

WITH OLD RITES.

A Happy Couple United at St. Basil's.

QUAINT RUSSIAN CEREMONY.

Bride and Groom Crowned and Incensed.

CROWDS WITNESS THE SCENE.

Miss Anna Dabovich, Sister of Father Sebastian, Married to a Young Merchant.

The great clusters of waxen lights in the swinging candelabra of St. Basil's, and yet the altar in the center, were all aglow last night. The little sanctuary, with its pictures and gorgeous decorations and Oriental feeling, was filled with warm light that bespoke something of the happiness and solemnity of ceremonies the like of which are never to be seen in America except in the East, and even there only once in a lifetime.

It was the occasion of a wedding which bore to religious marriage ceremonies as known to most people here the same striking relation as is demonstrated in the contrast between an American banquet and the Russian reception.

For grandeur of ceremonial, wonderful brilliancy of color in vestments and special decorations; for pictorial effect and uniqueness of ensembles; for quaint music and variety of strange symbolic rites, this wedding was far and away beyond the comparative flatness of western thought.

When the wedding ceremony began clouds of sweet incense arose mingling with the faint odor of burning wax and combining with weird chant to give an effect of medieval times.

Admission to the church was limited to persons having cards of invitation, but even then the place was densely crowded.

There were no seats, and everybody stood throughout the long ceremony, leaving an open space in front of the altar for the priests, contracting parties and attendants.

As the numbers increased and it was not possible to view the ceremonies by craning necks above heads of those in front several persons stood upon little benches, from which position they intently followed the interesting scene.

About 8:30 p. m. a murmur passed through the congregation and presently the wedding party arrived, the groom, and his best men first coming from the episcopal residence adjoining, then the bridesmaids followed by the bride.

The bride, wearing a long brush, immediately Father Grinkovich advanced her to the brush and dipped it in the blessed water, which he rubbed on the bride's and groom's foreheads, while the choir began chanting the liturgy.

The priest turned around and prayed, and again faced the young couple, this time with a censor with which they were incensed.

This part of the ceremony was accompanied by singing. He took two candles, which he lighted together at a large candle held by a deacon, he holding them together in one hand. These he presented singly to the bride and groom, making the sign of the cross three times with each light in doing so.

From this time on these candles were held by the contracting couple, on whom all eyes were turned, many with evident curiosity.

Bishop Nicholas appeared from behind the reredos with a silver tray, on which were two rings that received his blessing in the dim light where he stood.

The rings were carried forward, and with chanting and blessings were given one to the groom and another to the bride. They changed hands subsequently three times before finding a resting-place on the happy couple's fingers, the act of giving them being accompanied with signs of the cross, prayers and singing.

The next part of the ceremony which has been mentioned for Catholics of the Oriental church, was given one to the young couple's heads. The two best men held the crowns in this position over half an hour while the litany of contrition was sung. This was symbolic of the unity of marriage and its great joy.

The crown was changed three times from the bride to her husband's head. The close of this ceremony came when the officiating priest gave the couple wine to drink out of a gold cup, from which both drank three times—also symbolic of unity.

The crown was removed and the Bishop clad in black came forth. He carried a sacred picture in his hand and the couple kissed as they knelt for his blessing, which was given with great dignity. Then the Bishop spoke to them, giving good advice, wishing them joy in their wedding and drawing a fanciful picture of life's path and how it should be followed.

Before being entitled to this blessing the wedding party walked three times round the church, husband and wife crowned and carrying the lighted candles. The picture which Bishop Nicholas carried, with another of the Virgin, was taken home by the wedded pair to be treasured as sacred mementos of their wedding day.

The Bishop retired when he came, and with him went the priests, and the doors closed upon them, leaving the happy couple to the embraces and congratulations of friends and the music of a joyful summer.

The bride was Miss Anna E. Dabovich, a sister of Father Sebastian, who was present but took no part in the services. The groom is Spiridon Wucosavlevich, a young fruit merchant of this city.

The bridesmaids were Misses May and

IN DAYS OF OLD.

