TWO THEATRES REOPENED.

ONE BEGINS WITH FARCE AND ONE WITH VAUDEVILLE.

"Thoroughbred" Revived by a Frohman Company at the Garrick—New Specialists in the Programme at Koster & Bial's—"The Polish Count" at Terrace Garden.

The Garrick is the first of the dramatic theatres to be reopened. Charles Frohman has taken on the management of this house, and he began what he calls a preliminary season there last night. "Thoroughbred" was performed by nearly the same company that had been employed in it last spring, and the fun of the farce was enforced upon the audience with merry effect. It will be remembered that the theme treated by Ralph Lumley in this piece is that favorite one of the London stage, the turf, and that once again the fortunes of a set of characters are made to depend upon a certain horse winning or losing a race. There is some ingenuity and a great deal of humor in the matter, although not a few of the English points are dull to most American ears; but this waste of good material is overbalanced by an element of Americanism, embodied in a wealthy representative of our country who figures as a wooer of an impoverished English girl of titled birth. The American is not a caricature, but a reasonable gentleman, and his talk, with that of the others who speak to and of him, is not at all libellous. It is understood, however, that Clyde Fitch edited those portions of the play, and that it was not so truthful when acted in London.

The performance was spirited and effectual. Mr. Seabrooke, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Humphreys were quite as comical as before in their Christy minstrel episode, and they had a new song, with the refrain, "Keep the baby warm, mother," by George Grossmith, which was very laughable as given in mockery of minstrels' pathetic ballad singing. A new doggerel song from London, about "Sister Mary's Top Note," was given by Maud Nugent. Miss Miller, Miss Busby, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Norris, Miss Nann, and Miss Fischer were assigned to the rôles in which they had been generally liked before. A recruit was Edgar Davenport, who was polite and manly as the rich lover from the States.

The music hall season began auspiciously at Koster & Bial's last evening, and the programme contained several features that were entirely novel, while the performers that offered somewhat familiar specialties were at their best, with a good share of their innings freshened. Caroline Hull responded to the first number, and in explaining that she would sing a song in soprano, alto, and in baritone, she did not preface her remarks with "I will endeavor" or "With your kind permission," but went right at her speech, and then did just what she promised to do. Thus was the standard set for something new in the beginning, and it was not permitted to fall throughout the evening. A musical clown named Delphino had new ideas in pranoing while he played upon sleigh bells and coins, and his selections were more difficult and tuneful than the ordinary ones. O'Brien and Havel, a pair that have played variety sketches hereabouts for several years, had so much that was new and diverting in their budget that their reward of applause was as great as if they had just stepped off a trans-Atlantic steamer. At the end of their capers the man was moved to say that he hoped his hearers "were not kidding him," but his beaming face proved that he had no fear. Clara Wieland sang three songs that were new, but that will surely become familiar rapidly, one of them, entitled "My Gal is a High Bo'n Lady," being worthy to succeed to the place held last winter by "I Want Yo' Ma Honey." She did even more, for it is not uncommon for her to offer catchy ballads, but she gave several imitations of celebrities which were quite unlike Clara Wieland, something that she never before accomplished. The biggest item of all employed the flying Jordans, four gymnasts that performed high in the air. A man, a woman, a boy, and a girl made up the troupe, and their apparatus included trapezes of equal height at either end of the theatre, and away up near the roof bars such as trapeze artists use in the regular performed. There were a half dozen graceful leaps by the woman to the man, both being on swinging bars, she leaving hers and returning to it again. In the spells of rest between these feats the upper contingent had feats of their own that were difficult of performance, and that seemed extra hazardous because of the gridiron of iron bars between them and the net below. These bars were used in a game of throw and catch in which the girl served as the ball. With their legs wound about the framework the man and woman hung head downward twenty-five feet apart. The child was swung from one to the other, whirling over and over in her flight, till it seemed that any grip secured on her must be a haphazard one, yet she was perfectly plain when she was caught by the arms or by the ankles that that was the position in which she was intended to land. Finally there was a drop by each of the four from the perches to the net, the youngsters being a bewildering dive from the rough side, a space between the iron work that was but a few feet wide.

Zaeo's specialty was a surprise to most of her observers, who expected gymnastics from her, but saw a series of gorgeously lighted serpentine dances. The stage was draped in black, and strong beams of colored lights were thrown upon her skirts from the sides of the stage, from overhead and from beneath her. This display was not altogether novel, though the shades of different colors were beautifully blended, but her last dance was of novel brilliancy. The entire back of the stage was set with mirrors to above the height of the dancer's head. There were fifteen reflecting surfaces in this expanse, each one, to an observer in the centre of the music hall, showing a complete copy of the dances. Her steps were of small importance; it was the richness and variety of colors that told, and the whole reflecting surface gleamed with brilliant reds, blues, greens, and purples. Her draperies were controlled by wands six feet in length, so that they were extended to the full dimensions of the mirrors, and when the effect sought was that of lurid flames, the entire stage looked as if ablaze with constantly shifting flames. Clermont's trained animals had their first chance in this country to do all their tricks, and the Paderewski of poodles had at last a big auditorium to fill with his piano playing. A half dozen vocalists also contributed to the performance, which gave fine promise of vaudeville diversion, if it is to count as a sample of the coming fall and winter output.

