OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

Carlisle Graham's Plunge at Last an Accomplished Feat.

He and His Barrel Successfully Make the Terrible Dive.

He Has Had Quite Enough, However, of the Niagara Torrent.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 1.—At last a man has taken the plunge with Niagara's roaring torrent and emerged from the chaos of waters to tell the story of the foolhardy feat. The man is Carlisle D. Graham, the young cooper, who, with his barrel-shaped craft, has been before the public for some time past, and the trip was made about 7 o'clock this morning in the presence of half a hundred spectators. When the queer little craft, with its venturesome passenger securely prisoned within, seemed to hesitate a short second on the brink of the precipice there was not one who did not think that was the end. Then down it shot into the awful war of waters, down the dizzy heigh to treacherous rocks and maelstroms, whose circling arms would seek to drag it down. A few fragments of wood and a bruised and ghastly corpse in the stiller waters miles below might tell the story, but not deter other fame-hungered monomanics from attempting the same thing. But Graham has passed through the ordeal and the one ambition of his life is satisfied.

This morning Graham silently stole across the new suspension bridge to Clifton. Half an hour later Constable Andrew Horn drove over in a wagon with the barrel.

The police on the Canada side had notified Graham that they would arrest him if he tried to go over the falls, so he was very cautious. No constables appeared and Graham got into the wagon after it passed the Clifton House, and was driven up to Chippewa as quickly as possible. Here they had to carry the barrel across a

graveyard, in order to avoid the house of a Canadian constable. They were reinforced, however, by Constable Taley, of Lasalle, New York, who had rowed across the river to help launch the barrel. Graham wore a pair of black tights. He gave his clothes to Constable Horn, and handed him a watch and a small sum of money, with the remark: "God knows whether I will come out alive or not. If I don't, see that my wife gets my things."

"Oh, you will be out all right!" said Horn, in about the tone of voice he would use to a prisoner he was taking to Lockport jail.

GETTING READY FOR THE START.

"I don't know," said Graham, "but I can realize how anybody feels who is going to die. Better fasten down the cover and we will have it over."

Graham seemed firm enough, but Constable Horn weakened a little. When he locked down the iron bands which were to protect the head of the barrel there would be no chance for Graham to get out alive.

"I felt," said Horn afterwards, "just as a sheriff would who was going to hang a man. I didn't like it a bit."

The two constables finally got the hero safely locked in his ark and towed him out to the centre of the stream almost opposite the Chippewa's mouth. The Horse-Shoe Rapids were not far below and it was hardly a safe place. A fifty-foot rope, to be used as a drag, was let go about 6.45. The constables then rowed ashore and escaped from Canada with all possible speed.

The best point to see Graham go over Niagara Falls was Table Rock, on the Canada side. Besides several newspaper men and guests from the Clifton House, who had received the tip, a policeman who belonged to Queen Victoria's free park stood solemnly ready to prevent the barrel from going over. At least he said so. At 7.05 the barrel was sighted up the stream. It turned over several times and its red top and drab bottom made a dizzy kaleidoscopic combination, which convinced the onlookers that its occupant was having a lively experience. Just then word came down from Chippewa that Graham had had an awful crash in the surf, where the rapids begin, and that this rough treatment had been followed up. The boat took a smooth course to the Horse-Shoe Falls soon after it came in sight and floated easily down to the brink.

THE AWFUL PLUNGE.

It went over with the great volume of water at 7.10. "That's the end of Graham," said a man as the barrel failed to appear in the foaming water below, but in less than two minutes the red top was seen. The barrel was sucked under every alternate moment, until finally it swished off into the Bass Rock eddy. Graham had posted friends along the river to rescue him in case he needed it, for open boats could not venture up this far in the river. Almer Jones and Michael Cahill happened to be the men at this point. They waited until the barrel swirled around in the eddy close to the shore, when Jones swam out and captured the drag-rope. The barrel was pulled over into the rocks. The iron across the top were bent and twisted. One lock was broken off, but the other was intact. No provision had been made for supplying duplicate keys to the watchers on the bank, and Jones had to break into the barrel. The two men pulled Graham out and laid him on the rocks.