The Song and Dance Man Waxes Sad.

SENTIMENTAL ON THE PAST.

Says the Business Has Gone to the Dogs.

TAIL FEATHERS IN WHITE WINGS

Cross-Eyed Soubrettes No Longer Sing the Songs That Gladden the Heart.

"Say feller, don't git gay-see? I'm a little bit off me feet, an' I don't feel well, see?" "I'm William Henry Mad— I've just received a postal card— To be home on New Year's day."

And the sentimentally struggled with the steams in the song-and-dance man's voice as he put the horseshoe where it would cover up the most bald spots on the roost-beef sandwich.

"I gits sentimental on Sundays, fellers," he continued. "Seuse me, 'n' when I does dere's troubl' for some seester. Hear me?"

"For 'im William Henry Mad, And Henry Clay's me dat; And when the sun gets hot enough I'll be a bruck, tarad-um."

"No, dat ain't all o' dat song I know. Dere's just 'irty-two more verses, and dey's all de same. Git you me curves. Will I have another steam? Well? Well, I wonder."

And he had. He lapsed gracefully into the nearest chair, where the voices of the bedraggled blondes and the belated brunettes would reach him only as memories.

He perfunctorily blew the foam off the fresh glass with a disdainful curl of his lip as if he disliked even that much exertion.

"De show business 's gone to de gutter, feller. Dere yest to be de good ole days wen dey sung dem ole songs. Sa-a-ay, dem good ole ballads about home and mudder and silver 'reads 'mong de gold, see? 'N' us fellers yest to turn dat 'd' knock me a twister 'bout de merry plunks to a finish. Now, wot do we git? Why de bes? We gits de worst of it. Dere's a dizzy lot o' fairies goin' skirt dancin' 'n' tearin' de tail feathers out o' 'White Wings' 'n' where do we come in?"

"On the quay of Queenstown harbor. So many years ago, Such an old man with age and weary toll. Close beside him sets his wife, With her head bowed down in grief— For they were about to leave our Ireland soil."

"Must we leave our dear old home on Erin's 'n' green shores? Be driven from our dear, native spot? Must we live in ex-ile in some foreign clime, With there's room for us both in our old Ireland?"

"Dat's de stuff," said the sorrowing song and dance man as he dropped a tear in his steam, "dat's de stuff, 'n' dat's wot makes me sentimental. Dere's a pickcher for ye. Just tink o' dat ole gesser 'n' de ole lady 'havin' to pull out dat late in de case, see? Sa-a-ay, wen I yest to sing dat ballad dere wasn't a Rube in de house, dat wouldn't scrapper for me. Tears in der eyes? Well, I wonder. Sa-a-ay, do ye see dat Bum Walker over dere? Well, dat mug's a case, 'n' he's always 'n' a case, but dat song yest to make him weep like a spring in cart; 'n' his lambs yest to bag out like de eyes of a dead mackerel every time I sung it. Tears in der eyes? Well, I wonder."

"Gimme a cornbeef sandwich; Let a steamer run down me 'troat; Strumme a waltz, waltz, waltz; Or strally 'til I choke. Once I was married and hopeked; I had a lovin' wife; I cared no more 'bout spending a cent Than I did 'bout taking a life."

"Git you de yomer in dat. Wouldn't 'at cork ye? Sa-a-ay, wen I did dat song first in dis man's town, de Rube went crazy. Dere was more young women tryin' to steal yer Uncle Isaac dan'd make wun o' dem 'ere 'Lucky heavens. 'N' de bookies of roses dey 'tween to sen me. Sa-a-ay, don't say a word, dem sweet hotel clerks up to de Palace ain't no smoother dan yer Uncle Isaac wuz in dem days."

There was a man in our town. All races with achin' and pain; He jumped out o' a four-story building; 'N' he knocked out all his brains. And when he found his brains were gone, 'Tery wisely he acesed. To go on de 'Frisco police force Where brains he'd never lose. Dat's yomer 'n' here's anudder: "Way over in de wilds of Jersey, Where you stink in and to your knees, I had a cross-eyed girl, And she was just the cheese. Mashies she had by de barrel, 'N' had a brown stone brick, But they were Jersey farmers, And she said they made her sick."

