HEATERS AND MUSIC.

The Entertainments to be Offered This Week.

Plays, Operas, Concerts and Varieties—New York Attractions—Biggest Organs of the World—The Cocktail Guards—Fact and Rumor of the Stage.

The following entertainments will be given this week in Brooklyn:

PARK THEATER.

The opera company of Mr. Aronson, with which he reproduces in other towns the successes of the Casino in New York, will come to Brooklyn to-morrow for a week's stop. In the troupe are Camille d'Arville, Marie Halton, Louise Eissing, Fred Solomon, George Olmi, Henry Hallam, Max Lube and A. W. Maflin, together with a chorus and an increased orchestra. An elaborate stage set is promised for each of the operas, for there are to be two of them, "Mme. Angot's Daughter" during the first half of the week and "The Grand Duchess" during the other half. It is a long time since either of these sprightly works has had a hearing in Brooklyn.

LEE AVENUE THEATER.

Margaret Mather, who begins a week's engagement here to-morrow, appears this season under more favorable auspices than ever before. As a Juliet she still has youth and grace of form in her favor and Otis Skinner, who is her Romeo, gives all the fire and passion to that part that it requires. The costuming and mounting of Miss Mather's plays have been warmly praised, and the conditions are favorable for public enjoyment of the fine old plays that are to be enacted. The repertory for the week is as follows: Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights, "Cymbeline;" Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Wednesday night, "The Honeymoon;" Wednesday matinee, "Lady of Lyons;" Friday night, "Leah, the Forsaken."

STAR THEATER.

This week, for the first time in Brooklyn, Elmer S. Vance's "Limited Mail" will be enacted by a company adapted to it, and including Florence—once Baby—Bindley. The story is that of the love of a telegraph girl and a conductor. but the interest is largely in the realistic effects, which include a smash, a passage of electricity through the air, a saw mill buzzing by the roadside and the rush of a vestibuled train, composed, it is said, of cars 9 feet high and stringing out for 100 feet, that cross the stage and are out of sight in six seconds. These realisms parallel the swing bridge used in "Money Mad" and the drowning scene in the tank of "A Dark Secret."

THE AMPHION.

"Faust up to Date," the burlesque first presented in this country by the London gaiety company, will be given all of this week with the original music, costumes, scenery and paraphernalia and with a cast of American players, headed by Kate Castleton, who assumes the part of Marguerite. The company has been successful, it is said. Some alterations in the lines have taken place, the British joke having been supplanted by the American one, and new features have been added. Miss Castleton is a bright soubrette. Hilda Thomas is the Faust and the rest of the cast is made up of capable burlesquers.

THE GERMAN OPERA.

Manager Stanton has arranged for the first production of Franchetti's "Asrael" in America at the Metropolitan opera house, on the night of the 26th inst., when the following cast will be seen: Asrael, Andreas Dippel; King of Brabant, Conrad Behrens; Lucifer, Bruno Lurgenstein; Nefta, Marie Jahn; Loretta, Marie Ritter; Lidon, Charlotte Huhn. Excepting Mr. Behrens and Miss Huhn, these singers are new to America. The first two scenes are in heaven and hell and the others in Flanders, and a ballet will be put on, probably in Flanders, with Misses Irmler and Leontine in the lead. On the Friday following "Tannhauser" will be presented with Gudehus, Reichmann, Fischer, Muller, Lurgenstein, Mastorff, Hubbenet, Marie Jahn, Olga Islar and Mrs. Mielke in the cast.

MR. WISKE'S CONCERT.

To-morrow evening C. Mortimer Wiske will give the first of his six concerts of popular works for orchestra at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is a bold venture of this young conductor's, and it deserves success. His programmes are to be lighter than those offered by Mr. Thomas and Mr. Seidl, but that does not signify that they are to be trivial—only that they will be within the scope of understanding and enjoyment by many people to whom the larger works of Wagner and Beethoven are caviare. His opening numbers, which are named here, will be played by fifty of Theodore Thomas' musicians:

Gounod, Charles—March et cortege..."Queen of Sheba"
Massenet, T.—Ballet music.........................."Le Cid"
Castillane, Catalane, Andalouse, Madrilene, Aragonaise, Navarraise and Aubade.
David, Felicien—Overture, "Lalla Rookh"; aria,
"Thou Brilliant Bird"....................Pearl of Brazil
Clementina DeVere. Flute obligato, Otto Oesterle.
Gillet, Ernest—"Loin du Bal," "Au Moulin."
String orchestra.
Saint-Saens—Ballet divertissement........"Henry VIII"
Introduction—Entry of the clans. Scotch idyl. Gypsy dance. Rustic jig and finale.
Thomas, Ambroise—Overture.... ..."Dream of Summer"
Godard, B.—Symphonie..........................."Oriental"
Les Elephants. Chinoiserie, Sara la Baigneuse. Le Reve de la Nikia. Marche Turque.
Delibes, Leo—Airs d'Danse. Orchestra. Scene and Legende.."Lakme"
Clementina DeVere
Bizet, Georges (first suit)—Prelude, minuette, adagietto, carillon........................"L'Arlesienne"
Berlioz, Hector—Minuet of the will of the wisps.
Dance of sylphs. Rakoczy march. "Damnation of Faust"

THE WHITELEY RECITAL.

The eighth organ recital at Plymouth church will be given on Saturday afternoon by S. B. Whiteley, assisted by Mrs. W. H. Tice, soprano, and Sophie Church Hall, contralto. The programme is as follows:

Overture—"Faniska"..............................Cherubini
Prelude and fugue in A minor........................J. S. Bach
Song—"O ye that love the Lord"...................J. Barnby
Miss Hall.
Bridal music (two movements from suit).......A. Jensen
Song—"The Lord is my Light"......................J. B. Marsh
Mrs. Tice.
"Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel)........E. T. Chipp
Concert variations.
Duet—"O, give thanks unto the Lord".........H. Smart
Mrs. Tice and Miss Hall.
Grand march and procession—"Queen of Sheba,"
C. Goldmark

NOVELTY THEATER.

The farce comedy "The Fat Men's Club," enlivened with new songs, scenery, jokes, mechanisms and acrobatic feats, is the attraction this week. It will be played by "the largest company in America," the leading people being phenomenal for bulk. Several graceful incidents are introduced, such as the initiation of candidates into a secret society and the pumping out of a fat man who has taken poison. J. O. Stewart leads the company.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S THEATER.

