HEARD AT THE STAGE DOOR.

Theodore Moss Talks of Building a New Concert Hall.

"The Cornecracker" to Make its Debut at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Theodore Moss says that as everybody seems to be building theatres—on paper, at any rate—he is not going to be outdone. He wants to have one house more than anybody else. The Star and Palmer's are not enough for him. Mr. Moss owns a good deal of land on Jerome avenue, and he declares that as it is going to be so easy to get up there, he intends to build a concert hall where folks can enjoy a first-class vaudeville entertainment, and a resort something after the style of the good old-time once famous French Jardin Mabille. Perhaps Mr. Moss is joking; perhaps he is in earnest. At any rate, that is what he says. There is a good deal of laughter on the Rialto at all the talk about new theatres that are going to be built. Said Manager Gilmore, of the Academy of Music, yesterday: "I guess there will be a few theatres for sale soon. Theatrical management in New York is not in such a flourishing condition. A star who comes here and plays to good business for a few weeks instantly thinks he has a right to a theatre. Pshaw!" Nat Goodwin, E. S. Willard, Hoyt & Thomas and a few others are at present building houses—according to report.

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Joseph Arthur's latest play, affably entitled "The Cornecracker," will have its first production in this city at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Oct. 9. The principal character is said to be an illicit distiller. The play will be presented in a very lavish manner, and it is expected that "The Cornecracker" will rival "Blue Jeans."

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manners, of London, have just arrived in this city. They have both been prominent in English operatic circles, having appeared in grand opera at Covent Garden, and with the Carl Rosa and D'Oyley Carte companies. Mr. Manners is a stalwart Englishman—a six-footer—and is the son of Col. Southiste Mansergh, a veteran artillery officer of the British service. Mr. and Mrs. Manners have been but recently married, and their wedding was quite a swell affair. It took place at St. George's Chapel, Hanover Square, and the bride was given away by Sir Morell Mackenzie. Mr. and Mrs. Manners will make their American debut at the Seidl Concert at the Lenox Lyceum Sunday night. Mrs. Manners is known on the operatic stage as Miss Fanny Mosby.

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Fred Titus, the husband of Miss Lydia Yeamans, is very much disgusted with farce-comedy and declares that Miss Yeamans shall never again appear in that form of entertainment. "She has no chance to do anything," Mr. Titus complains. "She has to dress for a certain character and is tied down in that way to one part. There is no opportunity to shine. All she can do is to sing a few songs. She doesn't like it, and I don't like it. I am in hopes that when Mr. Russell returns from Europe—he is now on the ocean—he will strengthen her part in 'A Society Fad.' He can do that very easily, and I am sure that he will."

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Max Freeman had a very unpleasant duty to perform at the Casino Tuesday. It was to tell Marius that he could not appear again in "The Fencing Master" and that Charles Hopper would return to the company. Marius was very nervous Saturday and Monday and his singing was hurt by a very severe cold. He is, however, a consummate artist, and the company were dumfounded when Mr. Hopper returned. Hopper's father, who is a rich man, was so delighted when the management had to ask Charles to return—after having dismissed him—that he presented the young man, it is said, with a certified check for $5,000. Sounds fishy, doesn't it?

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E. J. Henley and Aubrey Boucicault, who started out this season as co-stars, have separated, although, it is gravely asserted, the partnership still exists. Mr. Henley opens at the Union Square Theatre Monday night in "Capt. Herne." Boucicault remains in California, where it is said he will star in "The Shaughraun," his father's famous play.

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A. C. Gunter presented Cyril Tyler the other day with a set of his novels. He met the boy at a musical soiree at Rudolph Aronson's house, and Tyler said to him: "Mr. Gunter, I read all your books, and the last one always seems to me the best." This tickled Mr. Gunter immensely.

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For some time past rumors have been circulated to the effect that Augustin Daly could no longer rest content with one enterprise—that of his stock company and that he intended to enlarge the field of his operations. This gave rise to the report that Mr. Daly was going to send out Ada Rehan as a star. This was credited in many quarters. It is now said positively that such a report is absolutely untrue. Mr. Daly, it is asserted, has engaged Henry E. Dixey for a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This will be presented at Daly's Theatre and boomed, after which it will be sent through the country, where it is expected that the combined force of Dixey and Daly's name will make a fervent appeal.

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"Ninety Days After Date" is now being diligently rehearsed. Gillette, the author of the piece, has been superintending the rehearsals. R. A. Roberts, the stage manager, has had plenty to do, as the spectacle is to be particularly sumptuous. There will be ballets, but no *premieres danseuses*—thank the stars for that!

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Fougere did not sail for Europe after all. Instead she went to Buffalo, where she is now singing with a variety company. It is said that the fair singer quite resented the insinuation that she had returned to her native land.

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Philadelphia must be getting quite lively—for dear, chubby old Philadelphia. A writer in that city says: "Lottie Collins does 'Ta-ra-ra,' a horse at the Winter Circus does 'Ta-ra-ra' and a cat at the Dime Museum does 'Ta-ra-ra.' What a combination the three would make in one show."

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Tony Pastor went to see "The Crust of Society" at the Union Square Theatre yesterday afternoon, but it must have been too naughty for him, as he did not stay long. Miss Marie Wainwright was also there. Wednesday matinees are great institutions for theatrical people.

