CHRISTMAS EVE IN PIKE COUNTY.

The Old Settler Serene Under Great Provocation, and Good Will Prevails.

MILFORD, Dec. 24.—Every lamp in the Crissman House was filled and burning, and there was no hiding place for a shadow anywhere. The fire had warmed the teakettle above it, and it sang cheerily, and to the measure of its song it set eelish clouds of steam to dancing riotously around and about it. The rotund dog Cæsar dozed and dreamed in indolent contentment on the hearth. Frank, the landlord, had relaxed much of the dignity that marked his daily walk in life, and beamed kindly and condescendingly on the group about the stove. Even when Black Bill, the body servant of the ex-District Attorney's partner, entered at the back door, filled with his favorite potation of beer and red pepper, and, after relieving himself of a yoop and a few steps of juba, declared in sonorous tones that he would pitch his tent on "dis camp groun', oh, glory! an' tear ole Satan's kingdom down, oh, glory!" and sturdily besought "de good Lor' to gib him de wings, gib him de wings to moob along"—even under the aggravation of so palpable a breach as that of the Crissman House's iron discipline, the landlord remained subservient to the man. As landlord, Frank would have taken the gyrating and boisterously-melodious African and tossed him out in the snow. As man, he wished him a merry Christmas; and, handing him a dime, merely suggested that the tavern up the road had a much better floor for dancing than the Crissman had, and that the auricular arrangement of its barroom was calculated to produce much more satisfactory results during overflows of vocal melody—which gentle hint, taken in connection with the dime, gave Bill the wings to move along.

As the boys noted the appearance of things here and there, they could not refrain from pertinent mental queries. Why were there more lemons than usual (and fresher ones) piled behind the bar? What significance had the tumbler full of allspice, and the nutmeg grater on top of it? And—oh! poetry of kindness!—why was the "No Trust" sign turned with its face to the wall? No wonder, then, that the boys smiled and felt good. How natural, under the circumstances, that the new school teacher should forget that he was "boardin round!" The Old Settler never had better cause to lie back in his chair with closed eyes and a smile of peace. If the 'Squire had winked his eye out, as it seemed altogether likely that he might, no one would have blamed him a bit; and the Sheriff manifested the general good will he felt toward mankind by declaring that it did not seem that he could ever have the heart to serve another writ, while the County Clerk showed his brotherly kindness by affirming that if any one should come to him that moment and offer him a sled load of foes to enter up a judgment he'd tell him to go to blazes!

"Yesterday," said the Sheriff, "it couldn't have been much colder if the northwest corner of Greenland had been chipped off by an iceberg and shoved down against Pike county; and now look at it! But this snow makes seasonable Christmas weather," said he.

"I'm blamed if it does," said the Sheriff, said the County Clerk, as if the fact had never occurred to him before, but now that the Sheriff had mentioned it he saw it all.

"Just what we wanted," said the Sheriff.

"Wall," said the Old Settler, straightening up in his chair, "it may be jis' what we want, but s'pose ye lived back in the woods, four mile from a tavern, an' no neighbors nigher'n a b'ar or two over in the swamp? I don't b'lieve yo'd holler 'Merry Christmas' very loud when ye woke up in the mornin' an' found yerself surrounded by five good solid foot o' snow, b'gosh! We kin set h'yer an' toast our shins, an' h'ist in a hot un casionally, and git to feelin so rich that if the Queen o' Englan' come along and offered to trade places with us we'd ask her how much boot she'd give—yes, we kin set h'yer an' say this is the sort o' weather we want; but jis' you go an' start out ez an independent farmer, on a fertyle tract o' hoop-pole pastur', an' then let a piece of winter like this a drop down on it fur Christmas! Shurf, if you heerd of a man, under them sarcumstances, ez'd said that the weather were season'ble an jis' what we wanted, ye'd load yer shotgun, an' hunt him out'n the country!"

"No neighbor nigher'n a b'ar or two, did ye say, Major?" asked the 'Squire. "Wall, now, if the fellers ez lives in the woods to-day is any ways like the ones ez knocked 'roun' in 'em in our day, Major, them's jist the kind o' neighbors they'd like to have to call on fur a Christmas, snow or no snow. I'm durned if I would't like to make a call on one myself wunst more, jist to show 'em ez I hain't furgot 'em. D'ye reckoममber the Christmas o' '26, Major?"

The look the Old Settler turned on the 'Squire!