Harry Williams' company, that will be seen this week, includes the Byrne Brothers in their Hanlon like tricks and feats of agility; Goffre, magician; Palles and Cusick, Irish; Mac Cann, concertina player; Dagmar, singer; the Smiths, comedians; Napier and Marzello, acrobats; Byrnes and Helene in a sketch; James W. Thompson, wild man from Borneo; Fish and Richmond, comedians; Kitty Smith, dancer; the Roths, singers, and Matthew, juggler.

THE CASINO.

Professor Kirchner's programmes will be eked out this week by La Rose brothers in feats on the trapeze; Lewis and Gillett, somersaulters; John Carroll, comedian; Wallace King, Anna Mercedes and Minnie Schult, singers.

IN NEW YORK.

Denman Thompson keeps open house in "The Old Homestead" as usual this week at the Academy of Music, the Kendals in "All For Her" are at the Fifth avenue theater, "The Last Word" at Daly's, "The Lilliputians" at Harlem opera house, "Nero" at Niblo's, Charles Erin Verner at Third avenue theater, "Shenandoah" at the Grand opera house, Mrs. Carter in "The Ugly Duckling" at the Broadway theater, "Poor Jonathan" at the Casino, "Texas Steer" at the Bijou theater, E. S. Willard in "The Middleman" at Palmer's, "Blue Jeans" at the Fourteenth street, "W. H. Crane in "The Senator" at the Star, "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Madison square, Ullie Akerstrom at the Windsor, Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" at the Union square, "Dr. Bill" at the Garden theater, "The Idler" at the Lyceum theater, "The Inspector" at the Park, "Men and Women" at Twenty-third street theater, "The Clemenceau Case" at the Standard, German plays and operas at Amberg's, "Hands Across the Sea" at the People's, Howard Atheneum company at the Columbus theater, "Yankee Notions" at Harlem theater, Gettysburg at the Cyclorama building, Otero at the Eden, varieties at Pastor's, Miner's, London, Eighth avenue and Olympic, Jew plays and companies at Pilling's and the Thalia and the usual humbugs and misfortunes at the museums.

THE GREAT ORGANS.

The opening last week of a powerful instrument in the New York avenue M. E. church has led to its comparison with other famous ones, and the following list, prepared by the programme maker at the inaugural recital, is that of 100 representative instruments. It does not include the Boston great organ—which was about tenth in the list of big organs, and had about eighty stops—for the reason that it was taken down a couple of years ago and packed away in boxes—sad fate for such a noble structure. The scheme of the new Brooklyn organ has already been published and the list that follows may be found of interest. The figures indicate the number of stops that each organ is provided with:

Town hall, Sydney, 126; Cathedral, Riga, 124; Albert hall, London, 111; Auditorium, Chicago, 109; Cathedral, Ulm, 100; Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, 100; St. George's hall, Liverpool, 100; Town hall, Leeds, 94; Parish church, Doncaster, 94; Alexandra palace, London, 87; Music hall, Cincinnati, 80; St. Paul's church, Frankfort on the Main, 74; Church of St. Eustache, Paris, 72; Stifts church, Stuttgart, 70; Benedictine monastery, Weingarten, 70; St. George's P. E., New York, 70; cathedral, R. C., Boston, 70; Parish church, Leeds, 69; Minster, York, 69; Crystal palace, London, 68; Town hall, Birmingham, 68; Trinity college chapel, Cambridge, 67; St. Francis Xavier, R. C., New York, 66; Trinity M. E., Denver, 65; St. Andrew's hall, Glasgow, 64; Albert hall, Sheffield, 64; Temple Emmanuel, New York, 64; Votive church, Vienna, 61; St. Nicholas cathedral, Freiburg, 61; Temple church, London, 60; St. Bavon cathedral, Haarlem, 60; Minster, Basle, 60; cathedral, Chester, 60; New York avenue M. E., Brooklyn, 60; Congregational church, Great Barrington, 60; Peddie Memorial church, Newark, 58; St. Agnes, R. C., Brooklyn, 58; St. James' cathedral, Toronto, 58; Mormon temple, Salt Lake, 57; Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Petersburg, 56; Westminster abbey, London, 56; Minster, Beverly, 56; St. Thomas P. E., New York, 56; King's College chapel, Cambridge, 55; cathedral, Durham, 55; cathedral, Salisbury, 55; New old South church, Boston, 55; cathedral, Berne, 54; cathedral, Lichfield, 54; Shawmut Congregational, Boston, 54; cathedral, Canterbury, 53; Colston hall, Bristol, 53; Metropolitan M. E., Toronto, 53; St. Paul's cathedral, London, 52; Plymouth church, Brooklyn, 52; Town hall, Portsmouth, 51; St. Joseph's cathedral, R. C., Hartford, 51; St. Mary's cathedral, Edinburgh, 50; cathedral, Manchester, 50; Catholic cathedral, New York, 50; cathedral, Winchester, 49; Central music hall, Chicago, 49; Court church, Lucerne, 48; Madeleine church, Paris, 48; Town hall, Bolton, 48; Union park Congregational church, Chicago, 47; Second Presbyterian, Chicago, 47; St. Joseph's cathedral, R. C., Buffalo, 47; Immaculate Conception, R. C., Boston, 46; St. Mary's Catholic, R. C., San Francisco, 46; Cathedal, Truro, 45; Grace church, P. E., New York, 45; First Presbyterian church, New York, 45; American Presbyterian church, Montreal, 45; Dome Pavilion, Brighton, 44; Cathedral, Ripon, 44; St. Bartholomew's church, New York, 44; Grace church, P. E., Providence, 44; Center Congregational, Hartford, 44; Second Congregational, Holyoke, 44; St. George's chapel royal, London, 43; Church of La Trinite, Paris 42; Calvary church, P. E., New York, 42; Crouse Memorial hall, Syracuse, 43; Cathedral, Ely, 42; St. Patrick's, R. C., New York, 42; Park hall, Cardiff, 41; Church of the Advent, P. E., Boston, 40; St. John's cathedral, P. E., Denver, 40; Cathedral, Wells, 39; Trinity, P. E., New York, 39; St. Paul's school, Concord, 39; First Congregational church, San Francisco, 39; St. Vincent Ferrer, R. C., New York, 37; First Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, 37; Cathedral, Baltimore, 37; Church of the Sacred Heart, New York, 36; Clinton avenue Congregational church, Brooklyn, 33; St. Leo's R. C., New York, 30.

NOTES.

Edwin Booth was 57 years old on Wednesday last.

"Faust" was sung in Vienna last month for the 300th time in that city.

Hanlon's spectacular piece, "Superba," will be seen in Brooklyn next week.

The Queen of Roumania has written a play that will be acted in Vienna in a few days.

The actors' fund benefit will take place at the Broadway theater on the 4th of December.

Lydia Thompson is really to play again in this country, but probably in light comedy.

