VIENNA'S MUSIC SEASON.

BOTH OPERA AND CONCERT MARKED BY UNUSUAL PROSPERITY.

D'Albert Installed in Rubinstein's Place—Bachmann and Rummel Appear with Success—The New Opera "Mara" Fails to Please—Smareglia's "Cornelius Schut"

VIENNA, Dec. 10.—The musical season of 1894-95 is well under way; indeed, it has practically half run its course, and as yet no event is to be recorded of unusual or lasting importance. A reign of prosperity, to be sure, has set in. Both opera and concert hall can boast a period of prosperity such as has not been vouchsafed for many a day, and yet it is not toward anything new that the attention of the public has turned so much as toward the favorites of the past.

Into the prosperous routine of oft-reported successes came the news of Anton Rubinstein's death, causing perhaps a greater shock here than in any other musical capital, for with no city is the record of the great Russian's threefold activity as composer, conductor, and pianist more intimately associated than with Vienna. His principal operas have been performed here; for a season he conducted the choral concerts of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, while his greatest triumphs as pianist were during a period of fifty years won in the Austrian capital. Just a little strange did it seem that the last public recital Rubinstein ever gave should also have been in Vienna last April, and with a premonition, as it were, of his approaching end, he signed himself in the autograph album of the Bözendorfer Saal "Anton Rubinstein, *zum letzten Male*" (for the last time). His death coming in the midst of this more or less uneventful season would seem to emphasize the fact that with him the race of the piano Titans had passed away; he was the only really great hero of the keyboard left, a puissant personality, and an artist counted by the musical world at large among the chosen few. On the very night the news of his death reached Vienna a large audience had gathered to hear Eugene d'Albert play, and in the enthusiastic manner in which he was received and applauded during the course of a long programme one felt as it were the homage that was being paid to the master's successor. "The king is dead; long live the king." Other cities may possibly be inclined to dispute this claim to the pianist's throne, but Vienna unhesitatingly proclaims its fealty to d'Albert, who at each new appearance would seem to gain in popularity. Paderewski is practically unknown here, and Rosenthal, from Berlin has set up as its special idol, has not been heard for some time; other artists as they come receive more or less acknowledgment; some achieve and retain popularity, but really the only one accepted alike by the public at large and the critical few who constitute the musical set of Vienna is Eugene d'Albert. And yet, eminent as d'Albert is, who would venture to compare him with Rubinstein in his prime, or for that matter even with the Rubinstein of a few months ago, who played in his beloved Vienna "*zum letzten Male*"?

Early in his career d'Albert appears to be following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, for, like him, it is not as a virtuoso, but in the field of composition that he would win his greatest laurels. And just as Rubinstein was denied that ultimate popularity, especially in works of greater dimensions, so has d'Albert as yet been unable to compel that success that comes to him so easily as the interpreter of the works of others. Nothing could have been more clearly differentiated than the applause bestowed at a recent chamber music concert on a quartet written by d'Albert and a quintet of Brahms's in which he took part, or again, on an overture and a choral work which he personally conducted at one of M. Gericke's concerts, and his masterful interpretation of the Beethoven Emperor concerto. The favorite German conductor of the Boston Symphony Society, who is held in such affectionate remembrance by his many friends in America, continues to direct the fortunes of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde with tact and discretion that have at all times distinguished his labors.

More prosperously than ever have the Philharmonic concerts, under the conductorship of Dr. Hans Richter, begun. A Bruckner symphony, a Smetana symphonic poem, and a new Dvorak overture ("Carneval") represent the list of novelties thus far offered, and among these the last named achieved the most pronounced success.

Among the virtuosi, all more or less familiar to the Vienna public, who have thus far been heard, two well known to American audiences have presented themselves—Vladimir de Pachmann and Franz Rummel. It may at once be premised that critical opinion as to their respective merits expressed itself much the same manner as with us, the same characteristic qualities having been dwelt upon in the discussion of their achievements as when they played on the other side of the ocean.

Pachmann was ill advised when he was allowed to present himself as the interpreter of a miscellaneous programme. Beethoven, Brahms, and even Liszt are not his strong point, and before he came to three Chopin selections which he has made a specialty the limitations of his very unique talent had made themselves apparent. As a result he hardly got credit for certain excellencies which he undoubtedly possesses in an eminent degree, and when the critics had done justice to his surprising digital facility they had but scant praise left for the other good points of his playing. He appealed mainly to the inner circle of admirers who have dedicated pianists to be found at all times in Vienna rather than to the public at large, though the fact that he gave two recitals in place of the customary single appearance would go far toward proving a success not granted to every artist that visits this most critical city.