"Do I reckomember the Christmas o' '26?" said he. "Wall, now that's a durn sensible question to ast me, ain't it? Do I reckomember the Christmas o' '26! If I couldn't recomember furder back 'n that, b'gosh, I'd be out a ridin down hill to-night with the rest o' the boys! I were sayin' to M'riar only this mornin' at breakfus', 'M'riar,' says I, 'M'riar we're sittin on another griddle o' cakes—' M'riar,' says I, 'would yer believe that on Christmas Eve, 1819, we had one o' the hardest thunder storms, over on Pocono,' says I, 'ez ever shook that corner o' the country?' 'Wall,' she says, 'Silas,' says she, 'I mowt believe it, an' then agin mebbe I mowt'n't. It'd pend a leetle on who said so,' says she. 'Wall,' I says, 'I say so, o' course.' M'riar turned the cakes on the griddle, an' put another stick o' wood in the stove. 'Did it git struck by lightnin', did ye, Silas?' says she. 'Struck by lightnin'?' I says. 'O' course not!' 'Mebbe ye wa'n't old enough,' says she. 'But if I was you,' says she, 'I wouldn't tell much 'bout that thunder storm now, 'cause it's too old to get struck yit,' says she. M'riar's a leetle queer when she's bakin' cakes, 'specially if she happens to git holt of a stick o' wood that's cut an inch or so too long, ez she did this mornin'.

"But that thunder shower were a curious thing, an' no mistake. I know me an' my brother Jerry got ketched out in it, an' was durn nigh skeert to death. I guess none o' you fellers never know'd my brother Jerry. He went West to the lake country in '23. The 'Squire mowt a know'd him though."

"I never know'd him," said the 'Squire, "but I've heerd on him. Uscty drive team fur ole Jedge Piper, didn't he?"

"Y-e-s," said the Old Settler. "I b'lieve he did, wunst. Wall, now an' lum——"

"They usety say that he could drive a team further in a day without hurtin' 'em than any other man that worked fur the Jedge," continued the 'Squire.

"Wall, me an' him——"

"He were the one ez druv the Jedge's team o' blacks so fur one day that it tuck another o' the Jedge's men two days to ketch up to him an' drive 'em back, wa'n't he?" asked the 'Squire, forgetting that it was Christmas.

"Oh! yes," said the Old Settler, with his memory refreshed. "Durned if I hadn't forgot all about that! That black team were the all-firedest pair o' runaway hosses ez ever chaw'd a snaffle-bit. Jerry was allus afeerd to drive 'em, an' one day they got the upper han' of him, an' he couldn't git 'em till they got 'way over by Wilkes-Berry some'rs. An' he couldn't hold 'em in then; but fort'nitly the Jedge sent one o' the men a horseback 'round by a short cut, an' ez luck would hev it, I'm durn'd if he didn't head off the team an' stopped 'em, jist ez Jerry were gointer give up an' jump out'n the wagon an' take the chances, an' ez like ez not he'd broke his neck. When they got the hosses quieted down, Jerry said, b'gosh, that he'd ev gumm'd it he'd work fur a man ez kept sech a resky team ez them blacks, an' so he didn't come back, but went on to the lake country. But Jerry hain't got nothin' to do with that storm, only him an' me a gitting ketched in it makes me reckomember it."

"I'll never forgit that thunder storm, myself," said the 'Squire, with a wink that augured ill for the Old Settler's serenity. "They were a terr'ble deep snow that winter, wa'n't they, Major?"

"Deepest I ever see!" said the Old Settler.

"That Christmas Eve were the coldest night o' the season, too."

"Cold?" said the Old Settler. "Why, b'gosh, 'twere ez warm ez May, almost!"

"It mowt a been warm at Pocono," said the 'Squire, "but three mile furder up the creek, where I were, 'twere howlin cold. Why, durn it, Major, don't yer reckomember how that rain friz ez fast ez it fell, an' how it come down in pieces no bigger 'roun than a clothes line, but some on 'em more'n a hundred foot long, an' how they rammed one end o' theirself inter the snow, an' stood 'roun' thar thicker'n bean poles in a garden? Don't that leetle sarcumstance come back to ye?"

"No, b'gosh! Imighty! An'——"

"An' don't ye mind how ev'ry wunst in a wile lightnin' 'd dip the end o' one o' them pieces o' ice, an' 'd slide down it inter the snow an' melt so much of it that if it hadn't a friz ez fast ez it melted it 'd a run in the creek an' flooded us all out?"

"Were this in '19?" inquired the Old Settler, evidently puzzled.