Mme. Sigurd Arnoldson will possibly come to this country next year and sing in Italian opera.

Henry Guy Carleton, dramatist, is said to have married Effie Shannon, of the Lyceum company.

Tommy Russell is a candidate for a benefit. He will have it in the Union square theater on Tuesday.

Mrs. Potter intends to return to America and produce a dramatic version of "Hero and Leander."

Mme. Patti gave Mr. Gladstone two boxes of throat lozenges and a note when he went to hear her sing.

Military theater parties, in full regimentals, are to be monthly occurrences at one of the houses in Providence.

The testimonial to Agnes Robertson Boucicault will take place at the Fifth avenue theater on the 25th of November.

Fay Templeton seems to have encountered another failure in "Miss McGinty." The name of the piece is not alluring.

The press agent of the Fifth avenue theater informs the public that Mr. Kendal is hopelessly addicted to rice pudding.

The periodical rumor is now astir anent Colonel Mapleson's intention to return to America and give us more Italian opera.

Cora Tanner will shelve "One Error" for a time and will be seen in Martha Morton's new play, "The Refugee's Daughter."

Rose Coghlan will be her own manager next year, and she will produce a new play by her brother Charles, entitled "Lady Barter."

And now for a second time Mrs. Bernard Beere and H. Beerbohm Tree deny that they have agreed to make a starring tour in America.

Jessie Millward, Charles Warner, Alice Dunning Lingard and Fanny Brough are acting in "A Million of Money" at Drury lane theater.

Julia Marlowe is somewhat better. She has typhoid fever. It will be a long time before she can act again, and her company is disbanded.

Emma C. Thursby, the Brooklyn singer, has bought land near Natural Bridge, Va., and is going to build there a handsome summer home.

C. H. Drew, of Pauline Hall's company, was received with groans when he tried to introduce a local gag in "Erminie." And this was in Cohoes, too.

An orchestra has been established in Buffalo for the giving of good concerts through the winter. New York is not quite so large as Buffalo and Boston.

When the opera managers shut down on the encore nuisance at Kieff the nuisances made such a rumpus that the police had to be called in to clear the house.

During an acrobatic performance in a Hoboken theater the hook of a net gave way and the iron block gave one of the spectators a rousing thump on the head.

A theater has been established in the insane asylum on Blackwell's island. Amusement and occupation have been found to be the best medicine for hurt minds.

While fighting in "Joan of Arc" at Bath, Me., Maude Banks was badly cut on the hand. She went on with her part, however, and has continued her performances.

During his Northern tour Anton Seidl receives $1,000 a week, the use of a private car and all expenses for himself and wife. The orchestra has to be paid for beside.

There are two strong men in a Philadelphia museum, one of whom allows people to smash rocks on his chest while the other permits them to break them over his head.

Manager Palmer has acquired Fussell's painting of the ghost scene in "Hamlet," from which the engraving was made for Boydell's "Shakspeare." It ornaments his office.

Twenty-seven members of "The Red Hussar" company were poisoned by escaping gas in the Chestnut street opera house, Philadelphia. Marie Tempest has nearly recovered.

A. L. De Villeroy, of this city, has printed a second edition of his three act comedy in prose and verse, called "Une Matinee de Carome," with historic and biographic notes.

Buck Taylor, who arrived here a few days ago with a load of Indians from Buffalo Bill's show, said that he never heard that the red men were abused until he reached this country.

Brahm Van Der Berg, Belgian, aged a dozen or thirteen years, played on a piano in London a few days ago and did not set the town on fire, though he is advertised as an infant phenomenon.

Harrigan expects to open his new theater in New York on the 15th of December. Professor Herrmann has decided not to open his until December 1. It was closed by the Minnie Palmer fiasco.

The opera company that Edwin Cleary took to South America has returned minus four of the feminine members who met their fates in Buenos Ayres and write Senora, instead of Miss, before their names.

William Mestayer and George Fortescue make a funny pair of "Babes in the Wood" in that burlesque in Chicago. The babes are over six feet high and weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds apiece.

Professor Hamlin Garland's new play, "A Member of the Third House," illustrates the machinations of one Tom Brennan, a professional lobbyist of the conventional stamp, who is a schemer, a criminal and a sneak, and who gets a virtuous American into such trouble that he can only get out of it by committing suicide. Rather an unpleasant subject for a drama. Professor Garland is said to have studied politicians to model his characters upon.

The advance agent for "The County Fair" attempted, with only moderate success, to advertise that comedy in Detroit by means of pumpkins stuck to the lamp posts and bearing the name of the play.

Francis Wilson's newest advertisement is a photograph, taken by three calcium lights, of a string of Chicagoans, half a mile long, waiting on a rainy night for the box office to open in the theater where he is playing.

It appears that Grace Hawthorne, the American actor, kept the Princess' theater, London, going on advances from men who had a speculative interest in plays. One of them, a lawyer, lost $70,000 and is bankrupt.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, who is announced to sing the title part in "Carmen" with the Bostonians, will be the pleasantest one to look at who has assumed the character, but her performance will have a Sunday school flavor, probably.

Theodore Thomas made a very emphatic statement as to the recent triumph of Tammany hall in New York, and the *Musical Courier* adds, teasingly, that "God is good to the Irish and they still flock to his Lenox lyceum concerts."

A London paper comments on the number and excellence of the orchestral concerts we are having this season in Boston, New York and Brooklyn, and adds, sadly, that no amount of music can ever make us musical. Wonder why we go to concerts.

The shooting of four unhappy supes in Marseilles is in process of investigation by the authorities. They were hurt with muskets used in a battle scene in "Formosa" that contained only blank cartridges until the funny practical joker did his work.

Frank Gordyn. ecently business manager at the Lee avenue theater, this city, was shot in the head in Tamaqua, Pa., by a boy who had been armed by some thoughtful person with one of those pistols that are not loaded until they hurt somebody. He will recover.

Willard Lee, while making his stage fall in "The Great Metropolis" in Charleston the other night, slipped and fell harder than he intended to. He was removed in a dying condition, as it was thought, but next night had braced up enough to go on with his part.

We are not to lose the child drama, though "Lord Fauntleroy" has become a little rusty and has to see the barber twice a week. Ray Maskell, who is one of the prettiest personators of the little lord, is to appear shortly in "The Little Countess," by John A. Harrington.

Warsaw has just heard Beethoven's ninth symphony for the first time. They do say that Brooklyn is not very musical, but Brooklyn has the start of Warsaw, at all events, and even in Vienna, with its million people, the symphony concerts have not been successful. The Viennese have been nurtured on Strauss waltzes.

