A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sheila Cope and her mother, Lady Cope, at the theatre encounter a mysterious woman with a purple heart-shaped scar on her arm. Sheila and her mother are thrilled at sight of the scar, which they recognize. Lady Cope after the play follows the mysterious woman in a cab and Sheila follows both. Sheila's cabman loses the others and she is attacked by a footpad and rescued by a young man, whom she had first seen at the theatre. She does not ask the young man's identity, but returns to the hotel to wait for her mother.

Lady Cope returns to the hotel in a dying condition. Her purple scarred arm is bruised and burned. She dies of heart disease, raving about "the scar," "revenge" and "the West Wing."

Sheila finds a clue to the mysterious woman in a pocket of a black cloak which Lady Cope brought home. Going next day to Arrish Mell Court in Dorsetshire, she investigates the West Wing. She finds nothing but a tiny key in a pocket of an old teagown of her mother's.

Sir Roger arrives to settle up Lady Cope's estate. He startles Sheila by asking if Lady Cope ever told her of her birth.

He proposes to her, and when refused, tells her that she is not the daughter of Lady Cope at all, and, as the dead woman left no will, the property belongs to himself as next of kin.

Sir Roger discloses the identity of Sheila's mother and gives her address. The Vicar confirms his story. Sheila decides to leave Arrish Mell Court forever.

She goes to her mother, whom she finds living with two daughters of a second marriage, in a squalid street in Peckham.

Sheila is refused work everywhere. She is followed and persecuted by a young tough named Welcome. Sir Roger writes, renewing his offer of marriage, which she again refused. Penniless, she sells her fine dress for four pounds and is robbed of every cent on the way home.

CHAPTER X.

Which Tells of Roger's Allies.

I ARRIVED at Easel street at last, very miserable.

"Sheila!" exclaimed a well-known voice as I opened the door of the front room, and Roger Cope sprang from a chair as I entered.

I started back with a faint cry of dismay, but before I could carry out my quickly formed design of running away he had taken two strides across the room and caught me by both hands.

"Do say you are glad to see me," he pleaded in his charming voice.

"I can't say it," I answered. "I am not glad. You said in your letter, which I only got this morning, that you would wait for word from me. I have written since to beg that you would not come."

"That's what I was afraid of," laughed Roger, quite boyishly. "I have a prophetic soul; you see, I really couldn't stay away any longer. Won't you come out and walk for a little while, so that we may quietly talk over past and future?"

"I would rather not," I said. "For—your letter made me think you had the same things to say that I have already answered. There's nothing more to add."

"Then I must speak to you here!" exclaimed Roger. "Your mother knows. It was right that I should tell her. And—she's just given me reason to hope that she'll stand my friend. Oh, Sheila, do be good to me! I swear you shall never regret it."

"I don't love you, Roger. I never shall love you," I said, firmly. "And so we could not be happy together. I meant what I told you before, and I mean it just as much—even more, if possible—now. If my life lay near yours we might be agreeable acquaintances at most. As it is, we can only be—strangers."

His handsome face hardened, and pressing his lips together he took up the immaculate hat which stood among the cracked dishes and cooking utensils on the table. My mother moved between him and the door.

"Oh, don't go, sir! Don't take her at her word!" she ejaculated. "Girls will be girls. She'll be sorry enough by and by, I promise you."

"I wish I could think so," sighed Roger, looking like a persecuted angel. "But I must go. Sheila doesn't want me here."

"It's my house, not hers!" cried my mother, sharply.

"You are good to me. But I didn't come to make her unhappy. I wish for her happiness more than anything else in the world. I'll go now, though I leave my heart behind, as she knows well. Yet I can't give up hope—not quite—till she is the wife of another man."

With this for an "exit" speech he was gone, dramatic to the end—the sympathetic hero of the scene in which I played the female villain.

As the door closed upon the handsome figure my mother turned upon me. "You must be mad!" she shrieked. "Do you know what you've just done?"

"The only thing I could do," I answered. But I was almost frightened at the look in her haggard eyes.

