GABE CASE'S DELUSIVE HOG.

BUTCHERED TO SAD MUSIC TO MAKE A BANKERS' HOLIDAY.

The Weight, 598 Pounds, Guessed by Fred. Ridabock and Jim Flack—The Opinion of the President of the Board of Education.

Mr. Gabe Case's place up on the road was ornamented yesterday by a crowd of grave and well-dressed gentlemen, who gathered about an extempore pen and gazed at the pig within with absorbed and thoughtful attention. No levity was tolerated. The porker looked as much like other porkers as young babies usually look like other young babies, and was able to walk a very little. This was considered very much to his discredit, inasmuch as no porker of distinguished weight should be able to waddle, even in the most infinitesimal degree. A look into his eyes discovered lazy contentment.

At 2 o'clock the crowd had grown large, and smart teams were rattling up through the heavy mud incessantly. Men in white driving coats and heavy gloves pushed one another eagerly in trying to get a sight at the hog, and the betting was brisk. Many bets were laid at $100 even on various weights, ranging from 575 to 650 pounds. Several bets of $50 even that the hog would weigh over 600 were taken, and things went briskly until the unsuspecting porker was dragged under three beautiful maple trees and prepared for death. An Italian orchestra of discouraged-looking but muscular men played the "Last Rose of Summer" with great feeling, and the crowd drew close around. A gentleman who is still young, but drives a well-known team of pacers, was inspired by the large appearance of the hog, and cried:

"I'll bet a hundred that he weighs over 750."

The bet was taken at once by ninety-seven men, but was withdrawn on the advice of a friend. One hundred and thirty men paid a dollar and guessed at the porker's weight. Their names and guesses were put down on a list, and Mr. Case agreed to give the hog to the man who came nearest to the correct weight. The majority guessed above 600 pounds.

At 2 P. M. he was stuck. J. Ferdon, a butcher of repute in Morrisania, did it with neatness and despatch. The orchestra, somewhat enfeebled by the temporary absence of the harpist, who explained in Fourth Ward Tuscan that he couldn't stand the sight of blood, played a nocturne in E minor, and the life of the porker drifted away. Then the betting became brisker and sharper. The porker was attacked by three brawny butchers, who thrust their knives into his carcass. Mr. Case brought the harpist from his retirement, and the orchestra played "Enry 'Iggins's Hagony" as the hog was laboriously placed on the scales.

"It has always astonished me," said Gabe Case, "to observe the great attraction a hog killin' has fur the bankers."

He looked about and smiled with great satisfaction as fresh loads of men arrived in phaetons, dog carts and village carts, and light road wagons sunk half to the hub in mud and drawn by bespattered horses. The vehicles were driven right into the crowd by their owners, and turned to the southern portal of the yard. The occupants alighted and hurried forward to gaze at the hog and give their opinions of his weight with serious faces. The bankers Mr. Case spoke of were indeed there. The largest group had a tall gentleman of dignified bearing for its head. He stood in the middle, shook hands gravely with newcomers, and looked critically at the hog. "To my mind," said he, "it's a heavy porker. I don't say, gentlemen, that he is of extraordinary weight, but he is certainly heavy."

"I'll bet you $100 that I saw a hog in Mount Vernon that weighed 250 pounds more than he does," said a young man in a bell crown hat and a bottle green ulster.

"Pardon me, but I can't take that bet," answered the gentleman. "What I do say, gentlemen, is that this is not a light hog."

"Well, 'ow much does it weigh, don't cher know?" hazarded a young man in very tight trousers.

"That I am not prepared to state."

This tall gentleman was the President of the New York Board of Education.

The weigher adjusted his apparatus, but could not at first get the exact weight, and the suspense was great. He moved the weight a notch one way and then a notch another way for some time, and finally hopped back with the scales showing an even balance. The crowd pressed in closer, and there was a shout when it was discovered that the stick of wood holding the porker's hind legs had not been taken out. It was removed, and the beam was balanced.

"How much is it, my boy?"

"Five hundred and ninety-three pounds!"

A rush was made for the list. The clerk said: "Two gentlemen have guessed 593—Mr. Fred. Ridabock and Jim Flack. Six guesses were at 595 and four at 591."

The judges, Jim Casey and Sam Sniffen, pronounced everything satisfactory, the two owners of the carcass agreed to divide to-day, and the orchestra gave a final spurt as the guessers went indoors.

Among those who were fascinated by the spot and remained after the rest had gone were Messrs. Martin B. Brown, James A. Flack, G. L. Watt, Shepherd F. Knapp, Alexander Taylor, Jr., A. De Cordova, Philip Bronz, A. H. Baldwin, J. H. McCoon, and Hugh Ferrigan.