Even with its final performances in sight the indefatigable company at Terrace Garden finds the time to prepare a novelty for presentation, even when the limitations of the season make it impossible that any new work should enjoy a run of more than a few nights. The new opera which they sung last night, however, will not be affected in its career here by the circumstance which delayed its introduction until the final nights of the season. "The Polish Count" might have been sung in May, and it would not have remained in view any longer than the brief period which is allotted to it now. It is an unfortunate incident of this company's tireless production of new works that so few of them appear worthy of the effort and leave nothing to commend in their consideration beyond the enterprise and skill of their interpreters. With perhaps one exception this has been the inevitable fate of all the novelties given at Terrace Garden this summer. They have generally failed, but they have had the advantage of creating a fresh demand for the operettas of the old repertory and a renewed appreciation of their still-unequalled merits. Strauss's "Waldmeister" rewarded the managers who introduced it as well as the audiences that heard it. But, unluckily, the same was not true of "Der Probekuss," "Das Modell," and least of all can it be said of "Der Polongraf," which was heard last night for the first time in New York.

The opera is not new, and, as Richard Genee, one of its librettists, died several years ago, the work must now be four or five seasons old, although it is almost possible that a man as prolific as Genee was in his libretting might contrive in some way to keep up the libretto business after it would seem to be impossible to most other men. Louis Roth is the composer of the opera, and the audience last night was obviously surprised at the character of the music. It was seriously, even ambitiously, written, and it departed entirely from the usual standard of German operetta. Evidently, Herr Roth had modelled his work on a higher standard, and he achieved a fairly good specimen of opera comique. Much of the music was tuneful, easy and gracefully written, and in several places—notably the song of the French marquis and the later Polish song—it was piquantly touched with local character. But with all its serious aim and its musicianly development, the score was fatally deficient in melody and freshness. So Herr Roth's good intentions did not prevent his music from becoming frequently tedious.

The opera is provided with a moderately ingenious story, and no particular humor in its speeches. The plot is not comic, but romantic, and its sentimental figures are always in the foreground. All these various elements were well cared for last night in the capable performances which the company gave the work. Emil Sondelmann, Ida Wilhelma, Ferdinand Schultz, Edmund Loewe, Louise Albes, and Theresa Delna are all performers of familiar capabilities, and they were employed in the cast. The chorus was good, and seemed, as it always does at Terrace Garden, remarkably powerful for its size. But the unemployed principals in the large company are not idle merely because they are not singing, with their names on the programme. They stand in the wings and reinforce the chorus, which is a modest performance on their part and thrifty on their impresario's. But it has disadvantages. Possibly the lovely Phillis Wolfe was hidden behind the scenes, and it is far more important in her case to see her than it is to hear her—and as these opportunities diminish with the approaching end of the season, she shouldn't be concealed too much.

DULL DAYS AMONG THE BROKERS.

Extemporized Roulette, Fly Loo, Draw Poker, Novels, and Charades.

The section of the city of which, during the recent spell of hot weather, it could have been most distinctively said that "the mourners go about the streets," was the Wall street district. The percentage of funerals elsewhere was perhaps much greater, but most mourning was done here. Wall street men hate, above all else, stagnation. They would rather be on the losing side of an active market than have nothing going on, for when things are booming there are hourly chances for getting even, or ahead of the game, and momentary excitement, which is as the breath of his nostrils to him who listens to the ticker's siren song. But when the mercury rises above 90° and the shallops of enterprise lie becalmed on the sea of speculation, then is the broker's heart like lead within him.

On the floor of the great Exchange men converse in ordinary tones and move rationally, dismal signs of the sad condition of things; the ticker indulges in long bursts of eloquent silence; only a few languid estrays stroll lazily into the customer's parlors, stare moodily a while at the blackboard, where, leisurely, boys at intervals mark up falling quotations, become drowsy, nod, wake up with a start, and go out damning the flies and without leaving an order. But the broker must not go out before 3 o'clock, except perhaps around the corner to see a man now and then. There is always a possibility that somebody may come in to order the purchase or sale of something. It is quite true that most of those likely to do so are away off in cool places by the seashore or in the mountains, but one may come easily from almost anywhere, or, with still less trouble, send a telegram. And the man once infected by the fever of speculation is liable to a relapse at any moment.

