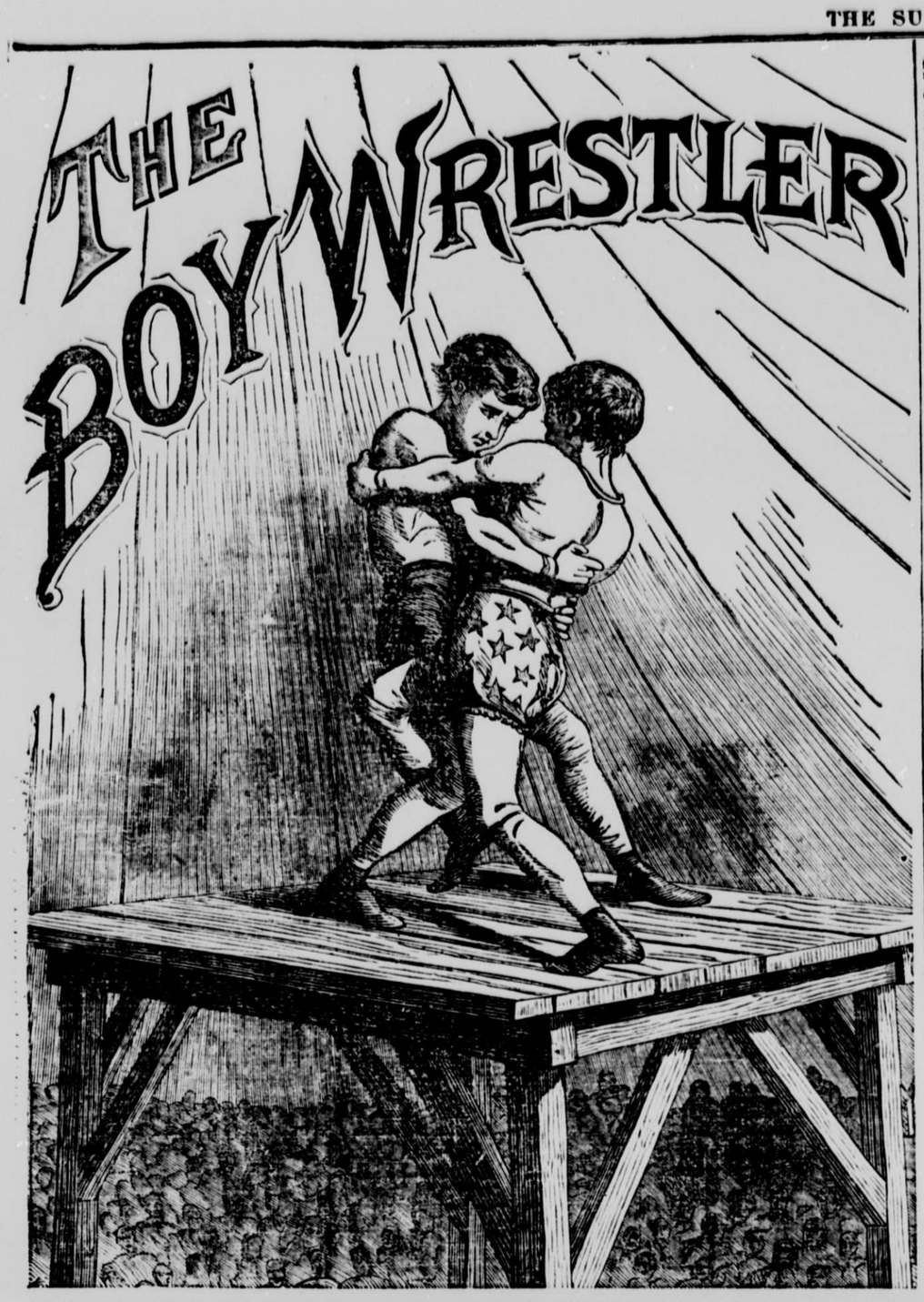

THE Boy Wrestler.

On a bitterly cold day in January a poor old man, in patched and tattered clothing, shivered as he walked along Fulton street, bearing on his right arm a small basket in which were a few apples, shrivelled like himself, half a dozen boxes of matches, and four lemons.

Now and then he would hold up his basket, and ask those whom he met if they did not want to buy, but he asked in vain.

At last he sat down under an awning on the steps of one of the many shipping houses in South street.

He felt very sad, for he was hungry, and had relied on selling out his stock to procure sufficient money to purchase a supper.

But he had apples, at any rate, so he took up one of them and gnawed at it as well as he could. While eating the apple he had taken off his hat. He now replaced it.

It was a very old high hat, battered on the top and caved in at the sides.

"Hey, there! old dad!" cried a mischievous voice behind him; "you'll spile yer hat sittin' there!"

Then a smart blow was given to the beaver, and away it went, knocked off the wearer's bald head into the gutter.