Marguerite Fish, Eva Mountford, Frankie Jones, Josephine Cameron, Muldoon and Kilrain, Agnes Herndon, Katie Rooney and the German opera company in St. Louis are among the stars who have made failures within the week. The "Hendrik Hudson" company and one of the "Clemenceau Case" troupes are also in retirement.

The vigor of William Redmund's acting in Mobile did not prevent a colored man from going to sleep in the flies while he was at it and tumbling off from the frame. He came down to the stage, twenty-five feet below, with a slam, but luckily did not fall on the actors, who dropped the curtain, sent him home not much hurt and went to work again.

Efforts will be made this season to give special interest to the Brooklyn Philharmonic performances, and one of the directors says that there will probably be one hundred musicians on the stage at every performance. The American programme, which was postponed from last season, will certainly be played this winter, probably at the fifth concert.

Charles Wyndham has bridged over the chasm between himself and the London newspaper men by saying that he did not want to drive them out of his house on the nights when they went there to write notices. He only sent around in advance to know if they were coming, so that he might sell their seats if they were not. At least, the papers accept this explanation.

At the first symphony concert for the season, which will be given at the Metropolitan opera house next Saturday night, the orchestra will play Beethoven's third symphony, Goldmark's "Prometheus," overture, and Lizst's "Festklaenge." Mr. Reichmann will sing songs by Massenet and Schubert. Mr. Damrosch will give a preliminary lecture on the programme at Berkeley lyceum on Wednesday afternoon.

Charles L. Davis, a dire actor in a dire play of his own writing, namely, "Alvin Joslin," has made money enough to build a theater in Pittsburg. It will cost $175,000, will be lighted with electricity and warmed with natural gas. In a conservatory attached to the foyer will be exotics, palms and orange trees, and in the center a fountain from the midst of a pool will throw jets to a ceiling painted to represent a sky in which electric lights will simulate stars. Floating in the pool will be incandescent lights in globes, artificially fashioned to represent water lilies, and the wires will creep to the globes through the stems of the plants.

Wagner has been hissed again in Paris. It was the "Lohengrin" prelude and the roughs in the audience kept up their disturbance until the end of it. It would be a good idea to have a shed annexed to the concert rooms in Paris, where such people could be regaled with the snarl of hand organs and the squeaking of gutter bands. That is the way their taste runs, and they seem to be determined that the majority shall submit to their musical inclinations. Still, it is a satisfaction to know that "Tristan and Isolde" will be given in that city during the winter. It will be sung at the Eden, with Engel, Rose Caron and Fursch Madi in the cast.

Theodore Thomas will give a concert of French works at the Lenox lyceum to-night. This is the music:

Overture to "Jeune Henri"...........................Mehul
Gavotte,
Tambourine, } from "Castor and Pollux"..........Rameau
Minuet,
Fantasie caprice...Vieuxtemps
Franz Wilczek.
Scherzo, from Suite "Roma"...............................Bizet
Ball scene, "Romeo and Juliet".....................Berlioz
Romeo alone. Sadness. Distant sounds of music and dancing. Capulet's festival.
"The King Amuses Himself," ball scene..........Delibes
Gaillarde. Pavane. Scene du Bouquet. Madrigal.
Passepied. Final.
Scene and air, "Faust"................................Gounod
Clementina De Vere.
Symphonic poem, Triumph of Omphale......Saint-Saens
Chinoiserie...Godard
Air, Clementina De Vere.
Neapolitan scenes.......................................Massenet
Dance. La Procession l'Improvisateur. La Fete.

Gustav Kobbe's "Life and Works of Wagner," that Schirmer, of New York, has just published, will be of interest to students of "the master." It is descriptive, historic and analytical; the leading motives of all the operas in which they figure are clearly given; and there are portraits and illustrations of varying merit. Mr. Kobbe is an intelligent and thorough critic and a kindly one, but he is alive to the faults as well as the virtues of his hero. He has no hesitation in saying, and he says it boldly, that many of Wagner's recitatives are too long and that Wotan is a colossal failure and a bore. "Walking in the shadow of impending destruction, he would, one might suppose, bear himself with a certain tragic dignity: instead of which he is constantly bemoaning his fate and strikes one as contemptible rather than tragic."

Colonel T. Allston Brown revives, in the *Clipper*, the memory of an organization of Southern actors known as the Cocktail guard, who intended to take the field if the Northern armies reached the neighborhood of New Orleans, but who didn't, somehow. The company was officered as follows: Captain John E. Owens, low comedy; First Lieutenant George Jordan, leading business; Second Lieutenant Mark Smith, first old men; First Sergeant E. Fenelon, ——; Second Sergeant A. H. Davenport, juvenile business; First Corporal T. B. MacDonough, stage manager; Second Corporal M. W. Leffingwell, utility; Surgeon Dr. G. Collins, utility; Quartermaster W. H. Leighton, utility; Vivandiere Miss Francis, danseuse; Privates W. B. Chippendale, Oscar F. Amy, L. Schoolcraft, L. Sharp, Paul Brillant, C. H. Morton, Alfred Howell, Frank Paige, Thomas Owens, W. H. Riley, W. A. Thomas, Carlo Patti, T. M. St. Clair, J. Biddles, R. McGuire, W. B. Douglas, J. M. Brucciani, Francis Lance, Harry Hawk, G. H. Wallack, D. F. Grove, Thomas M. Smith, Fred Maeder, T. Davey, John L. Phillips, J. Guerling and nearly all the scene shifters and employes of the Varieties theater. Mark Smith and George Jordan were not forgotten at the North, but the others were. When Jordan returned to New York to play in 1866 in "The Master of Ravenswood," the play that Henry Irving is now presenting in London, the people staid away, so he went to England and died there seven years later.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

Jay Gould's Latest Appearance on the Street.

Villard's Ups and Downs—Good Horses at the Show, but Poor Driving—Discomforts of Women on Elevated Trains—Is Mrs. Leslie Carter a Success?—Byrnes in a New Role.

It has been a great week here. The season is in full swing at last, Mr. Gould has emerged from his lethargic and comatose condition long enough to twist Wall street backward about as far as it will go, the horse show proved the most successful one on record and the first of the long list of gorgeous entertainments which society will devote to the consecration of this winter's season have been "pulled off," in sporting parlance, in a manner that leaves no room in the world for captious criticism. Henry Villard's sudden appearance as a sensational factor in the country's finance and his spectacular dive into disaster again has called up a vast fund of anecdote and reminiscences about one of the most remarkable men of contemporary times. Villard seems to combine the qualities of a sky rocket and a wild duck. He shoots higher and falls lower without securing a safe landing than any other man in the history of speculation. His personal magnetism is as exhaustless as his fertility. On the second day of the disaster down around Trinity church rather a conservative speculator astonished his friends by buying 2,000 shares of North American at 19. The stock was tumbling at a frightful pace and even the brokers considered the order rash. But the speculator could not be moved. The following day he sold out at a loss of what most men would consider a comfortable fortune, made a pained grimace and remarked:

"I don't know why I did it, but I met Villard a short time ago and I reached the conclusion that he was the greatest man on earth. The plan he sought to embody in North American was a great one, but the fruits of it all are not for me. I bought because I liked Villard."