On the same principle Franz Rummel has cause to be satisfied with his first experience of an Austrian public, before whom he appeared no less than three times. He chose to introduce himself to an entirely new programme, and, by the way, which usually none but the best accredited artists adopt—and placed on his programme three concertos, the Beethoven G major, the Schumann and Saint-Saëns C minors, that exemplified the versatility of his talent. For those musical qualities which have at all times distinguished him he received due credit, while the respect and admiration he won at his first appearance were only strengthened at his two subsequent recitals, for which he had chosen programmes as interesting as they were exacting. Rummel's fingers will not fail to his New York admirers, but what he played was given in his very best form, and how excellent this is need not at this late day be told in Gotham.

At the Imperial Opera House so comfortable an era of prosperity has set in that, although of the novelties nothing save a topical-patriotic ballet has met with pronounced success, the fact matters little in the general business done, as the oldest and oftenest sung works fill the directorial coffers in the most satisfactory manner. Early in the fall a revival of Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulis" occurred, which could boast so admirable an ensemble that in order to bestow praise on the deserving ones it would be necessary to quote the names of the cast in full. It is not every opera house nowadays, in fact but very few the world over, that can worthily present the classic works of the operatic stage, and, apart from the fact that it is to be regretted the public of Vienna should be as little appreciative of what is purest and noblest as that of any other large capital, and that "Iphigenie" after five performances should have disappeared from the repertoire, it is a thousand pities that an institution like the Hofoperntheater should apparently not be minded to sacrifice for the cause of art and useful example a few of the easily earned florins from a how popular form of operatic entertainment.

The first novelty proper of the season was a short one-act opera entitled "Mara," that reached Vienna by way of Berlin, and of which such great things were expected that the director went the length of a double cast. However, it received only a few representations, and the future royalties to be paid over to its composer are not likely to make him an independently rich man. He is a member of the orchestra of the Berlin Opera House, Hummel by name, and by dint of reading the scores of other composers for a number of years he has ended by imbibing many of their ideas, and above all their methods of expression. As may be said of so many of the opuscula of the past years, had it not been for the "Cavalleria" it would never have been written. However, it is a score throbbing with passion, and over that, especially in its opening and closing scenes, may claim to possess no little "stimmung," as they term it here. The libretto tells a rather lurid tale of a Circassian soldier, who in an altercation murders his father-in-law, and who is ultimately shot by his wife to save him from the savage revenge her kinspeople would take. The scenes of his return home, his pursuit and capture, and the final climax follow in quick succession. The entire work takes barely forty minutes to be performed, a great recommendation in these days when short operas are needed to fill up the gaps in an evening's entertainment. Little as "Mara" pleased the public here, it deserved a better fate, for, though lacking in originality, the score is by no means uninteresting, and it possesses positive beauties. The performance had been most carefully prepared, Director Jahn himself having undertaken the conductorship and stage management of the work, and especially the title rôle proved a veritable triumph for the leading dramatic singer of the Vienna Opera House, Frau Antonia Schläger. Now that Mme. Materna is on the point of leaving the stage, of which for over a quarter of a century she has proved such an ornament, the chief reliance must be placed on Frau Schläger. Great hopes had been set on a Frau Dozat, who came from Leipsic, and was heard in three different rôles, with a view toward engaging her, but though possessing a good voice and a certain amount of illustrated dramatic force, she proved altogether too inefficient for the place she was designed to fill. Frau von Jannschovsky, careful and conscientious artist as she always is, no longer is in her prime, and, however grateful public and management alike may be for the capable service she renders and the obliging manner in which she makes doubtful performances possible, can no longer be counted among the hopes of the Imperial Opera House.

Since her return from America, Mme. Materna has appeared some ten or twelve times, and though not always in her best form, has demonstrated that her voice is still astonishingly well preserved, and that she probably has some years of usefulness before her as a concert singer. For the stage her day is past, but when that day has been so long and glorious as hers, surely there should be little cause for repining. Her farewell appearance is already announced for the end of the month, and it is said that as *Hoffmannlein* in "Guterdammerung" she will bid farewell to the Vienna stage.