But the poor man was used to such insults. He said nothing, merely giving the lad who had knocked off his hat a reproachful glance, as the fellow—a little New York rough in a huge red shirt, one suspender, and a ponderous sou'wester—went dancing away from him.

Then he rose to get possession of his beaver, but as he did so another boy, dressed something like the other, though with a greater regard to neatness—wearing two suspenders instead of one—made his appearance, and said to the old man:

"Sit down, mister. You, Mickey Wanner," he added, addressing the other lad, "ought to know better than insult an old man like him. Go pick up his hat and give it to him."

"Pick it up, hey? Ho, ho! sa-a-y now; who yer talkin' to, Crip?"

"To you. Come, do what's right, Mickey, and pick up the hat."

"Pick it up yerself if yer w nt to. As to me, I have an engagement—I have."

Crip walked straight to the speaker, collared him, and drew him toward the hat.

"Don't quarrel on my account," said the old man. "I can pick it up."

"No, no," answered Crip, his eyes flashing and his lips compressed; "he must and shall do it."

"I won't, then!" answered Mickey, dealing Crip a blow in the face.

The latter did not return it, but he just caught Mickey by his waistband, and, lifting him bodily, let him drop to the pavement.

Mickey rose, howling with pain.

"Pick up the hat," repeated Crip, while the old man was now really unable to get to his hat for the crowd which had gathered.

"I won't," repeated the boy, aiming another blow at his opponent.

The latter dodged it, caught Mick by the throat, and tripped him up, so that he fell violently to the pavement.

The back of his head struck the curb, and he rose, crying and howling louder than ever.

"Now pick up the hat!" repeated Crip.

This time Mick obeyed.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the old man, shaking hands with Crip, as the discomfited Mickey ran off, calling them both hard names; "I'm obliged, but sorr you took so much trouble. I ain't worth i—I'm nothing but a poor old man, without a friend or relative in the world."

"That's the very reason why you are worth it. What have you got in your basket?"

"Something to sell. O, I forgot, you deserve something for your pains," and he took out an apple and offered it to Crip.

"No, thank you," answered the latter, "but I'll buy it."

He fumbled in his pocket a long time, and at last drew forth a cent.

"Is that the price?"

"Two for a cent," answered the old man, giving him another apple.

"Have you sold much to-day?" asked Crip.

"This is my first sale. The truth is, business has been rather dull to-day."

"You don't go the right way to work," said Crip. "I'll sell everything out for you before night, if you'll let me."

"Let you? of course I will."

Thereupon Crip took the basket and set it on top of a wide post near the curb.

"What does that mean?" inquired the apple man.

"It means this," answered Crip.

So saying he ran back until about fifteen feet from the post, when running at it, he sprang over basket and all.

Some spectators, who had seen this apple feat, stood and looked.

"Do that again," said one. "I never saw a better jump."

"If you'll buy three cents' worth of apples I'll do it again," shouted Crip. "Step up here, gentlemen; who wants to buy?"

A stout sporting man at once bought three cents' worth of apples.

Then Crip repeated his jump, to the great delight of the bystanders.

"Go on, boy," said an old gentleman.

"Somebody must buy again, first," answered Crip.

In this manner the lad soon disposed of the stock in the basket, when he gave all the proceeds to the owner.

The apple man thanked him cordially.

"I wish you lived with me," said he. "Where do you live?"

"Most anywhere," answered Crip. "I earn my living by going round, doing chores for the butchers in the market, and for other people."

"Well, see here," said the other, "can't we strike up a bargain? You come with me. I live in a garret in Roosevelt street. We'll live together, and you shall go round with me when you like, and help me sell, for which I will give you some of our profits. We'll do a thriving business, I know. Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Well," said Crip, "I think I'll close with your offer, only there's the rent to pay, you know, and perhaps your landlord wouldn't like another in——"

"No, there's no rent to pay. The landlord is an old acquaintance of mine, who knew me in my prosperous days, and whom I once helped in some way. He lets me have the use of the garret for nothing."

"That's good," said Crip, his eyes beaming.

The poor boy, since the time his parents died, which happened when he was five years old, had not known what it was to have a permanent lodging place.

And so the old man took Crip home with him.

Up four flights of stairs, in an old brick tenement, old Timothy, for such he had told his young companion was his name, conducted the boy to his room, the furniture of which consisted of one chair, a pine table, and a small rusty stove.

"There's where I sleep," said the old man, pointing to a small bed in a corner and some shreds which had once been comforters. "There's room enough for both of us. I think as it's cold I'll go to bed now."

So he threw himself down, and, pulling some of the shreds over him, he was soon fast asleep.

Crip, who was a handsome, thoughtful-looking lad of twelve, with a broad forehead and curling locks of brown hair, watched him a while, and then said:

"Such is fate. Here am I at last with a roof over my head and a bed to lie on better than I've been used to."