"'N' wot do ye tink, Dere was a Bwyr' acter cum along 'n' eloped wid dat girl, 'n' de las' de ole man heard she was singing: "A broken nose, a hatched face— Enough to bring de town down; From night till morn she's on the brace— Little Annie Rooney. On the warpath day and night, To break your face was her delight— Her skin was cracking for a night, Was little Annie Rooney."

I'm her sandbag, She's a blood, Her name's Annie, Mine is mud. I would shake her quick, if I could. For little Annie Rooney Is no, no good."

"Sa-a-ay!" but the last effort was too much for the song-and-dance man. He was gasping as he reached his hand out to grasp that of his auditor. There was a far-gone expression in his eyes, his head wobbled limply to this side, and that; his back arched against the chair—the song-and-dance man had talked himself to sleep.

On his face, however, there was a sign of peace and good will, and as he snored the hawners of his imagination were cast off, his passage was taken on "ze elegant ship Cuckoo," and soon he was sailing over summery seas, where the old-time song-and-dance man is yet a good thing.

A Sugar Refinery Closed. BROOKLYN, Oct. 8.—The Mollenhauser Sugar Refinery, employing 1800 men, shut to-day indefinitely. The Mollenhauser people say there is absolutely no market for refined sugar.

Are You Going Abroad? For health, pleasure or business, you would not have your voyage marred by seasickness? Take along with you Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and when you feel the nausea try a wineglassful. It will effect a permanent change for the better in your interior, and a continuance of it will save you from further attacks. As a means of overcoming indigestion, dyspeptic, nervous and rheumatic troubles, the Bitters is unequalled.

Church Members Scored for Giving a Ministerial Show. GALESBURG, Ill., Oct. 8.—Society here is all a-glee over an attack made by Rev. O. W. Van Orsdale in his sermon last night on some twenty-five of the "400." About a week ago some ladies, including members of Van Orsdale's flock, gave a ministerial show for the benefit of the Universalist Church. The affair was a great success in every way. The ladies had their faces blackened and also shouted the regulation songs so common to Southern

IT WAS LOADED.

Explosion in the Corporation Yard.

JUNK-DEALER'S IMPRUDENCE

Myer Livingstone Examines an Old Gasoline Tank

AND USES A LIGHTED MATCH.

He and His Brother Max Hurlled to the Ground and Seriously Injured.

Myer Livingstone will think twice in future before he attempts to explore the interior of a gasoline tank with a lighted match. He and his brother, Max, are now in the Receiving Hospital, where they are likely to remain for several days.

Two gasoline tanks that had been in use in the Almshouse have been lying in the corporation yard on Park avenue for the past two months. Yesterday at noon they were offered for sale at the rooms of Tevis & Fisher by instructions of Mayor Eliott. The purchasers were the Livingstone brothers.

Immediately after the sale Myer and Max went to the corporation yard to take a look at the tanks, which were standing a few yards from the entrance gate. Myer pulled the plug out of one of them, as he was anxious to find out whether they were lined with copper. His brother was standing beside him and eagerly bent forward as Myer struck a match and peered inside.

There was a terrific explosion, and the frame shot out striking Myer full in the face and body, and knocking him heels

over head. The sharp concussion sent Max flying through the open gateway, and he fell heavily on the sidewalk. W. B. Heitch, an employe in the Street Department, was standing a few feet from Max and he was driven backward a few feet, but managed to retain his equilibrium.

The iron top of the tank was torn off and hurled against the door of the office, which faced the tanks, forcing it from its hinges and smashing it in pieces on the floor. The front of the office was badly shattered, the building rocking as if caused by a violent earthquake shock. Caretaker J. Hines was seated in the office at the time, and narrowly escaped being struck by fragment of the broken door.