The most recent operatic novelty has been Anton Smareglia's "Cornelius Schut," a work which, originally produced in Prague at the Bohemian Theatre, had already been heard in Dresden. In spite of great orchestral beauties, it did not remain long on the repertoire either of the Czech or the Saxon opera house, and not even with a star cast, together with all the resources of which the Vienna stage can boast, is a better fate apparently in store for it here. Smareglia will be remembered in New York as the composer of "The Vassal of Szigeth," which only failed to please because of its repulsive text book. At the time of its production under the management of Mr. Stanton, it was generally accepted as the work of an exceptionally gifted musician, who gave promise of great things for the future. These Smareglia has hardly realized in full, albeit his later score shows a marked advance over the earlier. Once again he has been unfortunate in the choice of his libretto, and to this fact must be attributed the cool reception of "Cornelius Schut" in Vienna. The hero of the piece is laid in Antwerp toward the end of the seventeenth century, is a Flemish painter, who is made the central figure in a group of famous artists of the Netherlands school. The motif of the plot—the conflict between an ideal love and the temptations to which art is supposed to be subject—is a specially prosaic one, but one that lends itself happily to stage presentment, as every one will admit who remembers Wagner's "Tannhauser." In "Cornelius Schut," however, the oft-treated material has been clumsily handled, and in spite of the numerous picturesque scenes that the time and place of action bring with them, the whole work engenders a sense of *ennui* that cannot be held at the door of the music itself. The various acts are of unequal value, Smareglia having reserved his finest efforts for the last, and, by the way, most valuable music from beginning to end. Few of the modern composers handle the orchestra with a more convincing knowledge of instrumental effect; indeed, the reproach has been made that he sacrifices the voices to it, for the sake of the orchestra. Some of the principal rôles, difficult and exacting as they are, can be accounted grateful tasks, even as the part assumed here by Van Dyck, whom Smareglia had in mind when he composed the work, will not add to the Belgian tenor's fame. Never did he sing better or throw himself with more heart and soul into a part than that of the painter, to whom he lent the lineaments of the distinguished ancestors whose name he bears, and yet his success was comparatively so small that the third performance had to be deferred on account of illness, brought on, it was reported, by chagrin at the lukewarm reception accorded his latest creation. It never may have been wanting, however, in applause during the performances of "Cornelius Schut" was amply atoned for at his reappearance a few nights ago as *Lohengrin*, which he sang again for the first time since he was heard in the rôle this summer at Bayreuth. His voice is at present certainly in its prime, and for American audiences it is to be hoped he may ere long receive that leave of absence that will enable him to cross the ocean and be heard in some of the rôles that have made him famous in Europe.

The principal novelty of the season, for which a success similar to that of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is predicted, is Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," which is being actively rehearsed at the Opera House, and which will be produced in eight days' time. It is a work that has already been enthusiastically received wherever it has been given, and if the verdict of the Berlin press and public be duplicated here, the management will be at some difficulty how to give it often enough to meet the wishes of the opera patrons.

Together with "Hansel and Gretel," an old ballet, "Gisela," by Adam, will be revived, it being a rather significant fact that the taste for modern realistic "dance poems" has apparently at last been satiated, and costumes as well as scenes up to date will, according to the present intentions of the management here, have to make way for the tulle skirts of former days.

W. VON SACHS.

BON A FIRE-EATING DOG.

She Chews Brands and Delights in Fire-crackers and Fireworks.

Bon can do almost everything but read. Bon is a handsome three-year-old blue Gordon setter, and while her education is now supposed to be complete, she gives evidence at times of being able to acquire knowledge on her own account.

She is the pet of a family living in an old-fashioned house in Union street, near Court street, Brooklyn. She weighs twenty pounds, and her weight in gold could not buy her. The peculiarity about Bon's accomplishments which makes them distinct from those possessed by other dogs is the seeming fascination fire has for her. It was this, perhaps, more than anything else that caused her to be singled out from seventeen other dogs that were kept at one time in the roomy old stable at the end of the courtyard and to be made the pet of the house.

Bon's liking for fire and the apparent delight she takes in playing with it got her into trouble one day last week. One of Bon's tricks is to attack at the word of command a flaming piece of paper or a lighted match and chew it until the flame is completely extinguished. When Bon is exhibited to visitors the match or burning paper is usually thrown into the open fireplace in the parlor and she jumps on it unhesitatingly. On the occasion referred to a little five-year-old girl happened to be alone with Bon in the parlor. A huge pine knot was blazing away in the open fireplace, and little Miss Five-year-old, knowing Bon's accomplishment, ordered her to put the fire out. Bon looked at her appealingly, but Miss Five-year-old was imperative in her commands, and Bon, being an obedient dog, jumped in and attacked the blazing log. In a moment her fine coat of long silky hair was ablaze, and she jumped out and barked loudly. Her young mistress in an adjoining room heard her and ran in just in time to smother the flames with a rug. Bon is a invalid now, and her front paw is all bandaged up. She is receiving the greatest care, and will no doubt be well again soon.