At length, feeling sleepy, he rose, intending to throw himself down on the bed; but just then he fancied that he heard a cry like that of a child in distress. He went to the little garret window, raised it, looked out, and listened for a repetition of the cry; but not hearing it he was about to shut the window, when he espied a tiny form emerging from behind a chimney on top of the third house from him.

"I must go there," muttered the lad; "that little one, whoever it is, will fall off the roof if there much longer. Ho, there!" he shouted, noticing that the vision was drawing near to the edge of the roof; "stand still where you are, and I will be there in a moment."

So saying he crawled through the window and let himself down on the roof of the house beneath, a distance of about three feet.

Moving along this roof, which was a peaked one, to another, he soon found himself standing within about ten feet of the object that had attracted him thither.

The moon was shining brightly. It showed him a little girl apparently not more than eight years old.

Between Crip and the roof of the other house there was a space about six feet wide—too wide to jump over without considerable risk.

Meanwhile the little girl, who had now stopped crying, stood looking alternately at Crip and at the street far below.

The roof of the house was flat, but the child, nevertheless, occupied a dangerous position for one so young, standing within four feet of the edge.

"Don't come any nearer," shouted Crip, warningly, as the little one suddenly began to stagger. "Back! back!" he added, fairly turning pale with alarm as she came reeling toward the edge of the house.

The truth was, she, from gazing so far down, was suddenly seized with a fit of dizziness which prevented her from steadying herself.

As a consequence she drew nearer the frightful edge of that lofty building.

"I'm a coward if I wait longer," flashed through the boy's brain; "it is a big jump, and I may not succeed, but I'll risk it, at any rate, to save the girl."

There was no time to lose; the child was already within two feet of the frightful brink.

Crip ran back, pressing his lips firmly, and drawing a long breath.

Then he ran swiftly along the flat roof of the building on which he stood until he reached the edge, when, with all his might, he sprang at the roof of the opposite house.

But the space was too wide for him. Only the ends of his feet struck the opposite brink. He endeavored to throw himself forward, and partially succeeded, but his knees struck the edge of the house as he fell, his legs were straightened under him, and down he went.

A frightful fall must it have been from that high roof to the street, and such a fall Crip expected.

Instinctively, however, he threw out his hands, clutching the edge of the roof, which had a top piece running along it. To this he clung desperately a moment, then, bracing his knees against the wall, he drew himself quickly to the roof, springing to his feet just in time to catch the reeling little girl in his arms.

"Saved—thank Heaven!" exclaimed Crip.

"Am I saved?" said the child in a sweet voice.

"Oh, you are good to save me."

Crip took a good look at the speaker. She was a sweet looking child, with large, soft, brown eyes, a clear, healthy complexion, and was elegantly dressed, wearing a little velvet hat, trimmed with red, a coat of the same material, with furs and white fur, and pretty gloves.

That she did not belong to this poor neighborhood might be seen at a glance.

"How came you here?" inquired Crip, wonderingly.

"I don't know. The last I know I was at a party with uncle and aunt, and I fell asleep on the sofa. When I waked I found myself on the roof of this house."

"Show me the spot," said Crip, thinking something might be found there to at least afford a clew to the mystery.

The little girl showed Crip where she had found herself when she waked, but he could find nothing. Then he glanced toward the scuttle, and even tried it, to find it fastened on the inside.

"Very strange," he said again. "Can you tell me where you lived, little one?"

"No," answered the child. "I have lived in England. Uncle and aunt came here, and we lived—I can't tell where. It was a big place—a hotel uncle called it."

"Well, come," said Crip, "we must not stay here, or you will take cold."

So saying he began pounding at the scuttle, which, after a while, was opened, and a red head was thrust forth.

"What's all this racket about?" came a man's voice.

Crip told him, when the man rubbed his eyes and stared at the little girl.

"Perhaps you can tell me who put her here?" said Crip.

"Not I," answered the man. "I sleep right below, and am sure no person passed me tonight."

Crip looked keenly at the speaker, but the man's manner was as honest as his face.

"Poor little thing," he went on, "it is a mystery how she got up there."

Then he sprang out on the roof and looked over the edge, where there was an alleyway between this house and the next.

"See there!" he exclaimed; "how came that rope there?"

Crip looked, to see a rope dangling down from the edge of the building, it being fastened to a huge spike near the top.

"That looks as if somebody had climbed up here," added the man.

"But the rope isn't more than five or six feet in length," said Crip.

"I know it. A ladder must have been used, too."

Crip shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, no use of standing here," said he; "I must get this little thing under shelter."

"Where do you live?" inquired the man.

"A few doors from here," answered Crip.

"And I'm Mr. Brown, the baker. Everybody around here knows me. My store is below. Do you like buns, little girl?" he added, turning to the child.