"You've deceived me," she went on, fiercely. "You've just the same as lied. You came here and pretended you'd been driven from your old home. It wasn't true. You left because you were a fool. And now, as if luck were never tired of following some people that don't deserve it, you've got the chance again. You shan't refuse it, you shan't. Such a man! Why, there can't be hardly his like in England. He might be a prince. And you've got nothin', nothin' but your face. He's got everything; all he wants is for you to take it and him with it. But you won't."

"I can't," I said, quietly, though my voice was shaking. "You don't understand."

"I understand that you ought to be in Bedlam. Why, a Queen's daughter might snap at him; and you—but I've no patience, I can't talk about it. I can just tell you this, my house is no place for fools."

"Very well," I said faintly, "since you think me that, since you don't want me here, I—I'll go."

"Oh, I don't mean that, Jenny!" she cried, her tone changing quickly. "I've got a temper, as you might know by this time. You oughtn't to aggravate it—just for nothin'." She came to me and laid both thin, work-worn hands on my shoulders, tears bursting suddenly from her eyes.

"My girl!" she sobbed. "My girl, do this—for me. For us all. Think what it means. Think what it would be for Fan and Totsey."

With that worn face and those beseeching eyes so near mine, I was dumb. My heart smote me.

"Oh, mother, mother, you are killing me!" I cried, and flung myself free from her clasping hands—not because the contact was hateful, but because I was desperate, scarcely knowing what I did. "I'll work for you all—I'll get money somehow, but—I'd rather die than marry Roger Cope. I told him I didn't love him, but it's worse than that—I have lied. He's a hypocrite—a snake."

I waited for no more—I could not endure to hear her answer, and have to retort upon thick again. Turning, I flew out of the room, and, running to my own, dared to bolt myself in.

At last evening was falling. I had stayed for at least five hours in the little back room.

The silence seemed ominous, but it was suddenly broken by a great clamor in the next room.

Above the noise rose Fan's voice, loud and shrill. She was screaming in hysterical passion, and flinging the furniture about, as I had known her to do once or twice before.

With a quickly beating heart I laid my hand on the bolt, slipping it back, yet hesitating when it was done to venture out.

As I stood, trembling and undecided, there was a sound of rushing footsteps in the passage, a weight was dashed against the door, which was violently opened, almost knocking me down.

Fan broke in upon me, her handsome, bold young face distorted into crimson ugliness.

"You cat—you deceitful cat!" she shrieked. "I've lost him and all through you. You've ruined me! You've spoilt my life, and on top o' that you refuse to make up to me in the only way you can. It's me earns the money 'ere. I keep this 'ouse, and I horder you out of it. D'ye 'ear?"

She shook me as she spoke, until my breath well nigh left my body. I could only gasp:

"What—do you—mean?"

"Tom has now thrown me over!" she panted. "That's wot I mean. And it's because of you. E's 'eard things about you—things 'e wouldn't tell me. But 'e won't 'ave nothin' more to do with me so long as you're in this 'ouse, makin', the whole ny'bour'ood ring with talk. 'E met me at fact'ry, and we 'ad it out. Then I comes home, and I 'ear the chance you've thrown away—the chance for the lot of us. I won't stand it, I won't. I never liked you. Now the sight of you and your airs mykes me sick! Out you go this night."

She pushed me from her, and I staggered backward, half falling on the bed.

"I will go," I gasped. "After this—I could not stay."

I got up again, feeling strangely dazed, my arms bruised, and sparks dancing before my eyes from the rough treatment I had received.

"You're too hard on her, Fan," I heard my mother plead. "She has paid her way up to now, and well, too. And mebbe she'll come round and see things different from what she does now."

"She goes out o' this 'ouse to-night, or I do, that's all," pronounced Fan.

I had been almost too giddy to stand at first, but now I groped to the wall, where I had hung up my hat and coat, after I had come in, hours ago.

"I—I want to go," I stammered. "Don't worry, mother. I shall be all right. I won't stoop to defend myself. And I—know people who will take me in. This must have come sooner or later, I see now. I'll write to you, and—and by and by I'll send you money, I hope. Good-by. You have meant to be kind."