Bon's liking for fire is remarkable. Her greatest delight is when the Fourth of July is at hand. Then she revels in fireworks of all kinds, and on one occasion stood upright on her hind legs and held a five-ball Roman candle in her mouth while it was discharged. She will run after small firecrackers, fuses of which have been lit, and try to extinguish them before they explode, or will hold one in her mouth while it is fired. She will jump in among an exploding pack of firecrackers and seemingly take great delight in it. The members of the family have little fear of setting fire to the carpet when Bon is around. No sooner is a lighted match thrown away than Bon snaps it out before it touches the floor.

In the evening, after dinner, when Master Harry settles down in an easy chair and wants his slippers to enjoy solid comfort, all he has to say is "Where are my slippers?" and Bon bounds up stairs and has them down in a jiffy. Bon awakes the household in the morning by carrying the mail and newspapers up stairs and barking until somebody gets up. Bon will reply to any question asked her by her mistress, and will bark for a drink of water when she wants it. If anybody should happen to forget to shut off the water, Bon will call attention to the fact by loud and continued barking.

She is also a good watchdog and a good hunter, which is all the more remarkable when it is considered that a dog who knows so many tricks as Bon is generally supposed to lose his usefulness in the field. A handkerchief may be dropped in any part of the house, and if the owner informs Bon that a "dead bird" is to be found, she is sure to seek out the object which answers for a bird and retrieve it.

HIS FIFTIETH COON.

Fooled Out of It by Circumstances Enough to Make a Man Swear.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., Dec. 22.—"I've killed forty-nine coons this year," said Dave Angle of Delaware township, "and I'm madder than any one can guess, for I went out the other night to make it fifty and get a record, when what does something do but turn up and spoil it. Mad? Well I guess I am! The dog started the coon, and I says:

"'Ah! This'll be number fifty! Nobody ever done that in Pike county before! I'll be the boss of coon gatherers!'

"The dog led me over four miles and at last treed the game. The night was pretty dark, and the tree was high, but I thought I saw the coon in a little bunch, way up toward the top. I began to blaze away, and I kept on blazing shot twelve times, and that coon didn't fall.

"'Thunder!' I says; 'but that coon's tough!'

"Then I put twelve more loads into him. By and by I heard him begin to fall. He made an awful noise coming down.

"'Gosh!' I says. 'Ain't he fat!'

"Just then he plunked down, and he hadn't more than plunked down than he grabbed my dog and swatted the life out of him. He killed that dog quicker than I can tell you. Then he turned on me, and it come to me all of a sudden that it wasn't a coon. It was a bear. A good-sized bear, and he was mad, I tell you. I dropped my gun and cut sticks out of them woods. The bear followed close on my heels, and when we struck the turnpike he wasn't three jumps behind me. I was just going to turn and stick the bear full of holes with my knife, when, lucky for him, along come Mat Bensley, driving home from somewhere. That scared the bear, and he ran back into the woods and saved his life. And that's the way I was fooled out of my fiftieth coon. And that's the reason I ain't got any more coon dog. Ain't it enough to make a fellow swear?"

SOCIALISTS IN THIS CITY.

Many Recruits for the Party Among the Russian Jews On the East Side.

The Socialists of New York city number 15,000, and they cast at an ordinary election 7,500 votes. At the last election their total for Governor was 7,614, but if the circumstances justified the effort no doubt they could poll considerably more. One peculiar thing about the Socialists in this city is that until about three years ago they were either Germans or Bohemians, with here and there an isolated English Socialist, and no Americans, Irishmen, or Italians to speak of. A fair test of the Socialist vote in any district could always be had by means of the number of Germans or Bohemians it contained. The organ of the New York Socialists, the *Volks Zeitung*, is published in the German language. The transactions of the Socialistic unions are carried on mostly in German, and the candidates upon Socialist tickets have usually been either Germans or speaking the German language. In the making of new citizens the Socialist party found recruits among German newcomers chiefly.

In the last two years all this has been changed, or is being so changed as to establish a new condition of things. At the last election the Socialist vote was largest in the Fifth Assembly district, where 1,100 Socialist votes were cast out of a total of 7,500 in the whole city. In this district the population is made up mostly so far as non-English citizens are concerned of Russians, Hungarians, and Roumanians. The most active Socialists in New York city nowadays are Russian Jews. No explanation of this change is given by the Socialist leaders themselves. Some of the most vigorous and courageous of the Socialist agitators in this city are English Jews, and in the development of the Socialist party here, Germans, as leaders, have gradually been falling in the background. Nor is this all. A very considerable number of the Hebrew Socialists on the east side are Anarchists as well. A majority of them are of Russian birth or lineage, and their hostility to established government and the forms of legal authority is based on conditions which exist in Russia, and have no existence here. It used to be said a few years ago that the rallying point of the red flag Socialists in New York was always a German lager beer saloon, and the establishment of Justus Schwab—his beer tunnel in First street—came into great celebrity in consequence. But nowadays one does not look in New York for Anarchists among the Germans, but among the Russian Jews of the east side, and the same is true of Socialists. Several small papers published in the Jewish jargon on the east side of town keep alive the sentiments of hostility to established forms of government, and have added to the number of Socialist recruits.