"Yes," she answered, with some eagerness.

"Well, then I'll get you some."

The man then led the two young people down stairs, and entering a room on the first floor, he soon appeared with buns and gingerbread, giving the latter to Crip.

Crip thanked him, and in a short time arrived at the door of the garret, in which the old man lay still fast asleep.

He was obliged to knock long and loud ere the door was opened.

Old Timothy, holding up a lighted candle, stared with surprise at the boy and his companion. Crip briefly explained.

"A strange circumstance," said Timothy. "We must try to find the little girl's uncle. We must advertise."

"But where will we get the money?"

The little girl drew forth a small pocketbook.

"There is money there," said she. "Uncle gave me five dollars for my New Year's, and I haven't spent more than half of it. Oh, if you take me to uncle, I will tell him how good you have been to me, and he will give you lots of money!"

Jack had seized Crip on the way for the money, an advertisement was inserted, but nothing resulted from it.

"Strange," said Timothy to Crip, when days had passed—"strange that neither the uncle nor the man come for the child."

"Yes," answered the boy; "I think we may as well make up our minds to take care of the little thing, and bring her up ourselves."

Some days afterward, as Crip was walking toward Washington Market, he heard a great outcry, and turning, beheld a runaway team, attached to a handsome carriage, in which were seated a lady and gentleman.

The lady was screaming, while the man used vain exertions to stop his horses.

When about opposite Crip, however, one of the wheels of the carriage struck against that of a heavy truck, while the horses, coming in contact with those of the cart, were thus checked in their headlong career.

The carriage, however, tilting, must have gone over but for the prompt decision of Crip, who, springing from the curb to the middle of the street, caught the body of the vehicle, thus stopping it until assistance from three stout porters was afforded, when the carriage was raised to an upright position.

The gentleman thanked the porters, who were now arranging the harness, which had become a little displaced; then he turned to Crip, and bending down, shook hands with him.

"You are a brave lad," said he. "What can I do for you?"

So saying he fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth half a dollar.

Crip, although he knew he had merely done his duty, was too young and too poor to allow any feeling of pride to come between him and that half dollar.

He took it gladly, and thanked the gentleman for giving it.

The lady, who had been watching the face of the boy, now whispered something to her companion.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" he inquired. "That was a splendid jump of yours, my boy. I saw it all."

"I am pretty good at such things," answered Crip, "at jumping and wrestling."

"You are?" said the man. "You ought to go in a circus—that is," he added, "if you have no other employment."

"I have none," Crip frankly answered, "and I should like to go if I could earn my living."

"How fortunate," said the man.

Then he took a card from his pocket and gave it to the lad.

Perceiving that the boy, whom he had been attentively watching, could read the address (Grand Central Hotel) on the card, the man said:

"Call on me to-morrow morning, and I will get you a place in the —— circus."

Overjoyed at his good fortune, Crip returned home, not forgetting to purchase, on the way, as good a supper as he could afford for those in the garret.

Old Timothy was overjoyed at his success.

When Crip called next day on his kind benefactor he was told to go to No. — Twenty-first street, where lived the manager of the circus.

"I am Mr. Bellows, the owner of the circus," said the man, "and you will say that you came from me, and will then give the manager this note," presenting the lad with a folded slip of paper.

Crip did as requested. The manager, whose name was French, and who had a big head with red hair, bandy legs, and a large paunch, read the note and then stood looking at Crip before he spoke.

"What are your qualifications?" said he; "what can you do?"

"Jump and wrestle," said Crip.

"Ha! jump and wrestle," said Mr. French; "let's see some of your jumping and wrestling."

"Of course," said Crip. "I have never been in a circus before, and can't jump and wrestle as you circus men can, but I can do much that way out in the streets."

"Go on, let's see your jumping and wrestling," cried French.

"I have nobody to wrestle with," answered Crip.

The manager held out his arms.

"Step this way and try me," he said.

Crip blushed.

"Of course I have no chance against you."

"Well, come and let's see what you can do."

So Crip stepped up to Mr. French and tried a wrestle with him.

Several times, in spite of the man's strength and quickness, he came near tripping him, and once caused him to fall sideways, hitting his head against the wall.

It was evident that French understood nothing of the science of wrestling.

"I am sorry," said Crip when the manager struck the wall. "I did not want to do that."

So far from showing displeasure, however, Mr. French looked well pleased.

"Now for a jump," said he; "let's see how you come off there."

Crip ran to one side of the carpeted room, and with two runs gave a leap which cleared a pretty wide space.

"Well done," said French; "we must have you, my boy; yes, we must, at ten shillings a week at first, and perhaps more afterward."

"All right," answered Crip; "but please tell me what I'm to do."

