FUN IN SING SING PRISON.

CONVICT PERFORMERS GIVE A VARIETY SHOW WITH A BIG V.

Music, Songs, Local Hits, Sketches, Dances, and Boneleesness, All by Prison Talent—The Bunco Man's Interesting Monologue.

Fifteen hundred contract laborers in Sing Sing prison yesterday put away 1,700 pounds of fricasseed chicken for breakfast, with potatoes and gravy and tea, and then climbed the stairs as well as they were able to the chapel, directly overhead, to laugh off the effect of the unfamiliar diet. Christmas, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and election day are the only holidays in the year for the contract laborers in Sing Sing prison. They like Christmas best of all. Small wooden boxes, filled with presents from their friends outside the walls, have for two days been arriving at the prison doors in wagon loads. When examined by the officials they were found to contain cakes, pies, cheese, coffee or tea in black bottles, clothing, and literature, mostly weekly story papers and monthly magazines. Something besides presents, too, made the convicts wake up and roll out of their cots at daylight yesterday morning. There was to be an entertainment prepared for them by a score of fellow prisoners, who had been composing songs, making up local jokes for a slap at the prison officials, and rehearsing sentimental ballads for the occasion.

At one end of the long, bare-walled chapel the convicts saw a platform decorated with festoons of green ropes that ran thence from pillar to pillar, and twined in spiral lines down these supports to the floor. On each front corner of the stage was a Christmas tree. Footlights were dispensed with, but two reflectors were fastened to posts in front of the platform, and kerosene lamp light flooded the performers.

Benches low and long, and without backs, filled the hall, and when the prisoners were seated a sea of close-packed heads, with hair cut in warm-weather style, was presented. The performance lasted an hour and a half. Under the influence of the breezy jokes and recitations, and especially the local hits, which ran from jest to sentiment, and back again to jest, the sea of heads rolled like the river below the prison when a squall strikes it, while the keepers, scattered about the hall, looking every way at once, bobbed about like buoys.

The performance was a variety show with a big V, and it was given and taken heartily with a big H. The singers and players, with one exception, did not wear their store clothes or dress for the parts, although several were once song and dance men or sketch artists. Nine singers made up the chorus. They were on the stage all the time, sitting on benches at the side when they were not singing. They are the prison choir, and Chaplain Edgerton says, the best prison choir in America, if not in the world. The leader is Pierce, a colored man. At the back of the little platform was the diminutive chapel organ, at which sat Jake Frankel, apparently scarcely out of his teens, wearing a pair of black-bowed goggles and a professional musician's smile. Crowded close to him were the first and second violins, flageolet, triangle, piccolo, flute, and bass viol, all as serious as owls and as serious as judges.

At 8 A. M. a hilarious festival march was started and every foot down the hall tapped in time to the tune. Then the choir sang a chorus, "Virginia Rosebud," an old-time plantation tune, with all sweetness and harmony that would make the reputation of a minstrel show. Then Harris gave a Dutch recitation in character, without the Dutch costume. Pierce followed with a sentimental solo, and the choir sung "Moonlight on the Lake." Then came another Dutch recitation, this one by John Buchholz.

When Harris took the stage there was a stir. Harris was a bunco steerer, but is now temporarily in the stove business. He had composed a song and recitative accompanied by a pleasant jig, and all as a reminiscence of former adventures in the streets of New York. He wore a shiny hat, his coat was hauled taut to show his shape, and his necktie had a twist in it that revealed the artist's touch. Dropping his head to one side and gently closing his left eye, the bunco steerer began his ballad in which he walks up Broadway and meets Mr. Smith of Smithville with a gripsack. He sees that Mr. Smith is a smart man and he goes for him. Always goes for a smart man. That's the kind that bites, and the actor shows how he walks off with the old gentleman under his wing while the orchestra toot and fiddle behind him. Then Harris gets the old gentleman intoxicated in a highly respectable saloon, and they have a little friendly game, at which the "respectable gent" loses all his money, and in his drunkenness drops his spectacles under the table. End of verse two, showing how Harris walks off with the "boodle" as he gives his pretty jig and walk around. But, before verse three is half finished, the respectable gent recovers suddenly, and in a manner to indicate that he has been "playing it cow" the bunco steerer, whereupon an incoming policeman appears and the bunco steerer indulges in a final walk around which winds up at Sing Sing, and he bounds off with applause enough to raise the roof.

Jimmy and Jack Diggs followed with "Statues." They carried brooms, and began to sweep the stage. Jack sang a ditty describing the life of a street sweeper, and stopped.

"Who'll you be, Jack?" said Jimmy.