"Sartinly! '19, of course. Christmas Eve, '19," said the 'Squire. "Why, dod-durn it, Major, you mus' reckomember that if that thunder storm hadn't a friz we'd a had the biggest flood we ever see, an' they wouldn't a ben a thing left 'long the creek! An' don't ye mind how the men an' teams was busy fur a week diggin' the shower out'n the snow, so ez to run it down the creek fore warm weather come, an' git rid of it fore it could melt? Mebbe the shower you an' Jerry got ketched in were in '16, Major?"

"They's a good many things ez I'd a liked to had fur a present this Christmas," said the Old Settler calmly, "an some on 'em is with a heap o' money. If I could a had 'em an' b'gosh, an' had 'em here right now, an' somebody'd offer me sixteen thousan' dollars fur 'em, I'd say, 'No, sir; ye can't have 'em!' But, 'Squire, if I could make a turn with 'em, an' trade 'em off fur your mem'ry, I'd say, 'Hyer, 'Squire, b'gosh! imighty, take 'em!'"

The teakettle sang louder than ever. The steam ells rioted without license. Lemons and spices and smoking glasses met in savory confusion. The boys smiled. The landlord stood up in his place, glass in hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a merry Christmas!"

And the Old Settler and the 'Squire touched their glasses and drank heartily. ED. MORT.

THE FORESTS PRIMEVAL.

Their Reckless Destruction Throughout the Adirondack Region.

Morris K. Jesup, C. N. Bliss, Solon Humphreys, C. S. Smith, Thomas B. Coddington, and D. Willis James, of the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Adirondack Forests, were present at the meeting yesterday. Chairman Jesup read an invitation from Joseph Couch, Chairman of the State Senate Committee on the forests, inviting the Chamber of Commerce Committee to meet them in Albany on Friday next and assist them in preparing a draft of a bill which should meet the requirements of the case. It was agreed that as many of the members of the committee as possible should visit Albany on Friday.

A communication from the Constitutional Club was read, declaring that they had learned from good authority of a scheme whereby an important part of the Adirondack wilderness was to be despoiled of its lumber to the detriment of rivers and watercourses, and calling on the commissioners and State officials to prevent it.

The Chairman announced that he had a letter from a gentleman who was as well qualified as any other citizen whom he knew to judge of the despoliation going on in the Adirondacks. The following letter was read:

39 EAST FOURTH STREET, Dec. 20, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. JESUP: You have asked me to state briefly any facts I may know in regard to the destruction of the forests of the Adirondacks, where I have been a frequenter during the last twenty-eight years. There can be no question of the immense and remediless destruction of the forests in that region. It comes from various sources, from the burning of the forests by chance hunting parties, from burning for charcoal, from careless and reckless lumbering, and from overflooding large regions for the sake of a dam or steamboat landing.

The past summer I revisited many parts of this region, which I had not seen before for twenty years. The change was lamentable and mournful in the extreme. Many mountain sides were absolutely stripped of their timber, and as the soil was burned also, it will be seen before the forest grows again. On the road up from Keene valley toward North Elba, whole mountain sides of beautiful forest have been buried by an iron manufacturer in Keene for the sake of getting charcoal at an estimated return, as I was informed, of 50 cents an acre. The destruction around the head waters of the Au Sable during the last three years has already affected the water supply in this river for the valleys below. Raquette River and the lower part of Big Tupper Lake are lined for miles and miles with dead trees, killed by the overflowing caused by a dam a few miles below. No one, of course, had the right to commit this destruction; but no one of the property holders cared to dispute it legally.

The head waters of the Hudson south of the Indian Pass are beginning to be attacked by the charcoal burner and the lumberer, and in a few years the springs which supply the sources of this great river will be very much dried up. It happens, fortunately for the interests of the State, that this fact owns the forest lands in the most remote localities at the sources of the principal rivers, and where it does not own such lands, they are held at present very cheaply, as not being yet accessible. Now seems the time to get possession of them, in a few years they will be too valuable. Proper lumbering under charge of officials appointed by the State would do no great harm, it is the wild and reckless destruction of the woods by careless lumberers which does the great damage. The line of lumbering is continually advancing inward toward the wildest spots, and now is the time to save them.

It should be remembered that the land which it is proposed to buy by the state for a public preserve is usually the worst in the whole country and that the purchase would cost comparatively little, yet it is these lands which contain the sources of the rivers and form the primeval wilderness.