"Well, in the first place you must come every day to the circus to practise between three and five o'clock for a week, after which I think you'll be ready to perform, but," added French, waving an arm, "we'll give you the ten shillings, my boy, from the very fir—"

"Thank you," said Crip, and, with a light heart, he took leave of French.

Returning home he soon made Timothy acquainted with his success.

"Good," said the old man, rubbing his hands. "Wonder if they couldn't find some use for me in the circus."

"I don't know, but I can ask," said Crip.

Next day at three o'clock, Crip presented himself at the circus.

A stout, ruddy-faced man pushed back a canvas screen, and looked at the lad.

"Oh, I see, you are the boy French was speaking about. Step in, youngster, and we'll soon look at your points."

He held the screen open for Crip, who, passing in, found himself in front of a crimson curtain.

"This way," said his conductor, and pushing up the lower part of the curtain, he motioned to the boy to move on.

This the lad did, to find himself within a few feet of the ring.

Here a novel sight presented itself.

A man with a gold band around his head was clinging to the neck of a camel, away up near the animal's head, while the creature paraded round the ring.

There was also a clown, dressed as clowns usually are, saving all sorts of funny things to a smartly-dressed young man wearing a jacket trimmed with red and green, and carrying in his hand a whip, which he frequently snapped.

At another place two men were practising with a hoop, taking turns at jumping through it.

"Now, boy, let's see what kind of a jump you can make," said Crip's conductor.

So saying, he led him into the ring and introduced him to each of the men there.

They all ceased their practice to watch the lad as he prepared to make a good jump, knowing which Crip exerted himself to do his best.

He did very well, and the six spectators applauded.

"Of course," said his conductor, whom the boy had heard addressed as Mr. Pound, "he'll do even better when he gets his 'togs' on."

"I hear you are something at wrestling, too," said Mr. Pound to Crip.

"Yes, I am better at that, I think, than I am at jumping."

"Good," said Pound. "What time will the Little Champion be here," he added, addressing the ring-master.

"Five o'clock, I think," was the response.

"Five o'clock, that gives an hour to wait, then, and I ought to be at French's before that. However, I must stay and see the boy through."

While Crip waited he was highly entertained by the performances of those in the ring.

Suddenly all stopped, and he noticed on their faces a look of great interest and excitement.

This was caused by the entrance of a man of noble presence, with a form of herculean strength, and a face upon which firmness, decision, and manly confidence were stamped in iron-like characters.

Mr. Pound sprang forward and shook hands cordially with this person.

"Welcome! welcome, Mr. North; so you got our note?"

"I did," was the answer, "and am ready to make the engagement on the terms you propose."

"Perhaps you can tell me who put her here?" said Crip.

"Not I," answered the man. "I sleep right below, and am sure no person passed me tonight."

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taken," he added, turning to Jack, "Crip will yet get the better of you unless you better yourself."

As Crip was leaving the circus, having been requested to return on the following day, he offered his hand to Jack, who took it reluctantly.

"I don't think he likes my throwing him," thought Crip, as he moved on. "Well, what of it?"

He, however, felt a strange uneasiness, for which he could not account.

Old Timothy was delighted to hear of his success, and even Fanny looked up at the boy's animated face as he told his story with a feeling of girlish admiration.

In a few weeks Crip had so improved in wrestling that he could easily throw the Little Champion.

The circus manager, pleased with the progress he had made, increased his wages, so that the boy was now enabled to buy many little comforts for his companions in the garret.

Crip had endeavored to get old Timothy a place in the circus, but had failed. The boy, however, lent him money to buy stock with, so that the poor man could go about and at least try to do something.

Meanwhile Jack, the opponent of Crip in the circus, had become almost unbearable to the latter. Mortified at the constant defeats he sustained, he would often vent his spite on the other in ill-natured sarcasms, which often enraged Crip almost beyond endurance.

It was about this time that Mr. Pound conceived the novel idea of entertaining his audience by having the two boys wrestle upon a raised platform twenty feet high.

This platform having neither rope nor railing to save the youngsters from going over the edge, their peril while wrestling may be imagined, especially when we state that the platform was in size only about eight feet by eight.

The platform was fastened with stout cord to the top of four upright beams, and, when brought at last before the audience, it was greeted with loud cheers, as the bills announcing this part of the programme had already been issued.

Dressed in their circus habits, the two lads made their appearance amid a burst of thundering applause.

Nimbly mounting the ladder leading to the elevated stage, they took their places in the centre of the platform. Then there was a braying of trumpets, and they grappled.

In about five minutes Crip, as usual, threw his antagonist beautifully, although rather near the edge of the platform, so that Mr. Pound, who had been watching the performance from behind the scenes, felt his heart "jump into his throat," as he afterward expressed it.

Crip, however, seeing how near Jack was to the edge of the platform, continued holding him after he had thrown him, so as to make sure that his defeated antagonist might not fall.