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ST. VITUS' DANCE.

THE MODERN TREATMENT.

Little Mabel Dorety Cured of St. Vitus' Dance after four Physicians had Ineffectually Treated the Case.

(From the Niagara Falls Review.)

There are, perhaps, not many readers of this paper who have St. Vitus' dance, or who have seen many cases of it. However, to those who may be interested on account of some friend, and to the physicians of this county, we commend the method of treatment given below, and a further investigation of the case herewith described. The patient was Mabel Dorety, the eight-year-old daughter of the Doretys, living on Ontario avenue, this town. The child was perfectly helpless, could not be left alone an instant, could not use her limbs at all nor take food or drink without assistance. Three of our best physicians treated her and gave up the case as hopeless. Mrs. Dorety finally gave her the celebrated nerve building preparation called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she tells the result in her own words. "It was not long before I noticed a good effect, in less than three months she was so much better that the dread disease almost entirely disappeared, and the pills were discontinued. In a few months, however, she showed that the symptoms had not been entirely eradicated from her system, so I had her again commence the use of the Pink Pills. I feel certain that all traces of the awful malady will be swept away, for she goes to school now, and we have not the slightest anxiety in leaving her alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my little girl's case have accomplished what physicians could not, and I am only too glad to let others know of this miraculous cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and to restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for one per box, or 6 boxes for $2.50.—*Adv.*

A DEAF MAN IN A FLAT.

The Trouble He Caused When His Wife Went Out Forgetting Her Keys.

There might have been a tragic ending to the domestic felicity of a young married couple who occupy a flat in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, a few days ago, had it not been for the intervention of their neighbors. The young couple have been married only a month, and took possession of their flat only two weeks ago. They knew little about their neighbors.

Last Wednesday evening, just about bedtime, there was so violent a ringing of the electric door bell in the flat opposite that the newly wedded young man decided that something was wrong. He opened the door, and, finding nothing but darkness in the hallway, rapped on the door of the flat where the ringing was going on. There was no response, and the young man desiring to be neighborly went down stairs to admit the person who was doing the ringing. He unlocked the outer door and found there an elderly woman freighted with packages.

"Oh, thank you," she exclaimed. "I thought I never should get in. My husband up stairs is a little hard of hearing, and I went out shopping and left my keys behind."

"No trouble at all, I assure you," suavely replied the young man, leading the way up stairs with a lighted taper.

"I left my husband reading and he must have dropped asleep, else I am sure he would have heard me" said the elderly woman as they walked up the stairs.

When she reached the landing where her flat was she knocked at the door, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not get in there either, and this she said that her husband must have gone out. The newly wedded pair stood in the doorway of their flat, helpless spectators of her predicament. The young man rapped fiercely on the door, but there was no response, and then they began trying keys. None was found to fit.

"How embarrassing! I'm so sorry to trouble you, but now that I think of it I can get in by the door leading to the fire escape. I left that open when I was at the ice box," said the elderly woman.

The young man looked at her size, which was considerable, and, smiling, thought of the five-foot railing she would have to climb to get to that fire escape door.

"If you will allow me madam, I'll get over and let you in," he volunteered.

"Oh, you are so good! I don't know how I can thank you," murmured the elderly woman.

The young man stepped briskly through the private hallway of his flat to the fire escape, while the elderly woman and the young wife chatted in the hallway. They heard the young man climb over the railing which divided the fire escape in the rear, and both smiled reassuringly as they heard the fire-escape door open. The story of what occurred after this was gathered from a comparison of notes by the young married man and the husband of the elderly woman, who was a little hard of hearing.

The young man found the elderly woman's husband sitting at a table in the dining room, into which the fire-escape door opened. He had an open book in his lap, and was apparently in a deep reverie. The opening of the door disturbed the noise in entering and coughed to attract the hard-of-hearing man's attention. The latter made no movement, and the young man, assuming his most genial smile, walked up to him. The elderly man was sitting with his back towards the young man who had prepared himself with a nice little speech of introduction. No sooner had he touched the hard-of-hearing man's shoulder than there was a roar, and the young man found himself clutched with a grip that threatened to crush all the breath out of him. The hard-of-hearing man yelled "Help! Police!" at the top of his voice, while the two women in the hallway almost collapsed when they heard the noise. He was an active young man, and managed, by exerting all his strength, to squirm out of the grasp of his captor and ran through the flat. The hard-of-hearing man raced after him, and the young man jumped into the bathroom, the door of which was conveniently open. Then it became his turn to yell for assistance, for his pursuer was making frantic efforts to open the door, and was still yelling at the top of his voice.