"I'll be the man crossing the walk," replied Jimmy. "Who'll you be, Jack?"

"I'll be the crossing sweeper."

So they began sweeping again, and suddenly made a tableau with Jack taking off his hat and Jimmy dropping a coin into it. Other features of city life were pictured in a similar manner. There was a verse about Union square and the statue of Gen. Washington. Jimmy said he would be Washington, and Jack was constrained to be the horse, and he got down on his hands and knees, while Jimmy sat astride and waved his hat. Finally Sullivan and Slade were announced in verse. Jimmy chose to be Sullivan, and Jack took up with Slade. The men boxed, struck out sharply at each other's bodies, countered briskly, and danced around the chapel stage in a way that made the convicts' eyes stick out. Suddenly Slade got a solid blow in the breast that floored him, while the floor shook with applause.

Then appeared Chas. H. Warren, the "banjo man," who has been between the medical boards all over the world to display his alarming joints, which seem to be perpetually dislocating themselves. He had bought a ticket to Europe eighteen months ago, and on his way down to the dock dropped into a Bowery saloon to play billiards with a friend. He had been drinking, and a quarrel sprung up between himself and the bartender. The bartender shot at Warren, and Warren shot the bartender.

"He has never appeared on any stage," Warden A. A. Brush said, "as he considered that it was not so respectable or so lucrative as appearing before medical men for examination."

Warren got some tights from outside and appeared arrayed in white and red. He turned handsprings with ease, produced small iron hoops and crawled through them in every possible and apparently impossible way.

Murphy was introduced as "the original Pat Rooney." Murphy wore a false red chin beard, which flapped every time he opened his mouth; a rusty brown coat, a battered hat, and in his hand a stick, which he kept artistically twirling. His brogue and the way he gave the stick "a buntin'" kept the prisoners in a roar. The refrain of his song was:

Me name it is Garry,
O'm th' pethur av me daddy,
An' me mother kaps a whiskey shop in Dublin town.

Garry was recalled, and he told a story about getting a coat for nothing. He stuck one end of his shillelagh under his coat at the neck and told the tailor to "mind that nump" when he took his measure. Returning for the coat, Murphy put his stick under the other shoulder; the coat didn't fit, so he took it for nothing, and Biddy cut off the hump for a bag for her "praties."

Then came a Christmas song by Jack Conners, "Prison Poet Laureate," he calls himself. "Hang the Old State Stockings Up" was the title of the song. It concludes:

"I hope that the next Christmas
Will be enjoyed far from here.
When you regain your freedom,
May you again no'er roam.
Hang your old State stocking up,
For Santa Claus has come."

Conners says he composes at white heat and can't revise. He is in for a good while.

Charley Boyle, who has been in prison 2½ years, and is to be discharged to-morrow, paid off some old scores. He has been employed in the mess room. His Irish brogue ran on in this way, spoken with frequent pauses:

O'm in the mess room. A shwate place. A flingin' up chain sawsages an' chicks'ns widout jin fither an' wid the garls on 'em. It's English breakfast tay yer get, av yer lase. It's gentlifer'l tray that yows for dinner th' F. K.'s (Principal Keeper Connaughton's) doors, an every late is fig enough cure to put hill his hat to kaps him from sunstruck. Oh, O'm tellin' yer, O'm glad yr ate the mince pee on Tanksgivin'? Oh did O've a widge av pee on me shtomick yit, but nivver mind I've a poor mon's plaster on me shtomick to shtick it out. Or want to Dr Bradford, an he axed me up shtairs to th' hospittle, but on shtuck mo hid. "Saw, sir," sid I, "meny a pure chap have O seen goin' up thar, but nivver a man come down. Besides, me time here is short." Oh, bo, but it's a great thing to be a skrimsher.

Then came a song, "I'm Off for Clover Tomorrow," and the chorus, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River."

Chaplain Edgerton, in announcing the end of the entertainment, said he hoped his hearers would never see another Christmas in prison. Fifteen hundred cigars were distributed as the prisoners marched out to their cells. Then they sang songs and choruses, read, smoked, and ate cake and apples all day.

Warden A. A. Brush has issued the following rules for the information of prisoners' friends:

The prisoner may receive visits once in two months. Extra visits allowed only for urgent reasons. No visiting on Sundays or holidays. Boxes of presents may be sent once in two months. Coffee, tea, chocolate, and other articles which prisoners must cook are not allowed. Articles which may be sent at any time are chewing tobacco, suspenders, neckties, handkerchiefs, towels, bedding, cell carpeting, looking glasses, hair brushes and combs, tooth brushes, shoes, slippers, gloves, and mittens. Each prisoner may send out one letter a month, and receive all letters proper for him to receive. In the event of sickness or transaction of important business he may write extra letters. Magazines or books may be sent at any time, subject to examination by officials. Daily and weekly political newspapers, criminal and sensational papers, and immoral and sensational novels not admitted. Boxes and packages by express must be prepaid, and must be marked with the prisoner's name in full and the date of his sentence.