He sprang up, and again the boys, who were to wrestle twice, closed with each other.

Back and forth on the platform they moved, sometimes so near the edge that the spectators shuddered.

At length Crip seized Jack so that in another moment he could have thrown him. They were then standing near one edge of the platform, and it was the intention of Crip to hurl Jack down so that he would fall right in the middle of it.

Jack, however, was determined that this should not take place. Watching his opportunity, he waited until Crip's back was toward the edge of the platform; then, pretending to struggle in his grasp, he contrived to give him a sudden backward push which sent him over the edge.

The generous lad, not wishing to drag Jack, who, he supposed, had made the push by accident, with him in his descent, released his hold of the boy as he fell. The push, however, had not been hard enough to deprive Crip of his command over himself. He threw his body sideways, and, throwing out his hands at the same time, contrived to grasp the edge of the platform, along which there was a narrow strip.

There he hung twenty feet above the ring, amid the plaudits of the spectators, who thought this was a part of the performance.

"Ruined! ruined!" gasped Pound to North, the equestrian, who stood beside a spirited charger, the next to enter the ring after the boys.

The gallant rider, who had been intently watching the movements of the two lads, compressed his lips, while his eyes flashed determination. Then he sprang upon the back of his noble steed and seized the reins.

Meanwhile, as Crip still hung, striving vainly to get hold of the platform, Jack, under pretence of assisting him, came to the edge, treading on his fingers with all the strength he could muster, and then stepping quickly back, as if what he had done had been an accident.

Crip compressed his lips, so as not to cry out with the pain, for such was his resolution, that, even in this moment of peril, he would do nothing to injure the reputation of Pound's circus.

The force with which Jack trod on his hands, however, had see ned to crush the joints of his fingers and deprive them of all power to maintain the clutch upon the rim of the platform.

The boy felt that he must drop now, and, closing his eyes, he let go his hold, giving himself up to his fate.

The chances were that he would have been permanently injured, if he did not break both legs by the fall. But, at the very moment when he let go of the board, North, on his gallant white charger, came dashing into the ring with upraised arms and caught the boy as he fell, amid the most deafening rounds of applause from the audience, who now of course did not doubt that the whole thing was a part of the programme.

The next moment the gallant rider and his horse, with the rescued boy, were behind the scenes! The continuation of "THE BOY WRESTLER" appears in No. 45 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, now ready and for sale everywhere. Price six cents. The NEW YORK WEEKLY will be sent by mail to any address one month for 25 cents; four months $1; six months $1.50; one year $3, postage free. The NEW YORK WEEKLY contains six other long stories, a number of complete novelettes, a short story of adventure, poems, instructive essays, information for the million, and plenty of original funny anecdotes.

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MISFIT CARPETS.

All Sizes, English Brussels, Three-ply Ingrain, very cheap, at the old place,

112 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

THE

NEW AUTOMATIC TENSION

SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

Greatest Sewing Machine improvement of the day—Perfect work assured without care of Tension.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.

658 BROADWAY (cor. Bond), New York. Brooklyn: 76 Court St. (cor. Livingston). Jersey City: 265 Grove St. (cor. Second.)

CALL AND EXAMINE.

HAMBURG TEA.

J. C. FRESE & CO., OF HAMBURG, GERMANY, beg to call the attention of their friends and of the consumers of Hamburg Tea to the fact that every genuine package bears the patented trade mark of their firm in words as follows, J. C. FRESE & CO., HOPFENSACK 6, HAMBURG, on a white label. The same trade mark is also contained in the printed circulars that accompany each package. The splendid reputation of this tea has caused many spurious imitations thereof to be thrown into the market, all of them bearing fraudulent imitation of our trade mark, name, and style of package. In more than seventeen suits commenced by our firm against dealers of the imitation tea, we have been sustained by the United States courts. The full measure of damage will be exacted from all wholesale and retail dealers in whose possession imitations of our trade mark may be found. Detectives have been engaged to collect the names of the counterfeiters and their customers.

The genuine Hamburg Tea can be procured from AUGUSTUS BARTH, Sole Agent, 164 Bowery, New York.

PERFECTION

BOKER'S BITTERS.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

CRANDALL & CO.,

Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in patent baby carriages, velocipedes, propellers, spring and hobby horses, doll carriages, wagons, carts, &c., &c. A large stock always on hand. Carriages exchanged and repaired. 569 THIRD AVENUE, New York.

Steamboats and Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. THE GREAT TRUNK LINE AND UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE. Trains leave New York, from foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt sts., as follows:

Express for Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, the West and South, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, 9:30 A. M., 5 and 8:30 P. M. Sunday 5 and 8:30 P. M.

For Williamsport and Lock Haven (via Philadelphia and Erie R. R. Div., connecting at Philadelphia), 9:30 A. M. For Williamsport, Lock Haven, Corry, and Erie 8:30 P. M., connecting at Corry for Titusville, Petroleum Centre, and the Oil Regions.