THE CLEANER.

It was a matter of history at Asbury Park that a small fortune in lost money and jewelry reposed peacefully under the railroad station, and when it became known that the station was to be moved back twenty feet a crowd gathered to "work the claim." When the big platform was torn up a scramble ensued. One boy secured $34 in small coins, while others picked up from $5 to $25. Two valuable diamond rings fell to the lot of a diligent searcher.

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Little Bob Smith, of Nutley, has distinguished himself. Bertha Donaldson fell through the ice on Yanticaw Lake yesterday, and Smith hastily formed his companions into a living chain of which he was the head. Laying flat on his face he grasped Bertha by the wrist and at the word his companions pulled on his feet and thus drew the girl from the water.

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There have been some conflicting statements regarding the accident in which Messenger Boy Crum was run over by Mr. Vanderbilt's carriage, but the facts are that the occupants of the carriage were Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., and his sister, and after the accident Mr. Vanderbilt had the boy taken to the hospital in his carriage and called a cab to take him and his sister to their destination.

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One of the most ridiculous rules formulated by the Erie Railroad officials is the one governing the loss of commutation tickets. Every ticket is numbered and bears the purchaser's name, making identification an easy matter, yet, notwithstanding this, the loser is obliged to purchase a new ticket, a pro rata rebate being allowed for the expired period. The consideration is made that should the lost ticket ever turn up the money paid for a new one will be refunded, but apparently no proviso is made for cases where there is no possibility of the valued pasteboard ever materializing.

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When a bank check is lost and notice is given to the bank upon which it is drawn, the responsibility of cashing the check is placed upon the institution. Why should not the same rule apply to railroad tickets when they are made out in the purchaser's name? Regular commuters are known to the conductor, and there is slight possibility of any one travelling upon another's ticket, but the benefit of the doubt is not accorded to the unfortunate passenger. A legal opinion regarding the enforcement of the rule would be of interest to the travelling public.

Norseng Challenges Skater Hagen.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Jan. 5.—Hugh McCormick and Harold Hagen will skate here to-night. Hagen announces that he has received a challenge from Norseng, the Norwegian, lately arrived in New York. Hagen will reply that he will skate for $500 a side at some place to be agreed upon.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

Skater Donoghue's Dander Up—His Sweeping Challenge.

Columbia College Boys Are Going In for Athletics.

It is an extremely "close" season that the skaters have at their disposal to score many achievements and at the same time gather together enough emoluments to make the game worth the candle. And that is why the wonderful little world-beater, Joe Donoghue, of Newburg, is thoroughly incensed at his inability to get on a match with the loud-shouting professionals who have all along been casting cartels at him.

Young Donoghue is yet to skate his first professional race, as it was only at the outset of the current season that he shied his castor into the professional ring and declared his willingness to meet any or all of them. Replies were made inviting him to Minneapolis and to St. John, N. B., and the youthful Newburger went to Minneapolis, but could not arrange a meet with any one. He returned yesterday, and to-day he issued a caustic cartel, in which he specifies Hagen, the Norwegian, who claims the world's championship, and to him he will give twenty seconds in a five-mile straightaway race on any course on the Hudson River that Hagen may select between New York and Albany. Donoghue goes further, and challenges Hagen to any number of races that he may desire on any fair course within 150 miles of this city for $1,000 a side, or, if he be out of ready money, Joe will go him for a bunch of bananas. If these offers remain unaccepted by Hagen, Donoghue says they are open to McCormick, Breen or any skater in the world, and especially to Adolph Norseng, a Norwegian who has been hungering for a tilt with Donoghue. Norseng arrived in this country yesterday on the steamer Iceland from Copenhagen and he will have no excuse to offer if he doesn't take some heed of the Newburg boy's emphatic declarations. If Donoghue cannot arrange a race with the professionals, he says he will have to stay in the amateur ranks and add to his extensive collection of medals and cups.

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Columbia College boys are going in earnestly for athletics during '93. At a meeting last night of the Board of Directors of the Columbia College Athletic Union, the subject had extensive consideration and decisive action was taken as regards a 'Varsity crew and a 'Varsity ball team. The standing committee on rowing reported that the material for a good crew was easily obtainable, although the total expense for their maintenance would be about $5,300. It is understood that the necessary money can be raised and the committee was authorized to proceed with full powers. A motion prevailed to organize a ball team, as it would cost but $500 to start one, and W. H. Terry, of the Pittsburgs, was named as the proper expert to coach the batteries. There are fifty-six candidates for places on the ball team, and they, together with the applicants for seats in the crew, will go into gymnasium training next Monday.

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A meeting of the Middle States' Regatta Association was held at the Hotel Marlborough last evening, and delegates representing about a dozen rowing associations were present. Little business of importance was done, however, beyond the acceptance of the resignation of the Institute Boat Club, of Newark, and the adoption of an amendment to the constitution, stipulating that the annual election shall take place on the second Wednesday in February, until which time last night's meeting was adjourned. The Treasurer's report was very satisfactory, in that it showed an absence of any indebtedness with a small balance in the Association's strong box.

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The Crescent City Athletic Club's opening attraction in its new quarters in New Orleans will be presented to-night, when Andy Bowen and Joe Fielden fight to a finish for a $3,000 purse. Bowen is the favorite in the betting.