PRAYING ON HOLY HILL.

An Eminence on Which, Pilgrims Say, Their Bodily Ills are Cured.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 25.—In a chain of hills a few miles northwest of Milwaukee is a rugged eminence that on the map is called Lapham's Peak. It is the highest point in the State. The country for miles around is inhabited by thrifty farmers. They are nearly all foreigners—Germans and Bohemians. The English language is rarely heard. They are all Catholics, and are devoted to their religion. Though the town of Lawrence, which is the centre of the little community, comprises but a few stores and a score of houses, there is a church there that cost over $50,000. The priest in charge is a king among them. They live in apparent peace and contentment, without troubling or being annoyed by the rest of the world.

Around about Lawrence, Lapham's Peak is known as Holy Hill. It is regarded as consecrated ground. On the top a pretty little church has been erected, and near it is a cottage occupied by the priest who officiates at the church. Traditions about Holy Hill have been handed down from generation to generation, and it is believed firmly that a visit to the wonderful place by the faithful is all that is necessary for the sick to be healed. Very little is known of the place by the outside world, but there is from one end of the year to the other a constant stream of pilgrims, who pray on the hill to be restored to health. During the past year thousands have visited the place. Many stories of miraculous cures are told. The most recent case occurred a few weeks ago.

Thomas Welch of Oconto, Wis., had been an invalid for years from paralysis, and required the constant services of an attendant. He had tried the usual remedies without relieving his sufferings. He was a devout Catholic, and, hearing of Holy Hill, resolved to try the efficacy of prayer. He stayed at the hill a week. Each morning he was wheeled to the summit on an invalid's chair, and spent hours in devotional exercises. On the fifth day, which was Sunday, he became conscious of a strange sensation, a prickly, sharp feeling through his limbs, that seemed to pass through the soles of his feet to the ger ends. He at once found himself able to walk around. Then he fell on his knees, and with hands clasped and face upturned thanked Heaven for his restoration to health.

The road leading to the summit of Holy Hill is circuitous and rugged. At intervals along the way fourteen large crosses are set. They are adorned with pictures representing scenes in the life of the Saviour. Pilgrims stop and pray at each cross. Midway up the hill is a small chapel. On the walls are suspended a number of crutches, canes, and straps. It is said they were left there by cripples who were obliged to claim their aid when they came, but were able to leave the hill without them. The people who live about the hill credit all the stories that are told, and nothing can shake their belief that on Holy Hill God manifests His power.

Women are said to predominate among those who visit the hill. Oftentimes they go to pray for a relative or friend who is unable to go himself. At times women climb to the summit wearing shotted shoes, which renders locomotion almost impossible and bathes their feet in blood. They glory in the torture and think it renders their prayers more efficacious.

Holy Hill was for many years the home of a hermit. Years ago he made his appearance upon the scene, dropping suddenly among the people. No one knew where he came from. He made himself a "dugout" in the ravine, and passed his time chiefly on the summit of the hill in prayer. For many years the hill had been regarded a holy place, and was said to possess strange, sacred, and miraculous properties. At the time the hermit went to the hill he was a cripple. But he soon began to improve, and eventually was restored to perfect health. More than two centuries ago, it is said, Father Marquette and the bold Joliet planted a cross on the hill, and in later years the land was purchased by the Catholic Church. Consecrated first by Marquette, and again by the priesthood of a later day, it was regarded as holy ground indeed, and there were none who had a disposition to molest the hermit when he took up his rude habitation.

He called himself François, was very retired and secluded, and had little to do with the people of the vicinity. Claiming to be a Franciscan monk, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the people, who sent to him but all the food necessary to supply his wants. These contributions were left at the cottage of Roman Götz, who lived but a short distance from the recluse. Götz alone was intimate with François, and the latter is said to have given him his story. He said he was the scion of a noble German family. Educated for the priesthood he forgot his sacred calling in his love for the daughter of an innkeeper. He determined to test his love, and absented himself two years from the girl. On his return he found her faithless. In his desperation he killed her and fled. Conscience smote him continually for his crime, and wherever he went the image of the murdered girl was before him. He wandered from place to place. After years of wandering, worn out in body and spirit, he laid his burden at the foot of the cross and sought forgiveness. Absolution was given him, but it was many years before he found perfect rest and relief from sin.