For Baltimore, Washington, and the South, "Limited Washington Express" of Pullman Parlor Cars daily, except Sunday, 9:30 A. M.; arrive Washington 4:10 P. M. Regular at 8:40 A. M., 3 and 9 P. M. Sunday 9 P. M.

Express for Philadelphia, 7, 7:30, 8:40, 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 3, 4, 4:10, 4:50, 5, 7, 8:30, 9 P. M. and 12 night. Sunday 8 A. M., 4:50, 5, 6, 7, 8:30 and 9 P. M. Emigrant and second class, 7 P. M.

For Newark at 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 9, 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4, 4:10, 4:30, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8, 10, 11:30 P. M. and 12 night. Sunday, 8 A. M., 5:20, 6, 6:30, 7, and 8:10 P. M.

For Elizabeth, 6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 9, 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8, 10, 11:30 P. M. and 12 night. Sunday 8 A. M., 5:20, 6, 6:30, 7, and 8:10 P. M.

For Rahway, 6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8, 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 8:10, 10 P. M. and 12 night. Sunday 8 A. M., 5:20, 6, 6:30, and 7 P. M.

For Woodbridge, Perth Amboy, and South Amboy, 6 and 10 A. M., 2:30, 4:10, and 5 P. M.

For New Brunswick, 7 and 8 A. M., 12 M., 2, 3:10, 4:10, 5:20, 6:10, 7 P. M. and 12 night. Sunday 8 A. M., 6, and 7 P. M.

For East Millstone, 12 noon, 3 and 5:20 P. M.

For Kingston and Rocky Hill, 8:40 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

For Princeton, 7, 8:40 A. M., 12:30, 2, 4:10, and 7 P. M.

For Lambertville, 9:30 A. M., 2, 4:10 and 5 P. M.

For Flemington, Phillipsburg, and Belvidere, 9:30 A. M., and 2 P. M.

For Mercer and Somerset Branch, 3 P. M.

For Trenton, Borden town, Burlington and Camden, 7:30 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 2, 4, 5, and 7 P. M.

For Freehold, 7:31 A. M., 3, 3, and 4:10 P. M.

For Farmingdale and Squan, 7:30 A. M. and 2 P. M.

For Farmingdale on Saturday only, 7 P. M.

For Hightstown, Pennington, and Lambertville, via Perth Amboy, 7:30 P. M., and via Monmouth Junction 4:10 P. M.

For Hightstown and Bordentown, 6 A. M. via Perth Amboy, and 7:30 A. M. via Monmouth Junction.

Trains arrive as follows: From Pittsburgh, 6:55 and 10:30 A. M. and 9:20 P. M. daily; 10:15 A. M. and 6:50 P. M. daily, except Sunday. From Washington and Baltimore, 6:20 A. M., 4:15, 5:15, and 10:27 P. M. Sunday 6:20 A. M. From Philadelphia, 5:10, 6:20, 6:55, 10:15, 11:20, 11:54 A. M., 2:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:10, 6:50, 8:41, 9:20, 10:27 P. M. Sunday 5:10, 6:20, 6:55, 10:15, 11:54 A. M., 6:50, 9:20, 10:27, and 11:15 P. M.

Ticket offices, 526 and 944 Broadway, 1 Astor House, and foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt sts., 4 Court st., Brooklyn; 114, 116, and 118 Hudson st., Hoboken. Emigrant ticket office, 8 Battery place.

FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Passenger Agent.

ALBANY AND TROY BY DAYLIGHT.—DAY BOATS C. VEBARD AND DANIEL DREW leave Vestry st., Pier 39, N. R., daily (Sundays excepted) at 8:35, and 24th st., at 9 A. M., landing at West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Catskill, and Hudson. TICKETS ON SALE FOR POINTS NORTH AND WEST. Trip Tickets to West Point, Cornwall, and Newburgh, returning same day, $1. Special trains to and from Saratoga. To Saratoga, $3.20; round trip, $5.40.

NEWBURGH, CORNWALL, WEST POINT, COZZENS'S HOTEL DOCK, IONA ISLAND. Daily (Sundays excepted) by steamboat ARMENIA, from BROOKLYN, Fulton st., at 8:45 A. M.; Vestry st., N. R., 9:10; 24th st., 9:25; landing at Manhattanville, 9:55; Yonkers, 10:35; Dobbs's Ferry, 11; Nyack and Tarrytown (by ferry boat), 11:25, and Sing Sing (during the Camp Meeting), 12 to 26 inclusive, returning each afternoon at 4:30. Returning from Newburgh at 2:30 P. M., reaching New York at 6:30, and Brooklyn at 7 P. M.