He gets inspirations for rises and falls in stock, as a policy player gets numbers in dreams, at odd times, and in defiance of all probabilities and plays them. Or a keen consciousness of his summer expenditures suddenly oppresses him, and he feels it necessary to make a little coup. Or a delusive agitation of what he erroneously believes to be his reason assures him that a certain stock cannot possibly go any lower, and to buy it will be like finding money. Of course, such customers are dolorously infrequent in times like these, but on the chance of one turning up the haughty broker must resist the seductions of his yacht and summer cottage—bought in better days—and while away the weary hours as best he may in his office. Possibly he may make the ticker's rental, if he has luck.

From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. is a long time to get through when there are so few business events to serve as chronologic markers, and various are the devices employed for diversion. Numbering the blades of the electric fan and betting upon which number will stop at a given point is an old but still popular game. Betting upon whether an odd or even number of persons will pass the window in a stipulated time is another but one deservedly viewed with suspicion in some places, where brokers habituated to sure things are deemed capable of keeping a clerk outside subject to signal.

Anything will do for a bet; the straw hate that will pass; whether a red-headed woman comes along or not; how many white horses will be seen, and so on. "Fly loo" is not without its admirers. Of course, draw poker chasms away the time in many a back office. One enterprising firm of young brokers on Broadway have an elegantly furnished and bountifully supplied apartment set apart for that use exclusively in the coolest and quietest corner of their big suite of offices, where the rattle of the chips cannot by any chance reach the ears of their customers. Checkers are played to some extent among the clerks, but by few of their employers, who are seasoned to more exciting pastimes.

A good many men who formerly hardly ever read a novel have taken to devouring the pink backed books they come across, with the avidity of boys dipping for the first time in the stream of romance. One of the most amazing manifestations of the general desperation is that a prominent broker, one of the most clear-headed and cold-blooded operators on the street, capable of handling a hundred thousand shares of stock in a day when manipulating for an effect, yet showing no more excitement than if he were buying a bunch of cigars, has actually taken to writing charades, in which he sends to a lady unknown who in return forwards like puzzles to him. Here is one captured from his desk just after he had hammered and filed it into shape on Friday last:

Purely of the spotless pure,
I am completely without sin,
Carve in half and then secure,
The root of evil and of "tin."

In this very roos itself,
My whole is not at all contested;
Transpose and the smallest part of pelf,
My uprity is never stained.

First there is a place of rest,
Although my next is not at all,
Never anything at best;
Smaller than the smallest small.

First is really only me,
Although you also claim it too;
First and last is it indeed,
If you don't think it true.

Whole is made of letters eight;
My first and fourth would it exceed,
If you them as figures mate,
Combining them as one indeed.

Now myself you must have guessed;
If not, my third and fourth then dry,
My first two in shiny pressed,
My next two do my last deny.

SOLUTION.—Innocent—icent—in no cent—inn—co—l—it—c—no—Th in ly—no cent.

Anybody who understands that sort of thing will be better able than the reporter to say whether that is a pretty good charade or not; but however it may rank from that point of view, it stands pretty high as a time-killing device when the market is down and the weather hot.

It might naturally be supposed that argument of the financial question would occupy a good deal of attention, but it doesn't. There was hardly anything else to be heard a few weeks ago, but the subject seems to have been exhausted. Indeed in some offices placards are posted: "Our minds are made up. There is no use discussing it," and nobody doubts what the "it" refers to.

PENTA IDENTIFIES ABRONZZO.

Says He Is One of the Men Who Bunceed Him Out of $1,500.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 17.—John Abronzzo and Rafael Pasquinini, the Italians arrested in New York charged with buncoing Vita Penta of this city out of $1,500, arrived here last night. This morning Penta was brought face to face with them. He at once said that Abronzzo was one of the men who buncoed him. The other man, Penta says, was not implicated. Abronzzo says he can prove an alibi; that he lived on Sixty-second street in New York, between Ninth and Tenth avenues; that he was a baker, and could prove that he had dined regularly in a certain restaurant in New York, and had not been away from there a day in more than a month. His case was put over ten days, and witnesses from New York will be summoned to help him establish an alibi.

The Weather.

The eastern edge of an extensive area of high pressure bringing with it a cool wave reached this city yesterday morning and lowered the temperature at 7 A. M. to 68°, the lowest point reached since July 25. The centre of the area was over Minnesota and northwestern Canada, the temperature at Minnesota being only 4° above freezing point yester ay morning.

In this city the day was fair and delightfully cool; the humidity, although 83 per cent. in the morning, was down to 60 in the afternoon; Wind northwest, average velocity 14 miles an hour; highest official temperature 74°, lowest 68°; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 30.00, 8 P. M. 29.98.

The thermometer at the United States Weather Bureau registered the temperature yesterday as follows:

	(1895.)	(1894.)		(1895.)	(1894.)
9 A. M.	69°	72°	6 P. M.	72°	73°
12 M.	70°	78°	9 P. M.	66°	71°
3 P. M.	73°	78°	12 Mid.	64°	72°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TUESDAY.