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Jack McAuliffe, now in Boston, is out with a statement that he is ready to meet Burge at 133 pounds for a purse of $50,000 and no less. He adds that he saw no letters, which intimated that Burge was anxious to arrange a cut and dried affair. Jack will look both ways at once in his efforts to find a club that will put up a $50,000 purse in the light of recent events pertaining to the scrap between Burge and himself.

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The wires send a story from Columbus, O., to the effect that Jim Corbett says he will fight once more, and that will be with Charley Mitchell. Corbett regards his last meeting with Jackson as his victory, and that if he should go against Peter again it would not be a draw, but a conclusive victory, with Jim as the top-row man.

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The first of the championship contests in the annuals of the A. A. U. will be held to-night in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and the finals will take place Saturday night.

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A capital programme has been arranged for Monday, Jan. 16, by the Hamilton Athletic Club in the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn. Three bouts are on the card, two eight rounds and one six round meet. A lively mill will be seen in the bout between Billy Ernst and Walter Campbell at 130 pounds. Mike Leonard and Frank Steele at six rounds, and Mike Mulroy and Eddie Loeber, featherweights, at eight rounds, will add to the interest. Eddie Garrison, the jockey, will be referee.

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John L. Sullivan has split with his latest manager, Frank Moran, and they are said to have parted in Poughkeepsie last Monday. Moran has been in New York for the last few days. Jack Ashton, the big man's sparring partner, was taken to Bellevue Hospital last night suffering from erysipelas in his left arm. Amputation is feared as necessary.

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Mike Daly posted a $100 forfeit yesterday with the Sporting Editor of THE WORLD to arrange a fight with Austin Gibbons.

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The Columbia Athletic Club will give an entertainment Saturday night, Jan. 7, at the club-house, 115 East Seventeenth street, when there will be four professional bouts, which ought to be "corkers."

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Jim Hall has selected his training quarters in Lakewood, and his cottage is less than a mile distant from President Cleveland's mansion. Hall will settle down to "hard pan" next week.

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"Nobby" Clark, an English trainer, arrived in this country yesterday and left last night for Boston to consult Burge.

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The National Athletic Club house, at Lawton street and Broadway, Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire last night, and a pugilistic landmark swept away.

THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Last year the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association organized fifty-two new local branches.

Boston workmen agitate against the renewing of charters to street railway companies.

It is estimated that the total funds of trades unions in Great Britain amount to about $25 per capita.

The National Executive Board of Trade Assembly 252, K. of L., Brass-workers, will meet at Meriden, Conn., next Sunday.

Musicians in Galveston, Tex., have organized a union which, it is said, includes every professional performer in that city.

Cigar-makers are on strike at Parsons's shop, 481 Broadway. The local Strike Committee asks cigar-makers to stay away.

One year ago there were one hundred "rat" printers in Omaha, Neb. Now there are not over a dozen. Organization did it.

Strike of the Italian Marble Mosaic-Workers Union for eight hours. About 500 men are out. Headquarters at Clarendon Hall.

To raise a defense fund the Saddle and Harness Makers' International Union is collecting a per capita tax of 25 cents per month.

Manhattan Lodge No. 1, organized by the C. L. U., will hold a regular meeting to-night at the Harlem Exchange, 1836 Third avenue, at 7.30 P. M. sharp.

Experiments are now being made in Australia of freezing milk into blocks, and it has been proposed to form a company which is to export such blocks to England.

The Progress Association of Steam-Fitters' Helpers will hold a special meeting next Tuesday. All delinquent members will be dropped from the roll.

Local Assembly 9,816, K. of L., Pavers, elected J. Timility, Master Workman; E. J. Glynn, Worthy Foreman; J. H. Lenton, Recording Secretary; W. H. Condy, Financial Secretary; J. Byrnes, Treasurer.

Another newspaper-writers' union has been organized in Sacramento, Cal. The Denver Newspaper-Writers' Union has received a present of $100 from George W. Childs.

Amendments to their by-laws are to be discussed by the members of Branch 62 of the Workmen's General Benefit Union next Saturday. Those failing to attend will be fined 25 cents each.

New officers of Bakers' Union No. 57: W. Smith, President; C. Labheer, Vice-President; E. Warren, Financial Secretary; W. De Young, Treasurer; C. Lawrence, Recording Secretary; M. Devitt, Corresponding Secretary; H. Watson, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Typographical Union No. 6 has asked the Supervisor of the *City Record* not to give any contracts for printing to bosses employing non-union men. The promise was made that the wishes of the Union will be considered.

George Brutschin, of the Ornamental Plasterers' Union, was elected a member of the Defense Fund of the Building Trades Section of the C. L. U. yesterday for the unexpired term of Delegate Tasker.

The new officers of the Electric Wiremen's Union are: J. McMahon, President; J. Bergen, Vice-President; F. Leycraft, Financial Secretary; H. Hamlin, Recording Secretary; T. Keating, Inspector; E. Connors, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. W. Hoadley, Walking Delegate.

The Building Trades Section of the C. L. U. received credentials yesterday from the Gilders' Union, John Kelly, Timothy Sheehan, Martin Garvin; Progress Association of Steam-Fitters' Helpers, Alex Martin, John J. Henry and Andrew Liberton.

