and right side up.

I ordered up writing materials and addressed a letter to the New Romney bank—the nearest, the waiter informed me—telling the manager I wished to open an account with him and requesting him to send two trustworthy persons properly authenticated in a cab with a good horse to fetch some hundredweight of gold with which I happened to be encumbered.

I signed the letter "Wells," which appeared to me to be a thoroughly respectable sort of name.

This done, I got a Folkestone directory, picked out an outfitter, and asked him to send a cutter to measure me for a drab tweed suit, ordering at the same time a valise, dressing-bag, shirts, hats (to fit), and so forth, and from a watchmaker I also ordered a watch.

And these letters being despatched, I had up as good a lunch as the hotel could give, and then lay smoking a cigar, as calm and ordinary as possible, until, in accordance with my instructions, two duly authenticated clerks came from the bank and weighed and took away my gold.

After which I pulled the clothes over my ears in order to drown any knocking as I went very comfortably to sleep.

I went to sleep. No doubt it was a presumptuous thing for the first man back from the moon to do, and I can imagine that the young and imaginative reader will find my behavior disappointing.

But I was horribly fatigued and bothered, and, confound it! what else was there to do? There clearly was not the remotest chance of my being believed if I had told my story then, and it would certainly have subjected me to intolerable annoyances. I went to sleep.

When at last I woke up again, I was ready to face the world as I have always been accustomed to face it since I came to years of discretion.

And so I got away to Italy and there it is I am writing this story.

If the world will not have it as fact, then the world may take it as fiction. It is no concern of mine.

And now that the account is finished I am amazed to think how completely this adventure is gone and done with.

Everybody believes that Cavor was a not very brilliant scientific experimenter who blew up his house at Lympne, and folks explain the bang that followed my arrival at Littlestone by a reference to the experiments with explosives that are going on continually at the government establishment at Shoeburyness.

I must confess that hitherto I have not acknowledged my share in the disappearance of Master Tommy Simmons, which was that little boy's name. That perhaps may prove a difficult item of corroboration to explain away.

To account for my appearance in rags with two bars of indisputable gold upon the Littlestone beach, in various ingenious ways—it doesn't worry me what they think of me.

They say I have strung all these things together to avoid being questioned too closely as to the source of my wealth. I should like to see the man who could invent a story that would hold together like this one.

Well, they must take it as fiction—there it is.

I have told my story—and now I suppose I have to take up the worries of this terrestrial life again.

Even if one has been to the moon, one has still to earn a living.

So I am working here at Amalfi on the scenario of that play I sketched before.

Cavor came walking into my world, and I am trying to piece my life together as it was before ever I saw him.

I must confess that I find it hard to keep my mind on the play when the moonshine comes into my room.

It is full moon here, and last night I was out on the pergola for hours staring away at that shining blankness that hides so much.

Imagine it!—tables, and chairs, and trestles, and bars of gold. Confound it! —if only one could hit on that Cavorite again!

But a thing like that doesn't come twice in a life.

Here I am, a little better off than I was at Lympne and that is all.

And Cavor has committed suicide in a more elaborate way than any human being ever did before.

So the story closes as finally and completely as a dream. It fits in so little with all the other things of life, so much of it is so utterly remote from all human experience—the leaping, the eating, the breathing and those weightless times—that indeed there are moments when, in spite of my moon gold, I do more than believe myself that the whole thing was a dream.

(The End.)

AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DREAM."

"THE KING'S CARNIVAL" IS MERRY AND CLEVER.

Incidentally There Are Any Number of Pretty Girls and Tuneful Melodies.

"The King's Carnival," presented last night at the New York Theatre, is a merry, tuneful show, full of clever travesty and pretty girls. It is the work of Sydney Rosenfeld, who was the pioneer in furnishing the Casino reviews, and A. B. Sloane, a young musician who wrote the melodies of "1492" and more recently achieved popularity through "The Tger Lily." The collaborators have worked well and the result is an entertainment which, while it may lack coherency, is nevertheless bright, vivacious and diverting.