The greatest destruction to woodland is threatened by the nearer approach of the Adirondack Railway, which will especially touch the head waters of the Hudson. All who are familiar with that region can detect already a diminution of the water supply as a result of this wholesale destruction of forests. What this diminution will be twenty years hence, if this destruction goes on as rapidly as it has done, we can all estimate. It should be remembered that if this region is held as a public park it will be watched by officials who will prevent all useless destruction of the woods. If left to itself it will not be a generation before the whole country will look like the slopes from Keene toward North Elba, or the desolate swamp which lines the lower Raquette. The progress is sure toward an absolute waste of those venerable forests. The Legislature alone can act in this matter, and now is the time if they ever expect to do anything.

C. L. BEACH.

Mr. Smith said a gentleman who was familiar with the Adirondack region had told him that a disease had attacked the spruce trees, killing great numbers of them. He said for that reason the lumbermen were not now competitors for the land.

STILL PONDERING THE BUDGET.

James Oliver's Appeal for Paradise Park in the Five Points.

"There's a Christmas present for you," said Commissioner Porter of the Department of Charities and Correction yesterday morning to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The Christmas present was a requisition for $35,000 to pay the expenses of repairing the east wing of the City Asylum for the Insane on Ward's Island.

District Attorney Olney appeared to explain the estimates for his office, which amount in the aggregate to $107,400 for 1884. He approved the estimates made by the late District Attorney, and asked the Board to increase the salaries of several of his clerks and assistants.

Mr. Asten said that the Commissioners of Charities and Correction had not made application for money to start the proposed farm for the insane and pauper inmates.

Mr. Porter said that the amount already appropriated, $25,000, would be enough to begin with, and he had no doubt that an agreement would be made with the State Board of Charities to select a site on Long Island.

Mr. Asten said that he had been informed by a responsible official of the Long Island Railroad Company that if the new farm was on the line of that road the cost of transportation would be made reasonable, and tickets would be sold in large quantities at low rates. He said the sewerage on Long Island there it was proposed to establish the farm abounded in running streams, and was very healty. He asked if the $150,000 asked for to buy land at Liker's Island had any reference to the farm.

Commissioner Porter replied that the Liker's Island appropriation was only to secure the title to the land under water; but it was a small patch of land, not suited to farm purposes.

Mr. Asten hoped the farm project would be hurried forward.

Commissioner Porter praised the hard-working attendants of the Ward's Island hospital, whose faithfulness at the hour of the fire, he said, had prevented 1,400 inmates from being deprived of shelter.

Mr. Asten joined in the praise of the work done by both the attendants and the firemen.

Register Docharty explained the requisition of $25,000 for recopying mutilated records.

Mr. Asten said it was important that the work should be well and promptly done. It was shown that before the work can be paid for a judge of the Supreme Court must certify it was necessary and has been properly done.

Mr. Asten observed that the copying was to cost $1,000 a liber, which seemed a large sum.

Mr. Docharty explained that the work could not be done all at once, as the books are in constant use.

James Oliver appealed to the Board to make some provision for completing the little public park on the site of the old Five Points. He said that it is the only park in the city without trees or seats. The improvement would not cost over $1,000, and he hoped the Board would see that this poor quarter of the city got some of the appropriation for parks.

President Reilly asked whether some of the money appropriated for the new parks up town might not with propriety be appropriated to buy new ground down town to make parks in the most thickly settled parts of the city where they are needed.

Mr. Oliver said his constituents would hardly ask so great a boon at present, though they would gladly accept it, but they would be greatly obliged if a green spot and a few seats could be provided for the Five Points.

Capt. Twomey, Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, explained to the Board the requisition for the Common Council for $84,000.

Mr. Aston remarked that the amount required for clerks this year is $25,000 as against $18,000 last year.

Capt. Twomey explained that the business of the Aldermen has greatly increased, because the Aldermen do the work of the old Supervisors and Assistant Aldermen.

The Board adjourned to Wednesday, and closed the hearing of public suggestions as to the estimates. The final settlement of the appropriations must be made before Jan. 1.

Fluctuations in the Turkey Market.

"Poultry of all kinds is scarce for the Christmas market," a dealer in Washington Market said yesterday, "and the price has consequently jumped to twenty-five cents a pound. That is what choice turkeys are sold for to-day by the dozen. Very recently low prices ruled, and every dealer in the market supposed that Christmas would find us with a big stock on hand ready to supply everybody at low prices. But thousands of pounds have been spoiled since Thanksgiving by the warm weather. The fowl that the farmers began to kill as soon as the cold snap set in have not keeped. Here yet. There will be an avalanche of turkeys in by to-morrow or at latest next day, and cheap Christmas turkeys may be eaten on New Year's Day. The quality was never so fine, and the price to-day is the same as last Christmas."