Blacksmiths' Union No. 66 elected A. Uhrig, President; J. W. Elgin, Vice-President; J. Slocum, Recording Secretary; J. Neugebauer, Financial Secretary; M. Ward, Treasurer; E. C. Mead, Conductor; A. Uhrig, E. C. Mead, G. Lilly, Trustees; J. Hermon, Guard.

The salary of the financial secretary of Cabinet-Makers' Union No. 7 has been raised to $40 for every three months. There is trouble at a shop where members applied for assistance and the Union has taken up their case.

At the last regular meeting of the Gilders' Union the following officers were elected: President, P. J. Murphy; Vice-President, P. H. McKenney; Recording Secretary, John Veitch; Financial Secretary, Geo. Henderson; Treasurer, Louis J. Myerson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thos. Gosit; Relief Committee, L. J. Myer, M. Martin and A. Cattanach; Arbitration Committee, A. Travers, Geo. Ziegler, H. H. McKenney, Wm. Cooper, John Kelly; Trustees, Louis Becker, Hugh Gillery, J. Kelly, J. Schaeler, Geo. Griffiths, W. Cooper, M. Garvin, Thos. Cook, P. Larkin; Delegates to C. L. U., M. Garvin, John Kelly, T. Sheehan.

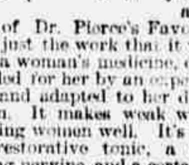
These are the newly elected officers of Machinists' Union No. 102: Frank Eber, Master Machinist; P. Stanford, Past Master; W. Norton, Foreman; F. E. Holbert, Conductor; P. Bell, Treasurer; J. A. Hutchinson, Secretary; C. W. Coleman, Sentinel.

The Secretary of the Defense Fund of the Building Trades Section of the C. L. U. requested the delinquent organizations yesterday to pay their dues without further delay. Those organizations who fail to immediately settle their arrears will have their names published.

George L. Hern, General Secretary of the Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners' International Union, has transferred his office from this city to Detroit, as decided by the last International Convention of the Union. His address is now P. O. box 505, Detroit, Mich. Twenty local unions are at present in arrears with their dues. The receipts at the general office were $410.45 last week.

About 1,500 people assembled at the Cooper Institute yesterday evening to hear Col. Weber on the subject of immigration. The Colonel was decidedly opposed to any restriction of immigration, excepting the exclusion of laborers imported under contract and of paupers and criminals. He favored the proposition to compel steamship companies to return immigrants who are not desirable. Consular inspection, Col. Weber said, would be impracticable. Miss Van Etten and Moses Oppenheimer also spoke. The meeting was presided over by Henry Weissmann, and it was held under the auspices of the Socialist League. An attentive listener among the audience was Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

Owing to the postponement of the Constitutional Convention by the State Legislature the New York State Labor Constitutional Conference adjourned yesterday, subject to the call of its organization Committee. The Committee, which was enlarged to fifteen members by adding Delegates J. J. Daly, J. O'Brien, George Brutschin, J. J. Feeney, John Kelly and John Kalber, was instructed to draft resolutions denouncing the Legislature for again thwarting the will of the laboring people by another delay to constitutional reform. The former action, relating to dues, was rescinded, and henceforth the initiation fee will be $3 for each organization, an assessment to be raised as soon as more funds are needed. A motion to indorse the candidates of the Socialist Labor party for delegates to the Convention was not seconded. Several delegates declared that it is high time for organized labor to take independent political action, and that no time should be lost to form a political labor party.



A strong, healthy woman instead of a tired and ailing one! Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? But it isn't. It's only the ordinary, every-day work of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—just the work that it was made for.

It's a woman's medicine, carefully compounded for her by an experienced physician, and adapted to her delicate organization. It makes weak women strong, suffering women well. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. For ulceration, displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" of every kind, it's a never-failing remedy.

Among all the medicines that claim to help women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only one* that's *guaranteed* to do what is promised for it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Now is the time for *Bargains in Furs.*

Having purchased the stock of genuine *Alaska Seal Jackets, Reefers & Box Coats,* (all of this seasons make and the latest shapes from the celebrated firm of Harris & Bassak, who are retiring from business) we will offer them as follows:

at $195.00 that were $265.00.
at $235.00, that were $295.00.
at $265.00, that were $320.00.

Silk Sicilian Fur lined Circulars, $24.00, $32.00, $35.00, $39.00, & $40.00, about ½ price.

Astrakhan Capes ...... $9.00, that were $18.00.
Persian Lamb Capes .. $35.00, that were $55.00.
Mink Capes .... $30.00, that were $55.00.
Alaska Sable Capes .. $29.00, that were $50.00.
Seal Capes .... $49.00, that were $75.00.
Black Lynx Neck Scarfs $7.00 worth $12.00.

1000 Assorted Muffs at $1.50 each.

Lord & Taylor
Broadway & 20th St.

RIDLEYS'
GRAND ST., N. Y. GRAND ST., N. Y.

ANNUAL SALE
UNLAUNDERED
DRESS AND NIGHT SHIRTS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, &c., &c.

MEN'S 4-PLY LINEN COLLARS, of excellent quality, in the new and popular standing and turn down styles, sizes 12 to 18 inches... 6 FOR 49c.

MEN'S 4-PLY LINEN REVERSIBLE CUFFS, in square and round cornered styles, sizes 9 to 12 inches... 6 pair FOR 63c.