"But"—my mother had begun to falter when Fan cut her short.

I took my mother's shaking hands and pressed them. Perhaps I ought to have kissed her, but somehow I could not. I murmured something confused about seeing her again, and then, when I had given the sobbing Totsey a fleeting embrace, I pushed blindly past the group of curious ones who had gathered in the passage and went out into the open air.

As I ran out a big drop or two of rain splashed down upon my upturned face.

The man Welcome, just coming home from his unknown "business," caught sight of me as I left the house, and I saw by his eye that it was in his mind to follow.

I quickened my pace and hurried round the corner. Then I began to run, flying through street after street until I knew that he must have lost scent. At last I stopped, bewildered and completely lost.

(To Be Continued.)

FAN IS ENRAGED.

SHE SHOOK ME AS SHE SPOKE UNTIL MY BREATH WELL NIGH LEFT MY BODY.

SAVED GIRLS AND SPANIELS.

POLICE RESCUE MRS. VIDAL'S DAUGHTERS AND DOGS.

Were in Peril in a Mysterious Fire in Second Avenue Early This Morning.

Mrs. Camille Vidal, her three pretty daughters and twelve water spaniels were rescued from the second story of a brick building, No. 2218 Second avenue, which caught fire in a mysterious manner early this morning. The police believe the blaze was incendiary and are investigating it.

Mrs. Vidal was awakened by smoke pouring into her room. The halls were filled with smoke, and she leaned out of a front window, shrieking for help. Policeman Blondin sent in an alarm and, with the aid of Policeman Duffy, brought Mrs. Vidal and her three daughters out in safety. As soon as she reached the street Mrs. Vidal exclaimed, tearfully:

"Oh! my pets, my darlings; they are being killed!"

Under the impression that more pretty daughters were in peril, the two policemen dashed into the burning building. They searched the flat, and in the kitchen found the water spaniels, which they brought out. They were very handsome animals, and each of the bystanders wanted one, but their mistress kept them around her until the fire was out.

The lower floor of the building is occupied as a saloon by an Italian named William Martigni. The building caught fire a few days ago. The damage this morning was $3,000.

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

BATHER NEARLY DROWNED.

Reindel Struck a Rock When He Dived Into the East River.

John Reindel, fifty-three years old, of No. 129 First avenue, went in bathing this morning in the East River at the foot of Seventieth street. While diving he struck a submerged rock, which inflicted a severe scalp wound and rendered him partly unconscious. He was rescued by a couple of other bathers and taken to the Presbyterian Hospital.

OLD MAN SHOOTS HIMSELF.

Morris Spitzer Was Despondent Because of Ill Health.

Morris Spitzer, sixty-four years old, an Austrian widower, who lived with several sons and daughters at No. 1628 First avenue, committed suicide last night by shooting himself in the left temple.

Despondency resulting from illness is assigned as the cause of the act.

Piles Cured
WHERE KNIFE FAILED.
Thos. E. Wood, 818 17th St., Sacramento, Cal.:—"One 50c. box of Pyramid Pile Cure permanently cured me of piles. For 30 years I suffered; underwent a frightful operation, nearly died, but failed to cure. I was unable to walk when I tried Pyramid Pile Cure. The first application relieved me." All druggists sell it. Book free by mail. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

SEPT. 15, 1901.
RING THE BELL.
Call every veteran in who wears a Straw Hat.
Fall Styles
Now ready in WARNER'S High-Grade Hats. Not one block, but EVERY style to suit your physique and fancy.
WARNER'S
3 EAST 42D STREET,
IN THE GREAT CITY, U. S. A.

ELOPED AND IS NOW IN JAIL.

PHILADELPHIAN CHARGED WITH THEFT IN NEWARK.

Says He Ran Away with His Accuser and Left Her After A Quarrel.

Stephen Kotyuga, thirty-seven years old, of No. 54 Morton street, Newark, was arrested yesterday in that city at the request of the Philadelphia Police Department. A charge of stealing $60 was made in Philadelphia against Kotyuga by Mrs. Matilda Bock, who formerly lived at No. 70 Belmont avenue, Newark.