If any criticism is to be made it is that there is too much of it; as it stands "The King's Carnival" contains enough for three shows. But this is scarcely a fault, for the Sire Bros. have made it the policy of their big house to give overflowing measure, as liberal in fact as the Sires themselves are in numbers.

Mr. Rosenfeld declares there is a plot to the burlesque, but he is an inveterate joker and no one takes him seriously. He has made a fantastic embroidery into which are woven travesties of popular plays, "In the Palace of the King," "Under Two Flags," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Climbers" and others. As the burlesque progresses in its own hilarious way, the characters do strange deeds and fulfill strange missions. Most of the time they sing and dance. Mr. Rosenfeld says this is the plot:

King Philip of Spain is harassed by his brother, Don John. Henry VIII. of England arrives at Court accompanied by his sister, Mary Tudor, who is a source of constant annoyance to him. The monarchs consult and decide that Don John shall marry Mary Tudor, and that if they refuse to do so their lives must be the penalty. Then the services of the first murderer of the realm, Bombastes Furioso, are called into play. An unforeseen obstacle presents itself, for Don John has bestowed his heart on Dolores, and the Kings set to work, aided by their henchman, to ruin the lovers. Philip has a Queen who also loves Don John and also wants Dolores put out of the way. She also wants Philip removed and concocts numerous diabolical schemes.

But you'd scarcely suspect that. Nevertheless it is all very funny and diverting, and when you are not laughing or humming the light-hearted music your eyes are charmed by the abundance of color—ever shifting and changing. And girls! Bless your heart, it seemed as though there were a regiment of them, though the veracious press agent declared there were only two hundred persons on the stage at one time.

Among the capable players that filled four hours with laughter was Marie Dressler, that all-wool-and-a-yard-wide comedienne, who seems to carry the very secret of risibility in her retrousse nose. She is a born burlesque artiste and the material from which she cannot extract a laugh must be deader than the Theatre of Arts and Letters. Her spirit of satire is keen, but she has plenty of what the bulge-browed experts call "unction." And she unctioned and satirized all over the stage, which fortunately is a very big one, built on a generous plan, as though solely to accommodate such a generous artiste. Miss Dressler received a more than hearty reception, and in her acrobatic work in the last scene came as a genuine surprise.

Everybody in the cast did their level best. Miss Ritchie sang with her usual excellence. Amelia Summerville looked as pretty and as statuesque as she ever looked. Mayme Gehrue and Lilly Brink made "royal dancers" charming enough to turn any king's head. Laura Burt, who rode a horse race in "Old Kentucky," did an imitation of Blanche Bates and dashed at breakneck speed up a gorge forty feet high. It furnished the one actual thrill of the evening. And the comedy work of the funny men that followed earned roars of laughter.

Others in the cast were clever little Edna Aug, Emma Carus, the baritone beauty; Nina Farrington, of Casino glory; Florence Crosby, Tobie Craig, Vera Morris and Georgia Kelly, Louis Harrison, Dan McAvoy, who is really funny; Frank Doane, John Ford, Edgar Halstead, Charles Prince, William Link and Harry Bulger, of Mathews & Bulger.

The scenery was pretty and the stage pictures creditably drawn. Credit must be given to Mr. Frank Smithson, who staged the production, and Mr. Lionel Lawrence, upon whom also fell much of the burden which was so well discharged. Mr. Rosenfeld made quite a lengthy speech between the acts, but no one threw bouquets at him though the lobby was blocked with floral pieces, intended principally for Nina Farrington, Vera Morris and Florence Crosby. Of course, there were others; but the florists seemed to give these ladies first call. There were floral yachts, floral cages, bleeding hearts, and some designs that even looked like furnished flats and broiled lobster. There were cold bottles, too, but not in flowers; they were waiting in the ice.