"He is dead," said some one on the cliff above. "His neck is broken," said another, who saw the lump form pulled out of the barrel. Cahill thrust a whiskey flask into the navigator's mouth, and pretty soon succeeded in restoring him. They trotted around to the Maid of the Mist Landing, where a carriage was taken to Andrew Horn's hostelry, near the depot.

QUITE CHEERFUL AFTER IT.

Graham was very cheerful and said he felt little ill effects from the trip. He was lame and sore enough to be put to bed and a couple of New York doctors, whose names were not learned, examined him. They agreed that no bones were broken. The injuries were superficial. Graham was unable to get up to-night. His wife in some manner became apprised of his intention and came to the Falls just as Graham was dictating a telegram announcing his safe trip over the Falls.

His experiences were very thrilling and, as told by him to-night to THE WORLD correspondent, form an interesting study of what men will brave to secure a little fame. There was no money in the adventure for him, and he made the suicidal voyage to accomplish the ambition of his life. Graham has been at Niagara Falls for three years preparing for the feat which he accomplished to-day.

HIS LIFE'S AMBITION.

He came here in 1886 with a pretty little barrel, which he had built in an East Buffalo cooper shop, to go over the cataract. He was told that it would be suicide. Capt. Webb had just lost his life trying to swim the tempestuous pool rapids, and people said that Graham would get just as much credit trying to go through the whirlpool as any man make the more risky experiment. Graham, July 11, 1886, made his voyage through the whirlpool. Then a swarm of imitators appeared on the scene. Potts and Haslett went as far as he and Sachs then followed in their footsteps. Graham, to eclipse their feats and his own, next went through the rapids and whirlpool with head out of the barrel. The roar of the water and the dashing of the waves made him deaf for life in one ear.

Graham, in June, 1887, repeated his trip and went further than before. This time his barrel partly filled with water and he was nearly carried down to death in the maelstrom when he was trying to swim away from the sinking barrel. Since this thrilling experience Graham has been experimenting with the idea of going over the falls. He built and patented a torpedo life-boat, which he named THE WORLD, and sent it over the Horseshoe on an experimental trip. He wanted to go into it himself, but his wife and friends insisted on a preliminary test. The craft was dashed to pieces June 30, and only a few splinters came out in the lower river. Since then Graham has sent several barrels over. These cost much money, but the cash was willingly furnished by William Devoe, who has managed several theatrical troupes. Graham got the experience. The Niagara torrent kept the barrel. The only one that escaped being dashed to pieces was engulfed in an eddy. Graham became very despondent at these repeated failures and said the next time he would go over in the barrel, whether he came out alive or not.

WILLING TO DIE IF UNSUCCESSFUL.

"I'll die with it if it goes to pieces," said he to Mr. Devoe, but he did not have to. He went to Buffalo and bought an old cask of Chinese locust wood, which he tore to pieces to convert into the barrel used in this morning's trip. He made it sound and snug, but smaller than the others. In size it is 4½ feet long, weighs 150 pounds, is 22 inches in diameter at the top, 29 in the centre and 15 at the bottom. Fifteen 2-inch iron hoops give firmness to it and a man-hole in the top, 14 by 10 inches, permits of entrance to it. To the bottom, on the outside, thirty-five pounds of iron is fastened firmly as ballast, and sand ballast is carried on the inside. Graham made a trip last Sunday afternoon, starting at the Maid of the Mist landing between the two suspension bridges, and going clear through to Lewiston. This was by all odds the most exciting adventure until that of to-day. The trip was made in twenty-five minutes and the craft travelled part of the way at a speed of thirty miles an hour. The barrel encountered several rocks, but they made no impression on it, and having behaved so handsomely in the Whirlpool and in the Devil's Maelstrom Graham concluded to go over the cataract in it without further test. Graham's wife lives in Buffalo on Abbott road, and when he told her his intention a tearful scene ensued.

A TEARFUL WIFE'S SUPPLICATION.

"For the sake of your family," said Mrs. Graham, on her knees, "do not try to kill yourself. You know from past experiences that the barrel will only be dashed to pieces and you will die in it."