HAZAEL WINS AGAIN.

A Five-Mile Run Between Him and Charles Price in Williamsburgh.

George Hazael and Charles Price were pitted against each other in a five-mile run on the Williamsburgh Athletic Club grounds yesterday afternoon. The stakes were for $100 a side. William B. Curtis was referee. These pedestrians ran a five-mile race on the Polo Grounds last summer, and Price was badly beaten. It was said that he was not in good condition at that race, and that he then resolved to meet Hazael again.

The event yesterday drew together a large attendance of amateur athletes and friends of the pedestrians. The betting was in favor of Hazael, although some of Price's enthusiastic admirers made even bets on him.

Both men appeared to be in good condition, and were greeted with applause as they took their places on the track. Mr. Curtis gave the word at 3:48, when both pedestrians sprang forward. During the first mile they kept well together, making it in 4 minutes 57½ seconds. Hazael then began to take the lead, gaining inch by inch on Price. The second mile was made in 10:25, with Price three yards behind. The third mile was made in 15:46½, with Price still losing ground. On the fourth mile Price made a spurt in order to regain his lost ground, but Hazael sprang away as lightly as if the race had just begun. At seeing this Price's friends lost all hope, while Hazael's cheered lustily. The fourth mile was made in 21:18⅝ and the fifth mile in 26:41½ by Hazael, and in 27:02⅝ by Price.

RUNNING DOWN THE HARES.

An Exhilarating Chase of Eleven Miles Across New Jersey Fields.

The Westchester Hare and Hounds had an enjoyable chase yesterday, starting from Post's Idle Hour Hotel, Greenville, N. J. The hares were W. I. K. Kendrick and "Dud" Drake. The pack was made up as follows: F. N. Banham, master of the hunt; Peter J. Donohue and Chas. A. Boger in whippers in, and W. Rondel, O. J. Stephens, W. T. La Rue, Ed. Jones, Howard Jones, G. J. C. Taylor, Wm. Borel, hounds. Promptly at 11:20 the hares were started, and eight minutes later the starter, Ed. Moore, unleashed the hounds, who darted away in pursuit. The sweet lei through the beautiful country in the vicinity of Greenville, Pamrapo, Bergen Point, and Centreville. The road home was the tow path of the Morris and Essex Canal. The hares were caught about two miles from home. The pack arrived home in the following order: F. N. Banham, O. J. Stephens, W. Rondel, Ed. Jones, P. J. Donohue, and the others bunched. The time of the run was 1 hour and 25 minutes. It was a fast hunt, and about eleven miles were covered.

The whole hunt sat down to a good dinner, at which, however, the hares were not served up. Afterward singing was indulged in to a late hour. This is the first time in the club's record that the hares were caught.

Fired from a Beer Vat.

From the Norristown Register.

Everybody who has visited Reading from this place knows something of Fred Leiser and his oz bird. Well, one of the men had a queer experience a recent evening, having been shot out of the manhole of a mammoth beer vat like a shell from a mortar. He had gone into the vat for the purpose of varnishing it before it was sufficiently cool. He took a lamp with him, but soon put his head through the manhole to get a little fresh air. Although gas had been accumulating in the vat, which answered for the powder, the lamp furnished the match, and John Gerber the projectile. John was buried with great force through the hole at which he was trying to get out, which account for his sudden exit. His hands and the left side of his neck were badly burned, and the hair on his head was nearly all singed off.

A Naughty Little Girl.

From the Bangor Whig.

Some little folks in Bangor, who had seen pictures of Santa Claus whose dwelling is the colony of his North Pole residence Kris Kringle, who is a kind of a good and naughty children, had been growing somewhat anxious on the subject at the near approach of Christmas when, a day or two ago, a little girl of about 6 years, who had been gentle child for some fault, was observed tucking away to remove the screen that closed a disused fireplace in the sitting room. Just as she had succeeded she alarmed those in the room by further asked her what she was doing, when she naively replied: "I'm going to climb up chimney and take away Santa's presents. I'm to be good, and I can all the time, and I don't want him spying around so."

Reckless Rifle Practice.

From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.

A few days ago two young men of this city while at a roadside inn resolved to test one's marksmanship and the other's bravery. One stood on the road, the other with a rifle stood fifty paces away, and placed a bottle from his companion's head. A bullet was then procured, and the marksmanship tested away again and pierced the bottle, knocking it from his friend's head.

ABOUT THE RUINS IN SOUTH STREET.

Boys Stealing Half Burned Tea—Fireman Condon Asserting his Innocence.