Carl Marwig's new ballet, "A Dream of Venus," given for the first time, is one of the most beautiful ever put on at this house, full of bright color and pretty figures. The whole show was an emphatic success.

Music Hall Features.

All of the Proctor houses had changes yesterday and last night.

"The Woman Hater" was produced at the Fifth Avenue in a creditable manner. A number of varieties appeared in the bill before and after and between the acts, and the entire performance was enjoyable.

"Niobe" was given at the Twenty-third street house and created uproars. Dorrington Kendal-Grinston, son of the Kendals, is in the cast. The scenery in the play was fully up to that in more pretentious productions. "Jack's Uncle," the curtain-raiser, was capitally acted. The variety features are new.

"Cinderella At School" repeated its downtown success at the Palace in Fifty-eighth street. The Camera Club attended in a body, as one of its members is in the cast. The specialties interspersed were amusing and some very clever.

"Confusion" caused merriment at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street house. The company producing it is above the average. "In Honor Bound" preceded the piece, and the interlarded specialties were very good.

There is no better place in New York to while away an hour than the Eden Musee, with its wax creations, moving figures and enjoyable concerts.

Hurtig & Seamon's, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, have an excellent bill of vaudeville and variety this week.

Koster & Bial's have cut off cheap opera and returned to their former success—vaudeville—which at this house has always been up to the standard.

Last night Tony Pastor's house was a house of joy, the big bill of specialties being the occasion. Several new ones appeared.

"Barnstorming," with intermediary specialties and "Satan's Wedding Night," were given at the Dewey last night.

Theatres Last Night.

"San Toy" has fifteen more nights at Daly's. The house was crowded last night.

"Sweet Inniscarra" will not be seen at the Fourteenth Street after May 25, and Mr. Olcott will not be seen in New York after that day for more than a year.

"Lover's Lane" will close its successful run of sixteen weeks at the Theatre Republic May 25. It goes from here to Chicago. Last night it had a full house.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" entered upon its last week's run at the Academy of Music last night to a big house. Wilton Lackaye will go with the company to Chicago, blacking up there as Uncle Tom.

"Papa's Wife" and its bright, captivating star, Miss Anna Held, were greeted by a rousing house at the Grand last night. This week will be Miss Held's last appearance in New York until her return to the Casino in October. Charles A. Bigelow is in the cast this week.

"Diplomacy" repeated former triumps at the Empire last night, every seat being sold before the curtain went up.

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" has at last entered upon its last performances at the Garrick. Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has won new laurels in this play, leaves early in June for Europe.

"Under Two Flags" was played again last night to a big and enthusiastic house. Some of the situations in this play excite.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" is in the afternoon of its remarkable run at the Criterion. Miss Julia Marlowe was as charming as ever last night and the house was crowded as usual.

"On the Quiet" is a misnomer in one sense. It creates merriment at every performance. William Collier greeted another crowd at the Madison Square Theatre.

"A Texas Steer" started the week's business at the Murray Hill Theatre last night to a houseful of people.

"The Climbers" continues to be the success of the season at the Bijou.

"Florodora" had its usual big, well-entertained audience at the Casino.

"Mistress Nell" is playing right along to its share of business at Wallack's. Miss Henrietta Crosman being the star.

"The Prima Donna," with Miss Lulu Glaser and a merry company, opened its last week's business to a big house at the Herald Square.

"The Fatal Card," a play of exciting situations, in which the Waite stock company appeared, opened at the Metropolis last night.

Three one-act comedies have been selected for the benefit performance to be given at Carnegie Lyceum next Friday evening. The beneficiary is St. Luke's Hospital. The people to appear in the comedies are Miss Helen Grantley, Miss Winifred Berry, Miss Maud Ellsman, Miss Ella Mechlem, Henry Stratton, Frederick Mcgourkey, H. Campbell and Stanton Elliott.

OLD GREENWICH FOLK DEAD.