Kotyuga told the Newark police he and Mrs. Bock eloped from Newark several weeks ago. A few days ago they quarrelled and Kotyuga returned to Newark. He says Mrs. Bock gave him $150, but he denies he ever stole a dollar from her. Kotyuga will be held pending action by the Philadelphia authorities. He is married and has six children. Mrs. Bock is said to be a widow with two children.

PASTOR'S WIFE DENIES CHARGES

MRS. WALLACE SAYS SHE DOES NOT DRINK.

Accuses Her Husband of Non-Support and Says He Made Her Work.

Rev. William H. Wallace, pastor of the Mount Moriah Baptist Church, West Park, N. J., is the petitioner in a suit for divorce from his wife Emeline, proceedings for which have been instituted in the Chancery Court.

The clergyman alleges that one month after his marriage in 1899 he discovered his wife had the liquor habit. He declares he exerted every effort to reform her, but after three months she deserted him. The petitioner also asserts that he has since frequently endeavored to influence his wife to return to him but she has refused.

In an answer filed by Mrs. Wallace a denial of the complainant's allegations is made. She charges her husband refused to support her after they had been married one month, and declares he compelled her to work for her own living at severe manual labor. Mrs. Wallace also declares the petitioner once beat her, and is now under arrest for the fourth time on a charge of non-support.

TRIED FIVE TIMES TO DIE.

LAST ATTEMPT OF CHARLES LAMB WAS SUCCESSFUL.

Started to Hang Himself, and Cut His Throat When He Was Interrupted.

The fifth attempt of Charles Lamb to kill himself was successful and he lies dead to-day at his home in Williamsburg.

For eight years he had been a clerk in the Harlem office of the Consolidated Gas Company. Two months ago he conceived the idea that his fellow clerks were conspiring to injure him and he shot himself in the breast, in front of the gas office.

A month later he shot himself in the head, putting out one eye. Two weeks ago he cut his wrists, but his wife bandaged up the wounds and saved his life.

Yesterday afternoon he tried to hang himself, but his eight-year-old son interrupted him. Then he cut his throat with a razor and was dead when found by his wife.

Coming on the Kaiser Wilhelm.

Among the passengers on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, sailing from Southampton and Cherbourg on Sept. 11 and due here Sept. 17, are Col. J. B. Ehrhardt, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Knowles, Dr. George A. Quinby, Baroness von Andre, Lady Lister Kaye, Miss Yznaga and Mrs. John Tod.

MRS. RICE SAYS SHE WAS DRUGGED

BELIEVES ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO STEAL HER JEWELS.

Felt Strange After Drinking Soda Water—Suspects Men Who Approached Her.

Mrs. Charles C. Rice, who will be arraigned before Magistrate Brann in the Yorkville Court to-day, charged with intoxication, now claims to have been drugged while drinking soda water in a Sixth avenue restaurant. She says that she believes that the drug was given to her for the purpose of stupefying her so that she could be robbed of the valuable diamonds and jewelry that she wore.

Mrs. Rice was arrested last Monday evening while wandering aimless in the vacinity of Twenty-fourth street and Lexington avenue. She was unable to give an account of herself, but the next morning gave a fictitious name and address. She was accompanied by her niece, a thirteen-year-old girl, when arrested.

The girl, who was also under the influence of some drug, was remanded to the care of the Children's Society and was later returned to her home in Saratoga.

Mrs. Rice, who is the wife of a broker, is a handsome young woman. Her home is at No. 216 Albany avenue, Brooklyn. She says that before she drank the soda water she noticed two men who tried to form her acquaintance. As soon as she drank the soda water, she says, she felt queer and hastened to the street. She remembered nothing more until she awoke the next morning in the police station.

TO START STEEL MILL.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 13.—The fires will be lighted this morning under the boilers of the Shenango Steel Mill, at New Castle, Pa., and preparations will be made for the starting of the plant next Monday morning. The striking steel mill workers remain firm in their determination not to return to work.