UNLAUNDERED DRESS SHIRTS, of heavy muslin, double back, full size 1800 linen bosom, full reinforced fronts, in sizes 12 to 18 inches... 39c. EACH. 6 FOR 2.25.

UNLAUNDERED DRESS SHIRTS, of BEST UTICA NONPAREIL MUSLIN, 1900 solid linen bosom, reinforced front and back, seams felled and stayed, continuous facings, all improvements, A VERY SUPERIOR SHIRT... 59c. EACH. 6 FOR 3.45.

UNLAUNDERED DRESS SHIRTS, of UTICA NONPAREIL MUSLIN, 1,900 linen bosom, full reinforced fronts, patent continuous facings, ALL IMPROVEMENTS... 49c. EACH. 6 FOR 2.85.

UNLAUNDERED NIGHT SHIRTS, of heavy muslin, 50 inches long, fancy trimmed and embroidered... 43c. EACH.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS, 309 to 321 Grand St., NEW YORK.

AMUSEMENTS.

GARDEN THEATRE. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SAT. AT 2.
LILLIAN RUSSELL LA CIGALE.
OPERA COMIQUE CO.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 11, "THE MOUNTEBANKS," BY THE LILLIAN RUSSELL COMPANY. Seats now on sale.

EDEN MUSEE. NEW GROUPS. PRINCESS LILY DOLGOROUKI. GUIBAL AND GREVILLE. ANDO AND OMNE. DANKO GABOR'S ROYAL GYPSY BAND.

HERRMANN'S. 3d Week's Success. Evenings at 8.30. Wed. & Sat. Matinees at 2. MANOLA AND MASON. "IF I WERE YOU."

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. HALLEN & HART. MATINEE SAT. AT 2 P. M. THE IDEA. Next Week—MAVOURNEEN.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. DR. CARVER. MATS. WED. SAT. THE SCOUT. NEXT WEEK—THE LOST PARADISE.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st. AMERICANS ABROAD at 8.15. Matinees THURSDAY, SATURDAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. RESERVED SEATS, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. WEDNESDAY MATINEE SATURDAY.
TO-NIGHT, WALTER SANFORD'S new and powerful melodrama, THE POWER OF GOLD.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday. RUSSELL'S COMEDIANS in the eccentric farce, containing music, fun and novelty, A SOCIETY FAD.

TONY PASTOR'S. 14th St., Bet. 3d and 4th Aves. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. Grand Success. MLLE. PAQUERETTE. Big Hit. VESTA VICTORIA, J. W. KELLY, Bonnie Thornton, Lester & Wilson.

14TH ST. MUSIC HALL, A Alhambra Court, 134 and 136 East 14th st. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. Plays every afternoon and evening.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. and Irving Place. Gilmore & Tompkins, Proprietors and Managers. Eugene Tompkins's Revival BLACK CROOK. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Near 6th ave. Evenings at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. LAST WEEK of the FAMOUS HANLONS in SUPERBA. Next week, positively last engagement, Blue Jeans.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Eve. at 8.15. Sat. Mat. at 2. BRONSON HOWARD'S ARISTOCRACY.

AMUSEMENTS.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL, B'WAY 29th st. Evenings 8 to 12. Mats. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2 to 6. LOTTIE GILSON. HENRY BURLESQUE CO. MARIE ROSTELLE. 4 HOURS OF FUN!

BOXING MONKEYS. Frank Cotton and his Boxkers, Belle Carter, woman with horse's mane, the Lombardis, knife throwers, 2 Stage Cos. No. 1, Two Orphans; No. 2, Variety. Huber's 14th St. Palace Museum.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Cor. 41st St. The Metropolitan Production of the NEW SOUTH, By CLAY M. GREENE and JOSEPH R. GRISMER.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 13th st. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. MINNA GALE-HAYNES, Supported by Eben Plympton, in AS YOU LIKE IT. Next Week, Jan. 9, Romeo and Juliet.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE. West 23d St. Last Three Nights and Farewell Mat. Sat. OF MR. NEIL BURGESS AND THE COUNTY FAIR!

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Broadway and 28th St. Ev'ngs, 8.15. Matinees Saturday. Baroness Blanc. DECEPTION.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. Mr. Henry C. Miner, Proprietor. INTRODUCING THE BROTHERS BYRNE. 8 BELLS. Next Week—At the Carnival.

HARRIGAN'S THEATRE. M. W. Hanley, Mgr. CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY. Mulligan Guard's Ball. Wednesday | Matinees | Saturday.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. WED. MAT. THE POWER OF GOLD. SAT. MAT. Next week—Nelly McHenry, "Night at the Circus."

STANDARD THEATRE. EVENING, 8.15. SAT. MAT. AT 2. JOHN DREW. THE MASKED BALL.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE, Cor. 31st st. and 3d ave. MATS. MON., THURS. & SAT. CRUISKEEN LAWN. Next Week—Lost in New York.

PARK THEATRE. B'way and 35th St. Usual Mats. Special Mat. Monday. WEBER & FIELDS' OWN CO.

WORTH'S MUSEUM, 6th ave. and 30th st. Open 11 A. M. Admission, 10 cents. Count ORLOFF, Transparent Man. A Puzzle to the Medical Profession.

WINDSOR THEATRE. 45 and 47 Bowery. MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION. A FAIR REBEL. Next Week—LEAVES OF SHAMROCK.