Health failing and bodily infirmities increasing, he in some way heard of Holy Hill, and wended his way thither, reaching there in an exhausted state. He became a daily visitor to the summit of the hill, where he spent his time in devotion. Often he could be seen upon the bare summit, kneeling for hours in the broiling suns of summer and the cold blasts of winter. The early part of the day was generally spent in this way, and in the afternoon he rested in his hut or wandered in the woods. The people of the vicinity soon banded together and built him a hut to take the place of the "dugout" in which he lived, but they could not prevail on him to accept any of the conveniences of life. He wanted only enough to sustain life and protect him in a measure from the violence of the weather. He was both feared and revered by the populace, and, avoiding his presence, they regarded him with wonder and awe. At last he disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and no one knew where he went. François contended that his physical cure was the direct work of God as a reward for faith and prayer. He insisted that God had forgiven his sins, and had bestowed His forgiveness by removing his infirmities.

From the chapel midway up the hill can be seen the place where the hut of the hermit stood. The hut burned down a few years ago, and in its place was erected the cottage occupied by the priest who officiates in the church on the summit. It is a wild and romantic spot, but is much changed since François went there, over a quarter of a century ago.

The Fiery Sunsets in Mississippi.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have read with interest the accounts in THE SUN of the remarkable display of colors in the western sky as seen in New York. Here we had the phenomenon for several evenings, with very little, if any, difference in the brilliancy of the colors. The first thing that seemed remarkable was that on some of the evenings the sky was clear, and there was nothing visible to account for such a reflection of the rays of the sun. On one evening there was a small black cloud which hid a portion of the red sky, but there was no tinge of red about it, as is usually the case after sunset. It seemed as though there was something interposed between it and the sun, which intercepted its rays. The next thing that appeared remarkable was that the red color was visible after night, when I supposed the sun would have been so far below the horizon that its rays could not be refracted enough to reach the earth. The different colors appeared as described in THE SUN, the red appearing last, and continuing much the longest, and gradually disappearing below the horizon. But there was a notable variation from this one evening. When it was nearly dark the red color was seen a little above the horizon in a short time it rose some twenty five or thirty degrees above the horizon. It seemed to be stationary a while, and then gradually descended below the horizon. This would seem to indicate that there was a sudden upheaval or upward expansion of the reflecting medium.

We also had a display of red sunsets for some time ago, lasting nearly a week; the exact date I do not remember, but the time included the last two or three days of October and first two or three days of November. I did not watch the display then as closely as I did the last one, and do not remember whether it exhibited the same colors as the last did. But the red color was as brilliant as in the last display, and attracted the attention of the people in this community generally. I am now nearer four score years than three score and ten, and I have no recollection of seeing such a phenomenon before.

CENTREVILLE, Miss., Dec. 15. J. M. O.

P. S.—Since the writing of the foregoing we have had three evenings on which there has been a more wonderful display of colors than any before, not so much on account of the brilliancy of the colors as of the varied phases. The 15th was a clear, cold day, with a north wind blowing. As soon as the sun set a brilliant yellow color was developed pretty high up in the western sky. It extended from about the 12th to the 18th degree, the lower belt being of a silvery white color. The yellow soon changed to red, which descended to the horizon much faster than it had risen before. It then nearly at the horizon a pale red color was visible in the eastern sky. This soon became a bright red, which covered half of the eastern sky, and extended round to the north. It did not descend toward the horizon as it did in the west, but faded away. As soon as it became dim the yellow color appeared again in the west, which was succeeded again by the red, which slowly descended and was lost to sight after night. The second and third evenings were duplicates of the first, except perhaps that the second exhibited a more splendid display of colors than either of the others. When the red color in the east was bright, the whole heaven, except a small portion of the western sky, were of a more or less red color, the sky overhead showing the least color. The theory of a dust in the regions of space may account for it pretty satisfactorily for the display we had in the latter part of November, but I think it will be very difficult to make it explain the changes of color exhibited in the sky in the last three days. It seems to me more like an auroral display than anything I can compare it with. M. O.

Keeping Up Appearances.

From the Springfield Homestead.

It is rumored that a young couple recently married economically not going far, far away on their wedding tour, but bedding forsooth all to their frame on one side of a train and leaving for a Springfield hotel from the other side.

AN HONEST MAN.