HOMELESS WOMAN'S PLIGHT.

Physicians at Bellevue Hospital feared to tell Mrs. Anna Byrnes last night that her three-weeks-old baby would not live many hours. Although weak from illness and lack of nourishment the woman would not stay in the hospital, but went out in search of employment that she might make a home for the baby.

Mrs. Byrnes said her husband deserted her three weeks ago while she was living at No. 305 West Twenty-seventh street. She gave up her flat and took a furnished room in the house. The baby became ill a few days ago and yesterday suffered from convulsions.

When the child's condition became serious Mrs. Feine, the landlady, became alarmed, according to Mrs. Byrnes, and told her to leave the house with the child.

Mrs. Byrnes, after tramping the streets, became exhausted at Twenty-seventh street and Eighth avenue, where Policeman Molvar, of the West Twentieth Street Station, found her. He sent her to Bellevue in an ambulance.

PAUL CORDIER.

Jay Gould's Old Chef, Comes to Grief.

He was at one time Chef for the Empress of Austria, to John Jacob Astor and some of the best known people in the world. Although sober and industrious he dropped down from positions paying from $3,000.00 a year to Fifteen Dollars a month. He could no longer work on account of Asthma and Bronchitis. His friends at 224 W. 40th st., N. Y., gave him up to die of Consumption.

He coughed and raised vast quantities of putrid matter. He could hardly breathe, he had night sweats, his lungs pained him, every physician he tried failed, and he became so weak and run down that he could hardly walk, and poor Paul Cordier was only a shadow of the vigorous man of a few months ago.

He was heartbroken and discouraged, but as a last resort he applied to the original Koch Lung Cure doctors, at 48 W. 22d st., the first of this year. In speaking to him to-day he said:

"I must say that these doctors cured me. I am now as well as I ever was, and it is all because I stopped taking medicine into my stomach and breathed those healing oily vapors into the air tubes of the lungs; they seemed to heal them up and I began to gain as soon as the lungs began to open up. I am to-day well and have been for three months, and can again work hard. I live at 194 9th ave., New York City, but I am to be found during the day at 224 W. 40th st., where I am well known.

"I will say that I had my own private flask for taking this treatment. I followed the advice of Dr. Koch himself, whom I met at this office, and I offer my testimonial to the doctors who saved my life after years of suffering and taking all kinds of medicine." PAUL CORDIER.

The Wanamaker Store
Store closes Today and Saturday at 5 o'clock.
On Monday usual hours of business will be resumed.
Stirring Fall Offering of
Men's Stiff-Bosom Shirts
Men are getting back to business. Negligee Shirts will be put aside as soon as possible, and these are exactly the Shirts wanted to take their places. Made of handsome madras or percale, by high-class shirt-makers. The styles of materials, and style of cutting, are both above reproach. The laundering is of the very highest character.
Half the quantity of Shirts are dollar quality, the other half sell regularly at $1.50.
Today Choose at 60 Cents Each
You'd likely pick out almost the same identical shirts in some store this week or next, and think them handsome at $1 or $1.50. Look at them and see.
They are open front and back; some with cuffs attached, others detached.
More than four thousand shirts in the lot—this should be plenty for all who come, even buying them by half-dozens as so many men will.
All regular sizes. 60 cents each.
Ninth street aisle.
JOHN WANAMAKER,
Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

SHOES
for School and College use of sterling wearing quality, at prices which prove them to be economical.
SIXTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH ST.
ALEXANDER