AMUSEMENTS.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Positively Last Nights. Last Matinee Saturday at 2. MR. JOHN STETSON'S COMPANY in the Dramatic Triumph of the Season, THE CRUST OF SOCIETY. The play and players pronounced by the press and public a criterion of excellence. Arranged for and played only by this organization. Next Week—E. J. Henley in Capt. Herne, U. S. A.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE. 40th st. and Broadway. ANNOUNCEMENT.—In consequence of the great demand for places and boxes for the Inauguration Night of this Theatre, Jan. 23, and in order to accommodate these requests equitably, it has been decided to place all the Seats and Boxes (except those for the Press) on Sale at Auction at the Standard Theatre, Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 4.30 P. M.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2. THE FENCING-MASTER, WITH MARIE TEMPEST. Admission, 50c. Seats reserved one month ahead.

HOYT'S MAD. SQ. Theatre. Ev'gs 8.30. Sat. Mat. HOYT'S POPULAR SUCCESS. A TRIP TO CHINATOWN. Souvenir night, 450th performance, Friday, Jan. 20.

MANHATTAN Opera House. LAST 3 WEEKS. MATINEE SATURDAY. THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE & his Opera Co. & Ballet. The Sparkling Comic Opera, ISLE of CHAMPAGNE, by C. A. Byrnes & L. Harrison.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat. VIOLETTE. MARINELLI. THE MUEHLEMANN TRIO. OPERETTA. VAUDEVILLE. NOVELTIES.

AMBERG Theatre. Conried's Der VOGELHAENDLER. Every Evening at 8.15. Saturday Matinee.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. LEWIS MORRISON, In his Sublime Production of FAUST.

COLUMBIA, EDWIN KNOWLES & CO., Proprietors. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. JANE. MISS JOHNSTONE BENNETT.

AMPHION, EDWIN KNOWLES, Proprietor and Manager. Every Evening. Matinees Wed. and Sat. MARIE WAINWRIGHT, School for Scandal. As You Like It.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE. This week, with matinees Wednesday & Saturday, WM. H. CRANE IN THE SENATOR, and his admirable company.

BEDFORD AVE. THEATRE. New Year's week. Mats. Mon., Wed. and Sat. THE KHEDIVA. Next week, John C. Rice.

GAYETY THEATRE. Broadway & Throop Ave. Hyde & Behman, Managers. This week, matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday, HYDE'S COMEDIANS. Popular prices. Box office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

THE TRANSFER TICKET.

The Innocent Cause of a Series of Misadventures.

It was 7 o'clock and Marjeval hadn't come in yet. Naturally madame, his wife, a spirited little blonde of six and twenty years, was in a very bad humor, as was also Toinette, the bonne, who had looked in three times already to announce that the dinner would be done to a chip.

What in the world had happened to him? Some accident, of course; for, accustomed to leave the office at an established hour Phillipe's arrival could usually be foretold to the minute. Really it was frightful! Phillipe had surely been run over! That Montmartre crossing, doubtless! He was so reckless always, with an absolute mania for crossing a street when it was filled with a pack of vehicles! Hark! no, a key grates in the lock!

"Toinette! monsieur comes quick, bring in dinner!"

The door opened, Marjeval entered, his wife flew to him.

"There was an accident, then, Phillipe! You are hurt, crushed at last? I knew it; I told you so! It doesn't astonish me the least in the world!"

"Hurt? Crushed? What the deuce, Jeannette, are you talking about? How could I be 'crushed,' I'd like to know?"

"But—such a late return!"

"Oh, I see; but come, let us have dinner; I'm dying of hunger. I'll tell you about it at the table."

"As you please; but everything's dried up now. No matter, though, since you've no bones broken."

And while his wife placed the screen, turned up the gas and ran her eye over the silver to see that nothing was lacking, Marjeval drew off his topcoat and mopped his brow—for he had clearly been on the run to reach home.

Unfortunately, as he drew out his handkerchief, he pulled out with it an omnibus transfer ticket, which fell on the floor unseen.

The edge of his hunger blunted, and while attacking the remains of a pate de foie gras, Phillipe became communicative, and told his wife that passing the Bourse coming home some one had clapped him on the shoulder, and that "some one" was no other than Proudine.

Madame tiptilted her nose with an air that said plainly:

"And who, pray, is Proudine?"

"Proudine, you know," continued her husband, "whom I've told you of a thousand times, and whom I met at Vincennes. A regular character, that fellow, a journalist, practical joker and out-and-out Bohemian! It's five years since I saw him; judge, then, of my amazement and pleasure, for Proudine and I were always great-chums. Briefly, we entered Beron's to take an absinthe together; Proudine was joking and talking, and time passed before I knew it."

And dinner finished, Marjeval got up, whistling cheerfully, and passed to his room to don his slippers and smoking-jacket.

Meanwhile his wife assisted Toinette to clear the table; they sat in the salle-a-manger instead of the salon—because it was warmer and made it necessary to keep but one fire going. In stooping to pick up a napkin, she suddenly perceived the "transfer" on the carpet, and mentally asked herself: "How did that scrap of pasteboard come there?" adding, naturally enough, "Phillipe dropped it, of course."

Marjeval just then returned with the last new novel.