For New England, eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, fair, cooler; northwesterly winds.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia, fair; no change in temperature; northerly winds.

WORK OF THE WHITE FLEET

SPLENDID RESULTS OF ADMIRAL BUNCE'S CRUISE.

He is Bringing Back a Much More Powerful Squadron from Hampton Roads Than He Took Away from Here—Expert Observers on Board Noting Everything.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—On his return trip to Staten Island from Hampton Roads, Admiral Bunce is taking with him a far more powerful squadron than he brought down, and at Tompkinsville it may be made still stronger.

With the two first-class battle ships Indiana and Massachusetts, the armored cruiser New York, the protected cruisers Columbia, Newark, Cincinnati, and Raleigh, the monitor Amphitrite, and the tug Fern he will be able to make the second week of the August manœuvres still more extensive than the first.

The work done on the cruise to Hampton Roads was, however, very faithful, beginning betimes in the morning, and lasting well toward evening, with instruction at night. This plan gave all the watch officers practice in turn, while simultaneously with the squadron exercises each ship would carry on its individual drills. The squadron in each of its formations was exercised in changing direction or front and in changing course simultaneously or in succession. It was exercised in echelon formations, single and double, and in section formations, in turnings through a quarter circle, a half circle, and a full circle, the object being to effect these changes of course for all vessels within the same time. They were also exercised in steaming in column at half distance, and also in line and column at different standard speeds, the speed being regulated by that of the flag ship. The movements at half distance and those in echelon were the most difficult, and required the most watchfulness, in order to avoid collisions or other mishaps, and to keep position accurately. It was necessary to observe constantly the movement of the guide.

Target practice with the small arms received attention, and also with the great guns, this latter being conducted with sub calibre ammunition, in order to diminish the cost. Interesting practice was also carried on in signalling, to determine the distances at which night signals could be transmitted, with and without search lights. These various exercises will give an indication of the general character of the work presumably laid out for the second half of the cruise.

Besides the good results expected from the training of officers and men in the evolutions, much is looked for from the criticism of expert observers. On each trip a Board of three line officers is required to note carefully all difficulties or defects encountered in the evolutions. The time for each is to be noted, with the helm angle and other points, so that accurate statistics may be furnished as to which of two methods of doing the same thing is better, and what movements should be discarded. The final result is likely to take the shape of a simplified and improved drill book.

With the exception of the Amphitrite and the Fern, all the vessels in the squadron have from good to excellent speed, and more than sufficient for any that is adopted as the standard for evolutions. The Amphitrite and the Fern were, after a time, during the southward cruise, allowed to go through their exercises together, thus allowing to the other vessels a higher rate of speed. When the Maine and Texas join, these vessels will be found no drag on the manœuvres, while greatly increasing the power of the fleet. There are to be autumn manœuvres this year, and for these it is likely to reach in numbers and in fighting strength its maximum.

While, also, the Board of which Admiral Walker is President is to inquire into the advisability of establishing a reserve fleet on the Pacific coast system, it is likely that our ships in commission will see an increase before they suffer any decrease through such a plan. Two powerful armorclads, the Puritan and the Brooklyn, are likely to be added to the active fleet during the coming autumn. The former is surpassed in battery power and in protective armor only by our first-class battle ships, and is a most powerful factor for coast defence. The Brooklyn, which will be tried next week, is a fine example of the modern cruiser, being more than a thousand tons larger than the New York, and carrying a much heavier battery. If the does not disappoint the expectation of her builders, she will make at least 21 knots, so that she will be very fast as well as powerful. Toward the end of the present year the gunboats Nashville, Helena, and Wilmington are expected to be ready for commission, and, taken together, we are thus not likely to see an immediate reduction in the number of vessels for active service, even if the reserve plan is adopted.

It is thought, however, that the report will be generally favorable to the reserve system, and that two classes of reserves can be formed, one consisting of ships practically ready for service at short notice, but laid up, with small crews, purely from motives of economy, and the other, constituting a second or dock yard reserve, to include vessels that must undergo repairs before they can be put in service. The Chicago, Atlanta, and other vessels might be typical, just now, of the second. The subsidized merchant vessels would be classed not as reserves but as auxiliary.

The three highest Admirals will be retired during the first half of the coming year. Admiral Walker in March, Admiral Ramsay in April, and Admiral Brown in June. This will remove from active service very well-known officers who have had much influence with naval progress during the last few years. Admiral Ramsey's active service in the Pacific station expires next week, but he will not be relieved until later in the year. The Indiana and the Raleigh will soon require new commanding officers.