Mrs. Diogenes Succeeds in a Quest in Which her Husband had Failed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Eureka! There is great and deserved jubilation in the Diogenes household, for at last we have discovered an honest butcher—a paragon of uprightness who will actually cut steaks the way a customer asks him to, and is satisfied with less than 250 per cent. profit. It is now just eleven months since I read in THE SUN Miss Parloe's lecture containing suggestions which a sad and prolonged experience with butchers compelled me at the time to object to as being too Utopian for actual life. When one of her hearers, who had evidently encountered the same obstacles in getting what she ordered that I contended with for years, said that she couldn't get her butcher to cut a steak as she asked him to, Miss Parloe said, "Then find one who will." I remarked at the time to Mr. Diogenes that this was so much in the nature of a wildly hopeless task that no one would waste time in undertaking it. After months of helpless subjugation to ordinary butchers, I stumbled, the other day, upon a butcher whom Mr. Diogenes, with tears in his eyes and a breaking voice, declared to be the long-sought honest man, and he instantly went out and spent $5 for a set of Parian marble figures, which he presented to the butcher as a testimonial of high personal admiration for him.

The conduct of this butcher, who carves for customers up town, east of Fifth avenue, in a neat and commodious shop, is so extraordinary that it is worth recording.

It began when we sent the servant for a porterhouse steak. Sending the servant for anything too frequently means in practice the obtaining of something you don't want and didn't ask her to get. The girl, however, brought home a real porterhouse steak. Not only was it a real porterhouse, but it weighed exactly what the butcher said it did, was not composed of half bone and half some mysterious elastic substance, and was not cut with that malignant ingenuity which carves so that there will be a minimum of meat. It was the same with other things, but the particular incident that excited my gratitude and induced me to indite this eulogy was this: Mr. D. is very fond of Dundee jam. It is imported in small china pots. Our paragon of a butcher sells it, and we sent the servant for a pot to-day. She brought it back with a memorandum charge of forty cents. Two hours later the butcher sent around his boy with a lot of Christmas greens. The boy said: "Mr. ——— wished us a merry Christmas, and told him to say he had made a mistake, and that the jam should have been twenty-five cents only."

A butcher who will acknowledge a mistake, even of fifteen cents, deserves a set of Parian figures and the thanks of all households. A happy future certainly awaits him. When he retires he will become a philanthropist, and will go down to serene old age with blessings thick upon his whitened locks. Providence will have taken care that no any other reward is him; and, except in permitting the existence of cigarettes, spring-fouling theatre chairs, tin horns, and bob tail cars, Providence is never unkind. MRS. DIOGENES.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1883.

The Mule and the Geese.

From the Meriwether Vindicator.

Mr. Robert Bonner of Warm Springs (Ga.) died the night of the 7th from the effects of a fright he attributed his house to the geese which have their haunts in his neighborhood though he was astonished to find the geese quite well. He was lying in a few feathers being left. One night recently, hearing a disturbance among his geese in the horse lot, he seized his gun and rushed to the lot to investigate the cause of the commotion. Falling as close as caution allowed he fired in the direction of the noise made by the straggling geese. At the report of the gun his ears were greeted with a mood braying from the direction of the mules. A light being produced, it was discovered that the mule had recently a quarter of the load in his nose, a stray shot he (Mr. Bonner) had unknowingly put in the gun, a mule that had been eating the geese, and a bloody nose was the result of his detection.

With an Amendment.

From the Chicago Advance.

One of our city pastors was attending the spring meeting of a ministerial association in the South side. Arriving late, he found the room full of people and warm and, was opening the session with prayer. The day, which he forgot for the moment, was about as inconvenient as possible for an official visit to the graveyard. "Oh Lord, we thank Thee for this gathering, for the privilege of meeting with each other once more, for the beautiful weather—which we had last fall."

Wanted—Females.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Branches, thistles, and rose makers; also learners. VANVELSOR & STEIN, 581 Broadway.

A FIRST-CLASS designer and forewoman wanted on ladies' wear. Address, with reference, P. B., box No. 162, Sun office.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Rose and bud makers wanted. A. KATZ, 124 Greene st.

BOWS, scarfs, &c., work given out to experienced hands; steady work; apply all week. SOLOMON & LITTMAN, 548 Broadway.

BONNAZ.—Experienced operators wanted; steam power; steady work. KURSHEDT, 104 south 4th av.

BOOK FOLDERS and stitchers; steady work and good prices. DENIG & CO., 77 Beekman st.

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

EXPERIENCED folders and stitchers wanted. HUNTER & BEACH, 37 West 14th st.

FREE Sewing Machine School, open daily from 9 to 5, at girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Marks place, 8th st.

FLUTERS, hemmers, binders, and hand pinkers on ruffings. Call at 5 Laight st.

GOOD FOLDERS and stitchers wanted. Pioneer Steam Printing Establishment, 34 av., corner 27th st.