There's Great Satisfaction
IN ER SEAL
in knowing where your food comes from and who handles it. That's one of the good things about biscuit and wafers packed in the In-er-seal Patent Package. You know they were baked in the cleanest bakery in the world; you know they were sealed in the In-er-seal Patent Package right at the door of the oven; you know they have not been handled by any one between you and the baker. It pays in many ways to buy biscuit and wafers in the In-er-seal Patent Package.
When you order Soda, Milk, Graham, Oatmeal, Butter Thin and Saltine Biscuit, Vanilla and Banquet Wafers, Ginger Snaps, Sultana Fruit, and Sea Foam, don't forget to ask for the kind that come in the In-er-seal Patent Package. Look for the trade-mark design on the end of each package.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.
Saturday Bargains.
Hosiery.
600 doz. Ladies' Plain and Fancy Hose,
Worth.... 12½, 20, 35, 39, 49, 65
For..... 9, 15, 25, 29, 35, 49
300 doz. Children's Plain and Ribbed Hose at less than cost of manufacture.
Worth..... 12½, 19, 21, 29, 35
For..... 9, 12½, 15, 19, 25
Gloves.
400 pair Cotton, Lisle and Silk Gloves, were 25 and 49c., to close at 10c.
Ribbons.
A Great Sale of Plain and Fancy Ribbons at 5, 10, 15, 25 and 30c.
Handkerchiefs.
The prettiest, most fetching styles ever seen in New York at oddly little prices.
300 doz. Men's Hemstitched Colored Border Handkerchiefs, worth 10c., only 5c.
Men's All Linen Handkerchiefs, 12½c.
300 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, plain and embroidered, at 5c. each.
200 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, embroidered and lace trimmed; were 15 and 20c., to close at 10c.
500 doz. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 25c., only 15c.
Ladies' Neck Wear.
Special values in all the new things in Neck Wear.
We call special attention to novelties at 25c. and 49c.
Boys' Clothing.
New Fall Styles in Boys' Clothing, Hats and Caps—Special Sale of Boys' School Pants at 29c., Boys' Waists 25c., Boys' Double-Breasted Suits, strictly all wool, sizes 8 to 18, only $1.98, worth $3.
Boys' 3 Garment Suits, ages 10 to 16 years, only $2.98, worth $4.
Boys' Sailor Suits, sizes 3 to 10, nicely trimmed, only $1.98, worth $3.
Saturday Bargains in Shoes.
Special values in Boys' and Girls' School Shoes.
Boys' and Youths' Satin Calf Lace, solid leather soles, sizes 12 to 5½, Special 97c.
Little Gents' Calf Lace, spring heels, extra value, sizes 8½ to 13½, Reg. Value $1.25.
Misses' Dongola Kid Lace, with patent leather tips; sewed soles, spring heels; sizes 11 to 2,
Boys' and Youths' Calf Lace, of selected stock, sewed soles, extra solid throughout, sizes 12 to 5½,
Also Little Gents' Box Calf and Vici Kid Lace, spring heels, sizes 8 1-2 to 13 1-2, $1.25 and $1.50
Misses' and Children's Shoes, in Dongola Kid, button and lace; also in Box Calf, lace, White Brothers' stock, White Oak soles and solid counters, sewed.
Sizes 5 1-2 to 8, 85c. and $1.00.
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.
Open Saturday Night Until 10 o'clock.
Grand Street Store.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Amusements.
CHARLES FROHMAN'S CRITERION Theatre, B'way and 44th St. EVENINGS, 8.20. ONLY MAT. SATURDAY. WM. FAVERSHAM | A ROYAL RIVAL.
EMPIRE Theatre. Broadway and 40th St. Evenings, 8.20. Matinee Saturday, 2.15. JOHN DREW | The Second in Command.
KNICKERBOCKER. Broadway and 38th St. Evenings, 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2.15. The Rogers Brothers in Washington.