An example of the care required in keeping up detailed work as to have ships ready for service is furnished by the Oregon. She was supplied with a small quantity of ammunition for her heavies: guns, but neither in quantity nor in quality was it exactly what was desired. Her powder is, however, made in California, so that the ammunition of the proper kind can be promptly delivered promptly. One advantage in the squadron evolutions, which have been going on upon the Pacific and Asiatic coasts as well as on the Atlantic, and which include target practice, is that they disclose and make emphatic all service needs, thus improving the efficiency of the fleet. Never in the history of our modern navy have these manœuvres been carried on so extensively as during the present year.

MANNING THE FORTS.

A Very Small Number of Artillerymen for Many Important Defences.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—It has been said that there may be a considerable change of stations among the artillery troops before long, in view of the needs of the new batteries to be erected during the coming year. Portland will be among the harbors demanding increased defences, and now it has only a single battery, E of the Second Artillery, at Fort Preble. Boston and New York, as is known, are to have great increases in their defensive works, and must accordingly have more artillerymen. The approach to Philadelphia is among the points to be fortified, and it has now no garrison. The same is true of Charleston and Savannah, where guns, it is hoped, will ere long be in position.

At San Francisco, Lotos Point, Lime Point, Alcatraz Island, Angel Sound and Black Point are to be well fortified, while Puget Sound is an important strategic area which could easily be commanded by shore batteries. Of minor importance, just now, yet included in the general scheme of defence, is San Diego, near the Mexican frontier, at present garrisoned by an infantry company. The artillery regiment now on the Pacific coast is the Fifth, which has Batteries A, C, I, L and M, and Light Batteries D and F at the Presidio of San Francisco, B and K at Alcatraz Island, E at Fort Mason, and H at Fort Canby, at the mouth of the Columbia. Battery G is on the Atlantic coast at Fort Monroe.

But the difficulty is to say exactly how any redistribution can be made to advantage. It has been reported that another artillery regiment is to be sent to the Pacific coast, but that would be preposterous, not only because it would strip existing forts on the Atlantic and the Gulf of the garrisons they now have, and certainly need, but also because the proportion of two regiments on the Pacific to three on the Atlantic and the Gulf would be absurd. The present ratio of one regiment on the Western and four on the Eastern coast is about right in view of the relative magnitude of the interests to be defended. When the artillery is increased, as sooner or later it will unquestionably be, more batteries will be available.

One important matter to be remembered is that the new batteries thus spoken of are affairs of the future. A few heavy guns and mortars have been mounted at New York, San Francisco, and Boston, but the work of the engineers on emplacements has so far dragged behind that of the Ordnance Department in providing guns, and the work of the latter in furnishing carriages is also far behind the turning out of guns that Congress has been not without excuse in delaying to increase the artillery arm. When it sees more new guns actually mounted it will probably provide the men to take care of them; but it is reluctant to increase the army for purely prospective uses. One of the reasons, also, why redistribution would apparently be out of place now is that barracks and quarters

must be provided in season for such changes. Such a provision is now going on, for example, at Sandy Hook.

Another question is as to the manner in which the artillery arm should be increased. One statement is that Gen. Miles is desirous of having the batteries scattered among a greater number of points, in order to have more forts garrisoned. But the bill pending in Congress proposes to increase the five regiments to seven, whereas a former measure was based on the idea of simply adding more batteries to the present number of regiments, on the ground that it was additional batteries that were required and not additional regimental organizations. Still, these latter are also advocated, on the ground that they will furnish more promotion, while preserving the three-battalion, twelve-company idea. Altogether, it would seem that there is no immediate need of redistributing the artillery, and that the most sensible and economical plan would be to wait the action of Congress at the coming session on Secretary Lamont's line reorganization bill. If that bill, or even the artillery part of it, becomes a law, the assignment of garrisons to the new batteries hereafter to be built will be an easy task.

Some interesting experiments will soon be made in the manufacture of ordnance material under a recent act of Congress. Provision was made by that body for the manufacture and trial of a 10-inch counterpoise carriage, invented by Commodore Howell of the navy, and of a 12-inch carriage, invented by A. H. Emery. Still another provision was that for making and testing an 8-inch gun, to be cast in one piece, on the plan of R. J. Gatling. As to the carriages, of whatever their intrinsic merits, it will be a gain if they serve to hurry forward the 12-inch type carriage now under construction.

POOR CROPS IN CANADA.

Dismal Outlook for the Dominion's Northwest and the Canadian Pacific.

QUEBEC, Aug. 17.—The crop outlook in the Canadian Northwest is dismal. Manitoba is on the eve of her harvesting season, but there is an alarming contrast between her wheat fields a year ago and to-day. For weeks after the harvest season of 1895 the Canadian Pacific Railway was taxed beyond its powers to carry out the great crop. This year there will be very little if any wheat to go east for export.