It is not to be wondered at that every utterance of Mr. Gould is received with caution that borders on distrust. He has grown very gray of late, and for nearly a year his habit of living has been that of a man who had given up almost all interest in business affairs. Frequently he stayed uptown all day long and on many occasions he was seen driving in the park by the side of his handsome daughter in law, Edith Kingdon-Gould, at midday, looking the picture of a man of leisure. He gave his magnificent yacht to his younger son with the somewhat listless explanation that he was no longer interested in the sport, and most of his talk has varied between discussions on systems of drainage and the cultivation of orchids Last week he suddenly appeared in Wall street, and the influence of one man was felt literally from one end of the country to the other. His brow may look patriarchial and his eyes may seem dreamy and set. It may be that he has grown tired of yachting and that Wall street bores him, but the past week has shown that these exterior signs are not to be trusted. It seems to be the same Mr. Gould as of yore.

The horse show was an exhibition of good horses and bad horsemanship. I suppose many a wearied business or professional man who dropped in at the Madison square garden at 6 o'clock in the evening after a long day's work pondered on the conditions of life which make possible for one set of men to grind like slaves while others devote their time to tooling dog carts around a tan bark ring and riding high bred horses with their arms akimbo. I allude to the arms of the riders and not the high bred horses. It probably occurred to a great many other wearied citizens beside myself that it is rather a painful thing that men who devote so much of their time to driving and riding prove such muffs at it. I never knew a man yet with any pretensions to gentility who did not accept with a non committal air the insinuation that he is good at driving or riding, an expert shot and a thrashing good swimmer. There are certain things which men who claim to be of the world assume to know all about as a matter of course. But the arts indicated above are not easily acquired. Good shots among men are as rare as clean streets hereabout, and the hardest man to entice into the water is the one who talks in the loftiest fashion about his swimming.

There are few good drivers in the world. A lot of tandems were on parade yesterday in the ring. They were driven by very handsome, correctly dressed and healthy looking young swells, who wore huge boutonnieres on their breasts and were gloved, shod and groomed to a nicety. At the side of each one of these young millionaires sat a small, cadaverous and statuesque flunky with folded arms and rigid legs. They all look alike in a general way, though their ages range anywhere between eighteen and fifty years. One of the drivers was the son of a famous millionaire and society leader. He has owned a great stable full of horses all his life, and on this occasion he drove a pair of horses that would have unquestionably taken the first prize if they had been properly handled. They were perfectly matched in looks and action, held their heads so well and displayed so much fire and dash that there was a round of applause the instant they appeared. After one circuit of the ring the leader had grown so fractious from the incessant sawing which his jaws had received from the driver that he jumped in the air at every stride as though he were stepping on live coals. At the turns he crouched and shied so that the trace strap got over his back. A minute or two later the wheeler was throwing his head in the air fretfully and had lost all of the steadiness and beauty which had distinguished his style at the start. At this period the young millionaire burst a button from the glove of his whip hand. In the face of such an appalling disaster there was nothing for him to do but leave the ring until he could get another pair of gloves. He did so and told the groom with a nod to keep the horses moving. The boy gathered the reins up gently, spoke to the horses quietly, and in an instant every eye in the building was upon them. The leader kept his traces as taught as though they had been iron bars, and the two horses moved again in absolute unison. The arch of their necks, the lift of their fore legs and every detail of the gait was perfectly duplicated from one to the other. Presently the millionaire came back and then confusion followed.

This was only one illustration of many. In the riding the honors for very slovenly work were divided about equally between gentlemen and stable boys. This was particularly the case in the jumping contests. Not one rider in a dozen got anything like the true power out of his mount. They rode the horses hard at the jumps, and then just as the beautiful animals were getting ready to spring there was the inevitable sawing on the bit and the frantic clutching of the legs which destroyed the confidence and power of the horses. I met a man whose fame can justly be called national at the show one afternoon standing with his legs well apart and his hands thrust deep in his trouser's pockets. A look which bordered on disgust disturbed his usually placid features. He surprised me by remarking in a confidential tone that the whole exhibition had put him out of temper.

"There is no such fool in the animal kingdom," he said, "as the horse. The manner in which people idolize him is simply an indication of the propensity of human beings to imitate one another. The majority of people have no such opinion of a horse as they profess they have. The animal is without brains and all the talk concerning his intelligence is bosh. Every day we read in the papers of the death of horses by fire. They do know enough to leave the building that is burning down, but remain and perish in the flames. You never heard of rats, cats, dogs, pigs, bears or snipe being caught that way, did you? Yesterday a valuable team of Norman horses walked deliberately off a pier on the North river and were drowned. Can you imagine any other animal doing that? As for beauty what is there attractive about the outlines?"

He had got just as far as this when a man with whom I am acquainted came along and asked me to go down stairs with him a moment and he would show me the only thing in the world more attractive than a beautiful woman. I asked the politician to go along and we descended to the stalls where the horses stood in their snug fitting blankets. The door of a box stall was opened carefully and a stable boy passed a bit of rope through the mouth of a black horse and led him out in the corridor. The animal looked at the boy with his big, velvety eyes, rubbed his nose against the hostler's shoulder and then took a tight grip on the rope with his teeth. That was all the bit and halter that were needed. The boy held the other end of the rope and dropped on his haunches, while the horse threw his head up in the air and looked from one to the other of the spectators with the calmness of a monarch whose greatness has never for a moment been disputed. His coat was as black as night, unrelieved by aught save a white star on his forehead. His ears were as sharp and sensitive as aspen leaves. His tail fell in a silky wave to the ground and the arch of his neck was unlike anything which the average man is fortunate enough to see more than once or twice in a lifetime. No pen could do justice to the exquisite harmony and beauty of the horse's lines as he stood there apparently listening to the exclamations of admiration. The politician looked at him with a species of interest that gradually grew into fascination. He walked around him and finally stood by the horse's shoulder and passed his hand along his neck. He felt something against the side of his face, started and half turned to find the black muzzle of one of the most famous horses in America rubbing sociably against his ear. It was the first meeting between a famous statesman and Mambrino King and the satisfaction of the bearers of two famous names seemed to be mutual and complete. The horse was led back to his stall. An hour and a half later I happened to go through that corridor again. The man who believed that there was nothing about a horse to admire had not left the stall for a moment and he still stood peering in at the beautiful black trotter with an air of infatuation which no man could mistake.