Graham's little daughter clung to his arms and pleaded with him to stay home. The strong man, who had four times braved death at Niagara, almost relented. He said he would postpone the trip indefinitely, and came down to the Falls a very sad man. He had spent all his money in experiments, and was loth to give up just when he was sure of success. So he decided to go ahead without telling his family. When he reached this decision he notified such people as he wished to be present, including a representative of THE WORLD, and quickly concluded his arrangements. The story of his perilous trip as told to-night is very thrilling.

"It has taken me three years," said Graham, "to accomplish the ambition of my life. I could not be happier than I am now, though I have had misgivings all along that I might get killed in this attempt. My repeated failures with the barrels I experimented on discouraged me, and I would willingly have committed suicide if it were not for my wife and children."

"What, then, induced you to make the trip?"

"Because it is a feat that has never been accomplished before," said Graham. "Brodie was here and threatened to go over the falls in his rubber suit. I do not believe I would have gone so soon, but I did not want anyone to get the start of me.

GRAHAM TELLS THE STORY.

"I was half senseless most of the trip. When they let go of me off of Chippewa I crouched down in the bottom of the barrel, secured the straps and prepared myself for such an experience as I had gone through in the rapids. I was fooled, badly fooled. The two rapids aren't anything alike. The first drop I got was a drop that seemed like thirty feet down into nothing. I didn't expect it and my head went against the side of the barrel with an awful thump. I was turned upside down several times, and finally I became so benumbed that I did not realize the position. Talk about going through the rapids! It is nothing compared with going over the falls. But I don't want any more of it. This is enough. I shall trifle with fate no more. My sensations are hard to describe. I really can't say that I knew the precise moment I went over the falls."

"Then you do not know when you went over the falls?"

"I could not tell from the inside the barrel. The greatest shock I got was the first one at the start. I felt dazed afterward, and when reached Bass Rock Eddy, Almer Jones shouted to me through the air-hole. I could hear what he said, but I didn't seem to be able to respond to him. I should have died if the barrel had gone on down to Lewiston; but there was little chance of that, for I had so well arranged for people to be present to rescue me."

WENT OVER FEET FIRST.

"Black Jack Tierney told me this afternoon that I went over the falls feet first. He saw the barrel and says it came down with the red top up. Since then several people have told me the same thing. I thought probably I did a great contortion act, but I guess I didn't after all. Now is the time," continued he, "for some of those Niagara self-styled heroes, who have imitated my other trips, to go over the falls. They went through the rapids quick enough; now let them follow me here if they dare. There is no string or chain on them to keep them away, and the falls keep on going every day, just as if I didn't go over the Horseshoe to-day. They all know how it is done now. It's easy for them when they have a map of it laid out."

"Could you not have started closer to the falls, and saved the trip through the upper rapids?"

"Perhaps I could, but the Canadian authorities were bound to stop me from doing anything, and I could not take chances. I wanted to start at Clark's Hill Rapids, but they nearly sent me up for ten years for asking them if I could go."

"Why didn't you try this barrel on a dog first?"

"No, I cursed myself for letting that poor dog go over in the one that sank. There was a ten-dollar bet on the dog's chances and I foolishly consented to let them try it. I've been unlucky ever since until now."

HE HAS ENOUGH.

Graham says that this was by all odds the roughest experience of his life. He was born thirty-five years ago on the Brandywine, Delaware, near Philadelphia, and has knocked about a great deal. He has built all the barrels with which he has experimented. For several years he was engaged in the cattle business, which necessitated his taking ocean trips and he thought the Niagara surf was no worse than that of the Atlantic. He believes differently now, and is willing to stay away from the Falls. He stoutly denies statements that he has enough. He has no immediate plans for the future. During the evening he was visited by several editors, who are here on an excursion of the National Press Association, which was in session at Detroit last week. He was in such a weak condition that he refused to see any callers except newspaper men. He will evidently be laid up for several days.

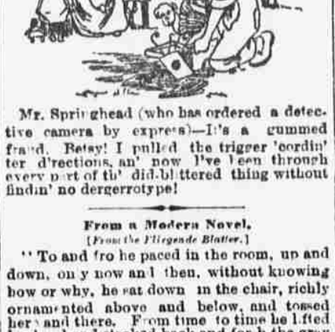
Whittier's Humble Home.

[From the Detroit Tribune.]