GREENWICH, Conn., May 14.—Dr. Norman Armett Smith died here Sunday night from paralysis. He was seventy-eight years old and leaves a widow and four children. He was a cousin of Frances Underwood, author, and a great friend of Longfellow and Whittier. The funeral will be private.

Mary A. Olmstead, widow of Samuel S. Olmstead, died in Greenwich Sunday in her ninety-first year. The funeral will be held Wednesday. William Smith, aged seventy-six, also died on Sunday.

$10 EACH FOR JOKES. FOR EACH JOKE, $10.

TO-DAY'S $10 WINNER.

WRITTEN BY E. B. FLEMING, Hilton, N. J.

EXPERIENCES ARITHMETIC.

Son (figuring on slate)—How many makes a million, father?

Father (who has just been dumped in Wall street)—Not many, my son.

Every day this week The Evening World will print a joke written by one of its readers.

For each joke used the writer will receive $10 in gold.

It must be a bright, newsy joke—about something going on in New York—and it must be written in this space:

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Name of author.....

Address .....

After writing your joke, name and address in the above space, send it, with this entire announcement, to "$10 Joke Editor, Evening World, P. O. box 2554 New York City."

The next $10 joke is printed to-day; the third will be printed to-morrow; the fourth on Thursday, and so on.

"THE PRISONER OF ALGIERS."

American Theatre Produced Another New Play Last Night.

The American Theatre has produced several new plays this season. Last night it brought out another, "The Prisoner of Algiers." It is essentially an American Theatre production, since it is the work of Frank Lindon, a member of the company. It does not purport to be anything more than a sequel, and a sequel to a play which is crowding "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a place as to a long run—"Monte Cristo."

"The Prisoner of Algiers" starts in after the duel of the hero, Danglars. Mr. Lindon played the part of Danglars, and he kills Connedetto, by way of vengeance, the American stage has witnessed more "killings" this season than any stage in town.

In this play Miss Letta Linthicum took the part of the heroine, Danglars's daughter, and saved Albert, a character taken by Mr. Ralph Stuart, who in some of the other plays brought out at the American this season has been the principal "slayer." In "The Prisoner of Algiers," however, Mr. Stuart is saved from the schemes of Eugenia's father. It was undoubtedly a relief to Mr. Stuart to play the character.

The sequel to "Monte Cristo" was well staged, as all of the American Theatre's plays are, and the audience which saw "The Prisoner of Algiers" last night gave it a reception which "Monte Cristo" himself—meaning James O'Neil—would have been proud of.

SEXTETTE IMITATED.

The popularity of the Florodora sextette has evoked an imitation of this multiple song and dance specialty in vaudeville. With the original act stringently protected by copyright, an effective and pleasing imitation was given last night at Keith's by the Beaux and Belles sextette.

The Cragg family of acrobats, which made its initial American appearance last night, showed new feats in the supposedly exhausted field of high and lofty tumbling. Their work is done with bewildering activity. There are two neat one-act plays on the bill and the usual profusion of musical and comic specialties.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRES.

"Lohengrin" was the opening bill of the Castle Square Opera Company, which began its usual spring season at the Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn last night. The cast included Joseph F. Sheehan, Gertrude Rennyson, Selma Kronold, Winifred Goff and others. The opera will again on Thursday evening.

"Ben Hur," with its massive and magnificent stage settings, and interpreted by the same good company that has been presenting the play for three weeks, begin the final week of its stay at the Columbia Theatre.

The Aubrey Stock Company began a short season at the Grand Opera-House last night, presenting "The Charity Ball." The cast included Franklyn Ritchie, George W. Conklin, Esther Lyon, Bertha Welby and others.

"The Girl We Love" was produced at the Amphion. Charles Dickson and Lillian Burkhart filled the leading characters and were supported by a good company.

At the Orpheum last night the bill included Homer Lind, Clayton White, Ralph Johnston, the trick cyclist; the Quaker City Quartet, Fred Niblo, the three Nevarros, Bruno and Russell, Bessie Lamb, Aurie Dagwell and Zeda and Elden.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Amusements.