The Pop-Corn Man Busy.

The pop-corn man was found in his glory in a basement from which intoxicating fumes of fresh pop-corn were wafted. He dragged quickly to and fro a huge hopper full of corn, which rattled and popped above a deep furnace. Around were mountains of pop-corn and bags of corn not popped. The pop-corn man was very busy, and only stopped to say that business was booming at $2 a barrel for the popped corn and ten cents a quart. In another room boys were dipping their hands in a crushed strawberry colored liquid and rapidly fashioning pop-corn balls. These have the largest sale among peddlers, on account of their sweetness.

West Sleighing, with the Rest of the World.

James Carter, an oysterman of 169 Mulberry street, John Sullivan, a peddler of 21 Cherry street, and James Walters, a bricklayer of 55 Mulberry street, took James Stanton's $90 mare and Martin Luherson's $15 sleigh, on Sunday afternoon, and went out on the road. When they came to put the horse and sleigh back they were arrested by Policeman Brady. They were held for larceny at the Tombs Police Court yesterday.

O'DONNELL'S DEFENCE.

Mr. P. J. Sheridan Condemns His Counsel for Excluding Gen. Pryor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in giving his reasons for objecting to Gen. Roger A. Pryor as one of the counsel for the defence of the murdered Patrick O'Donnell, is reported in yesterday's SUN as saying:

But when the cable telegraphed the news (perhaps falsely) that Irish American journals and public speakers, prominent on O'Donnell's behalf, had glorified and, as it were, adopted the outrages, and when one stock speaker was reported to have declared that they had or would have a fund not only to defend O'Donnell, but to defend and provide for others like him, it became obvious to us all that O'Donnell's chance of a really dispassionate jury was gone, and that Gen. Pryor's public participation in the trial would be held to have a meaning and significance which (however foreign to that honorable gentleman's personal character and professional mission) would be fatal to the man whose life it is our task to defend.

Here a garbled extract from a speech of mine delivered some time ago in Philadelphia, and a reference to which in the London press was afterward commented on by Mr. Michael Davitt, clearly points to me as "the speaker" to whom Mr. Sullivan refers.

Without presuming to question the motives of either Mr. Sullivan or his friends when his services were thrust on Patrick O'Donnell, I may be here permitted to state that, so confident was I of the part which Mr. Sullivan would play in the defence of O'Donnell, that I warned Mr. Patrick Ford against making himself in any way responsible for Mr. Sullivan's retainer. In this case. This I did for the following reasons:

First, because Mr. Sullivan stands reported with having insultingly refused to defend the Phœnix Park prisoners when asked to do so, and thereby forfeited the respect of Irish revolutionists. Secondly, because I believed he would have treated O'Donnell in a like manner were it not that he knew that the *Irish World* was raising a fund for his defence. And thirdly, because I felt confident that in Mr. Sullivan's anxiety to please Englishmen from whom he has to earn a living, he would never consent to act with Gen. Pryor in that mode of defence which a'one could benefit the prisoner.

I also informed Mr. Ford, in addition to other things which results have since verified, that Mr. Sullivan would endeavor to debar Gen. Pryor, and now Mr. Sullivan himself testifies to the accuracy of my surmise.

Under these circumstances it is very convenient for Mr. Sullivan to shirk the onus of his own action on "Irish-American journalists and public speakers."

His countrymen would respect Mr. Sullivan more if he admitted what they believed to be a fact, viz: that O'Donnell could not be saved by the mode of defence he adopted, and that the only chance left the brave fellow was cut off by the action of Mr. Sullivan and his colleague, Mr. Russell, when they debarred the learned gentleman who, if allowed to plead, would have tested the international bearings of the case and who, if defeated, would have accomplished nothing else, would have at least left on record a precedent for future guidence.

P. J. SHERIDAN.

Fiery Skies and Ancient Philosophers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Now that we are having phenomenally rosy skies morning and evening, which provoke our savants to much theorizing, by which we get such ideas as cosmic dust, cometary matter, celestial collisions, and so on, it may interest your readers to hear what an ancient Aryan philosopher says on this subject, and also regarding sun spots.

Varaha Mihira Brihatsamhita says, cap. 111, sloka 9, 10: "When spots appear on the disk of the sun the waters will get disturbed, the sky will be filled with dust, birds and animals will howl, there will be appearance of false fire all around, and lightning and earthquakes will shake the earth."

Regarding solar color, he says, cap. 111, sloka 29, "that if the color be blue, mankind will suffer from worms and pestilence; if ashy pale, the reigning sovereign will be dethroned and another succeed him."