A friend of mine who recently visited John G. Whittier at "Oak Knoll," his modest New England home, writes interestingly of the surroundings of the aged Quaker poet. The religion in which he was reared makes simple living obligatory upon its disciples, and to this religion he has always remained faithful. The poet's house is a plain two-story dwelling, differing in no respect from the average New England farm-house. The door into which the visitor is ushered is furnished with old-fashioned furniture, upholstered in horse-hair, with a few artificial flowers under glass shades on the centre-table and mantelpiece. There is nothing in the contents of the little room which betrayed the culture and refinement of the owner. The apartment which Mr. Whittier calls his "study," and in which he does a little writing, is plainer still. Besides an antiquated stove its only articles of furniture are a bookcase containing a couple hundred volumes, whose appearance gives evidence of age and frequent use, and a little desk at which the poet works. All of which, says my friend in conclusion, show how fully the author of "Inabad" puts in practice the gospel of plain living and high thinking.

A Deceitful Appliance.

[From Puck.]



Mr. Springhead (who has ordered a detective camera by express)—It's a gummed fraud. Betsy! I pulled the trigger 'cordin' ter d'rections, an' now I've been through every part of th' did-blittered thing without findin' no dergerrotype!

From a Modern Novel.

[From the Fliegende Blatter.]

"To and fro he paced in the room, up and down, on y now and then, without knowing how or why, he sat down in the chair, richly ornamented above and below, and tossed here and there. From time to time he lifted his head and stroked back and forth the gray hair which fell hither and thither on the brow over and over deeply stamped with lines of care."

PROCTOR'S SECOND SEASON.

SOME ADMIRABLE SCENIC WORK IN "THE GREAT METROPOLIS."

Nell Burgess Well Enough to Fill All His Engagements—"Razzle-Dazzle" Gives Its Name to a New Farce-Comedy—Helen Barry to Be Seen in a New Role at the Union Square This Month.

Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre opened its regular season on Saturday night with the production of a local melodrama by Jessop and Teal, entitled "The Great Metropolis." From a pictorial point of view, and that is about the only point from which the production calls for consideration, "The Great Metropolis" contained some surprises. The view of the open ocean with the wreck of the ship "Flying Fish" was an excellent piece of work of an extremely realistic description. The scene representing the East River, and revealing the floating corpse of Gertrude Ravernak was also very well done. The Sandy Hook Beach was hardly as realistic as the other sets. The room was a trifle too stagey, and the clouds were not convincing. Other scenes showed the waiting-room in the Twenty-eighth street Elevated station, the interior of a city flat, a room in a sailors' boarding house, and the interior of the Sandy Hook Lighthouse. The story of the "Great Metropolis" was hopelessly involved, and ended at the close of the sixth act with two pistol shots, conveniently killing the villain and his murderer. Miss Annie Mayor did some capital work. So did Harry Meredith. Adele Paima contributed a neat little French sketch.

* * *

Nell Burgess was at the Twenty-third Street Theatre Saturday night looking as well as ever. Mr. Burgess's genial smile has not been damaged in the least and his friends will easily forgive him his left-hand salutation, that he is still obliged to give. Mr. Burgess will be able to fill all his engagements.

* * *

Mme. Anna de Nancaze, who has been engaged to play in Victoria Yokes's company, will be remembered as the lady who wore that remarkable sable dress in "The Great Pink Pearl." Now that the play is long ago a thing of the past it won't be a cruel revelation to say that the remarkable sable dress wasn't sable at all. It was cleverly made of the skins of the young calf, and was absolutely not to be detected.

* * *

Ramsay Morris thinks that he has disposed of the English rights of his play, "A Little American," to a theatrical Englishman at present in the city. The play, it will be remembered, was built for little Tommy Russell, in the lovely Arabian Nightish days of Wood's West End Theatre.

* * *

"Razzle-Dazzle" is the title of a new farce-comedy that is to be presented during the season. The name of the author of the farce is not revealed, but "Razzle-Dazzle" is said to contain some highly amusing situations, many clever little bits of satire and four pretty girls. Perhaps the four pretty girls ought to be mentioned first. They are, after all, more interesting than the situations or the satire.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Moriarty, ex of Harrigan's, have been engaged to support Miss Helen Blythe. Some managers are inconsistent enough to object to the engagement of husband and wife. It is good to note the exceptions. Dan Frohman is also one of them. He has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holland.