Proctor's 23d St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. — Diversified Entertainments — 15 25 50c — COMEDIES, VARIETIES AND NOVELTIES. NIOBE & JACK'S UNCLE. Jess Dandy, A. J. Shaw, &c. THE WOMAN HATER. Geo. W. Monroe, Murray & Lane. CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL. 2 Stock acts. J. H. McCann, others. CONFUSION and In Honor Bound. Musical Dale, &c. Proctoscope. Big Stock Co. 13th Art'ns

PASTOR'S — CONTINUOUS SHOW. 14th Street. 20 AND 30 CENTS. Mr. & Mrs. MARK MURPHY, BELLE STEWART, JULIAN ROSE, LOUIS DACRE, TENLEY & SIMONDS, FISKE & M'DONOUGH, ASCOTT & EDDIE, MACK & ELLIOTT.

Amusements.

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

GARRICK THEATRE. 35th St. & B'way. Evgs at 8.15. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. CAPT. JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES. With ETHEL BARRYMORE.

GARDEN THEATRE. 27th st. & Mad. ave. Evgs. 8.30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. "The Biggest and the Best." UNDER TWO FLAGS With BLANCHE BATES as Cigarette.

Charles Frohman's CRITERION THEATRE B'way & 44th st. LAST 16 NIGHTS. Evgs 8.15. Mat. Saturday. JULIA MARLOWE WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE. 24th st., near B'way. Evgs. 8.30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. 150th Time. Thurs., June 6. Souvenirs. WILLIAM COLLIER ON THE QUIET.

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

BIJOU AMELIA BINGHAM COMPANY FIFTH MONTH. In Clyde Fitch's Best Play. TO-NIGHT AT 8.15. THE CLIMBERS. Mat. To-Morrow 2.15.

WALLACK'S. Evgs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Mon. May 20 CROSMAN SOUVENIR HENRIETTA. In the Merry Play. CROSMAN MISTRESS NELL

REPUBLIC. 42d st. East of B'way. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 125th Time. Seats NEXT FRIDAY. LOVERS' LANE

KEITH'S. PERAUX & BELLEC. CRAGG FAMILY. MARY DUPONT & CO. BELLE DAVIS.

HERALD SQ. THEA. Last Week. Mats. Wed. & Sat. THE PRIMA DONNA, with Lulu Glaser. Next Week—THE BRIXTON BURGLARY.

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. New Orchestra. GREAT MATCH GIRL. IN INDIA, CHINA AND AFRICA. Special Attractions To-Day.

AMERICAN 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. Evgs 8.15. 25c. 50c. MATINEE DAILY PRISONERS OF ALGIERS. (except Monday) 25c. Next Week—Rip Van Winkle.

GRAND Mat. To-Morrow, 25c. 50c. Anna Held.

THE NEW YORK B'way, 45th st. Evgs 8.15. Mat. Wed., Sat. Vaudeville Features and KING'S CARNIVAL—Phenomenal Hit

METROPOLIS 142D & 3D AVE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. WAITES STOCK CO.—"THE FATAL CARD."

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14TH ST. THEATRE, nr 6th Ave. Mat. Sat. only. POSITIVELY LAST 2 WEEKS! MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT LAST of the great revivals. Sweet Inniscarra. OLCOTT'S Last Time in N. Y. This Year, May 23.

MATINEE 25c EVERYBODY. MUTTON HILL The Lex. av. & 42d st. Evg. prices 25c., 35c., 50c. HOYT'S "A TEXAS STEER."

The DEWEY E. 14th St. MATINEE TO-DAY. LONDON BELLES CO. Burlesque & 4 Nelson Sisters.

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

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery, near Canal St. McBride & Goodrich, Annie Williams, Holmes & Launchmere, Devine & Schurtz, Gracey & Dorell, Rachel's Orchestra.

DALY'S LAST 2 WEEKS. SAN TOY

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