GARRICK THEATRE. 35th St. & B'way. Last 2 Nights. Last Mat. Sat | ARE YOU A MASON? Monday—Capt. Jinks, with Ethel Barrymore.
Garden Theatre. 27th St. & Madison Ave. To-night, 8.20. Matinee Saturday, 2. Mr. R. C. SOTHERN IN THE NEW PLAY. Richard Lovelace. Richard Lovelace.
METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. OPENING SEPT. 16. Box office now open. "LADIES' PARADISE." 2,000 Reserved Seats, 50c.
HAMMERSTEIN'S....424 st., B'way & 7th ave. on the combined roofs of the Victoria and Republic Theatres. Glass inclosed. Fully protected. PARADISE GARDENS. 15 BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS. Sunday Night GRAND VAUDEVILLE CONCERT.
PROCTOR'S 23d St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. Big Comedy & Vaudeville Stock. Laughing Shows—Low Prices. "WIDOW BRDOTT." Europe's best vaudeville feature, FLORENZ TROUPE. Augustin Daly's "A NIGHT OFF," and continuous vaudeville, 1 to 10.30. "THE MAN FROM MEXICO." Great Comedy & VAUDEVILLE. All Big Acts. "THE JILT." Bouncault's Funniest Comedy. VAUDEVILLE. 15, 25, 50c.
PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS SHOW 14TH STREET. 20 AND 30 CENTS. NAT WILLS, O'ROURKE & BURNETT, LITTLE & PRITZKOW, MUDGE & MORTON, McBRIDE & GOODRICH, STEWART & GILLEN, and the great HOWARD & BLAND.
MANHATTAN BEACH. LAST WEEK At 8 P. M. Except Sunday. At 3.30 & 9P.M. CHINA & PAIN'S FIREWORKS. Fashionable Vaudeville 6 acts. TWICE DAILY, 25, 50 & 75c.
BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. & B'way. Six Weeks. Commencing To-Morrow Night. CASTLE SQUARE OPERA CO. TO-MORROW NIGHT.....AIDA. Prices: 25,50,75,$1. Wed. Mat., 25,50. Seats selling.
Murray Hill Thea. Lex. av. & 42d st. Eve'g prices 25c.,35c.,50c. 4th Yr. H. V. Donnelly Stock Co. Don Caesar de Bazan and E. H. Sothern's "Never Trouble Trouble Till Trouble Troubles You." MATINEE 25c. EVERY DAY
WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL, B'way & 29th. Mats. Tues., Sat. PERFORMANCE BEGINS AT 8.10 SHARP. HOITY-TOITY & Burlesque of DIPLOMACY.
NEW YORK B'way, 44th-45th Sts. Ev. 8.15 MATS. WED. & SAT., 2.15 HIT! MOST EMPHATIC THE KING'S CARNIVAL. Also "Supper at Sherry's" & Special Features.
CASINO. B'way & 39th St. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. FLORODORA
BON-TON MUSIC HALL, 234 st., near 6th ave. MATINEES DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. FORMERLY Koster & Bial's. VAUDEVILLE & BURLESQUE. Concert Every Sunday Evening.
WALLACK'S Eve. 8.30. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2.15. "Best Don Caesar since Salvini."—Tribune. JAMES K. HACKETT in Don Caesar's Return. Cast includes Wilton Lackaye & Theodore Roberts.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Place. A MAMMOTH PRODUCTION. 200 PEOPLE. ARIZONA. Prices, 25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2. Eve. 8.15.
THE DEWEY E. 14th St. This Sunday Night—Grand Concert. 25c., 50c. MATINEE TO-DAY. RENTZ SANTLEY BURLESQUERS.
AMERICAN 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. Evgs. 8.15. 25c. 50c. MATINEE DAILY (Except Mon. 25c.) SHENANDOAH. Nat w'k, An Enemy to the King.
METROPOLIS. 142D ST. AND 3D AVE. Eve'g 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. ONE OF THE BRAVEST. Next Week—The Road to Ruin—Terry McGovern.
HURTIG & SEAMON'S 125th St. & 7th Ave. Matinee To-Morrow. MONTGOMERY & STONE, 3 Mortons, THOVOLLO, others.
14th St. Theatre, nr 6th av. Mats. Wed. & Sat. WED. MAT., 25c. & 50c. No Higher. LAST WEEK THE MORMON WIFE. NEXT MONDAY, Sept. 16—"UP YORK STATE."
GRAND The NEIL BURGESS COUNTY FAIR. Next Week ROSE COGHLAN
LYCEUM 8.15. Mat. Thur. & Sat., 2. BERTHA GALLAND in THE FOREST LOVERS.