In cap. 97, sloka 1: "In the case of solar symptoms the effect desired will begin to be felt within a fortnight after the appearance of the symptoms."

My friend, Sundaresvara Sruthi, a Hindoo astronomer in Trivadi, says he observed that the terrible Java earthquake occurred just a fortnight after the appearance, Sept. 9, of a large spot on the sun.

This shows that the Aryans knew somewhat of the effect of solar disturbances upon the earth's atmosphere, and consequently upon the men on it.

How long will Western science pooh pooh the wells of wisdom existing in Aryan literature?

NEW YORK, Dec. 22. WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The Railroad on the Bridge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: I notice an item in The Sun saying that Superintendent Martin of the Brooklyn Bridge proposes to use one of the small locomotives, instead of the cable, to run the cars after 1 o'clock in the morning. Let me suggest to Mr. Martin, from the way the bridge railway is managed now, that it would be more economical to use two locomotives during the daytime, and dispense with the use of the cable machinery altogether. At present the locomotives are stationed at the Brooklyn end, and eight or ten men are employed to put the cable in the grip. To a practical railroad man the whole management seems a childish piece of business. What sense is there in playing cable in this way, when two good engines will accomplish the work of running the cars, and save the thousands of money to the city? Or, since cable railways are coming into fashion, if we are to have such a system on the bridge, let us have a good one. A proper cable system on the bridge requires no locomotive either for switching or for night service, and no men to keep the cable in the grip. Let the bridge trustees abandon the idea of the double system of cable and locomotive, give a little to some consideration in this matter. Is there any good reason why a higher rate of fare than is charged over any road in the United States should be extorted from the people of the twin cities over a structure which they have already been taxed heavily to pay for? PRO BONO PUBLICO.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.

Burgoyne's Copper Kettle.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: A West Troy newspaper says that there is at present kicking round on a farm in that town a big copper kettle, which, if the story about it is true, ought to be removed to a place of safe deposit as a Revolutionary relic. This kettle weighs over 1,200 pounds, is five feet deep, and is six feet six inches in diameter at the mouth. The bottom is two inches in thickness, and consists of a single sheet of copper riveted to the sides. The latter consists of six sheets of metal riveted together. This, however, is mere detail of old-fashioned construction. What makes the old kettle interesting is the fact that the Indians say that it is one of the remarkable cooking utensils which Gen. Burgoyne brought over from Merry England to cook the rations of his troops in. After his surrender, so the story goes, the kettle passed into the hands of the Dutch Reformed Church of Albany, and it is said to have done service in the brewing of beer. Now it is rusting away in its old age, exposed to the wintry elements in a manner that is extremely inhuman, not to say extremely unwise, if it be the distinguished piece of copper ware the Trojans claim.

If the Trojans prove that it is really a Burgoyne kettle, and express it to New York, it will be better cared for. HISTORICUS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

Wanted—Females.

A.—UP-TOWN ADVERTISERS May leave their favors for THE SUN at the only authorized up-town advertisement offices.
3,236 Broadway, near 92d st., till 9 P. M.
868 West 23d st., corner 8th av., till 8 P. M.
260 3d av., entrance on 47th st., till 8 P. M.
82 East 14th st., corner Union square, till 8 P. M.
208 East 125th st., near 3d av., till 7:30 P. M.
No extra charge.

A.—A.—Operators on W. & W. and W. & G. machines for ladies' underwear. 158 East 59th st.

COTTON MILL.—Mosquito net weavers; speeder tenders. ADAMS'S Mill, Birmingham, Conn., or 10 Greene st., N. Y.

EXPERIENCED, and only experienced, hands wanted on puff scarfs. ARMITAGE & HITCHINGS, 55 Grand st.

FINISHERS and operators on white shirts, inside and out. E. MILLEN & CO., 113 Greene st.

OPERATORS on Domestic; also one on Singer buttonhole machine. Call all the week. HANNA, 600 Newark av., Jersey City.

WANTED—Girls to cut playing cards; only experienced hands. Call at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, music store, 106 Nassau street.

WANTED—A wet nurse for a child ten weeks old, to take to her own home. Call at 205 Newark av., Jersey City.

WANTED—Seven girls to sample making in lace business. E. H. & C., 86 and 88 Franklin st.

YOUNG GIRLS can obtain situations free, lodgings and meals at all times. Mrs. Leach, at the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, one block east of Cooper Institute (under care of Children's Aid Society).

Wanted—Males.