Three streams of water from the fire boat Havemeyer played incessantly yesterday from the roof of 33 Depeyster street into the roofless walls of the granite building fronting South street, and the building at 73 and 74 South street. The mingled and very unpleasant fumes of tea, tobacco, liquors, and licorice arose from the ruins. Great piles of tea, some half burnt, lay near the corner of Depeyster and South streets. Adventurous boys and women occasionally invaded the police lines and ran off with pocketful of it. Sticks of licorice, glued together from the effects of fire and water, were scattered over the roofs of buildings adjoining the ruins. An engine of the insurance patrol was engaged pumping out the water from the cellar of 162 Maiden lane, and men from Truck 1 were digging in the ruins all day. It will probably take all day to-day to extinguish the remains of fire.

Richard Condon, the fireman of Truck 6 who was arrested by Capt. Kehoe on Sunday night, was accused at the Tombs yesterday of breaking open with an axe a safe in the ruins of Covert, Acker & Co.'s office in one of the burned South street warehouses. Justice Bixby remanded the fireman for examination.

"The fact," said the Justice, "that the prisoner was found with an axe in his hand where the safe is claimed to have been broken open is not sufficient evidence of crime. You will produce here the owner of the safe, and let him say whether he has lost anything or not, and whether to his certain knowledge the damage done to the safe was through violence and not accident. The charge against this man is too serious to be made lightly."

"I am innocent of this charge, Judge," said Condon, speaking out clearly. "I have been five years a fireman, and I have never done anything to deserve this."

"You will have every opportunity to defend yourself when the time comes," answered Justice Bixby.

Police Captain Caffrey said yesterday afternoon that Mr. Jerome Covert of the firm had called at the New street station and stated that he had unlocked the safe on Sunday morning and had taken out some valuable papers and books. He thought there was, consequently, no necessity for breaking open the safe with an axe. A lock, a cigar cutter, and a knife sharpener were taken from Condon at the station, and while going through Beaver street with a policeman, Condon, Capt. Caffrey says, threw a cigar cutter away. These articles were originally in a drawer near the safe.

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE.

Death of Daniel Webster, a Former Slave, who Leaves 128 Descendants.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25.—Daniel Webster, a widely known colored man, who is believed to have been the oldest person in Philadelphia, died to-day at the age of 105 years. He was born in Harford County, Maryland, in June, 1776, and was owned by Col. Joseph Webster, who was killed in the war of 1812. Daniel accompanied his master in the war, and brought his body back to Maryland, for which service the dead man's wife gave him his freedom. The freedman's wife and two children, however, were retained in bondage, and he preferred remaining with them. In his 60th year he purchased his wife's freedom, but she died a month or two later, and he married again. He came to Philadelphia in 1857, and settled at 4,123 Ludlow street, where he died. Daniel was a famous exhorter, and was well known in all parts of the city. His daughters were unmarried to the last, and until he received the stroke of paralysis that caused his death, he was in the habit of boasting that he had never been sick in his life. He leaves eight sons and daughters, the eldest being 78 years of age; fifty-seven grandchildren, and sixty-three great-grandchildren, the majority of whom live in Maryland. His second and last wife died many years ago.

STRIKING BEER.

The Remarkable Flow from a Franklin Oil Well—A Brewer's Surprise.

From the Oil City Derrick.

Any one familiar with the heavy oil developments knows that a goodly part of the drilling is done on the Bill Kennedy farm, on the "Point," near Franklin. It rises from the bank of French Creek in a very abrupt manner. Philip Grossman's brewery is situated at the foot of South Park street, on the west side of the creek. His beer vault is on the other side. It is an immense vault, blasted out of the solid rock, and penetrates into the hillside nearly 100 feet. In this is stored large quantities of beer. Ted casks line half the beer contain on an average about ten barrels each. One cask in the rear end of the vault is used as a supply cask. All the others are connected with this one by pipes, and the supply cask being sunken, is always kept full of beer. The hill at this place is so steep that it cannot be ascended.

About two years ago Messrs. Rial & Son own a lease. They drilled a number of wells on their lease, and they were all profitable. Some time ago they located No. 9 directly over this beer vault. The rig was built and Drake ran along in the usual manner for about a week. When they had reached a depth of 400 feet, 200 feet less than where they usually find the sand, the drill struck a crevice and dropped away a few feet. The tools were withdrawn from the hole and the bailer run. It came up terribly full of oil. Bill as they would they could not shut it off entirely. They decided to take the well and were ordered to do so by Mr. Rial. The next day the well was tubed without being shot. They commenced to pump, and it flowed like Bill said it would a great rate. Nothing something queer about the oil one of the men tasted it. He found it so good that he put his lips to the pipe and took long gulps of the delicious stuff. First one and then another followed. They became what is known as drunk. The owners visited the well, drank, and were overcome. Operators came to see it, drank, and were overcome. The people of the town who had heard of it went up the hill, drank, and were overcome.

