

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

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Home After Her Little Trip for Rest and Happiness, She No Sooner Enters the House Than He Begins Again to Snarl and Jeer, but She Is Patient and Uncomplaining as Before.



"Now, don't scowl, Mr. Nagg! Are you not glad to see brother Willie stays at home like a good boy?"

How tired I am! You don't care, of course. But I am tired. I would never have taken such a trip in my nervous state, all run down and so sick I could hardly walk, and you would drag me away. I didn't need to go, you say? You never wanted me to have a good time. You only think of yourself. You knew I was anxious for a little rest at Washington and Baltimore. You wanted to see Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, in glory of the springtime on the picturesque Potomac. You knew all this, and you tried to tempt me out of it because you saw I was feeling well and strong and in good spirits. Why didn't you tell me this? I have some pride left. I would not let myself up you, Mr. Nagg. I didn't want to go. If you had even believed that you wanted to go off on an spree for you were drinking ginger ale the entire trip—I would not have thrust myself upon you. I would have far preferred to stay in my happy little home, with my little brother Willie, who is only twenty-six, and is not a rough man of the world like you are. I would have preferred to stay quietly with my dear mother. I know they have missed my quiet smile. I know they appreciate me and I know that the house has been sad and dark and lonely while I have been away. All the time they were hoping I would be back. In fancy I can see dear mamma and little brother Willie sitting at the window hour after hour waiting for me. I know the house is bright and clean and everything waits my return. In fancy I can see brother Willie and mamma waiting in the dark for me, longing for my return, forgetting even to light the gas or to cook a meal till I return to them. This is what you deprived me of. This is what you dragged me away from. I did not want to go. But I tell you that I saw how anxious you were that I should not go.

with you, and when I saw this nothing would have kept me back. "Why don't you speak to me? Why don't you say something? Are you unhappy because we are returning to the little home I have tried to make a haven of quiet and rest for you? Are you sorry to return back to my little brother Willie, who is so fond of you when you give him money, and my dear mother, who talks to you for your own good, and who only thinks of my happiness? "Ah, you do not care for them. I can see that. You do not care for me. You treat me with silent contempt. Do not interrupt me! Do not say a word! "I can stand a good deal. I have stood much, but I could not stand for your beginning to quarrel with me now that we are nearing our home, in which I have toiled with smiling face to make an abode of content and happiness. "Suppose you had married a woman who took me away and then you sent ruffians to drive my dear old mother and my little brother Willie out of the house! "What means this awful cloud of cigar smoke in the hall? Oh, Mr. Nagg, now I know! You took me out of the house; you drove my mother and little brother Willie away, and you have hired ruffians to sit in the parlor and smoke and drink liquor to drive my mother and brother off if they try to return. "Don't deny it! I hear rough voices in the parlor. Don't deny it, I say. I can hear them drink and swear. "Look at the condition of the house. The furniture is broken! The pictures are off the wall! The hall is full of muddy footprints! "Wretch! Monster! "What is this in the parlor? Why, it's brother Willie and some of his boy friends from the neighborhood whiling away the hours till I return by their innocent little diversions! "Mamma has gone out shopping, you say, Willie? "Now, don't scowl, Mr. Nagg! Are you not glad to see brother Willie stays at home like a good boy? "If it were you along in the house you would have the place full of your disreputable smoking, drinking, card-playing friends! "You won't stand this, you say? "No, help! My brute of a husband is going to quarrel with me. Oh, why do I stand his awful humors as I do?"