* * *

Miss Helen Barry is delighted at the idea of appearing this season in a new line of business. The role of the heroine in "Love and Liberty" was written especially for her and revised according to her own suggestions. I is described as intensely emotional, relieved at times by touches of comedy. It is by no means a one part piece, and Clarissa Handyside, Harry Gwynette and other members of the company engaged to support Miss Barry, are said to have a chance a some fine character acting. "Love and Liberty" will be seen at the Union Square Theatre Sept. 23, Miss Barry's season beginning in Albany a week earlier. She has had a long Summer rest at the seashore and is in excellent health and spirits.

* * *

Miss Blanche Weaver, who is at present playing in "Bootles's Baby" at the Madison Square Theatre, has had several offers to be starred this season. If Miss Weaver is wise she won't be starred. Her good work in "The Tigress" will be remembered. In "Bootles's Baby" she is less conspicuously interesting, thus affording another instance of the undesirable fact that it is the part that makes the actress, not the actress the part.

* * *

Donna Madizza was in the city Saturday gorgeously clad in green and carrying a parasol that was a most too-too even for Broadway. The story says that she has been starring in the West in "The Creole," and thinks of starring again this season, not confining herself to the West, however, this time.

* * *

"The Lion and the Lamb" will go out this season, and Messrs. Wilson and Lewis are now at work with this end in view.

Special Fireworks at Manhattan To-Night.

In Pain's Amphitheatre at Manhattan Beach to-night a special programme of fireworks will be given. "The Last Days of Pompeii" will be shown in addition to the special fireworks display.

THE REFEREE CRITICISED.

ALLEGED UNFAIR DECISIONS IN THE DEMPSEY-LA BLANCHE FIGHT.

Matters Nearing a Climax for Carroll's Meeting with the Marine—Sailor Brown Threatens to Retire from the Ring—Tommy Holden Wants to Fight Ike Weir—Sid Thomas, the English Runner, Arrives.

A great deal of severe criticism against the way in which the glove contests are conducted at the California Athletic Club is being indulged in by the sporting fraternity of this city, apropos of the recent Dempsey-La Blanche fight. If the reports of that battle are correct, and there is no reason to believe they are not, the Club's official referee, Mr. Cook, permitted deliberate fouls on the part of both men, and allowed La Blanche to clinch and throw Dempsey on three different occasions, which is in direct violation of the Queensberry rules. But the Queensberry rules are more honored in the breach than in the observance in the California Club contests, and it appears that Referee Cook takes it upon himself to let men fight as they please. The Club is known to be opposed to draws and decisions on fouls, and its course in that respect has led to injustice to some men who have fought fair and square under the rules, while others have taken undue and mean advantages by striking foul blows and wrestling. The three fouls which La Blanche gave Dempsey after a wrestling bout, must have tended greatly to weaken the Nonpareil. It has been suggested that the California Athletic Club employ some old and experienced fighter like Joe Coburn to referee its contests in the ring and award the victory to the man who wins after a square battle. Another thing the California Club is criticised for is the fact that it permits its boxing instructor to enter ring contests within its rooms.

* * *

When Spokane came out on the Morris track on Saturday just before the race for the Pelham Bay Stakes, there was a roar of applause from grand stand and field. The great chestnut appeared in perfect condition, and moved so easily that many who had bought pools on Tenny felt that their prospective winnings were very shaky. When the signal to start was given Spokane got off last, and as near as one can judge through the fault of Garrison, his rider. Indeed, he trailed all through this race, which was not a fast one, and yet at the stretch he easily ran up from last to third place without apparent exertion. To the ordinary observer the horse had it in him to make a great race, and hundreds said that Hamilton been a trifle of him he would have at least got a place. The bookmakers were confident that Spokane would not win and gave big odds against him straight and place.