Little by little they came to realize what they had been drinking. One man who was found in the crowd who had tasted beer before. He affirmed that it was beer, but they laughed at him. How would this Rip Van Winkle elixir get into the bowels of the earth? At last they decided to call in a chemist to settle the question, and sent for Philip Grossman. Grossman came. He tasted it once, twice, and then he tore his hair. "Is it beer?" they asked him. "Beer!" he cried in a rage. "Mein Gott in Himmel, you are pumping mein beer vault dry!" Such was the fact, and the way that well was shut down was a caution. They visited the vault and found it to be so. Three of the large casks were empty.

MOCCASIN BILL.

A Pretty Story About a Bold Hunter of the Sangre de Cristo.

From the Denver News.

Among those who drifted hither in '59, during the Pike's Peak excitement, and who have remained as hunters or prospectors in Moccasin Bill, still living in his cabin in the sangre de Cristo Mountains. At the age of 50 years this man is as straight as an arrow, and without the wrinkles with other men—a rare occurrence—he towers above them like some giant among Liliputians. His long hair falls over his shoulders and descends nearly to his waist in natural curls, now slightly tinged with gray, while a beard that has known no razor for thirty years sweeps his breast. Many years ago he established a hunting camp in the mountain country. Having excavated a hole in the side of a hill, and having completed a warm and secure retreat, he resolved to pass the winter and brave the perils of that season of the year. He had located a series of traps, and many he plodded through the snow to secure any animals that might have been captured, and to replenish his larder by bringing down such game as might be obtainable. As the winter advanced the snow became deeper and spread over the mountains and valleys of the Sangre de Cristo.

While making his daily round one day, and while staggering along with a bundle of furs on his back, and his pack mules having gone down the mountain, he found still a call for help. With true frontier courage he responded to the appeal, and ere long found, half buried in the snow, a half-starved Indian. With infinite difficulty he conveyed the savage to his cabin and there nourished him back to strength. This Indian had secured himself upon the trail of the hunter with the avowed purpose of killing him, but had succumbed to the cold and was rescued by the man he had sought to slay.

Before leaving his benefactor he unbosomed himself, and white relating his story pleaded for pardon. The benefactor knew full well the object the one he had rescued had in view, but had nobly saved him from a horrible fate. The Indian and his guide shouldered the dead from the cabin of his benefactor with a changed heart and returned to his tribe, where he related his adventures. From that day the hunter was honored by the Indians, and for many days were sent in their signals by one whom they had once sought to destroy. His traps were never molested, and when he left for the settlements he carried with him the love of his savage neighbors.

CURIOUS HUNTING ACCIDENTS.

Major Arnoldus Vanderhost, a popular South Carolina planter, was killed while deer hunting recently.

Justice Stevenson of Taney County, Ill., went hunting with his son. The son fell and his gun was discharged, killing the father.

Charlie Crawford of Mount Hope, N. J., pulled his gun over the fence by the muzzle. The surgeons had to amputate his right arm.

Albert Smith of Princetown, Pa., covered the muzzle of his gun with both hands as he rested. The doctors are now trying to save a few of his fingers.

As Milton Hyer of Mount Station, Pa., was rising from the ground after a long tramp, the hammer of a cocked fall gun by the muzzle. It went off and killed him.

John Scarboro of Margaret, Ga., had one of his arms blown to pieces through the bursting of his gun catching in the stirrup of his saddle as he limped the gun.

As George Howard of Rockdale, Pa., was about to go out hunting his gun was accidentally discharged, shattering his arm. Lockjaw ensued, resulting in his death.

David Fox of Elizabeth, N. J., went duck shooting, and his gun, in which he had lay cocked upon the beach, was discharged by an unlucky blow, giving fox a dangerous wound in the foot.

As Frank Macomber of Islington, Minn., while hunting, slipped at a spring of brush, his companion's foot caught the trigger of Macomber's gun, discharging it and blowing off one of Macomber's hands.

Eric Anderson of Bloomington, Ill., thought his hunting outfit was not complete without a pocket flask. On his first attempt to get out of the wagon he became tangled, fell down upon the railroad track, and was killed by a train.

Two physicians of Roper Creek, N. J., went hunting for the first time. A rabbit crossed their path on a rain, and in their excitement one fired at the rabbit, but his companion, while the rabbit escaped. The wound is, luckily, not very serious.

While hunting on Sunday Joseph Madison, aged 23, of Sullivan county, Ind., was killed by a shotgun. He removed his shoes, placed his toes on the trigger of his gun, but failed to blow out the brains, although he shattered the side of his head. Young Madison walked to a house half a mile away and allowed himself to bleed.