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As he rose he saw a policeman turn into Read's street from the west and advance leisurely toward them. Ballard, too, his senses more fully returning, struggled to a sitting position, his eyes, under the battered wreck of his derby, fixed steadily on the Englishman. Clearly there was no time to be lost. The Englishman walked toward Broadway as readily as he dared, trusting to luck that the policeman was too far away to take in the situation. Ballard, however, the mists clearing from his throbbing brain, had scrambled to his feet, and was staggering in dizzy pursuit of the murderer. "Help!" yelled Royce thickly, as the Englishman quirked his pace. "Hi! Police!" The policeman broke into a run and reached the injured man. Royce pointed toward the now fleeing Englishman, and gasped out a few words that made clear the situation to the officer. "Stop!" shouted the policeman, drawing his revolver and rushing along in pursuit of the Englishman. "Stop or I'll shoot!" The cliff-like sides of the dead thoroughfare awoke and re-echoed to the roar of the bluecoat's feet. The pursuer, at the same time banged on the pavement with his night stick. The Englishman had reached Broadway. His pursuers were a half block behind. "If only a car will happen along here," he panted. "Luck was with him. Less than a block away an empty north-bound trolley car came bowling along at almost top rate,

A Remarkable Young Couple.



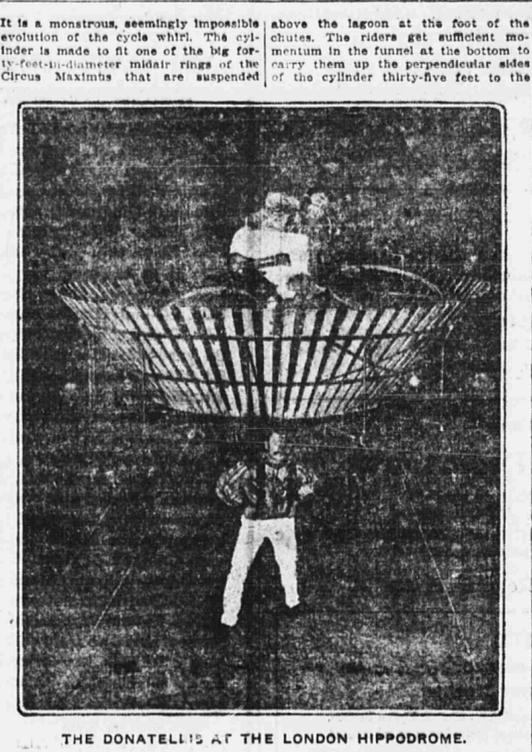
Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lytton.

It rarely happens that the descendants of two famous men meet and marry. This, however, has been the pleasant fate of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lytton, who is Lord Lytton's youngest brother, and, of course, the grandson of the great Bulwer-Lytton, whose fame in English letters is now enjoying a revival, while his young wife was Miss Judith Elton, Anne Elton, and a descendant through her mother of the great Lord Byron. Mr. Lytton is only twenty-one. He and Mrs. Neville Lytton, who is her distinguished parents' only child, live in a quaint, old-world place, "Rake Mill," in Surrey. They are both devoted to outdoor life, Mrs. Lytton being, perhaps, one of the best horsewomen in Great Britain.

A Thriller! A Thriller! My Kingdom for a Thriller!

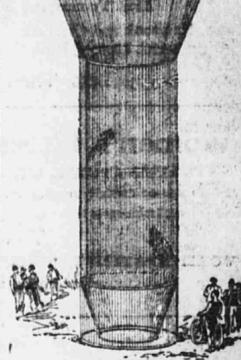
The Cry of Show People Everywhere, and of Coney Island Show People Especially.

The demand for "thrillers" in the show line is unusually great now. Every flock of life that is mechanically figured out and is obtained as an attraction for the public, which is always eager to see a human being give death as close and during a shave as possible. The "loop-the-loop" sensation lasted a while, but its novelty wore off as accidents became fewer and the danger manifestly less. The loop-the-loop was on bicycles and in automobiles until the show gorgers grew weary of it. Then somebody suggested cutting a piece out of the loop, and "looping the gap" gave the public something to wonder and shudder at. The gap has been looped in an auto—a young woman nearly lost her life doing it in Madrid the other day—but the present blood-curdling way of looping the gap is on a bicycle. Anelliotti does this twice a day at the circus and he still has some bones and features left. The bicycle is really more difficult of control and presents more danger under such circumstances than the auto. It figures in all the new "thrillers" and will be exploited in several perilous ways at Coney Island this season. There the cycle whirl will be employed as a half-raiser. In London a new form of this act is given by the Donatellis, a musical team, who make it a combination bicycle specialty and strong-man "turn." The Donatellis have rigged up a "whirl" in which one of the team rides, while the other bears the whole apparatus, rider and all, on his head. A harness secures the base of the "whirl" to the strong man's body, and guide ropes from the "whirl" to the floor further steady the great weight and lessen the chances of an accident. The very limit of sensational, dare-devil bicycle riding was to have been reached in the velodrome, one of the new European acts booked for the Circus Maximus at Luna Park this summer. The velodrome is a huge cylinder of wats with a funnel at the bottom and a larger, more daring one at the top.