KEITH'S B'way and 14th St. CONTINUOUS SHOW. BEST IN TOWN. PRICES, 25c., 50c.
EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. New Orchestra. CINEMATOGRAPH And Special Attractions To-Day.
Herald Square Theatre MATS. WEDS. AND SAT. ANDREW MACK as "Tom Moore."
HARLEM Op. House Nat Wk—FRANCIS WILSON in "The Strollers." The BRIXTON BURGLARY Evgs., 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.15.
Brooklyn Amusements.
BRIGHTON BEACH MUSIC HALL. Seats, 25c. Daily Mats. Children at Mats. 25c. ANOTHER GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL. Geo. W. Monroe, Reno & Richards, Jenny Eddy Trio, Linton & McIntyre, Vernon, May Yvonne, 3 Little Pucks, Vitagraph, B'klyn Marine Band.
COL. SINN'S MONTAUK MATINEE SAT. ONLY. FRANCIS WILSON AND CO. OF 100 IN THE STROLLERS.
COLUMBIA MAT. DAILY EXCEPT MON., 25c. EVENINGS.....25c., 35c. & 50c. WEEK OF SEPT. 16. SHENANDOAH. UNDER TWO FLAGS.
Excursions.
Amusement and Education Combined.
GLEN ISLAND LAST DAY OF THIS SEASON MONDAY Sept. 16th
TIME TABLE—STEAMERS LEAVE. Cortlandt St. piers, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 A. M., 12 M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.45, P. M. North 24 St., Brooklyn, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 A. M., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.00 P. M. East 23d St., 9.45, 10.45, 11.45 A. M., 12.45, 2.15, 4.30 P. M. LEAVE GLEN ISLAND, 11 M. and 1.00 P. M. for Cortlandt St. only, 11.30 A. M. for East 23d St. and Cortlandt St., 2, 3, 5, 7, P. M. for all landings. EXTRA BOATS SUNDAYS.
EXCURSION 40 CENTS, Including Admission to All Attractions.
BY RAIL TO THE SEA. MANHATTAN BEACH. LEAVE FOOT EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., week days 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 9.20, 11.00 A. M., 12.10, 12.40 (race days C. I. J. Cl.), 1.10, 2.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10, 3.40, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.00, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.30 and 10.50 P. M. Trains stop at East New York 25 minutes after 34th st. time. FROM WHITEHALL ST., N. Y., via 39th St., South Brooklyn, Ferry, connecting with steam trains, Long Island Railroad. Leave on week days 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 A. M., 12.00 noon and every forty minutes from 1.00 P. M. to 10.20 P. M. Additional trains on race days C. I. J. Club 12.20, 12.40, 1.20, 2.00 P. M.
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSION UP THE SOUND TO GREAT NECK, SEA CLIFF, GLEN COVE AND GLENWOOD. The steamer "NANTASKET" will leave New York, Pier 13, 1.30 P. M.; foot 31st st., E. R., 1.45 P. M. Due at Sea Cliff 3.25. Returning leave Glenwood at 7.00, Sea Cliff 7.20, Great Neck 8.00 P. M., arriving at New York, 31st st., 9.10; Pier 13, E. R., 9.25 P. M. EXCURSION TICKETS, 50c.
EVERY SUNDAY UP THE SOUND TO SEA CLIFF AND GLENWOOD. THE ELEGANT STEAMER "NANTASKET" will leave New York, Pier 13 E. R., near foot Wall st., 9.30; foot 31st st., E. R., 9.45 A. M. Returning, leave Glenwood 4.00, Sea Cliff 4.20 P. M., due in New York 7.00 P. M. Excursion Tickets, 50 Cents.
WEST POINT, NEWBURG and POUGHKEEPSIE. Daily Excursions (except Sundays) by Palace Iron Day Line steamers "New York" and "Albany" from Desbrosses street pier at 8.40 A. M. and West Twenty-second street at 9 A. M.

"The South African War."
A resume of the causes which led up to it. Boer-Land and the Boers. The English in South Africa. A history of the war up to Dec., 1899. A War Map of South Africa.
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