The weekly reports issued by the railways traversing the province are purposely misleading. The Canadian Pacific Railway is anxious to conceal from its shareholders and others the losses which it will sustain by the failure of the Northwest crops. Last year the wheat yield of Manitoba alone was in round figures 30,000,000 bushels, an average yield per acre of about twenty-five bushels. This year the yield in Manitoba and the Northwest this year was only 75 per cent. of that of 1895. Farmers were kept so busy last autumn getting in and shipping their large crops that they did very little fall ploughing. Much of the sowing done was on stubble land, and this has turned out an almost total failure. In addition to this the lightning and hail storm of Sunday, Aug. 2, caused widespread damage. In some portions of southern Manitoba the swath of the storm was thirty miles in width, and it devastated everything in its path.

Careful estimates by local newspaper men and the agents of Eastern millers and others place the total yield of the Northwestern wheat fields this year at only 60 per cent. of the crop of 1895, and the quality of this year's crop will also be of very low grade, rust having caused considerable damage. The poor yield this year means a bad black eye for the Canadian Pacific Railway as well as for the Canadian Northwest.

A WOULD-BE "JACK THE RIPPER."

Marie Wisniozfski Says John Jarunowski Has Annoyed Her.

Eight years ago, when Marie Wisniozfski left her home in Poland, she promised her mother that she would return home after she had earned $1,000, and furthermore would not love any one or allow any one to love her in this country. The young woman, who is now living at 18 Spencer street, Williamsburgh, has saved some money and expects to return soon to her home and mother. Yesterday, in the Lee Avenue Police Court, she accused John Jarunowski of threatening her life and sending indecent postal cards to her through the mails.

"This man has threatened my life because I will not marry him," she said. "I confess that I do love some one in this country, and as soon as I return to my country he will follow me there and we will be married."

The prisoner denied both of the charges. The text of the card was to the effect that unless she consented to become his wife that she would meet the same fate as was suffered by the victims of "Jack the Ripper," Justice Goetting held the prisoner for trial.

Horrible Experience.

From the Louisville Post.

Like sitting down on a red-hot stove is the way Thomas Fanning speaks of a recent terrible experience he had. For five hours he was exposed to the burning rays of the sun with the mercury standing at nearly 160 degrees.

He was literally cooked alive, and the skin peeled off his face, hands, and body in little rolls. There is not an inch of his person that was not scorched, and for three days he suffered the most excruciating agony.

Mr. Fanning is a slate roof contractor, doing business in this city, and was residing at the Strauss Hotel in Jeffersonville. This morning he was sufficiently recovered to be able to cross over to this city and look after his business, but he is still far from well, and his flesh would put the reddest, red, red rose to the blush. To a reporter for the *Evening Post* he described his awful experience, and told how he felt while undergoing the torture.

He said he had the contract for putting a slate roof on a large house out on Oak street, near First, in this city, and on last Thursday he came over to see that his men got well started with the work. As everybody remembers, old Sol was doing his level best on that day to make things unpleasant for sweltering humanity. Down in the shade on the street the mercury stood at 95°, but on the top of that roof it was at nearly 160. Mr. Fanning worked with his men all morning, and paused now and then to assist in carrying a pro-trated unfortunate to the ground. He perspired freely, he says, and drank ice water whenever he felt thirsty. About noon he noticed that the backs of his hands were beginning to blister, and when he tried to wash his face the skin peeled off. The flesh on his body was affected, too, and wherever his clothing touched him the flesh was raw.

"Why," he said, "it was so hot up there that when I touched the slate with my bare hands it burned them. You could have broiled a beefsteak on that roof. I am not joking; it could have been done. It was a lucky thing for me that my stomach was in good condition. I would have been a dead man if it had not. The perspiration dripped from me like water and my clothes were wringing wet. During the time I was at work I did not suffer much, but as soon as I descended from the roof the pain was almost unbearable. Nothing would tempt me to go through it again. There is no peculiarity about it, though. Before I had this terrible skinning I was as freckled as a hired girl. I had a terra-cotta complexion. Since the skin peeled off there is not the sign of a freckle, but I should not recommend working on a hot slate roof to any of my friends as a cure for freckles."

Parrish's Battle with a Rat.

From the St. Louis Republic.

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Aug. 14.—John Parrish of Woolstock, Ia., while stacking hay six miles north of Webster City, encountered a huge field rat, which, in order to escape the tines of the pitchfork, ran up his trousers leg. Just as the rat was coming out of the waistband Parrish seized it with his right hand and the rat showed fight. Before the men could get it at a disadvantage it buried its teeth in his left hand through the bone and fleshy part, and hung on until Mr. Parrish, Sr., made a lasso of binding twine and choked the rodent until it let go. The rat has been placed on exhibition at Woolstock in one of the stores, and is pronounced the largest ever encountered in this section of the State. Parrish's arm and hand are badly swollen. Doctors fear he will lose both, and think he will be lucky if his life is saved.