"You walked home, I think you told me, Phillipe, did you not?" Jeannette asked carelessly, as he came in. "Or did you take an omnibus?"

"No, I walked, as I said."

"You are sure you walked! Think well!"

"Certainly, I'm sure, and what should I think about? The office is only some twenty minutes from here!"

"You are positive then, Phillipe, you did not"——

"See here, Jeannette, this is a bore! Why should I say I walked if I'd taken a 'bus? And why do you ask this?"

"Why? Oh—only to know whether you are fatigued."

"What an idea!"

And Marjeval installed himself in an easy chair by the fire, book on his knee and paper knife in hand, while Jeannette took her seat opposite. Mme. Marjeval, however, closely watching him, was mentally discoursing with herself.

"There's something under all this," thought she. "I haven't been out of the house to-day; no more has Toinette. This transfer couldn't have got here alone, therefore my husband brought it. He has taken an omnibus to-day and did not wish me to know it; therefore he has been in some place that he seeks to conceal from me! His delay at dinner, too—ah-h! I begin to see that tale of an old friend at the cafe was pure invention. Phillipe is deceiving me, and I am determined to know why!"

And, rising quietly, she thrust the famous ticket behind a candelabra on the mantelpiece—Phillipe, absorbed in his book, seeing nothing.

"I am going for my work," said she, and left the room.

Five minutes passed and Phillippe, still reading, took long pulls at his pipe; something was wrong with it; it refused to draw, clogged and went out. Phillipe rose impatiently for another match, and groping on the mantel for the box, his eye alighted on the transfer ticket.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed, "Jeannette's been out to-day! The Bon Marche again, of course, though she says she never goes there"— Jeannette just then returned, embroidery in hand, and Phillipe said carelessly:

"You have been out, I see, dearest, to-day, in all this bad weather."

"I? No, indeed! Such weather as this would give a cat a cold to venture out in."

"You have stayed at home, then, all day long?"

"Of course; and it isn't the first time, either!"

"No-o," said Phillipe, "not the first time—and to finish the subject, let us read again."

But if Phillipe demanded silence of his wife in order to return to his book, it was not to enjoy more at his ease the prose of the romancer, but simply to be undisturbed while thinking over this discovery of his wife's untruthfulness.

"Something is hidden from me here," he told himself. "I haven't been in an omnibus to-day. Toinette never goes out except on Sunday; this transfer ticket didn't come here alone and no one but my wife could have brought it. She has been out, and she wouldn't admit it to me because she has been somewhere that she didn't want me to know. Yes, it's plain as a pipestem—Jeannette deceives me; that much, at least, I know!"

And, resuming his book, Phillipe sought to take up the interrupted thread of his story. Pains thrown away! His eyes were firmly fixed upon the printed text, but his thoughts were flying elsewhere; he simply could not read; he closed the covers brusquely and slammed the book on the table.

Jeannette jumped with a little scream.

"Heavens!" she cried, "have you lost your sense, Phillipe, to startle me like that?"

"Tell me the truth, then, Jeannette—you did go out to-day, did you not?"

"Go—out—to-day? Look here, Phillipe," returned Jeannette angrily, "this is a little too much! Why, here for ten minutes past I've been sending the needle into my finger instead of my work, absorbed by the thought that you had taken a 'bus to-day and would not tell me!"

"Yes, yes, I know that may be, but you say this now only to turn me from the matter in hand. I beg of you, Jeannette, to answer my question—you did go out to-day, did you not?"

"No, I did not; and as it was I that asked you a question first, I demand to be answered first"—and both of them cried out at one and the same time:

"Did you, or did you not, take an omnibus to-day?"

With this there was an ominous pause. Mme. Marjeval, desirous of ridding herself of an unnecessary witness to conjugal discussions, and whom the servant's coming and going in the salle-a-manger greatly annoyed, turned sharply and touched the bell.

"Toinette," said she, "put the wood and coal in the corner and then you are free to go see your sister."

The door had scarcely closed upon her, when Phillipe, who had restrained his rage only by drumming upon the table, burst out furiously:

"There is no use denying it longer, Jeannette, you've told me a story, and told it to me because you were afraid to tell me the truth. The fact is, and you know it well, all these comings and goings to the shops, the Louvre, Bon Marche, &c., are pretexts pure and simple, just as the bath—every three days a bath—I see it all now—is a pretext like all the rest. Fool that I've been, to have suspected nothing! To have never seen how strange these bathing excuses were! It is always so when one has confidence!"

"Eh? What's that you are saying?" cried Mme. Marjeval, whom, very naturally, we must admit, this suspicion deeply wounded; "if either of us has aught with which to reproach one's self, that one is not I! These constant delays, these flimsy excuses—sometimes one thing, sometimes another—a friend at the cafe, overwork at the office—in plain words, are tales, sewed with white thread! It is not the first time, either, that I've thought the same; Mme. Adelberg, your sous-chef's wife"—

"There! I knew it, I knew that name would come up before you were done! Now, look you, Jeannette, and mind what I say—if ever you speak that name to me again"——

"Threats, monsieur, threats to me! Well, this is perfect! I'll go, sir, go at once back to my mother, poor soul! She'll not be surprised"——

"Go, go by all means, and if you stay till I come for you, you'll stay a long while!"