The shouts of the men in the flat and the screams of the women in the hall soon aroused the entire house, and the occupants came tumbling out of their rooms in various stages of undress. The tenants thought the flat was afire and some of them ran into the street. Others gathered around the two women in the hallway and tried to learn from their excited speech what the trouble was. In the midst of it all the hard-of-hearing man opened the hall door and was discomfited at the sight of his fainting wife and the assembled tenants.

The wife revived when she saw him safe and then she tried to explain what had occurred. The bathroom door was opened after considerable shouting and the young man was found about to drop down the window of the airshaft. It took fifteen minutes to explain the circumstances all around.

A GREAT RIDE IT WAS.

How the Drummer Made His Entrance Into an Alabama Village.

"In my time I've done most every kind of travelling that a man can do on this continent," said the experienced drummer as he leaned against the bar contemplating his whiskey with a professional squint; "but about the queerest I ever did was in a little settlement in central Alabama while I was down there selling some farming implements. I had a small trunk to carry my samples in, and I was having pretty good luck on the sell. My plan was to strike a small town, have my trunk taken up to the hotel, go over to the general store, pass around my flask, and, when I'd got everybody in good humor, send a couple of niggers for my samples, and proceed to get orders. You never saw such people to buy as those Alabama countrymen were. They'd mortgage their houses to buy some fancy farm tool that they were too lazy to use just because they liked the looks of it.

"Some farmers that I had recently sold to told me I'd better go on to this village. I'm telling you about. The name of it, as near as I can remember, was Middlesville. So I got off the train there, heard my trunk come off after me with a sound like a dynamite bomb, and found myself, as the train moved off, at a wretched little station with no houses in sight and surrounded by a white man, four dogs, and three darkies. I asked them how I was to get to the town, and they pointed to a primeval looking road and told me that two miles of walking straight ahead would bring me to it.

"'But I've got a trunk here,' said I. 'Can't I get a carriage or a rig of some kind?'

"'Cyarn't git no cyarruge hyah,' responded the white man. He was the station master. 'Ain't got no cyarruge in the place. Jim! Oh, Hyah comes ol' Prescott. Young fo luck, sah. Ol' Prescott is a-comin.' He'll tote yes an' youah trunk.'

"Looking up the road, I saw a most amazing conveyance approaching. It looked like a huge packing box, painted red, white, and blue, on wheels. It was drawn by a scrawny looking horse, whose flagging spirits were from time to time roused by a very old and wizened man, perched on a shelf at the front of the box. As the turnout came nearer I observed that it ran on wooden rails except when it ran off them. That was about half the time. On such occasions the brilliant-hued box would pitch and toss like a dory in a high sea until the Jehu would begin down with great nimbleness and lift the wheels back to the track. After many such lifting the box arrived at the station, and the station master, having ascertained my name, formally presented me to the driver.

"'This, sah,' said he, 'is Mistah Prescott Marion, Esquiah, conductah of the Middlesville Transpoitation an' General Passengah Street Cah Company line. He will be pleased to take you to this village.'

"Having solemnly shaken hands with Mr. Marion, I ventured to inquire what was to be done with my trunk, and was informed that the M. T. and G. P. S. Co. would transport that also; so I climbed into the red, white, and blue box, and was immediately blockaded by my trunk, which Prescott Marion, Esq., and the station master lifted on after me. The ride that followed I shall never forget. We hadn't gone 100 yards when the car made a precipitate dive from the track, and I landed in a corner with the trunk on top of me. Mr. Marion, after observing the atmosphere with some particularly luminous remarks, let out a wild whoop, evidently directed toward the station, for the station master, the three darkies, and the four dogs came down upon us, and between them got the car back on the track. Then the station master struggled from under the trunk with no worse injury than a smashed hat, and announced my intention of riding on the shelf with the driver the rest of the way. By slow and careful progress we made nearly a mile before the blue wheels slipped out of the rails, and then Mr. Marion was followed. In vain did John Marion strive to lift them back. He was forced to appeal to me, and when I leaped blithely down I sank nearly to my knees in mud. We got the box going again, and after half a mile the horse got tired and lay down.

"He (the driver) did the last-a-way," observed the driver, resignedly. "He'll get up when he gets ready."

"It was some time before he got ready, but get up he did at length, and we completed our journey with only one other departure from the straight and narrow track. Then I proceeded to interview the driver:

"'How much do I owe you?'