The report of the explosion attracted a big crowd, and the wildest stories were afloat on the streets as to the origin of the explosion, some believing that an attempt had been made to blow up the new City Hall, and that several people had been killed.

The Livingstones were carried across the street to the Receiving Hospital and were attended to by Drs. Somers and Deane. They presented a sorry sight, both their faces being blackened and bleeding and blood was oozing out of Myer's mouth. The surgeons found that Myer was worse injured than his brother. He had sustained a compound comminuted fracture of both bones of both legs near the ankle. His left arm was also fractured and he was suffering from internal injuries. Max had his left leg fractured and complained of pains in his chest. They will both recover.

Myer is a partner of the San Francisco Iron Yard on Folsom street and he and his brother live at 715 Third street, Oakland. They begged that Myer's wife and their parents should not be told of their misfortune, as the shock might prove serious, especially to their aged parents.

The Mayor Eliott and the other City Hall officials inspected the wreck in the yard yesterday afternoon. It was said that the gasoline had been emptied from both tanks before being sent to the Almshouse, but despite this precaution explosive gas had generated in the tanks afterward. They all condemned Myer's imprudence in using a lighted match to inspect the interior of a gasoline tank. The force of the explosion tore the thick zinc apart where they had been soldered and riveted, and the bottom, top and sides were battered almost out of shape.

GROCERS' ASSOCIATION. It Will Remain Intact for Social Purposes Only. PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 8.—Charles J. Off, president of the Illinois Wholesale Grocers' Association, last night freely discussed its apparent dissolution. He said that the rules and regulations, which were important in their character, had not been lived up to by many of the members, and he considered this unfair compliance responsible for the downfall of the association. The organization was formed largely for the purpose of regulating the price of sugar, which has been handled for years without a profit, though it represents a large part of the sales of a grocer's store. The sugar trust, after the formation of the association last April, sold to the jobbers, billing the sugar at 3-16 of a cent a pound more than the actual rate. This enabled the jobbers to sell at the long price plus freight to destination and still leave a profit of 3-16 of a cent a pound.

So heavily stocked are Chicago wholesalers that Mr. Off anticipates a big drop in prices. It is certain the profit will go off, and probably greatly. Sugar hereafter will be handled at a loss, as before the formation of the association. The other rules regulating cartage, forbidding collections by traveling men and the equalizing of rates between jobbers and towns are also abandoned. The association will re-

THE SONG AND DANCE MAN WAXES SAD.

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CROSS-EYED SOUBRETTE NO LONGER SING THE SONGS THAT GLADDEN THE HEART.

CRUSHED BY A TEAM.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 8.—A revolting accident occurred to-night at the corner of Second and Antonio streets, in which Jennie Hamilton, the 12-year-old son of Mrs. J. F. Hamilton, had his skull crushed and will probably die. The boy had been jumping on an electric car and the conductor chased him off. The boy was in front of a double team which knocked him down and ran over his body. One of the horses kicked and fractured his skull. The doctors removed half an ounce of brain matter and several pieces of skull. His recovery is doubtful.

OH, FOR A RAIN!

Girls in Short Skirts and Leggings.

No Fears of Jeer or Jibe Will Deter Them From Donning the New Costume.

No such fervent prayers for rain were ever sent up from a Mohammedan mosque as have been sent up by the youth of the University of California for the past week. The young ladies wish it in order that they may make a combined trial of their new "rainy day" costume. The young men have had no such praiseworthy purpose. In fact they wish for rain that they may "zuy" the fair young crusaders.

There are thirty-two of them who have signed a petition to the promise to stick to short skirts and long leggings during the winter. They have kept their names sedulously concealed until now. They have concluded that it is best to break it gently to the other sex and THE CALL has had a peep at the list. Here they are, the dear sweet creatures:

Miss N. Moore, Miss Lynch, Miss Sanderson, Miss C. Sanderson, Miss A. Fenster, Miss Parker, Miss Delaney, Miss M. Allen, Miss Mott, Mrs. Van Dreyne, Miss Sullivan, Miss Labaque, Miss Hamilton, Miss E. Gardner, Miss J. Adams, Miss G. Whitehead, Miss McDonald, Miss Godfrey, Miss McClave, Miss Oliver, Miss Dobbins, Miss Henschel, Miss Wilson, Miss Stevenson, Miss Briggs, Miss Shorkley, Miss Robb.