As Abraham De Row of Clarkston Springs, N. J., was conversing with two hunters near his house, a rabbit, pursued by two dogs, came along, and one of the hunters leveled his gun to shoot it. He shot the rabbit, and while the hunters were securing the game they heard the discharge of the other barrel of the gun and saw De Row fall dead with his head shattered.

Wanted—Females.

A.—UP-TOWN ADVERTISERS May leave their favors for THE SUN at the only authorized up-town advertisement offices.
1,238 Broadway, corner 31st st., till 9 P. M.
806 West 23d st., corner 8th av., till 8 P. M.
760 3d av., entrance on 47th st., till 8 P. M.
92 East 14th st., corner Union square, till 8 P. M.
No extra charge.

A.—EXPERIENCED operators on quilted bibs; W. & G. machine; steady work. M. LOEWENSTEIN & BRO., 39 Lispenard st.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—First-class rose and bud makers, piquet hands, &c.; also good cutter. ROSWORTH & MARSHALL, 88 Prince st.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Rose, bud, and piquet hands; steady work. H. HOFHEIMER & CO., 556 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Good rose, bud, and blossom makers wanted. L. HENDREY & CO., 538 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Good hands wanted on fine roses and buds. F. BIANCHI & CO., 118 Mercer st.

A.—EXPERIENCED operators and trimmers on lace caps, Tuesday morning. C. PLICK & CO., 376 Canal st.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Rose makers wanted. P. MADOULE, 40 West 4th st., near Wooster.

A.—OPERATORS on W. & W. machine No. 2, on children's kilt suits. 329 West 47th st.

A WOMAN wanted for housework. 406 1st av., third floor.

BUTTONHOLE MAKERS, pressers, operators, and basters for alpaca coats. 345 West 24th st.

COMPETENT rickrack hand at 137 West 45th st., S. A. M. to H. A. M. Bring sample.

FIRST-CLASS bookers and wrapper strippers wanted. Apply to HORACE R. KELLY & CO., 96 Cannon st.

GOOD operators on lace caps; best prices; also all previous hands may apply. S. GOLDE, 322 Canal st.

GOOD, smart girl to make herself generally useful. 47 7th av., near 14th st.

HANDS wanted on linen coats; work given out; also pressers. 852 Broadway, Williamsburgh.

HUMAN HAIR HANDS to do ventilating. Apply to G. RAUCHFUSS, 44 East 12th st.

LADY designer for children's suits, &c.; also to take charge of manufacturing; if competent, steady employment and liberal wages. Address, with references, M. B., box 170, Sun office.

OPERATORS and basters on singer machine on vests; work given out. 127 Av. D, bet. 8th and 9th sts.

OPERATOR on children's fine shoes; none but good hands need apply at 110 Sheriff st.

OPERATORS and basters wanted on vests at 641 East 9th st., in rear.

PAPER BOXES.—Learners; those accompanied by their parents preferred. ERNEST PECKER, 542 Pearl st.

SEWING MACHINES.—Great bargains for the holidays; New Home, Domestic, Wilcox & Gibbs, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson; full case from $4 to $20; sale drawers, drop leaf, and cover, from $25 to $35. Warranted 5 years. BROWN, 282 Grand st., near Forsyth st.

SEWING MACHINES.—New, $25, $30, $35; second-hand, warranted, $10, $12, $15; rented, $2, $3; repaired. HARTNAGLE, 546 8th av., 37th and 38th sts.

WANTED—A young girl, from 14 to 18 years of age, as ladies' maid; American preferred. Inquire 1,564 Broadway, between 10 and 12 A. M.

WANTED—A young girl for chamber work and waiting; must be willing and obliging. 148 Waverley place.

WANTED—Operators and basters on white vests. Call all week; also work given out. 337 East 4th st.

W. & W. operators on ladies' undergarments; pressers and small girls for buttonhole. 44 Mercer st.

WANTED—Experienced operators on overalls. BYRNE & WOLF, 432 East 10th st.

WANTED—Experienced operators on lace goods, at JULIUS FRIEND'S, 310 Canal st.

YOUNG GIRLS can obtain situations free, lodgings and meals at 6 cents each, at the Girls' Lodging House, 37 Bleecker st., in place, six doors east of Cooper Institute (under care of Children's Aid Society).

50 SHIRT IRONERS on calico work (4 cents each); also 10 learners. Apply all week, 104 Thompson st.

Wanted—Males.

A.—STENOGRAPHER, English butler, colored waiter, waiter, valet, laundry man, coachman, fireman, clear attendant, butcher, pawn office clerk, hall boys, white and colored, gardener, farmer, solicitors, collectors, canvassers. 793 Broadway.