"'The pecuniahy consideration is two bits,' replied Prescott Marion, Esq.

"'Now, I want to get to the station to-morrow with no trouble,' said I, slipping him a quarter. 'What is your schedule time?'

"'Schedule time, sah?'

"'Yes; what's your time table? When do you run? Do you go to all trains?'

"'The Middlesville Transpoitation an' General Passengah street car railway which divided the fire escape in the rear, and both smiled reassuringly as they heard the fire-escape door open. The story of what occurred after this was gathered from a comparison of notes by the young married man and the husband of the elderly woman, who was a little hard of hearing.

The young man found the elderly woman's husband sitting at a table in the dining room, into which the fire-escape door opened. He had an open book in his lap, and was apparently in a deep reverie. The opening of the door disturbed the noise in entering and coughed to attract the hard-of-hearing man's attention. The latter made no movement, and the young man, assuming his most genial smile, walked up to him. The elderly man was sitting with his back towards the young man who had prepared himself with a nice little speech of introduction. No sooner had he touched the hard-of-hearing man's shoulder than there was a roar, and the young man found himself clutched with a grip that threatened to crush all the breath out of him. The hard-of-hearing man yelled "Help! Police!" at the top of his voice, while the two women in the hallway almost collapsed when they heard the noise. He was an active young man, and managed, by exerting all his strength, to squirm out of the grasp of his captor and ran through the flat. The hard-of-hearing man raced after him, and the young man jumped into the bathroom, the door of which was conveniently open. Then it became his turn to yell for assistance, for his pursuer was making frantic efforts to open the door, and was still yelling at the top of his voice.

The shouts of the men in the flat and the screams of the women in the hall soon aroused the entire house, and the occupants came tumbling out of their rooms in various stages of undress. The tenants thought the flat was afire and some of them ran into the street. Others gathered around the two women in the hallway and tried to learn from their excited speech what the trouble was. In the midst of it all the hard-of-hearing man opened the hall door and was discomfited at the sight of his fainting wife and the assembled tenants.

The wife revived when she saw him safe and then she tried to explain what had occurred. The bathroom door was opened after considerable shouting and the young man was found about to drop down the window of the airshaft. It took fifteen minutes to explain the circumstances all around.

$3,000 a Day for an Investment of $5.

ROULETTE, Pa., Dec. 22.—Six months ago Job Merrill of Allegany county, N. Y., accepted from William Judd, in payment for a debt of $5, a deed for twenty acres of land on Indian Creek, W. Va. Soon afterward natural gas was struck in that vicinity, and Merrill leased his $5 tract to two prospectors, who agreed to put down a gas well and allow him a royalty of one-half of whatever gas might be found. Three months ago they struck a vein of gas which was of such unprecedented volume that the pressure could not be controlled by any means at hand, and not until last week was it possible to "shut it in" so that its yield of gas could be utilized. The yield of the well is now estimated at 60,000,000 feet a day, which returns an income of $6,000 a day, giving Merrill $3,000 a day for his investment of $5.

Court Calendars—This Day.

SUPREME COURT—GENERAL TERM. Recess. CHAMBERS.—Motion calendar called at 11 A. M. SPECIAL TERM.—Parts I., II., and III.—Adjourned for the term.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Part III.—Adjourned until Thursday, Jan. 3. Parts I., II., and IV.—Adjourned for the term.

SURROGATE'S COURT—TRIAL TERM.—No day calendar. CHAMBERS.—Issues of fact—Estates of Patrick Coote, Bridget Lenihan, Matilda G. Lane, Bernard Toeb, at 10:30 A. M. For probate—Wills of Jeremiah Sullivan, Stillman Isley, Cornelia B. Carr, Carlos G. de Garmendia, Mary E. Stillwell, Carl F. Oswald, at 10:30 A. M. Alfred Taylor, Mary Herrlich, George C. Smith, at 2 P. M.

COMMON PLEAS—TRIAL TERM.—PART II.—Adjourned until Wednesday, Dec. 26. Parts I. and III.—Adjourned for the term. GENERAL TERM.—Adjourned sine die. SPECIAL TERM.—No. 11. EQUITY TERM.—Case on Nos. 60, 70, 51.

SUPERIOR COURT—GENERAL TERM.—Adjourned for the term. SPECIAL TERM.—Motions. TRIAL TERM.—Parts I., II., and III.—Adjourned for the term.

CITY COURT—SPECIAL TERM.—Motions must be made returnable at 10 A. M. GENERAL TERM.—Appeals from orders Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Appeals from judgments Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. TRIAL TERM.—Parts I., II., III., and IV.—Adjourned for the term.

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THE CITY'S BIG FUEL BILL.