* * *

President Fulda's reply that he will bring the matter of a contest between Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, and La Blanche before the Board of Freeholders of the California Club tonight, encourages Carroll's backers to hope for early word that the directors will bring about an early meeting of the two men. Carroll will have substantial backing here, and if the California Club will make up a good-sized purse the men cannot complain of the financial inducement to battle for the supremacy. Editor Lumley, of the *Illustrated News*, has written President Fulda more fully of the desire of Carroll's friends to back him against La Blanche, and after referring to the amount of money it is proposed to put on Carroll by his backers Mr. Lumley has asked what the Club will do to make the battle more interesting and a model contest in all respects. An early answer is expected to Mr. Lumley's letter.

* * *

Sailor Brown wants it understood that he will fight any of his challengers for any sum, as low as a cent or up to $1,000. He says he is tired of "picture fighters," and if he cannot get on a match soon he will retire from the pugilistic field and earn a livelihood at something else. He also says Leedam disappoi ted him in failing to show up at the *Illustrated News* office and make a match.

* * *

On Thursday there will be two match sprinting races at 100 yards even marks at the New York Athletic Club on Travers Island. W. C. Lohm and W. Coster will decide the supremacy, and J. P. Thornton and G. J. Bindish, well known sprinters, will try conclusions. Differences of opinions on the part of he friends of the contestants have brought about the matches.

* * *

Jack Toohey, the trainer of Billy Murray, who was arrested with the latter at Cohoes for engaging in a prize fight, and was subsequently released on bail, is again in the city. Toohey and Murray expect to be tried at Troy the present month. Murray broke his hand in the first round and not in the fourteenth as first reported. His backers are said to have lost $1,600.

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Articles of agreement have been signed for the Bartholomay-Fielder fight, London prize ring rules. The men are to battle at 105 pounds, and the fight is to take place in about three weeks. A forfeit of $250 is to be deposited some day this week.

* * *

James P. Horan, of 284 Seventh avenue, challenges any man in the Twentieth Ward to play six games at quoits for a small or a large stake.

* * *

The Victoria Bowling Club is a new organization of bowlers, with headquarters at 116 East Fourteenth street. Erich Bunter is President; Charles Winklemann, Vice-President; Dr. Roemer, Secretary, and William Meisner, Treasurer. Meetings for games will be held every Tuesday night.

* * *

Dominick McCaffrey and Joe Coburn will give a sparring exhibition at the New York Circus to-night, showing the old and new styles of the manly art of self-defense.

* * *

Tommy Holden wants to fight Ike Weir before having a go with the winner of the Warren-Murphy mill, and says if Weir whips him he will forego his privilege and Weir can try conclusions with the winner of the Warren-Murphy battle.

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Detachments of the Kings County Wheelmen and the Brooklyn Bicycle Club are on a three days' jaunt to Patchogue and are having a fine time.

* * *

Sidney Thomas, the English runner, arrived on the Servia yesterday, and will be the guest of the Cherry Diamond Club during his stay in this city. He will begin training at once at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds for the five-mile championship run at Travers Island on Sept. 14. He will give an exhibition run at the S. I. A. C. games to-day. He is a blond and somewhat similar to Conneff in built.

"Siberia" at the Amphion.

Bartley Campbell's "Siberia" was the opening play of the season at the Amphion Academy Saturday evening. The play is well-known in Brooklyn, and well liked, too, for it contains a story of no little interest, improbable, it is true, but one that carries the undivided attention of the auditor to the end. The management have spared no pains in mounting the piece, some of the sets being worthy of an initial presentation. Of the company little in praise can be said, with perhaps two exceptions, the members sustained their various roles in a manner amateurish, to say the least. The exceptions were the Sara of Elanor Maretti, who presented a conscientious portrayal of the persecuted heroine, and the Michael Trasky of W. M. Fairbanks. Even Lizzie May Ulmer, of recent starring fame, did not come up to the expectations of her friends. No doubt, as the week wears on and practice makes the roles more familiar, the company will do better.

The Sagamore Juniors' Victories.

The Sagamore Juniors, champions of the Ninth, Eighth and Fifth wards, played the Weehawken Juniors, the champions of Hoboken, for the championship of the west side, at Allerton Park, Weehawken, yesterday. The Sagamores won by a score of 11 to 7. The all-around playing of Kelly was loudly cheered, and the pitching of Ebbling and catching of McAvoy were also features of the game. The Sagamores play the Barnetts at Allerton Park this afternoon.