A FISH THAT PLAYS PIANO.

THE REMARKABLE PET OF CAPT. GOODFIBER OF THE GOODPAIR.

The Munchausen of Tacoma Enthralled by the Fadeaway of the Deep Sea—A Nettaken Amphibian, with Seven Fingered Hands, that Plays Wagnerian Music.

From the Morning Oregonian.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 9.—Capt. Goodfiber of the British four-masted steel ship Goodpair was in the city yesterday and showed a reporter of the *Oregonian* a copy of a San Francisco paper containing a story from Berkeley about a musical dog. "Now," said the Captain, "I would like for you to come aboard my ship, where I will show you a freak that will put into the deepest shade the society-musicale dog of Berkeley." The reporter accepted the Captain's invitation, and accompanied him to his ship. As he entered the cabin he could hear some one playing in another cabin an instrument, the tone of which sounded like a piano, though the sound was somewhat softer and much sweeter than most pianos carried on shipboard. Whoever was playing the instrument was indeed a finished artist, for the rapidity with which the keys were struck was something remarkable. The reporter was about to open the door leading into the music room, when Capt. Goodfiber made a motion not to do so, and said: "Wait. Before you enter that cabin I wish you to stay where you are for a short time and listen to the music, of which later I will give you the history, for the moment the door opens the music will cease, and it may be some time before you will have another opportunity to hear such music as you will in the next fifteen or twenty minutes."

We stood outside the cabin for about half an hour and listened to the music, which never for a single moment ceased, and the range of airs was remarkable; some of them were masterpieces of the most classical order, while others were the popular and catchy tunes of the day, and the manner in which tunes such as "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and Sousa marches were played would make a man 100 years old feel like dancing.

The Captain was asked what he meant by saying that when the door opened the music would stop, and replied:

"I invited you aboard the Goodpair to show you the most remarkable freak of nature. So remarkable is it, in fact, that I am confident that if I were to go to any Eastern city and tell in public the story of what I have got in that cabin I would be immediately arrested on a charge of insanity. My reason for inviting you aboard before telling you more of my pet and its history is that I fear if I had told you on the dock you would have refused to come on board, thinking I was crazy, for when you enter that cabin you will be in the presence of the most wonderful musician in the universe."

As he ceased speaking, he opened the door of the cabin, and instantly, as he had predicted, the music stopped and the reporter entered the elegantly furnished room and looked all over it, but saw no sign of the musician. The captain called his attention to a large aquarium in the middle of the cabin, in which was swimming a large peculiar-shaped fish, but, as the water was very murky, nothing could be seen very clearly. The captain called "Tie-Tae-Toe," and a large, strangely-shaped fish leaped out of the aquarium on to a pile of rocks placed in a large box near the tank. On the Captain holding over his head a piece of cheese, the fish began to leap for it. The Captain was asked to explain the mystery of the music, and for him to bring forth the musician. Pointing to the fish lying on the rocks, he said:

"There he is."

"What?"

"Yes, there is the creature that produced those exquisite strains of harmony you heard."

Capt. Goodfiber left the room for a few minutes, and when he returned he held in his hand a larger piece of cheese and a bright red sash, about seven feet long and six inches wide.

These, he explained, were the bribes sometimes successfully used to make the play before company, for, as the Captain explained, it was one of the strange peculiarities of his pet that it would seldom play before company, and any attempt to force it only added to its determination not to play. The Captain called the reporter to the opposite side of the room, and showed him a 7½-octave piano, the keys being made less than half the size of the standard make. This piano was made in Bombay, and cost £200.

"I see he is going to play, so do not make any noise, for if you do he will stop, and nothing I can do will get him to play again to-day," the Captain said.

Then this strange creature jumped on the piano stool, and instantly its many fingers began flying over the keys at lightning speed. The opening piece represented a storm at sea, and so realistic was it that you could fancy your eyes you could easily imagine you were at sea during a storm of furious violence, so perfectly did the instrument reproduce the sounds. You could distinctly hear the wind whistle through the rigging, and the creaking and groaning of the masts and yards of a heavily-loaded ship, as she rolled in the trough of an extra heavy sea. Every moment you could catch the peculiar sound produced by the brace blocks and braces coming in contact with the stanchions of the rigging, and the music of this sound of taking a heavy sea aboard was imitated was marvelous beyond description, and was enough to make a landsman sea sick.

Instantly this music was changed to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and as quickly again did it change to "Home, Sweet Home," then to "Wedding March," after which came a jumble of musical sounds composed of a few bars each of about every popular song going. Before one could grasp the idea the music was over and "Tie" bounded off the stool and into his tank. Capt. Goodfiber described "Tie's" capture as follows:

"An Englishman named Esherman caught him while net fishing near the village of Jatnapatam in the Polk straits off the Bay of Bengal, India. Mr. Esherman was taken with his peculiar construction and his musical ear, so he decided to make him one of his happy family. He took it in a barrel to his bungalow, and in a very short time it became very tame, and its owner became quite attached to it, and it followed him around like a dog about the bungalow.