The skirts are the cunningest, nattiest, trimmest things imaginable; the leggings, the neatest and latest and prettiest that could be procured. And they have all been tried on before dazzling mirrors and in front of contemporary relatives. On these days while waiting for the crowning rain, their faces beaming the satisfaction dwelling in their minds, they don't see a sign that the new rainy weather costume is becoming, there is no faith to be put in signs.

There is only one thing disturbing the minds of the devoted young women. They care not for the twittings of the long-haired young men who play football, and they are resigned to the dilatoriness of sloppy weather, but they have an all-consuming horror of being taken for dress-reformers. They insist and insist loudly upon a neat, unobtrusive, common-sense claim to be just level-headed enough to have recognized the disadvantages of dragging wet skirts and to have decided upon a neat, unobtrusive, common-sense costume during the reign of mud on the college grounds. They are to dress in a sensible, healthful manner and they are certain that their appearance will disarm criticism.

Four days after THE CALL had exclusively published the young ladies' plans a meeting of the board of trustees was held. It also printed what purported to be an interview with Miss Myrtle Fenster concerning her reasons for adopting the costume. No such interview was ever had, the identity of Miss Fenster having been confused with that of another young lady.

It is a fact, however, that the trustees were not the originator of the idea, but was only one of the thirty-two who had made the promise. Her name became prominent through her advocacy of the new costume than any of the others.

They have again and again since the first publication of their plans renewed their promises, and are now but awaiting the first rain to prove their devotion to the cause.

Short skirts and leggings forever! Please, God, Mr. Weather Prophet, forecast a rain.

If you have any regard for your opportunities, secure "Pie-uresque California" at once. It is a great work and the finest premium ever offered by a newspaper.

Officers of the Dental Club. At the annual meeting of the San Francisco Dental Association, held last evening at the rooms of the Dental Club, 235 Post street, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Charles E. Post; vice-president, Dr. E. C. Pague; recording secretary, Dr. George W. Van Orden; corresponding secretary, Dr. H. G. Richards; treasurer, Dr. W. A. Knowles; librarian, Dr. J. E. Cummings.

Grace Murphy's Death. An inquest held by the Coroner yesterday in the case of Mrs. Grace Murphy, who died on the 24 inst. at 530 1/2 Valencia street, resulted in the jury returning a verdict to the effect that she came to her death through having performed a criminal operation upon herself, thereby causing peritonitis. She was 21 years old.

Aches and pains in Man or Beast cease to torture when touched by Mexican Mustang Liniment

THE LICK SCHOOL

Will Open on the Seventh of January.

THE FACULTY SELECTED.

Principal Merrill East on an Inspecting Tour.

PROGRAMME OF INSTRUCTION.

Applications for Admission Pouring In—Buildings Making Rapid Progress.

The Lick School, which the president, Horace Davis, desires, "will be the most beneficent and far-reaching in its ultimate effects of all the institutions provided for by the pioneer-philanthropist," will be opened for classes on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1895. Numerous applications for admission have already been received and it is evident that the board of trustees that the maximum number of scholars that can be accommodated will be present on the day the school opens. It may not generally be understood that the school makes no discrimination against pupils living outside San Francisco, as every one who can pass the necessary examinations, he a citizen of San Francisco or not, is entitled to all the benefits of the school without distinction.

The plan of instruction provides for a combined manual and trades schools' course of four years. The manual-training course, as a whole, is the same for all pupils and is required of all. There are fifteen technical courses, but after the third year the student may exercise his own discretion in the matter of continuing in one of these technical courses. In the manual-training course the academic branches are limited to two and a half years, but the industrial branches continue a half year longer. The time of attendance will be from 9 A. M. to 3:30 p. m. during the first two and half years and from 9 A. M. to 4:30 p. m. for the remainder of the course. In grade the institution will be classed as a high school, the academic branches from the beginning being of a high-school character.