House Furnishing.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

The Furniture Department of LORD & TAYLOR, Nos. 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand st., corner of Chrystie, has been replenished with one of the finest stocks of FURNITURE IN THE COUNTRY, consisting of all styles of PARLOR, CHAMBER, LIBRARY and DINING ROOM Furniture of the best workmanship, the latest designs, and at prices to suit the times.

The department is under the supervision of a practical man, whose long experience renders him competent to fill all orders with promptness and dispatch. A specialty is made of furnishing steamboats, churches and public institutions. Mattresses and bedding of all descriptions on hand and made to order at low prices. All orders sent to them will be promptly attended to and guaranteed.

LORD & TAYLOR, Grand and Chrystie sts.

FURNITURE, BEDDING, CARPETS, AT O'FARRELL'S, 410 EIGHTH AV., Between 30th and 31st sts. PAYMENTS TAKEN WEEKLY OR MONTHLY.

GOOD SECOND-HAND AND MISFIT CARPETS, all sizes, rich patterns, very cheap, at FRIES'S, 221 Bowery; also furniture and bedding at panic prices.

GOOD second-hand and misfit carpets, all sizes, rich patterns, very cheap, at the old place, 112 Fulton st., side entrance. Bring your measures with you.

WEEKLY AND MONTHLY PAYMENTS taken for furniture, carpets, and bedding at B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.'S, 155 and 157 Chatham st. An immense stock and low prices. Great bargains for cash.

Miscellaneous.

BAKERS.—For sale, English muffin plate, 31 3d av., corner 95th st.

DIVORCES legally obtained for incompatibility, &c.; residence unnecessary; fee after decree. Address P. O. box 1,037, Chicago, Ill.

DIVORCES legally obtained; no publicity; no fee in advance. M. HOUSE, Attorney, 194 Broadway.

TO shoemakers, calf skin gaiter uppers, $1 pair, upward. B. GALEWSKI, 22 Christie st.

Board and Rooms.

A FEW gentlemen and ladies can have board, single rooms; a handsome back parlor for gentleman and wife. 83 Madison st.

A FEW furnished rooms for light housekeeping or young men; every accommodation. Apply at 324 East 60th st.

A.—TWO gentlemen can have good board; single rooms; home comforts; terms $5. 163 Madison st.

A PLEASANT furnished front room for housekeeping or gentlemen. 139 Bank st., bet. Greenwich and Washington sts.

A FEW gentlemen can be accommodated, and one or two young ladies; also, day boarders. 206 East Broadway.

A.—FURNISHED room to let to a respectable couple for housekeeping. 271 Broome st., 2d door from Allen st.

A FEW gentlemen can have good board and comfortable rooms. 254 West 29th st.

A FEW young ladies can have good board and nice, pleasant rooms at 75 Division st., room 13.

A FEW furnished rooms to let, with or without board, from $1.50 upward, at 123 Orchard st.

A FEW gentlemen and ladies can have good board and single beds; also day boarders. 13 Pike st.

A FEW respectable men can have good board and pleasant rooms, $5 and $5.50; man and wife. 111 Eighth av.

FURNISHED room to let in a quiet, respectable house. At 206 East 38th st.

FURNISHED rooms to let for single men, or for man and wife, in a private house, at 120 Broome st.

GENTLEMEN accommodated with pleasant rooms and good board; $4.50 and $5. 15 Oliver st., near Chatham square.

GENTLEMEN can have board and furnished rooms, $5 per week; also table board, at 191 Grand st.

GENTLEMEN can have board at 140 East 13th st., cor. 3d av.

RESPECTABLE persons wishing a pleasant home, large, cool rooms, good table at $5 per week, will call at 758 Greenwich st.

TO LET—Furnished rooms, suitable for one or two gentlemen. Inquire at Cosmopolitan Hall, 14 Catherine st., corner of East Broadway.

TO LET—A large front room, furnished, to a lady and gent eman. Inquire at 29 1st av.

6TH AV., 309.—Nicely furnished rooms for ladies or gentlemen; front parlor, bedroom connecting; gas and bath.

8 5TH ST., near Bowery.—Ladies and gentlemen accommodated with single or double rooms; good board, bath, &c.

21 EAST 22D ST.—Rooms to let, with board, single or en suite; reference.

53 LEROY ST.—Accommodations for several gentlemen boarders; double or single rooms; $5 to $6; bath and gas.

93 MADISON ST.—Board and washing for 4 gentlemen, $5, also man and wife and 2 ladies.

261 WEST 38TH ST.—A few young men can be accommodated with good board; also, two young ladies.

334 EAST 11TH ST., between 1st and 2d avs.—Three rooms to let at $11 per month. Inquire in bakery.

Personal Notices.

ALL OFFICERS and soldiers wounded, however slightly, can obtain a pension through Dr. K. B. JACKSON, late Surgeon U. S.