A.—WANTED—Imperial Hotel, 133 Chatham st., lodgers; single spring beds, 20c. a night; $1.20 weekly; new and first class; heated by hot air.

AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH Company want well-recommended boys, between 14 and 16 years old. Apply at 8 Dey st.

A CAKE BAKER; one handy at ornamenting may apply. HOWE NATIONAL BAKERY, 74 3d av.

BRUSHMAKERS.—Draw hands wanted; also a few boys, with ROSENTHAL'S, 120 Chambers st.

ENGINEER WANTED to run Baxter engine in a printing office; wages $10; must be steady man. Apply at 137 William st.

JOB COMPOSITOR wanted; state wages expected and experience. Address PRINTER, box 137, Sun office.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRESSMAN wanted; must be competent and familiar with the Hoe press. Apply to CRUMP LABEL CO., 40 West Broadway, N. Y.

TWO Gordon feeders wanted; wages $6; steady work. 45 John st., top floor.

WANTED—A first-class man as foreman; accustomed to fitting and putting up iron fronts for buildings; also stair work; one who understands drawings and is capable of managing men to advantage; steady position to the right man. Address giving references and wages, IRON FRONT, box 137, Sun office.

WANTED—An experienced coffee roaster. A sober, steady, and efficient man can have steady employment. Apply to B. FISCHER & CO. 1 Park row, for Greenwich and Duane sts., New York.

WANTED—In a wholesale paint house, a boy with references who is willing to work and make himself generally useful; salary first year, $150; state age. Address PAINT, box 141, Sun office.

WANTED—Carriage trimmer on sleighs. Apply at 39 GEORGE O'ROURKE'S, Englewood, N. J. Bring your tools with you to-day.

WANTED—A reliable young man for office work; references. Address H. H., box 140, Sun office.

WANTED—A young man as assistant barkeeper. Apply at SWEENY'S Hotel.

Amusements.

NEW PARK THEATRE, Broadway and 35th st. | Reserved Seats, 50c., 75c., and $1.
Under New Management.
JOHN A. STEVENS, Prop'r. F. B. MURTHA, Manager.
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE THIS AFTERNOON AT 2.
The Romantic Melodrama, in Picturesque Splendor,
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Introducing the author, Mr. JOHN A. STEVENS, Supported by the following Metropolitan favorites: Miss ELEANOR CAREY, Miss MARGARET LANNER, EDWIN VARRY, LILLIE VANE, W. H. LYTELL, HART CONWAY, LOUDON McCORMACK, H. W. MONTGOMERY, WILLIAM CALDER, Together with a Grand Chorus of JUBILEE SINGERS, the MADISON QUARTET, &c.
Remember, Two Grand Performances This Day.
MATINEE AT 2. | EVENING AT 8.
Box office open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. PATTI.
MONDAY, Dec. 31.
ADELINA PATTI in Verdi's opera, AIDA: Rhadames ..... Signor NICOLINI; Amonasro ..... Signor GALASSI; Ramfis ..... Signor CHIRUBINI; Il Re ..... Signor LOMBARDELLI; Amneris ..... Mlle. GEMMA TIOZZO; and Aida ..... Mme. ADELINA PATTI. Director of the Music and Conductor ..... Signor ARDITI. Prices on this occasion: Boxes from $16 to $40; Parquet and Balcony, first four rows, $3; other rows, $2; Family Circle, reserved, $1; Family Circle, $75c. TUESDAY, Jan. 1, PATTI, first time Ricci's opera, CRISPINO E LA COMARE. Annetta ..... ADELINA PATTI. SATURDAY, Jan. 5, Grand Gerster Matinee, FAUST. Margherita ..... Mme. ETELKA GERSTER. The sale of tickets for the Gerster performances will begin at the box office to-morrow (Wednesday).

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH ST. A GRAND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SHOW THIS WEEK. MATINEE TO-DAY. MATINEE TO-DAY. AT TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR AND GRAND HOLIDAY SHOW. THE NURSERY RHYME QUADRILLES. LITTLE BO PEEP. ROBINSON RIDING HOOD. And all the heroes of MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES. ACADEMY OF MUSIC TO-NIGHT. ACADEMY OF MUSIC TO-NIGHT. GRAND CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. Popular prices—25c., 50c., 75c., and $1. Seats secured all day at Tony Pastor's.