FROM FLORIDA.

FLEMING BROS.

GENTLEMEN: Inclosed find $1, for which send me he genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The druggist here keeps the counterfeit, but I must have the genuine. We have been using your pills for thirty-three years and have found them better than any other. We use them in cases of chills and fever, dysentery, bad colds, biliousness, headache and kindred troubles. We highly recommend them to all sufferers.

MRS. F. D. HAMBRICK.

Floral City, Fla., Oct. 28, 1887.

In case of sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver, dyspepsia and costiveness, Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS never fail to give relief—for both sexes and all ages. They are compounded with regard to even the most delicate constitutions. Sold by all druggists; price 25 cents. Prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Look out for an imitation made in St. Louis, which is often palmed off on innocent purchasers as ours.

STORE TEETH

are frequently going grockery looking affairs that put one's teeth on edge. But as made by us they are a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Prices way down.

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AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

PRICES 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.

AT THE NEW PARK Theatre, 35th st. & B'way,

BARRY AND FAY,

WILL APPEAR IN

McKenna's Flirtation.

LYCEUM THEATRE, TO NIGHT AT 8.15. 4TH AVE. AND 23D ST. MATINEE SATURDAY. E. H. SOTHERN | AS | LORD CHUMLEY. E. H. SOTHERN | LORD CHUMLEY.

AMUSEMENTS.

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE. EVERY EVENING AT 8.30. THE GREAT METROPOLIS. Sale of seats now open. PRICES 25c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Corner 41st st. Handsomest, Coolest, Safest Theatre in the World. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. 17TH WEEK. FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY. New York's Greatest Comic Opera Success, THE DOLAN.

MANHATTAN BEACH. PAIN'S LAST DAYS OF POMPEII AND GRAND FIREWORKS. AUDITORIUM CROWDED EACH NIGHT. PERFORMANCE AT 8 P. M. PAIN'S CARNIVAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7.

WORTH'S PALACE (14TH ST.) MATINEE TO-DAY. OSSIFIED MAN. A LIVING MAN TURNED TO BONE. McCONNELL, the Snake Charmer. On the Stage, THE HEARN & McGILL COMEDY CO.

BIJOU THEATRE, Broadway, near 30th st. Last week of HERRMANN'S Trans-Atlantique Vaudevilles. Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50. Sept. 2—DONNELLY & GIRARD. NATURAL GAS.

14TH ST. THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Last week of the realistic play. MANKIND. A beautiful production. Novel and startling. Sept. 9—THE FAIRY'S WELL.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. By unanimous request. A Morning with Justice Schwab. MONTE CRISTO, JR. THE KLOS. MATINEES—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

WINDSOR THEATRE, BOWERY NEAR CANAL. One Week, Commencing Monday, Sept. 2. GREAT PRODUCTION OF THE Grand Spectacular Melodrama, LOST IN AFRICA. MATINEE WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY.

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A SECRET DIARY.

BY DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," &c.

CHAPTER I.—A DREADFUL TRUST.

A young life hung on a thread; a young and beloved life—for in the sick-room the mother was watching with speechless misery the fevered head tossing on the pillows, and in the library downstairs the gray-haired father was wandering to and fro, unable to be still, so intense was the anxiety of his mind. It was the eldest son and heir of these grief-stricken parents who lay nigh unto death, for even the smooth-tongued doctors had not disguised from Sir Robert Forbes that Arthur Forbes was in great danger, and that his illness might at any moment assume a fatal character.

He had been so well and strong and handsome all his life it seemed almost impossible he could be so weak and wasted now. He had taken typhoid fever, it was supposed, while staying at a country house in a neighboring county, and he had returned home very ill, and all the devoted care lavished on him had done him no good, and a dark shadow lay over the household on this September evening at Gorsfield Hall, for it was known there that for Arthur Forbes there might be no morrow.

Presently a pretty, fair-haired girl, whose face was pale and whose eyes were red with tears, came softly into the library and went up to Sir Robert and put her hand on the arm of the half-distracted man.

"Have you heard how he is now, Sir Robert?" she half whispered.

He shook his head in answer and tears began to roll down the girl's cheeks.