GIRLS under 17 to learn a good trade; paid while learning. KURSHEDT, 104 south 4th av.

GIRLS to learn book stitching; paid while learning. E. E. TOMLINSON, 23 Vandewater st.

OPERATORS wanted on men's shoes, at 388 Broome st.; ring bell corner Mulberry st.

PAPER BOXES.—Experienced girls in glue work by week or piece. SULZBACHER, 546 Pearl st.

WANTED—Experienced pipe rate sewer on W. & G. straw sewing machine. AUGUST LEWIS & CO., 61 Worcester st.

WANTED—A woman competent to color artificial flowers to go to Philadelphia. Address A. B., 927 Liberty st., Philadelphia, stating salary.

WANTED—Experienced operators on lace goods. BACH & SCHLEIH, 453 Pearl st. and 15 Spring st.

WANTED—Experienced hands on all tobacco cigarettes; good pay; steady work. 182 Hamilton st.

2 OPERATORS on Wheeler & Wilson machine, at 47 Allen st.

Wanted—Males.

AGENTS and families—5 pounds pure tea, $1, worth $2; 5 pounds best coffee, 85c.; 5 pounds pepper or mustard, 50c. HIS TEA CO., 239 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

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

A GOOD oyster cook that can open oysters at CLARK BROS., 120 Fulton st. Call early.

A STRONG young man to carry goods; $5 per week. BAKERY, 177 William st.

BLANK BOOK FINISHER. SMITH & McCORMICK, 12 Cedar st.

BOY to run printing press. Address, stating wages, PRINTER, box 143, Sun office.

BOYS wanted to sweep and run errands. ROGERS & SHERWOOD, 21 Barclay st.

FIRST-CLASS job printer wanted. ROGERS & SHERWOOD, 21 Barclay st.

HOTEL manager, druggist, bookkeeper, bartender, assistant machinist, porters, packers. 743 B'way.

HARNESS MAKER—A good jobbing hand; also a boy. 157 East 57th st.

ORDER CLERK and three general waiters. Restaurant, 54 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Come ready for work.

STREET MEN AND PEDDLERS.—Fine steel plate New Year cards at the price of ordinary printed cards, at 27 East Houston st., near Broadway.

WANTED—A first class man as foreman; accustomed to fitting and cutting up from fronts for ladies' wear; must be steady, sober, understands drawing and is capable of managing men to advantage; steady position to the right man. Address, giving references and wages, BIGGS FOUNDRY, box 137, Sun office.

WANTED—Confectioner; a working foreman thoroughly competent to take charge of the manufacture of fine goods, marshmallows, cream work, gums, and chocolates; liberal salary to the right man. Address CONFECTIONER, 211 Duane st., New York.

WANTED—Good young man as foorman; first-class horseshoer. Apply to J. LANGAN, 72 Lock st., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—A strictly temperate, experienced fireman. Presbyterian Hospital (rear entrance), 71st st. and 4th av.

WANTED—A good general workman in tin shop; none but a good, steady workman need apply at 437 East 23d st.

WANTED—A cake baker. One handy at ornamenting may apply at the Home National Bakery, 745 3d av.

WANTED—Boys to deliver circulars. Apply S.A. MAX STADLER & CO., cor. Prince and B'way.

WANTED—Tailors on children's and boys' jackets and knee pants. Inquire at 64 Walker st., 2d floor.

WANTED—A first class barkeeper; best city reference required. R., box 146, Sun office.

WANTED—Five compositors and two thirder to distribute. 301 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

WANTED—A boy to work on cakes; one who understands the business. 573 3d av.

WANTED—A barkeeper at 87 9th av., corner of 16th st. Apply from 9 to 10 A. M.

WANTED—A tinsmith for general roofing. 125 Broadway, Williamsburgh.

WANTED—Good sober man cook. Call at JOE'S restaurant, 626 3d av.

WANTED—Immediately, confectioner. 266 Greenwich st.

WANTED—Fiorman horseshoer at 3 Bridge st.