There will be no charge for tuition, but students will be required to furnish their own books, drawing instruments, overalls and aprons, and to pay the actual cost of working material.

The provisional course of instruction for the first year includes English, mathematics, science and history in the academic, and carpentry, free-hand drawing and modeling in the industrial.

In the second and third years the same studies in the academic course will be pursued, with the addition of the study of government, while the industrial course will include for boys, forging, free-hand and mechanical drawing and wood carving, and for girls, dressmaking and millinery, free-hand and mechanical drawing, wood carving and copying.

For the third year pattern-making and molding and mechanical and architectural drawing for boys and free-hand drawing and design, wood-carving and cooking for the girls will be studied in the industrial course.

For the fourth year one of the fifteen specialties in the industrial course must be exclusively followed and all the time devoted to the study of the course selected.

The buildings to be occupied by the Lick School of Mechanical Arts are in a fair way of completion, and if no unforeseen accident occurs will be finished by January 1. The administration building has progressed as far as the first floor, while the mechanical building has reached the second story and will have the roof on within a couple of weeks.

The principal, George A. Merrill, is now East, while the board has been sent by the trustees to report on the latest improvements in machinery and apparatus and the feasibility of their adoption by the Lick School. Most of the professors of the different departments have been selected, but pending some possible modification of the list the publication of the names is withheld.

PLOTS OF ANARCHISTS. An Internal Machine at the Milan Police Barracks. MILAN, Oct. 8.—An internal machine has been found upon the window-sill of the police barracks. The fuse was extinguished before an explosion occurred. Several arrests have been made.

Death of an Aged Minister. PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Paul Berger, said to be the oldest negro minister in the country, died to-day from heart disease, aged 70. He had been employed as turnkey in the police station.

Balance in the Treasury. WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The cash balance in the treasury to-day was \$120,360,457; gold reserve, \$50,747,540.

FREE SUGAR. TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES. Great American Importing TEA CO. ARE GIVING... SUGAR FREE TO EACH CUSTOMER.

BUDD IN BAD FORM. HEDDING, Oct. 8.—James Budd, candidate for Governor, Mr. Jacobs and H. M. Larus addressed a packed house in Armory Hall here this evening. Budd appeared to be not in good form by reason of travel and hard campaigning, but the people gave him respectful hearing.

AN ELECTRIC-CAR SMASH-UP. CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—A heavily loaded electric car collided with a lumber-wagon at Halstead and Forty-third street to-day, killing an unknown boy and injuring twenty-five passengers, none of whom will die.

NO USE TO DENY THE FACT THAT Salvation Oil is fast taking the place of all other liniments.

SIX MEN WITH MASKS.

They Commit a Cool Robbery in a St. Louis Saloon.

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PROGRAMME OF INSTRUCTION.

Applications for Admission Pouring In—Buildings Making Rapid Progress.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—A daring robbery took place last night at the saloon of Herman L. Feucht, 3301 Chouteau avenue, at 8:45 o'clock. At that hour there were present Feucht and several quarry laborers. The front door suddenly opened and a tall man, wearing a slouch hat and a handkerchief over his face as a mask, walked in and was closely followed by five more men, all wearing masks. The men held drawn revolvers and quickly covered Feucht and the men in the saloon. The entrance of the robbers was so sudden that the saloon-keeper and his companions were taken completely unawares and were so frightened that the thought of offering resistance never entered their minds. They submitted like lambs to the dictates of the leader, who ordered them to throw up their hands. The men on completing the robbery dashed out the way they came and ran into the railroad yards, where they were lost among the many cars standing on the tracks. The mounted district police were quickly notified and the robbers are being closely pursued.

SCHEEL DIRECTED.

A Successful Concert by Local Amateurs.

The Philharmonic Society's First Concert With the New Conductor. The Musician's Stamp.

Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded last night by an audience eager to hear the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, with Fritz Scheel as conductor.

The orchestra, which must have numbered nearly sixty performers, was very strong in strings, a fact that prevented any of the blatant effects so frequently observable in non-professional organizations. Indeed, the greater part of the Philharmonic Society's work last night was remarkably fine, considering that it was produced by amateurs.

Fritz Scheel was clearly observable in all the numbers. He had not succeeded in making the whole band of performers play in tune—very far from it at times—but sixty amateurs playing all through a long and difficult programme, without a slip in any one's intonation, would have been a feat of no small magnitude. The baton does not profess to be a magician's wand. What he had succeeded in doing was in giving the orchestra a good deal of his vivid light and shade and artistic finish.

Mozzkowski's "Tantastischer Zug" was played with enough brightness and brightness to make an attractive. The Strauss waltz, "Wiener Bolwons," was the first work of the orchestra that excited the audience's interest. It was given with all the swing and the variations in the tempo that make Scheel's interpretation of waltzes so popular. A great deal of delicate and artistic playing was done by the orchestra. The result, if Voigt's "Nachtesang" had not been marred by faulty intonation it would have been about the gem of the orchestral concert. The shading was most delicate and refined and it was played with a good deal of feeling.

The ensemble work was good in Rubinstein's "Polka de Polka," from "Le Bal Costume," but the "Cosaque et Petite Rousienne," from the same suite, proved a little disappointing. The playing of the orchestra. The instrument was not all-ways compete with the technical difficulties, and some of them had to wrestle hard to keep up with the tempo. Among the solos in this number the harp carried off the honors. Szechaikowsky's "Chant sans Parole" was very ably played. The concert was a success.

The society was assisted by the harpist, Mrs. Heitschek-Margantini, who played the "Chant sans Parole" and the "Rhapsodie" with her usual clear, finished execution and beautiful phrasing.

School To-Night. The following is the programme to be rendered by Scheel's Orchestra, at the Auditorium, to-night:

March, coronation, "Der Prophet"..... Meyerbeer Overture, "King Yvetot"..... Adam Overture, "Der Schachmatt"..... Gungl Overture, "Die Schachmatt"..... Reizner Overture, "Roxas des South"..... Mendelssohn Overture, "Der Schachmatt"..... Strauss Overture, "Der Schachmatt"..... Strauss Overture, "Der Schachmatt"..... Strauss Overture, "Der Schachmatt"..... Strauss

DEATH INTERVENED. Mr. Bernstein Did Not Live to See His Son Married. NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The uppermost wish of Nathan Bernstein, a millionaire butcher, was that he might live long enough to witness the marriage of his son, John. Mr. Bernstein, who was 64, had lived for the past twenty-two years in Brooklyn. For about a year he had been suffering from an affection of the liver, and with his growing weakness came the wish to see his son happily married. The young man was engaged to a Miss Ida Kerne. No definite date had been selected for the marriage. Yesterday Mr. Bernstein realized that his end was near and he traveled to the young couple to have the ceremony performed in the evening.

As the time approached Mr. Bernstein expressed the fear that he would not live until the hour set and urged that it be hastened. All the children were present at the time excepting one daughter, who was expected from Chicago. The preparations were hurried and the bride party was about to proceed to Mr. Bernstein's bedroom. Mr. Bernstein had been sinking rapidly. The bride and groom took a position close by the bedside and the dying man was draped up with pillows. The other members of the family gathered close by the minister. The latter was about to read the marriage ritual when Mr. Bernstein died. The grief-stricken family were about to postpone the marriage, but Mrs. Bernstein insisted that it should be carried out just as if her husband were alive. The family were witnessed the ceremony of making the young couple man and wife.

Budd in Bad Form. HEDDING, Oct. 8.—James Budd, candidate for Governor, Mr. Jacobs and H. M. Larus addressed a packed house in Armory Hall here this evening. Budd appeared to be not in good form by reason of travel and hard campaigning, but the people gave him respectful hearing.

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