Mr. Bronson Howard, who is now in London, is waiting with some anxiety for the verdict of the South upon his most famous play. The experiment which Charles Frohman is to make with "Shenandoah" shortly is one that will interest not only theatergoers but everybody who is concerned with the present feeling of the Southern people for the North. The play, with its beautiful story of love and war, its battle incidents, brave soldiers and realistic picture of Sheridan's ride, has been witnessed by all the people in the northern part of this country. It has just got back to New York, where it was proposed to put it on at Proctor's theater for the rest of the winter, but the great success made by "Men and Women" at this house has interfered with these plans. "Shenandoah's" popularity has been phenomenal in the North, but the southern tour will be an experiment. Exactly how Richmond will receive Sheridan's ride is a question which has called forth an endless amount of discussion. It is the general opinion that the hisses will drown the cheers.

The question of Mrs. Leslie Carter's success or failure is one that has called out a great deal of discussion. There was at the beginning a general tendency to deride the whole performance. Something in the nature of a fiasco was looked upon as inevitable. An audience which is prepared for the worst is apt to become unduly enthusiastic over a performance of medium worth only. In this instance so much surprise was felt at the exhibition of some commonplace ability which Mrs. Carter displayed that there was a wild rush of enthusiasm. It was the reaction. Apparently the audience expected that she would forget her lines, grow dumb, fall over chairs and exhibit the most advanced symptoms of stage fright throughout the play. Everybody forgot that Mrs. Carter had been under the direction and tuition of the most adroit, industrious and fertile instructor in the country. She had literally been drilled for a year and a half in everything pertaining to her part in the "Ugly Duckling" and she went through her paces in a manner which showed how thoroughly she had been trained. Of genius, talent or dramatic power there was not a suggestion. It was an illustration of the effect of skilled tuition upon a thoroughly commonplace woman. Opinions of Mrs. Carter's personal beauty vary. This is natural enough. There is no standard by which feminine beauty is measured, but it is only fair to say that the latest of the divorce court heroines who aspires to be a star does not rank as the most beautiful of her order. Mrs. Carter has a symmetrical and graceful figure, rather expressive eyes, a tip tilted nose and a mouth that is too large. There is no question about the unnecessary extent of this last named feature. It does not seem to me that Mrs. Carter's stage performance calls for any elaborate criticism. If the public is interested in anything it is in Mrs. Carter herself. People who go to see her will find an actress who has been well taught and who knows how to move about the stage. If you look for anything else you will be disappointed.

No amount of criticisms, entreaty or abuse has any effect on the managers of the elevated railroad. That imposing and ubiquitous structure enters into the life of 500,000 citizens of New York every day. They are rendered uncomfortable and unhappy whenever they enter the train, and they pay freely for the privilege. Apparently no amount of discomfort is too severe. During the week I had occasion to travel up and down town from Eighty-fourth street for five days in succession. I made twelve or fourteen trips in all and only twice did I succeed in getting a seat. On all other occasions, whether it was in the morning at 9 o'clock, at 5 in the evening or later on, going to or from the theater, I always found the cars filled with a crowd of people clinging to straps or packed like sardines in a box on the narrow platforms. Women stood in groups holding fast to one another when there were not enough straps to go around, and the continual jostling, pushing and crowding as the passengers pushed themselves in and out at the stations made life a burden. The west side of New York is an attractive and imposing district. During the past ten years several hundred million dollars have been spent in making it the most beautiful part of New York to the sightseers, but I would not consent to be subjected to the draughts, mud, suffocation, crowds and general annoyances of two daily trips on the elevated road for all the attractions the west side can offer. I suppose that in the course of fifty or a hundred years from this, New York will reach the standard already attained by Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and Boston in the matter of pavements and electrical and cable street cars.

The first ambitious effort which has ever been made to put Inspector Byrnes on the stage achieved a success night before last at the Park theater. There is probably no one man in New York whose personality is so replete with interest as the affable and tranquil head of the police department. Since the chief of police went to Europe Byrnes has been in command of the force here and it is not unlikely that he will remain in that position. Superintendent Murray's health is broken, and though he is improving, as the natural result of the tour in which business does not play a part, it is generally believed that he will not be able to assume the arduous duties of his post. This leaves a man in command who has achieved a degree of fame which is underestimated here. There is no detective in Europe who is as famous now as Inspector Byrnes. Americans abroad are always questioned as to his looks and methods, and not only the authorities of the European cities, but the people themselves have the liveliest sort of interest in New York's greatest detective. They may not know Mr. Harrison very well across the water, but the names of Blaine and Byrnes are household words.

A shrewd and industrious newspaper writer was convinced of this nearly two years ago. He began at that time a study of the character of Inspector Byrnes. Mr. Will R. Wilson prosecuted his work in a fashion that would be thought admirable in a disciple of the French realistic school, but which has excited no comment here. His journalistic duties took him to police headquarters on one occasion and he managed to stay there afterward, devoting most of his time to the study of the police department and its manner of dealing with crime. He wove it all into his play "The Inspector," and I am personally familiar with the vast amount of detail and study which it called forth. It resulted in the melodrama, which has placed Inspector Byrnes on the stage in a truthful and dramatic fashion and which gives a faithful and accurate description of the police department of New York. The interest of the play is well sustained and it is unquestionably in for a long and successful career.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1890.

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THE EUBANK'S MURDER CASE.

Father and Son Involved in the Killing of the Girl.

MITCHELL, Ind., November 15.

The Eubank's murder case bids fair to at last become clear. Old man Eubanks made a confession which throws the blame on his son Bee. He says Sunday night, during a quarrel between his son and daughter, Bee seized a club and commenced beating his sister over the head. He (the father) made an attempt to stop him, but, owing to his age and feebleness, was unable to do so. Realizing his helplessness he ran out of the house crying "murder." His story is corroborated by neighbors who heard him, but, owing to the frequency of such occurrences, no attention was paid to his cries. But the fact that he made no attempt to ascertain the extent of his daughter's injuries, but went to bed, leaving her all night on the floor, places him in a bad light. It is thought this will convict both father and son.

HOMING PIGEON FLYING.

How the Birds Are Raised and the Races Managed.

History of an Organization Which Includes Nearly All the Fanciers in This Country. Brooklyn Represented by the Kings County Club.