25 HAND DRILLERS, $1.75; fare, $4.50; 50 mockers, Pennsylvania, $1.50; fare, $5. SANDER & CO., 16 Greenwich st.

Amusements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. PATTI.
MONDAY, Dec. 31,
ADELINA PATTI in Verdi's opera,
AIDA.
Rhadames.....Signor NICOLINI
Amonasro.....Signor GALASSI
Ramfis.....Signor CHERUBINI
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: Box s from $10 to $40; Parquet and Balcony, first four rows, $5; other rows, $3; Grand Circle, $3; Family Circle, reserved, $2; Family Circle, $1.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2, GERSTER.
Second time, Donizetti's ELISIR D'AMORE.
Adina.....Mme. ETELKA GERSTER
To conclude with ballet, La Source.
Prices on this occasion: Boxes from $10 to $40; Parquet and Balcony, first four rows, $3; other rows, $2; Family Circle, reserved, $1; Family Circle, 50c.
FRIDAY, Jan. 4, PATTI, first time, Ricci's opera,
CRISPINO E LA COMARE.
Annetta.....Mme. ADELINA PATTI
SATURDAY, Jan. 5, Grand Gerster Matinee, FAUST.
Margherita.....Mme. ETELKA GERSTER
Box office open daily from 9 till 5.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. SPECIAL.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 27, at 1 o'clock,
Grand Matinee benefit in aid of the sufferers by the late Standard Theatre fire.
PROGRAMME.
Recitation.....Mr. WM. E. SHERIDAN
McCAULL OPERA COMPANY in the second act of the Beggar Student.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY in the second act of Hazel Kirke.
RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY in the second act of Pop.
THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY in Harrigan & Hart's latest success, "Hurry, Little Children."
Recitation.....Miss LIZZIE HAROLD
Selections.....HUNCH OF KEYS
TONY PASTOR'S COMPANY
Songs by MARIE VANONI, DIGBY BELL, HARRY PEPPER, WILL S. RESING, HUBERT WILKE, and Miss AMY GORDON.
Specialties by ELLA WEBSTER, SAM DEVERE, WATSON and BUTCHINS, and R. B. DAVIES.
CALLENDAR MINSTREL FESTIVAL.
Regular prices.
Seats now ready at Wallack's.

ORATORIO SOCIETY. Academy of Music.
Dr. L. DAMROSCH.....Musical Director.
THIS (WEDNESDAY) AFTERNOON, DEC. 26, at 2,
PUBLIC REHEARSAL,
THE MESSIAH.
Mrs. E. J. Grant.....Soprano
Mr. C. H. Thompson.....Tenor
Mr. Max Heinrich.....Bass
and
Miss. Trebelli, Contralto
(By permission of Mr. Abbey.)
CONCERT THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 27, at 8.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 4th av. and 23d st.
Last week of
THE GREAT ART LOAN EXHIBITION,
in aid of the
STATUE OF LIBERTY PEDESTAL FUND.
A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF TREASURES.
MUSIC EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
Open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Admission, 50 cents. Twelve tickets $5.
Sunday from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission, 25 cents.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 730 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
JOHN E. CARSON.....Manager
THE HOME OF SUCCESSES.
EVERY EVENING AND MATINEE.
HARRIGAN AND HART
in Edward Harrigan's new Comedy, entitled
CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.
Five new musical songs by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND CHRIST'MAS.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE, Bowery, near Spring st.
Handsomest in the city. Seats, 30c., 50c., 75c.
CHRISTMAS WEEK.
Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.
Christmas Week, Sparks Company—ELOUIN & SAWYER.
Prospectus free.

HAVERLY'S SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS AND COMEDY THEATRE.
BROADWAY, BETWEEN 29TH AND 30TH STS.
THIS (WEDNESDAY) AFTERNOON AND BRAND NEW.
First time of the great farce,
THE WALL STREET CYCLONE;
or, Off for Long Branch.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.
Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, 29th Subscription Night,
Production of Bizet's Opera, CARMEN.
Friday evening, Jan. 11, 30th and last Subscription Night.
Fourth Night of Opera, LA GIOCONDA.
Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, last grand Matinee.
Box office open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST.
Every evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.
Millocker's charming opera comique,
THE BEGGAR STUDENT.
Presented in the most complete manner by
THE McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE CO.
SPECIAL MATINEE NEW YEAR'S DAY AT 2.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, B'way, near 30th st.
EVERY EVENING AT 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
Rice's Aug. Boulle Company in the last success,
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.
Prices, $1.50, $1, 50c. Excellent reserved seat, 75c.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every night at 8 o'clock.
SEVEN-TWENTY-EIGHT. MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.
"Daly's delightful piece."—Mail.
Express: Laughter literally incessant."—Herald.

WALLACK'S. Broadway and 30th st.
Every evening at 8 and Saturday Matinee at 1:30.
AN AMERICAN WIFE.
Boucicault's exit of Irish Heads and Young Hearts, is in active preparation.

THALIA THEATRE. TO-DAY.
Extra matinee, LILIPUTIANS.
To-night, THE BEGGAR STUDENT—GLITSINGER.

The Cur.