"I should like to see him," she said with a smothered sob, "but they say he has to be kept quite quiet and it might excite him. Oh! why does Robert not come down and tell us how he is? He promised to come down every hour and it is far more than an hour since he came!"

This girl was May Wynn, the promised wife of the young man lying so ill upstairs, and even amidst his own absorbing anxiety Sir Robert looked at her with some pity.

"A favorable turn may come," he said; "we must try to hope."

A step was heard at this moment outside the door of the room, and an instant later the handle turned and a tall, dark young man entered.

Both Sir Robert and May Wynn looked at him eagerly, and he answered in words their dumb, questioning eyes.

"He has been conscious for the last half hour, and he fever is a shade less," he said, in a low tone.

"But, Robert, your mother fancies he has some thing on his mind—he has been rambling on all day, she says, about some diary he wants to see. Have you heard anything of this?" asked Sir Robert, uneasily.

"Just the raving of fever, I suppose," answered Robert Forbes, who was Sir Robert's second son, but he cast down his eyes as he spoke.

He was not handsome, like the elder, Arthur, but he had an expressive face, with a strong character, stubborn and intelligent gray eyes. He looked now at May Wynn, and he saw that she had been crying.

"He asked after you, May," he said.

"I should like to see him, Robert," she answered.

"That is impossible; no one has to go into the room at present. They have even turned me out; they want him to try to sleep."

"And you think he is a little better?" asked May.

"I hope so; you ought to try to get a little rest too, May. I am going to Arthur's sitting-room to write some letters, but I'll see you by and-by." And Robert Forbes turned and left the room as quietly as he had entered it.

It was about 9 o'clock, and as he crossed the lighted hall he met the butler, who was lingering about to hear a report of the invalid.

"How does he seem now, Mr. Robert?" asked the man, respectfully.

"Perhaps a shade better, Barton."

"That's good news, sir."

"Yes, if it lasts," answered Robert Forbes, gravely, and he passed on, going direct to a small room at the other side of the hall, which Arthur Forbes always claimed as his own.

It was more like a gun-room than a study, for weapons of all sorts adorned the walls, and it was fitted up in a manner that showed an easy and luxurious taste. But Robert Forbes never glanced around; he went straight up to a handsome old black carved oak press which stood at one side, and then he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, and stood there for a moment or two with them in his hand, as if debating in his own mind how to act.

He was repeating to himself words that he had listened to a short while ago; words uttered by his brother Arthur, whose hollow, wistful eye had gazed at him with strange pathos and trust while he had uttered them. All the early part of the day Arthur Forbes had lain apparently unconscious, at times as if in restless dreams, at others a dull stupor seeming to overpower him. But about 7 o'clock his mind had become clear, and he had evidently recognized Robert. And Robert had understood that he wished to say something in private to him, for he saw him looking at his mother and the nurse as if he wished them to go away.

"I think he wishes to tell me something, mother," Robert whispered to Lady Forbes, who at once went into the adjoining dressing-room, taking the nurse with her.

"Are they gone where they cannot hear?" asked the sick man in husky accents, looking after them.

"They certainly cannot hear," answered Robert, bending over his brother.

"I have something to say to you," went on Arthur with a sort of gasp. "I am going to die, I suppose, Robert. I feel as if I were dying."

"I hope not; you look better to-night. You will pull through all right, I trust."

"Will you do something for me, Robert?"

"Of course, my dear fellow, I will; whatever you wish."

"There is some writing—my diary—locked away in the black press in my room—no one must see this but you, Robert—promise me that no one shall see it after I am dead."

"I faithfully promise."

"Go and take it out now and destroy it; never let my father and mother hear of it; let the secret rest between you and me—I know you will spare my memory."

"God help me, yes! But what have you to hide?"

A quiver passed over the sick man's face.

"Don't speak of it," he said with a shudder; "it has haunted me night and day. I did it, yet sometimes I think it is a dream—a hideous dream!"

"Perhaps it is," answered Robert, soothingly.

"Take my keys and go; hide it where no one can find it—fling it into the sea—bury it deep—deep down! Do you hear? Don't wait; go now, or it may be too late."

He was becoming excited, and to satisfy him Robert Forbes took the keys which he had kept hidden under his pillows during his whole ill