The federation of American homing pigeon fanciers will have its tenth annual exhibition in the American institute, New York, on November 24, 25 and 26, under the management of the Kings county homing club. Pigeon flying is a sport which is probably less understood by the general public than anything else in the line of outdoor amusement. The interest taken in this direction during the past few years has greatly increased and indications point toward the coming exhibition under Brooklyn management as one of the largest and most complete ever given by the federation. Most of the winning birds in races and flights of honor will be seen and diplomas will be issued to the ones having made the proper official records to merit them.

There are in the federation something like two hundred clubs. It reaches from Maine to California and includes in its membership nearly all the fanciers in the country. The largest clubs are in Brooklyn, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Boston. Among those in Brooklyn who have for a number of years taken an active interest in pigeon flying are Dr. H. F. Aten, president of the Kings county club; Louis N. Spangehl, M. B. Maguire, Henry Rover, T. Frederick Goldman, S. Von Moers, George E. Smith, J. H. Watjen, Conrad Dietrick, Jacques Nickels, Thomas H. Liddle, Charles A. Touak, Peter Taylor, jr., F. Schoop, Frederick F. Benson, William Arnold, Frederick Boesch, Frederick Cappel, John Cadoi, Peter Scharding, S. Wandelt and A. Schimmel. All of these and many others in the city own lofts with from ten to sixty or seventy birds in each, some of which have made good records and received diplomas at meetings in the past.

The federation was organized in 1880. It had for its object the advancement of interest in homing pigeon flying and aimed to secure united action in all matters relating to this sport. In a great measure it has been successful. No fancier can now make a standing record for his bird unless it is flown under federation rules and by federation officials. This organization has become the standard, and is recognized as such throughout this and other countries. At the coming fair first and second premiums are to be awarded for the best records from 200 miles and each additional 100 miles, for the largest exhibits in each class, for the largest and best exhibit in the show, for the best performances of the 1890 hatch, for the handsomest cock and hen of each color, for the best matched pair of each color and for the most oddly marked birds. The Kings county club also offers a special prize of not less than $50 value to be flown for in the old bird season of 1891.

One of the most important officers in the federation is the race secretary, whose duty it is to have all birds flying for record properly countermarked, to select reliable persons to liberate and time them and to keep a correct record of the flights and of the birds in a set of federation books. He has practical control of all the homing pigeons in the United States. Each year there is an issue of seamless bands, or metal rings, for the register of new birds. On each one of these bands is a letter which indicates the year it was issued. The letter for each coming year is decided on at the annual meetings in January. Fanciers who anticipate hatches in their lofts send to the secretary for so many bands. Before they are sent each band receives a number in the book, with the owner's name opposite. If a Brooklyn fancier were to order ten bands he would receive them stamped with the accepted letter for the year, and also with ten different numbers, which would correspond with the list kept by the secretary in Philadelphia. Four days after his birds have been hatched these rings are slipped over their feet, one band to each bird. By the time the young pigeons are two weeks old their feet have expanded so that it is impossible to remove the bands without wounding or breaking the legs of the birds. This precludes the possibility of any mistake when races are flown, and enables owners to trace lost birds and return strange ones to their proper lofts. If all the bands ordered are not used the owner must report to the secretary, returning the unused numbers, or at least stating what numbers he has on hand. James C. Connolly, of Philadelphia, is the man who looks after all the details now. He is virtually the hub around which all the actions of the federation revolve.

By the letters on the bands can be determined the age of every federation bird in the country. The average life of a pigeon is ten years, so there is no danger of running out of letters. By means of the numbers and the secretary's books the owners are easily ascertained. So far, all is easily grasped by the outsiders. But the puzzling part, and the feature of the sport which is not understood by one person in a hundred who is not a fancier, is how the flights are managed and how the exact time, with proof of its correctness, is kept of every bird's trip.

The system is simple, but thorough. A fancier in Brooklyn may wish to time his bird from Washington to this city, for the purpose of gaining a public record. He writes to the secretary at least a week previous to the time of the flight, giving the number of the bird and the starting point. In every section where there is a club of fanciers there is one race representative for every five members of the club. When the secretary has received the owner's letter designating the bird to be flown, he sends to the race representative in that district a private countermark, a duplicate of which he enters on the book opposite the bird's number. This countermark is placed on the bird to be flown, and then it is shipped to the liberator in Washington, who must be a disinterested party selected by the secretary. The time between the two points is well known, and consequently if the bird is flying for a record it must be in the home loft by a certain hour, or the record is not made. The hour of departure from Washington being known to the race representative here, he knows about when to expect the bird, and goes to the loft a short while before that time arrives. He watches for the bird, and if it enters the loft inside the limit allowed for the record he registers the exact time of arrival, which he telegraphs to the secretary. The liberator has telegraphed the exact starting time, and thus the time of the trip is easily ascertained. The secretary enters this in the book, with the number and hatch of the bird and the name of the owner, as well as the date and length of trip flown. Then the official result is made public and sent to the fancier by the secretary. In case two birds are started by different owners and one is to race with the other, each fancier sends a man to watch the other's loft and make sure that the time of arrival is correctly registered at both places. There is no loophole for crooked work and the time for both long and short distances is by this system correctly and simply ascertained.

Homing pigeons are so called because of their wonderful attachment to the lofts where they are born. Each bird has its own peg, and it never roosts on any other than that peg when it can possibly avoid doing so. The memory of home never leaves them. Dr. Aten, of 34 Hanson place, who has a splendid big loft, lost a bird in Louisiana some years ago. It was not reported to the secretary and he supposed it had been killed. Four years later a strange bird was seen to enter his loft tired and thirsty, evidently ending a long flight. Dr. Aten forwarded the number and letter of the band it wore to the secretary. When dusk came and the birds went to roost the newcomer shoved a young bird off its perch and steadfastly refused to give up the peg. The same performance was repeated the next night. When the secretary's report arrived Dr. Aten was much astonished to find that this was the bird which he had lost four years before in Louisiana. It had remembered all this time not only its home, but the peg on which it used to roost. Birds which have been taken from their home loft, and which have hatched in another city, have left their young when liberated and returned to their old home.