NINTH ANNUAL HOLIDAY HOP. Tammany Hall. Holiday Hop. Tammany Hall. Christmas Day, Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1883. Dancing Afternoon and Evening. Annual New Year's Eve Hop, Monday, Dec. 31. Dancing the Old Year out and New Year in. The new dance, Les Chantillon, with 300 performers. French and German favors will be distributed to the ladies and gents. Dancing to commence at 8. Extra Hop Ladies' Day, Jan. 2, 1884. Dancing afternoon and evening. Tammany Hall, East 14th st. BUSH, Manager.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. SHOOK & COLLIER ..... Proprietors. Evenings at 8, Saturday matinee at 2. FIFTH WEEK OF STORM BEATEN. SPECIAL MATINEE XMAS DAY AT 2. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

HAVERLY'S SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS AND COMEDY THEATRE. BROADWAY, BETWEEN 28TH AND 29TH STS. TO-NIGHT ALL BRAND NEW. First time of the great farce, THE WALL STREET CYCLONE; Or, Life Down Town. Matinees Christmas and Saturday at 2.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Reserved seats (orchestra circle and balcony), 50c. Special Christmas matinee to-day at 2. HAZEL KIRKE. Every evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. Next week, THE TWO ROSES. Matinee New Year's.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinees, 2. THE RAJAH. SEVENTH MONTH OF THE PULLMAN PARLOR CAR COMEDY. Original Cast. Novel Scenery. MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.

DALY'S THEATRE. Matinees this week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday. SEVEN-TWENTY-EIGHT. Every night at 8 o'clock. "A holiday." Herald. "Laughter literally incessant."—Herald. Express. "Laughter literally incessant."—Herald.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. B'way, near 30th st. EVERY EVENING AT 8. MATINEE AT 2. Rice's Opera Bouffe Company in the great success, ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. Prices, $1.50, $1, 50c. Excellent reserved seat, 75c.

THALIA THEATRE. TO-DAY. Morning performance, 10:30 o'clock, LILIPUTIANS. Matinee, 2 o'clock, 3 PAIR SHOES, GEISTINGER. Tonight, RAT PLEDDERMANS—LILIPUTIANS.

PANORAMA—SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871. Painting of 2,500 square yards. 55th st. and 7th av. Open every day from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M. Lighted by electricity evenings. Admission, 50c.; Children 25c.

HARRY HILL'S.—This afternoon at 3, great trial of dance between McCarty and Fenton; boxing, wrestling, and variety.

Personal Notices.

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE that commercial travellers may obtain special rates as delegates to their convention to be held at Niagara Falls, under arrangements perfected with the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railways. Address THOS. A. YOUNG, Vice-President, 319 Broadway, New York.

MME. GIRAUD has opened special private parlors for ladies at 40 East 14th st., for the application of Barbaron's Hair Regenerator, the great discovery of the age. Free from lead and perfectly harmless, in ten different shades.

CHARLES EVERS is not now in my employ or connected in business with me. JOHN BANDELL.

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A.—A.— E. H. McEWEN & CO. AT NEW YORK HOUSE. 7 and 9 West 14th st., between 5th and 6th avs. Positively the largest stock of Pianos and Organs in the city. Some very little used, and equal to new. Very Low for cash and installments. The famous Chimes of Swiss Bells found only in the Sterling Pianos. Used at Wallack's, Harrigan's, Hart's, and all New York theatres. Organs from $50 upward. The Emerson Piano, conceded to be the best made. Don't buy a second hand piano before you have seen how low we can sell you?

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HOLIDAY PRESENTS. BRUSHES, MIRRORS, &c., in cases at lowest prices. JOHN R. HOPPEL, 315 Pearl st.

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DR. B. H. BUPIGNAC extracts, inserts, and restores teeth without pain; gas, 50c.; artificial teeth, $4, $6, $10 and up; extracting free; repairing, $1 up; gold filling, $1 up. French Dentist's, 159 Bowery. Clip this out. Lady Dentist in attendance. Open Sundays and evenings.

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FURNITURE, carpets, bedding, stoves, &c. Best value for cash or easy terms at LOWENSTEIN'S, 153 to 159 Chatham st., N. Y.; 408 to 412 Fulton st., B'klyn.

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LADIES and gentlemen accommodated with good board and comfortable rooms. 11 Rutgers st.

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NEW ENGLAND HOTEL, 30 Bowery—200 rooms; 50c.; weekly, $2.25, $3; open all night; gentlemen only.

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EMPLOYMENT WANTED by a man of 40; is handy, sober, a good general mechanic, and a good penman; will work at anything for low wages. Address WORKER, box 177, Sun office.

GOOD ORDER OR DINNER COOK wants situation in restaurant; references. Call for three days at 87 Equal st.

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