THE DONATELLIS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

above the lagoon at the foot of the chutes. The riders get sufficient momentum in the funnel at the bottom to carry them up the perpendicular sides of the cylinder thirty-five feet to the



The Velodrome.

the velodrome will have to give way to a new Luna Park sensation in which a den of lions. The bicycle rider will get his start on a platform placed above the lion's den. When he gets into the whirl the platform will be removed, the whirl will be raised, and then there will be nothing to save him from the lions should he fall. The lions' cage, as the illustration shows, is open at the top.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN. Barnum & Bailey.

Greatest Show on Earth. NO FREE TICKETS TO ANY ONE. LAST TWO WEEKS. Exhibiting in Brooklyn week of April 25, at Halsey Street, and at BROOKLYN. Magnificent Representation of THE GORGEOUS DELHI DURBAR. ANCILOTTI, THE MODERN ARIEL, LOOPING THE GAP, VOLO, THE WIZARD VOLITANT, SOLO and CHICO, The Marvellous Unicorn.

PROCTOR'S To-Day, 25c, 50c, 75c. FRANK BUSH LOUIS SIMON. "APRIL WEATHER." "SKY FARM." "HUSH-A-BYE, BABY."

NEW YORK THEATRE. Laugh While You May. RICHARD CARLE. TENDER-FOOT.

NEW AMSTERDAM 49d. West of 14th St. ALL-STAR TWO OPERAS. PASTOR'S HEARTSEASE.

MARJESTIC WIZARD OF OZ. GRAND-The Girl with the Green Eyes. THE GOTHAM PARISIAN WIDOWS.

MATINEE DAILY. AMERICAN. Keley & Shannon in "The Two Sisters".

ATLANTIC GARDEN. METROPOLITAN Way Down East. BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS. MONTAUK. GLITTERING GLORIA.

A WONDERFUL DETECTIVE STORY The Fatal Chord; or, the Baffling Mystery of the Carnegie Hall Murder