Half a Million a Year Spent for Coal and Wood for the Departments.

The city of New York expends nearly half a million dollars a year for the single item of coal and wood, and just now the Department of Charities and Correction, the chief consumer, is advertising 4,000 tons as its supply, or, rather, part of its supply for 1895. The item of $500,000 for coal and wood seems almost exorbitant until it is considered how much fuel is required for the needs of public departments in this municipality. At the head of the departments requiring fuel is that of Charities and Correction. These are the items for 1895: Tombs prison, $4,300; district prisons, $5,088; Bellevue Hospital, $21,285; City Hospital, $33,000; penitentiary, $4,800; almshouse, $10,000; Ward's Island, $6,000; workhouse and hospital on Blackwell's Island, $7,400; Randall's Island, $20,800; insane asylum, $61,250; Commissioners' central office on Third avenue, $750, and department steamboats, $12,500. These, with other items, foot up a total of $198,800. Nor is that all. The city is now advertising for 3,500 tons of white ash coal for distribution among the outdoor poor, the appropriation for this purpose being $35,000.

Second in the list of public departments requiring a large sum of money for fuel is that of Public Works, which has charge of the heating of all the public buildings in the city, and which expends for this purpose $135,000 a year. Then comes the school department, using 21,500 tons of coal and 825 cords of wood in a year, the expense being $215,000. These three departments are the chief ones using or requiring coal and wood in large amounts.

The Fire Department requires for the use of engines and for heating purposes a large amount of fuel, these being the figures for 1895: Anthracite coal, $37,000; cannel coal, $5,000, and wood, $1,000; total, $43,000. The Police Department will spend next year for coal and wood $11,000 to supply fuel for the Central Office and the police stations. This item does not include the further sum of $3,000 appropriated for coal for the police boat. The requisition of the Park Department for coal and wood for 1895 is $34,985. The Board of Health requires for 1895 in the neighborhood of the city $13,300. The armories of the city require next year $935 for coal and wood.

In some cities it has been found economical for one city department to purchase all the coal and wood needed by the different departments, as better rates can be obtained in this way. In New York, however, each city department contracting for fuel supplies acts independently of the others, and so it sometimes happens that the rate paid for coal will vary in the different departments. There is an inspector of coal in the Comptroller's office who receives $1,700 a year for his services, which are in the line of protecting the city in the matter of the weight and quality of the coal furnished.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 7 22 | Sun sets.... 4 36 | Moon rises. 5 23

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 5 30 | Gov.Island. 6 00 | Hell Gate.. 7 49

Arrived—SUNDAY, Dec. 23.

Ss La Bretagne, from Havre.
Ss Lackawanna, Robinson, Boston.
Ss Geestemunde, Lanzen, Stettin.
Ss Boston City, Watkins, Bristol.
Ss Passaic, English, St. Lucia.
Ss Lampasas, Burns, Galveston.
Ss Arklangcun, Clyde, Cienfuegos.
Ss City of Columbia, Jenney, West Point, Va.
Ss Sussex City, Fisher, Savannah.
Ss Jamestown, Hulchers, Norfolk.
Ss Lebanon, Hand, Philadelphia.
Ss Frostburg, Mills, Baltimore.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Potomac, from New York, at London.

SIGHTED.

Ss Spaarndam, from New York for Rotterdam, off the Lizard.
Ss La Champagne, from New York for Havre, off the Lizard.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Etruria, from Queenstown for New York.
Ss Westerland, from Antwerp for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss El Sol, from New Orleans for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-day.

	Hour Close.	Vessel Sails.
Cherokee, Jacksonville	.....	3:00 P. M.
City of Birmingham, Savannah	.....	3:00 P. M.

Sail To-morrow.

El Monte, New Orleans	.....	3:00 P. M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS

Due To-day.

Dago	Gibraltar	Dec. 8
Lodgate Hill	London	Dec. 5
Wakefield	Swansea	Dec. 8
Franconia	Hull	Dec. 7
Michigan	Swansea	Dec. 8
Antilla	Nassau	Dec. 19
Werra	Genoa	Dec. 12
Navarre	Naples	Dec. 7
Berlin	Southampton	Dec. 16
Werkendam	Rotterdam	Dec. 14
Spain	London	Dec. 12
Bovic	Liverpool	Dec. 14
Circassia	Glasgow	Dec. 13
Seguranca	Havana	Dec. 18
Panama	Colon	Dec. 20
Concho	Galveston	Dec. 18
El Dorado	New Orleans	Dec. 19
Yumacas	Charleston	Dec. 20
Chattahoochee	Savannah	Dec. 21

Due Tuesday, Dec. 25.

Pennland	Antwerp