"In the bungalow was a piano belonging to Esherman's wife and daughter, who at this time were visiting in Madras, so that for nearly a year the instrument was never played on. On his daughter's return about the first thing she did was to open the piano and run her fingers lightly over the keyboard.

"'Tie,' who at this time lay sleeping on a rug outside the bungalow, uttered a peculiar sound and rushed into the room and began to cut up all kinds of capers, and the faster the young lady played the faster 'Tie' danced.

"When Miss Esherman got off the piano stool the most remarkable thing occurred. She had scarcely moved before 'Tie' jumped on the stool and began striking the keys, producing the self-same sounds the young lady had only a few minutes before. Their astonishment at such a sight made them speechless, and for a long time the strange musician held them spellbound. It did not take the Eshermans long after the above episode to discover that 'Tie' would reproduce any sound it heard on the piano. "Esherman told me that when he was in Europe, he usedto hear blind Tom, and he says that 'Tie-Tae-Toe' and Tom's playing are similar, as both produce only sounds they have heard, and the Hindoo native servants worshipped him, as they believed that the reincarnated spirit of some great musician was imprisoned in the animal's body.

"I paid $25,000 to Mr. Esherman for 'Tie,'" said Capt. Goodfiber, "and am going to take him to England for exhibition purposes. I leave the ship here, having commissioned my chief officer as master to take the Goodpair home."

"Tie-Tae-Toe" slightly resembles the amphibiums of the China and Japan seas, and, like them, he is amphibious, but while the amphibiums is of a deep gray color, "Tie" has an olive green back, with four bright scarlet streaks running down both sides from his head to his tail, and his sides and stomach is a very beautiful pale orange color. The head of this wonderful animal is similar to that of the hair seal of the North Atlantic, with the addition that it has very thick prehensile lips and a tongue. Its mouth is constantly in action. He measures 4 feet 2 inches long, and will girth about 20 inches at the thickest part of his body. He has four legs—or call them two arms and two legs, for there is a whole world of difference between the arms and legs. They are only two bones on each hand and foot and they are webbed, while the forearms are both long and slender, and on each hand there are seven human-shaped fingers, each capable of independent action. The arms, from the body to the finger tips, measure 15½ inches, and they have four joints, including the shoulder joint. It is, without doubt, on account of the great number of fingers and joints that its arm and hand movements are so lightning-like.

"It is possessed of a pair of eyes, set solidly into the head, of a soft, grayish color, the look of which is more than human.

"'Tie' was put on a pair of scales and weighed 92 pounds. His food consists of almost anything, from fish to mince pie, but cheese is his favorite dish as red is his favorite color, and for those two things he will do almost anything.

"Now you must excuse me," said the Captain, after handling "Tie" while he made the above explanation, "but I will have to put him away, as I can take no risks with such a valuable animal, and it is time he retired for a rest.

"I wish you would say this for me, that on my way to England I am going by way of Portland, and if I can make provisions for the safe-keeping of my pet, I may stop over a couple of days and give an exhibition to your citizens of the only musical fish in the world."

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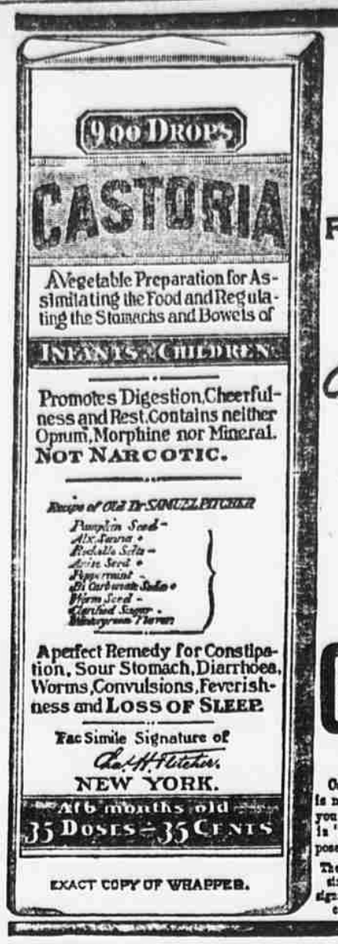

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GLADSTONE TALKS ON BUTIER.

Pastoral Speech to His Agricultural Neighbors at Hawarden.

From the London Standard.

Fine weather favored the annual show of the Hawarden and Buckley Horticultural Society yesterday, and thousands of visitors found their way to Hawarden Park. The exhibition was held in a marquee erected in the park at the foot of the hill on which stands the old castle. In the afternoon there was the