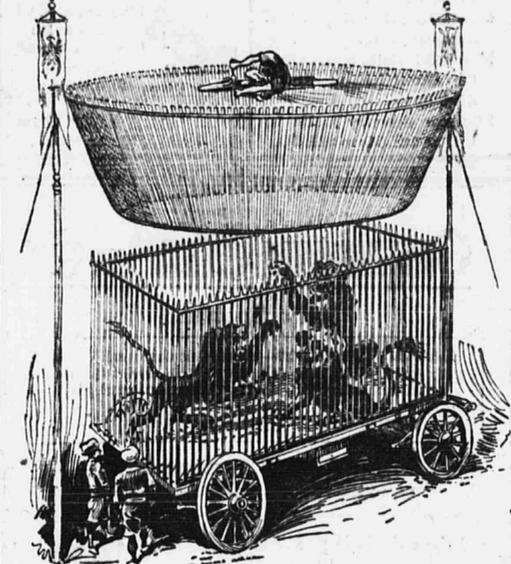
By Albert Payson Terhune

CHAPTER VIII. A Hold-Up and What Followed. A MAN stepped briskly out, closing the door behind him. His spring lock clicked and both men were locked out, thus spoiling the Englishman's hope of encountering Ballard in the hall. He would have attacked the newcomer as the door opened had he been sure that it was Royce. But before he had clearly identified Ballard by the dim gleam of the distant electric light the door was shut. Ballard, surprised to be thus confronted, took an involuntary backward step which brought him against the closed door. From this point of vantage he scanned keenly the indistinct face and dim figure of the man before him. There seemed something vaguely familiar about the intruder. "What do you want?" he asked very sharply. "Could you give a poor fellow the price of—" "No I couldn't," he snapped, cutting short the ill-dressed man's stammering appeal. "and I—" "Hands up!" "The Englishman's order was short and imperative as a pistol shot. With

a quick move he had covered Ballard with a revolver. Royce Ballard did not number cowards among his vices. Neither was he slow-witted. His antagonist was not four feet off. Royce threw up his arms obediently; but as he did so he caught the Englishman's right wrist in his own left hand, twisting his assailant's wrist so sharply that the revolver clattered to the pavement. With a simultaneous gesture of his right hand Royce drew a pistol from the side pocket of the sack coat he wore and thrust it into the Englishman's face. For the tiniest interval of space the Englishman pictured himself again returning to Gresham and Beckwith, outwitted by this man. The thought decided him. Scarcely was the pistol on a level with his head than he dropped to one knee, seized Ballard about the legs and threw him backward over his head to the side walk. The entire movement did not occupy half a second. Royce Ballard, taken totally by surprise, fell heavily, the top of his head striking the pavement with such force that his stiff derby alone averted a fracture of the skull. As it was, he lay there, huddled, senseless, inert. Another swift glance up and down the street and the Englishman was on his knees beside the prostrate man. With skilled fingers he ransacked his victim's clothes. Resisting his impluse first to explore the breast-pockets, he drew forth Royce's watch and then a roll of bills that were, in his right-hand trousers pocket. Plunging his hand first into the inside breast-pockets of the senseless man's coat, he drew out a number of papers and letters. Then, continuing his search, he pulled forth a stamper but smaller collection from Ballard's inner waistcoat pocket. The unconscious victim began to show signs of returning life.

A hasty search assured the Englishman that the pockets were now all empty. Whatever document or packet Ballard had so carefully guarded must now be in the heap of papers in his conqueror's hands. The Englishman's sensitive finger-tips could find no trace of a secret pocket or of valuable notes into coat, waistcoat or shirt. He rose to his feet, bundling his spoils into an inner pocket of his own coat. As he rose he saw a policeman turn into Read's street from the west and advance leisurely toward them. Ballard, too, his senses more fully returning, struggled to a sitting position, his eyes, under the battered wreck of his derby, fixed steadily on the Englishman. Clearly there was no time to be lost. The Englishman walked toward Broadway as readily as he dared, trusting to luck that the policeman was too far away to take in the situation. Ballard, however, the mists clearing from his throbbing brain, had scrambled to his feet, and was staggering in dizzy pursuit of the murderer. "Help!" yelled Royce thickly, as the Englishman quirked his pace. "Hi! Police!" The policeman broke into a run and reached the injured man. Royce pointed toward the now fleeing Englishman, and gasped out a few words that made clear the situation to the officer. "Stop!" shouted the policeman, drawing his revolver and rushing along in pursuit of the Englishman. "Stop or I'll shoot!" The cliff-like sides of the dead thoroughfare awoke and re-echoed to the roar of the bluecoat's feet. The pursuer, at the same time banged on the pavement with his night stick. The Englishman had reached Broadway. His pursuers were a half block behind. "If only a car will happen along here," he panted. "Luck was with him. Less than a block away an empty north-bound trolley car came bowling along at almost top rate,