A COPPER PLATE PRINTER on wedding and visiting work. J. W. GREATON, 1,215 Broadway.

A.—MEN'S second-hand overcoats, $2, $4, $6, $8; pants, $1, $2, $3; pants, 50c., 75c., $1. 73 Sandy st., Brooklyn.

ASSISTANT butchers for hotel; $35 month; glass porters, $12 week; bartenders. 1,339 Broadway.

A MAN to press pants after machine. 135 Grand st., up stairs.

A YOUNG LAD to assist on bread at 288 8th av.

BOYS WANTED from 14 to 16 years old as messengers by AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH CO., 52 South 5th av. Wages, $4 to $5 per week.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN OBTAIN good homes with farmers in the West by applying to the Children's Aid Society, 19 East 4th st.

BOY wanted. 72 Murray st., third floor; after 10 o'clock.

BAKER.—A young man to work on cakes. 257 Spring st.

COMPOSITORS wanted by W. L. HYDE & CO., 22 Union square.

COMPOSITORS wanted. BURGOYNE, 29 Rose st.

GOOD machine drillers at Haverstraw Tunnel; $2.50 per shift. ARNOLD & STEPHENS.

LABORERS WANTED.—Inquire at 76th st., between Madison and 5th avs.

PLUMBER wanted. 2,156 3d av. and 118th st.

SMALL BOYS for light work; wages, $2.50 per week. Apply, with references, 321 Pearl st.

STONEMASONS.—Wanted, 10 stonemasons in 74th st., west of 3d av., for two days.

TOOL MAK'R to machine shop wanted. LAWRENCE CURRY COMP'ON, 300 East 22d st.

U. S. NAVY.—Wanted, firemen, blacksmith, boilermaker, ship's corporal. Apply to Capt. FLOAT, 108 South st.

WANTED—2 drivers and 2 wagon boys; those used to express business; first-class reference required. Apply bet. 7 and 9 A. M. and 6 to 7 P. M. at 261 W. 14th st.

WANTED—Rind drill runner at Kingston, West Shore Railroad; steady work. Inquire at 48 Dey st. or on the works. MICHAEL McFANDS, Superintendent.

WANTED—A good carpenter; one accustomed to cutting up timber; also young man to run circular saw. Mill, Kent av. and Greene st., Williamsburgh, L. I.

WANTED—A lining cutter; one experienced in city retail houses preferred. Apply at 256 Grand st. A. L. & B.

WANTED—A first-class man of experience to take charge of a large coat manufactory. Address J. B. BARNABY & CO., Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Two lead glaziers; to good workmen the highest wages will be paid. Apply to P. F. McMAHON, 16 East 13th st.

WANTED—A young man to drive a delivery wagon; security necessary. Red Star Laundry, 302 W. 19th st.

WANTED—Single man to drive furniture-moving truck; must understand the business. 202 E. 42d st.

WANTED—A man as pastry cook, and also a smart man as order cook, at 102 Chatham st.

WANTED—An experienced hostler and coach driver. Inquire at 205 West 33d st.

WANTED—A mason, one used to laying stone and brick. 23 West 43d st.

WANTED—A good blacksmith's helper at 464 10th av., corner 36th st.

WANTED—A gas fitter and a plumber. Apply at 103 East 17th st.

WANTED—A good carriage painter at 798 Atlantic av., Brooklyn.

WANTED—2 good gas fitters. 4 White st.

5 POUNDS sample tea $1. THE CANTON TEA CO., 148 Chambers st., near West Broadway.

500,000 TOYS.—DUNLEVEY & CO., importers of toys, fancy goods, Japanese, and East India goods, wax, curios, &c. 29 Fulton st., bet. Water and Pearl.

Situations Offered.

A RESPECTABLE lone woman wishes one or two grown children, or baby to bring up on the bottle; will give them a mother's care; best references. Call or address 437 East 12th st., one flight of stairs up, front.

SITUATION WANTED.—A young lady wants a situation as housekeeper to a widower. 102 Forsyth st., second floor, rear.

Savings Banks.

WEST SIDE SAVINGS BANK, 154 6th av., between 11th and 12th sts. The usual semi-annual interest of four (4) per cent. per annum on all sums from $5 and upward has been declared, and will be paid on and after MONDAY, Jan. 16, 1882, on all accounts entitled thereto. Dividends not drawn will bear interest same as a deposit. Money deposited on or before 10th of January, 1882, will draw interest from the 1st of January, 1882. By order of the Trustees. GEORGE STARR, President. JOHN H. HUDSON, Secretary.

Dividends.

MANHATTAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION, 644 and 646 Broadway. DEC. 24, 1881. SIXTY FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND. The Trustees of this Institution have declared interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums remaining on deposit during the three or six months ending Dec. 31, next, to accountants with the provisions of the by laws. Payable on and after Monday, Jan. 16. EDWARD SCHELL, President. C. F. ALVORD, Secretary.

MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK, New York, Dec. 20, 1881. DIVIDEND.—The board of Directors of this bank have this day declared a dividend of three per cent., payable on and after January 2, 1882. The transfer books will remain closed from this day until Jan. 3. 1882. WM. P. ST JOHN, Cashier.

Horses, Carriages, &c.

FOR SALE—New top wagon, patent wheels, not heavy; cost $400. $60. 719 East 120th st.

Amusements.

WINDSOR THEATRE, Bowery, below Canal st. HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION. Greeting the appearance of JOHN A. STEVENS, JOHN A. STEVENS, JOHN A. STEVENS, JOHN A. STEVENS, JOHN A. STEVENS. In his world famous drama, UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN. A river mystery, in five acts and seven tableaux, as played by him over 1,000 times from the Atlantic to the Pacific. RESERVED SEATS, 25c., 50c., and 75c. SPECIAL NOTICE.—The receipts of Mr. Stevens's performances yesterday were the largest in the annals of the Windsor Theatre, every seat being sold before the doors were opened. Next week—Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty Troupe.

ORATORIO SOCIETY. STEINWAY HALL. Dr. L. DAMROSCH.....Conductor. THIS (TUESDAY) AFTERNOON, DEC. 27, AT 2, PUBLIC REHEARSAL. WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 28, CONCERT. THE MESSIAH. MESSIAH. Miss HATTIE LOUISE SIMMS, Soprano. Miss ANNA DRASDIL, Contralto. Mr. A. L. KING, Tenor. Mr. FRANZ REMMERTZ, Bass. Admission, $1; reserved, 25c. extra. Contralto CONCERT WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 28, at 8.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway, near 30th st. JNO. A. McCAULL.....Proprietor, and Manager. A GREAT HOLIDAY ATTRACTION. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, OLIVETTE. Thursday, benefit of SELINA DOLARO. Saturday matinee and evening, only performances of THE SNAKE CHARMER. LITTLE CORINNE IN MAGIC SLIPPER. MATINEES EVERY DAY THIS WEEK AT 2 O'CLOCK. MONDAY, Jan. 2, HAVERLY'S STRATEGISTS COMEDY COMPANY.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway and 28th st. At 8:30 P. M. Saturday matinee at 2. EXTRA. 60TH TIME. ESMERALDA. "THE SUCCESSOR AND RIVAL OF HAZEL KIRKE."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. ENORMOUS SUCCESS. LIGHTS O' LONDON. Saturday, Dec. 31, third matinee. LIGHTS O' LONDON. Tuesday, Jan. 3, first of the series of extra matinees, THE NEW MAGDALEN.

HAVERLY'S FIFTH AV. THEATRE. Every Evening and Saturday Matinee. FANNY DAVENPORT, CAMILLE. DAVENPORT FAREWELL. Supported by George Clarke, Chas. Fisher, and powerful company. Friday, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Saturday, LONDON ASSURANCE and OLIVER TWIST. Saturday matinee, CAMILLE. Secure your seats.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 22d st. EVERY EVENING at 8:30. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. FATHERS-IN-LAW visit the Park Theatre on Mondays. SONS-IN-LAW on Tuesdays and Fridays. DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW on Wednesdays and Sat. Matinee. MOTHERS-IN-LAW on Thursdays. MOTHERS-IN-LAW. JOHN R. WOOD, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Pass'r Agent.

HAVERLY'S 14TH ST. THEATRE, Cor. 14th st. and 6th av. EVERY EVENING AT 8. FRANK S. CHANFRAU, FRANK S. CHANFRAU. in KIT, THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER. KIT, THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU. NEW EAST LYNNE.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. THIS WEEK ONLY. Every evening and Saturday Matinee. KATE CLAXTON. In her original impersonation of Louise and the following well-known artists: James O'Neil, Marie Wilkins, Ida Vernon, Henrietta Vaders, Edwin Thorn, and Charles Stevenson. Reserved seats, $1.75 and 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; admission, 50c. Monday, Jan. 2—Mary Anderson as Juliet.

STANDARD THEATRE, Broadway and 33d st. WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager. FOURTH MONTH. FOURTH MONTH. R. POYLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S ÆSTHETIC OPERA, PATIENCE. Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at PATIENCE. 2:15. Seats ten days in advance. PATIENCE. 100th consecutive performance. PATIENCE. THURSDAY, Dec. 29, a handsome souvenir PATIENCE. programme will be distributed.