And one word brought on another in this bitter sweet dialogue—which, from the expressive pantomime that accompanied it, was rapidly approaching a crisis—when suddenly a turbulent stir on the staircase was heard, the passage door flew back, and Toinette, red as an over-ripe tomato, her eyes bloodshot, her dress disordered, and followed by two sergeants-de-ville and a much be-medalled little old man, burst breathlessly into the salle-a-manger.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What's the matter, what's happened? Toinette, Toinette," cried Mme. Marjeval, alarmed, "quick, tell us what's happened!"

Toinette, the old gentleman and both sergeants-de-ville all responded, and kept on responding in excited chorus; in the avalanche of sound only the words "tramway," "prison," "conductor," "ticket," and "honest girl," made themselves heard. Marjeval threw up his hands to heaven.

"If you all talk at once like this," he cried desperately, "no one can understand. Stop, be quiet; you speak, monsieur, please," addressing the bemedalled old party.

"No, monsieur, no," Toinette cried; "I'm the one should tell it, since the business concerns me."

"Very well," said Marjeval; "but first calm yourself."

"Then, monsieur and madame, it was just this way, you see. My sister lives, as I told you, in the Rue Poulet, just off the Boulevard Ornano, and to reach her house, as madame gave me permission, I took the 8.30 tramway that passes below and demanded a 'transfer.' At the Gare de l'Est I got out, ran for the Saint Ouen tramway, just that minute about to start, got on, and gave the transfer to the conductor. But the conductor refused it. It was no good, he said, and I must pay over again.

"'What?' said I. 'Why, it isn't three minutes since they gave it to me! See, yonder's the car on which I came!'

"'Yes, yes, I know,' said the conductor, 'it's no good, I tell you; you must pay, I say, or foot it, my dear.'

"'But I tell you,' I cried, 'I tell you, monsieur'—

"'A lie, young woman; pay up at once, or off you go?'

"'I tell you a lie, monsieur, I?'

"This was too much! Bang! and such a thump as I gave him! The conductor was going to slap me in return, when the gentleman here, who had seen it all, interposed. The car was all in a commotion. A sergeant-de-ville came and pulled me outside. I begged monsieur, who had seen it all, to come along too, and then I demanded that the agents bring me here first, to the house of my my master, who would tell them that I am an honest girl, and did not seek to cheat the company, as that fool conductor said!"

"Maybe, mademoiselle, suggested an agent smoothly, "you had another ticket in your pocket?"

"No, monsieur, only this," answered Toinette, beginning to rummage vigorously; "how could I, monsieur? I had just got off the car and"——

She stopped suddenly, drew out her hand, and there in the palm lay the duplicate of transfer number one.

"Well!" said she, staring stupidly, "where did I get the bad one that I gave the conductor?"

Mme. Marjeval, meanwhile, had been examining the two bits of pastboard that Toinette held in her hand.

"See," said she, suddenly, "where did you get this one?"

"How should I know, madame—ah! yes, now I see it all."

"Well, well, quick, go on—where?"

"I am, madame, I am going on. Madame recalls that before going out I put the salle-a-manger to rights, and as this transfer ticket was thrown upon the mantel, I brushed it into my apron intending later to put it into the fire"——

"That same transfer again?" the eyes of M. and Mme. Marjeval said plainly, as they glanced at each other.

At the same instant there was a swift rush in the corridor and the apartment bell pealed furiously. Every one jumped. Toinette flew to open the door; a gentleman whom she had never seen before pushed by her hastily, darted through the ante-room like a meteor and fell breathlessly into a chair.

"You, Proudine!" cried Marjeval, amazed.

"Yes, yes, I," stammered the newcomer, more breathlessly still. "Phillipe, quick, tell me, did you find in your pocket an omnibus transfer ticket?"

"This one, perhaps," Marjeval returned wonderingly, pointing to the one in Toinette's hand.

"Exactly!" shouted Proudine, seizing it eagerly. "Heavens! I'm glad to find it! Such a chase as I've had!"

"But look here, Proudine, what does all this mean? And how the dickens did that ticket get into my pocket?"

"The easiest thing in the world. It comes from that devilish mania of mine for practical joking! I put the ticket in your pocket at the cafe, without reflecting that I had written on the back of it the address of a friend—a friend who expected me to dinner this evening and whom I must find to explain."

"Well," said Marjeval grimly, "if it were not for our old friendship, Proudine —— However, let it go this time; only, all I have to say is, that when you next try your jokes on any one it had better not be on me!"

"What makes you look so serious, Phillipe?"

"No matter what; as I say, let it go; it's too long to tell, but thanks to your charming pleasantry, I've had a quarrel with my wife, and Toinette has come within an ace of spending the night in a police station."

Proudine was desolate, heart-broken, but forced to go, to go at once, too, on the jump. He was booked for 7; t'was now 9. "Madame, messieurs, Phillipe, old boy, au revoir, au revoir!"

"Monsieur," said a sergeant-de-ville to the bemedalled and patient old party, "it's time we were moving. Come, please. As for you, my girl, another time no more slaps, remember."

And as the door closed upon the representatives of the law:

"Phillipe!"

"Jeannette!"

"Will you take back the—the bath."

"With all my heart, dearest!"

"Very well, then, I'll withdraw—Mme. Adelberg."

And the transfer ticket being safe now in Proudine's pocket, they fell into each other's arms.