taken within a fraction of a moment from the time the conductor had seized him and had signalled for the car to stop. With his left hand he snatched off the conductor's cap. With his clinched right he landed heavily on the conductor's throat. The man, toppled backward, missed the top step and fell sprawling in the mud of the street. Before the conductor touched ground, before the foremost of the pursuers could lay hand on the platform rail, before the car had come to a full stop, the Englishman jerked the bell twice. With a lurch and a heave, the car sprang forward. The motorman had heard the disturbance, but had been unable, from his post, in that instant's interval, to determine the cause. Least of all did he suspect that his colleague was in trouble. If there had been a cry of any sort, he thought, the conductor would come through the car and tell him. In the mean time he heralded with delight the order to start. For they were late, and lateness meant loss of pay and of sleep. The foremost policeman (the who had discovered Royce's plight) sprinted, seized the rear rail and swung himself to the lowest step of the platform. Before his equit fairly balance himself a well-directed kick in the chest sent him spinning into the street. The Englishman carefully took off his own derby, substituted the conductor's cap for it and stood stiffly on the rear platform in conventional attitude. To one seeing the car in that deceptive light could have guessed there was anything amiss with its crew. The pursuers were quickly distanced. A policeman from further up the street howled to the motorman to stop and attempted to leap aboard the flying car. But the first touch of the motorman's hand to the brake that decisive double ring sounded again, and the bluecoat was left far astern. The motorman glanced back through the car. There were no passengers, and there on the back platform, dimly seen behind the rise of the door, the con-



IF THE CYCLIST FALLS THE LIONS GET HIM.

upper funnel, where, of course, the fast becomes more simple, although infinitely more spectacular. In sheer thriller qualities, however,

This Ought to Convince.

Hegeman & Co., 200 Broadway, Will Pay for Hymel Themselves, When It Falls to Cure Cataract. "If I only knew it to be true, I would not hesitate a moment." This is a thought the average person has when reading the claims of some of the medicines that are advertised as cures for cataract. The results from the use of Hymel are so remarkable in the cure of cataract that they seem beyond belief. The fact, though, that Hegeman & Co., one of the best known drug firms in this section, have so much confidence in the power of Hymel to cure cataract that they sell it under their personal guarantee to refund the money if the purchaser can say that it did not help them ought to convince the most sceptical that Hymel can be relied upon to cure all cataract troubles, no matter how serious or deep-seated.

AMUSEMENTS. EMPIRE THEATRE. THE OTHER GIRL. HERALD SQUARE. THE GIRL FROM KAY'S. HUDSON. ETHEL BARRYMORE. CRITERION. WILLIAM. COLLIER THE DICTATOR. GARRICK THEATRE. ELEANOR ROBSON. GARDEN. THE SECRET OF THE POLICE. NEW LYCEUM. HAWTREY SAUCY SALLY. DALY'S. THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.

VAUDEVILLE. CANDIDA. Circle. KNICKERBOCKER. WRIGHT ORIMER IN THE SHEPHERD KING. WALLACK'S. BROADWAY THEATRE. VICTORIA. CASINO. LYRIC. BELASCO. CROSMAN. KEITH'S. Manhattan VIRGINIAN. EDEN. WEST END.

THE TROUBLE. "How often do we find that great inventors are allowed to go unrewarded and unrecognized?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "the trouble about inventors is that they insist on inventing machinery instead of ways to make money."—Washington Star.

THE QUEEN. "I'd like to speak to the boss," said the blind man who had rung the door-bell. "She's out to-day. This is Thursday, you know," replied Mr. Housekeeper. "Anything I can do for you?"—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

duetor was standing unconcerned. There was no time to stop and ask questions, yet the motorman wondered peevishly why his partner did not come forward and explain. "If only no truck coming from a cross street stops us, we are safe for the moment," sighed the Englishman in relief. Then a second, less welcome thought struck him: Though they had outdistanced all pursuers, yet it was probable—nay, certain—that the uptown police would be telephoned to and would head them off. And, moreover, the present gratifying rate of speed must cease as soon as the car overhauled the one ahead of it. It seemed that he was by no means out of the woods. The gravest dangers were yet to come—perils that were to call for all his vast fund of cleverness and resources. (To Be Continued.)