G. B. BUNNELL'S MUSEUM, Broadway and 9th st. MUSEUM. THE ONLY FAMILY RESORT. MUSEUM. Dr. LYNN makes everybody laugh. He cuts people up. Dr. LYNN, the greatest necromancer. CAPT. BATES AND WIFE. Tallest Man and Woman on earth. DUDLEY FOSTER, HUMANITY'S ATOM, 5 pounds in weight, 15 inches high. Open from 11 A. M. to 10 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. 8th av. and 23d st. F. POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers. RESERVED SEATS ONLY. Popular prices, 25c., 50c. LAST WEEK OF ANNIE PIXLEY AND MLISS. LAST WEEK OF ANNIE PIXLEY AND MLISS. LAST WEEK OF ANNIE PIXLEY AND MLISS. ALL MISS PIXLEY'S NEW SONGS AND DANCES. MLISS MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. NEXT WEEK, THE DANICHEFF, with UNION SQUARE THEATRE SCENERY, PROPERTIES, and CAST.

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN. LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK. PRESTIGE, PRESTIGE. IN NEW YORK OF THE Hanlon-Lees. No Wednesday Matinee this week: Le Voyage Dans la Lune. NEXT WEEK, J. K. EMMET, as FRITZ IN IRELAND.

NEW THEATRE COMIQUE, 728 and 730 Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel. HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors. JOHN E. CANNON.....Manager. HARRIGAN & HART. MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 26, EDWARD HARRIGAN'S new comic play, THE MAJOR. New music by Braham. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. 14TH ST., BETWEEN 3D AND 4TH AVS. MATINEE TO-DAY. THE SAME GRAND COMPANY. MATINEE TO-DAY. LAST APPEARANCE LAST NIGHT. MATINEE TO-DAY. At the Academy, and is pronounced MATINEE TO-DAY. the very best company ever MATINEE TO-DAY. They visited the variety theatres by. MATINEE TO-DAY. TONY PASTOR. JACQUES KEUGER as DUNO MARGIE and SETTLED. FERGUSON AND MACK. HARRY WOODSON.

THE CASINO. 41st st. and Broadway. LAST WEEK OF "THE MOST EMPHATIC SUCCESS." HAVERLY'S PATIENCE COMPANY, in Gilbert and Sullivan's operatic æsthetic craze, PATIENCE. WITH A CAST OF UNEXCEPTIONABLE STRENGTH, AND A CHORUS of 40 TRAINED VOICES. MONDAY, JAN. 2. THE HAGUE'S BRITISH OPERATIC MINSTRELS.

CHEAPEST MUSIC STORE IN THE WORLD. HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE, SUN BUILDING, 166 NASSAU ST. One third discount on all sheet music. All the latest music published today. All the current Dance Music. Splendidly bound Music Books. Fine assortment of Music Rolls. Hitchcock's Collection of Songs, 250 pages for Voice and Piano, 50 cents.

GLOBE DIME MUSEUM, 298 BOWERY. HOLIDAY WEEK. THE GREAT DAHOME GIANT. THE LARGEST MAN ON EARTH. THE LARGEST MAN ON EARTH. THE LARGEST MAN ON EARTH. The greatest attraction ever offered as a Museum. ADMISSION TO ALL, 10 CENTS. Doors open 11 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sunday, 2 to 10 P. M.

DALY'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th st. Seats at lower prices, $2, $1.50, $1, 75c. and 50c. Under the management of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY. EVERY NIGHT. THE PASSING REGIMENT. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES. Special Matinee New Year's. EIGHTH WEEK.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. Opera House Building, 628 Broadway. Our new burlesque on the reigning sensation, PATIENCE; or, BUNION SALVEN'S BRIDE. Backus as Patience. Birch as Bunion. Corn Salve, Ambulatory Bunion, and the other principal persons. Reserved seats, 50c. and $1; family circle, 25c. Seats secured. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

MASONIC TEMPLE. The charming operetta, RED RIDING HOOD'S RESCUE FROM THE WOLF. Full Chorus of 100 Children. Elegant Costumes. Beautiful Scenery. Every evening at 8. Saturday matinee at 2. Admission, 35 cents; children, 15 cents.

WORTH'S MUSEUM, 101 BOWERY. DEVIL FISH. DEVIL FISH. 50,000 CURIOSITIES. DOUBLE-HEADED BABY. EGYPTIAN BABY. Open 10 A. M. to 11 P. M., and Sundays. Admission, 10c.

AQUARIUM, 35th st. and Broadway. EDUCATED HORSES. Every Afternoon at 4, and every Evening at 8.

THALIA THEATRE. Today, 2 o'clock Matinee, MAX AND MORITZ. Tonight, THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

OLYMPIAN DRAMATIC AS