PURSE OF $100—Free for all; given by Richard Fox, Dec. 26, to close at 2 P. M. Dec. 27. To sleigh, from Smith's Hill to Case's Hotel; heats, best 3 in 5; entrance fee, $5. Entries close day of race, at Case's Hotel, 12 M. GAME CASE, Manager.

Proposals.

BUFFALO TRUNK SEWER.
OUTLET SECTION.
Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Sewer Commissioners of the City of Buffalo in New York, at 10 A. M. and noon of January 11, 1884, in the City Hall, 1883, at 4 o'clock P. M., for the construction of the Outlet Section of the Buffalo Trunk Sewer, in accordance with plans and specimen of work on file in the office of the Engineers, 44 Church st., in Buffalo.
Each proposal must be accompanied with a bond in a penalty of 25 per cent. of the bid, executed by two sureties residing in the State of New York, conditioned that the successful bidder will execute the contract and give security therefor as required by the specifications.
The Commissioners reserve the right to reject all bids.
Dated Dec. 12, 1883.
D. C. BEARD,
Chairman Board Sewer Commissioners.

PROPOSALS FOR
STAINED AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS.
The Board of Real Estate Managers of the Board of Trade of Chicago invite proposals for six thousand square feet of Stained and Ornamental Glass to be used in the new Board of Trade Building now in process of erection. Details as to the designs and quality of the glass required and the time of its delivery will be furnished upon application to W. W. Boyington, Architect, 157 La Salle st., Chicago. All proposals must be addressed to the Board of Real Estate Managers, 241 La Salle st., Chicago, who reserve the right to reject any or all bids offered. R. S. WORTHINGTON, Secretary.

Copartnership Notices.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION.—The firm of TREDWELL, JARMAN & SLOTE, heretofore carrying on business at 273, 275, and 277 Broadway, corner Chambers st., has been this day dissolved.
The business of said firm will be continued by Messrs. TREDWELL & SLOTE, who have purchased all its property and accounts, and by whom all amounts due will be paid.
Dated Dec. 13, 1883.
ALANSON TREDWELL,
ZADOK H. JARMAN,
ALONZO SLOTE.
The undersigned have formed a copartnership, and will continue the sale and ready-made clothing and furnishing goods business at the old stand, 273, 275, and 277 Broadway, corner Chambers st., under the firm name of TREDWELL, SLOTE & CO.
ALANSON TREDWELL,
ALONZO SLOTE,
ALANSON TREDWELL, Jr.
New York, Dec. 22, 1883.

Savings Banks.

WEST SIDE SAVINGS BANK,
154 6th av., between 11th and 12th sts.
THE USUAL SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST of three and one half (3½) per cent. per annum on all sums from $1 to $500 has been declared, and will be paid on and after MONDAY, Jan. 14, 1884, to all persons entitled thereto.
DIVIDENDS NOT DRAWN will bear interest same as a deposit.
MONEY DEPOSITED on or before 10th of January, 1884, will draw interest from the 1st of January, 1884.
By order of the Trustees.
GEORGE STARR, President.
JOHN H. HUDSON, Secretary.

Dividends.

NEW YORK, WEST SHORE AND BUFFALO RAILWAY COMPANY, TREASURER'S OFFICE, 15 BROAD ST., NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1883.
The coupons for semi-annual interest due Jan. 1, 1884, on the first mortgage bonds of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway Company will be paid by Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., 26 Nassau st., New York city, on and after Jan. 2.
Drafts for interest due on the registered portion of said issue will be mailed by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company on Dec. 28 to the recorded addresses of the owners thereof. F. S. WORCESTER, Treasurer.

Dry Goods.

UHLIG & CO.,
Corner New Chambers and William sts.
IN FALL GOODS, CLOTH CASSIMERES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT AND THE LOWEST PRICES. Billiard cloth a specialty.

Board and Rooms.

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

66 WEST 4TH ST. (Washington square.)—Nicely furnished rooms, housekeeping or gent'emen, $2.50.

House Furnishing.

FURNITURE, carpets, bedding, stoves, &c. Best value for cash or easy terms at COWPERTHWAITS, 159 to 159 Chatham st., N. Y.; 968 to 612 Fulton st., B'klyn.

Amusements.

NEW PARK THEATRE, Reserved Seats.
Broadway and 35th st. 50c., 75c., and $1.
Under New Management.
JOHN A. STEVENS, Prop'r. F. B. MURTHA, Manager.
MATINEE AT 2. EVENING AT 8.
The Romantic Melodrama, in Picturesque Splendor,
PASSION'S SLAVE.
PASSION'S SLAVE.
PASSION'S SLAVE.
PASSION'S SLAVE.
PAS