Regular courses are laid out for races by the federation and the birds are trained for long distances by starting them on short flights and gradually increasing the distance. It is generally acknowledged by pigeon fanciers that the birds locate their lofts not wholly by instinct, nor yet wholly by sight, but by a combination of the two. The fact that many young and inexperienced birds are lost every year goes to prove that instinct alone does not guide the pigeon homeward. A heavy atmosphere confuses them, and birds have been known to circle for hours over some large city that lay in their course, evidently searching for the home loft. The similarity of large cities from an elevated point is the reason assigned for this. Philadelphia is the sticking point for New York and Brooklyn birds; Some of the starting places on the federation schedule are Bordentown, N. J.; Cresson, Pa.; Orange C. H., Va.; Springfield, O.; Abingdon, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; Rappahannock, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Akron, O.; London, Ontario, and Forest, Ontario. The EAGLE cup, which was offered for the best average speed, from 370 miles or over, made in the spring races of 1887, was won by Nowlin, a bird owned by Dr. W. E. Johnson, of Keyport, N. J. The start was made from Danville, Va., on June 16, at 6:02 A. M. The bird reached home at 3:12 that afternoon, having covered the 383 miles in 9 hours and 10 minutes, an average speed of 1,225 yards a minute. Over five hundred birds competed for the trophy.

When a bird has finished a long flight it is always very thirsty. After a long drink it pitches in and eats a big meal, combs down its feathers with its bill, and inside of an hour is hopping around with the other birds, cooing as contentedly as if it never had been away. A bird on the wing eats little and stops for water only when it is absolutely necessary. Messages to be sent are fastened to the tail feathers by very fine strands of copper wire. The progress of the bird is in no way impeded, as the slips of paper fit closely to the feathers. Most of the losses sustained by fanciers are caused by the birds being shot or killed while roosting, during the course of long flights. The long distance birds fly high and are trained, by frequent trips over the course, to reduce the time between any two given points. The speed, however, depends greatly upon the condition of the atmosphere and direction of the wind at the time the flight is made.

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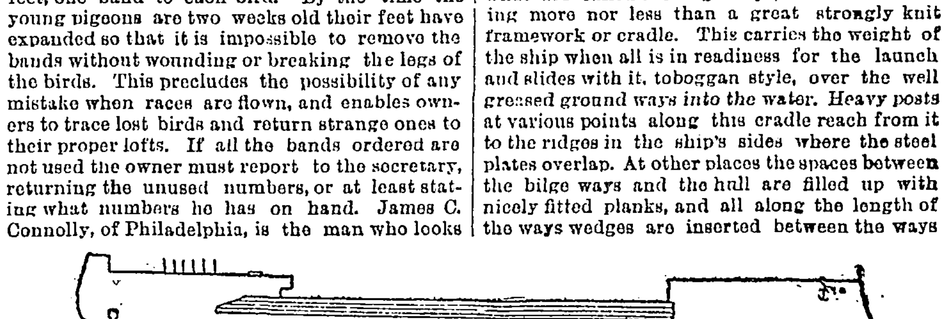
THE CRUISER MAINE.

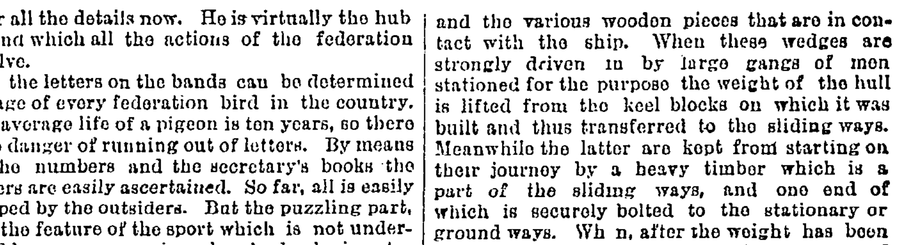
Two Views of the Hull of the New Ship.

The pictures shown below represent the hull of the new armored cruiser Maine which is to be launched at the navy yard on Tuesday, November 18, in the presence of a big assemblage of civil and naval officials and men prominent in various walks of life. One of the pictures shows the ship on the blocks, without, however, a representation of the big shiphouse under whose roof she has been built and which now covers all but about seventy-five feet of her length forward. The other cut indicates the vessel as she will look afloat. The length of the hull is 315 feet on the water line, and the breadth of beam 57 feet. The ship is made of steel all the way through from keel plate to deck beam and from stem to stern post, and has a double bottom, innumerable bulkheads and watertight compartments and weighs all told at present 1,625 tons. She will weigh about five thousand tons more when she gets her armor, turrets, superstructure, guns and all the other features of equipment. The method of getting this clumsy mass of metal from the blocks on which she was built into the water is interesting. The hull has been held as it steadily grew into its present dimensions on a very solid oak foundation, which is shown in the picture, supports on either side and underneath preventing it from toppling. On either side of the line of blocks stretch the ground ways, running clear down on an incline some distance into the water. These ways are made of very strong timbers laid so as to make what look like exaggerated horse car tracks. Several thousand pounds of tallow and hundreds of pounds of castile soap are spread over them their entire length. On top of these tracks are laid what are called the bilge ways, which are nothing more nor less than a great strongly knit framework or cradle. This carries the weight of the ship when all is in readiness for the launch and slides with it, toboggan style, over the well greased ground ways into the water. Heavy posts at various points along this cradle reach from it to the ridges in the ship's sides where the steel plates overlap. At other places the spaces between the bilge ways and the hull are filled up with nicely fitted planks, and all along the length of the ways wedges are inserted between the ways and the various wooden pieces that are in contact with the ship. When these wedges are strongly driven in by large gangs of men stationed for the purpose the weight of the hull is lifted from the keel blocks on which it was built and thus transferred to the sliding ways. Meanwhile the latter are kept from starting on their journey by a heavy timber which is a part of the sliding ways, and one end of which is securely bolted to the stationary or ground ways. When, after the weight has been lifted from the keel blocks and the top row of these have been taken out or cut away, so as not to catch on the keel when it slides, the timber above referred to is sawed in two, and the sliding ways, thus released, by force of gravity slip down with their burden into the water.

The lines in the picture near the top of the hull extending some distance amidships show where the heavy armor plates are to be fitted in. The armor belt is to be 180 feet long. Protection fore and aft where there will be no armor is furnished by a steel deflective deck extending in tortoise back shape from below the water line on both sides.



THE SHIP ON THE BLOCKS.



THE SHIP AFLOAT.

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A LIVELY FIGHT WITH THIEVES.

Plenty of Pistol Shots Fired, But No One Was Hit.

ADRIAN, Mich., November 15.

Yesterday morning Dell Buell, agent at the Wabash depot, was notified by telephone that the store of William Clark at Ridgway had been robbed. He was requested to notify the officers. A little later three hard looking parties applied for tickets to Detroit. Suspecting they were the robbers, Buell went to the residence of Deputy Sheriff Townsend nearby and that officer, with his son, accompanied the agent to the station. On their appearance the fellows drew revolvers and made a break through the door of the waiting room. Young Townsend was knocked down by a blow from one of the weapons, while two of the fellows attacked the father, who is a strong, nervy man and more than held his own. Meanwhile the operator got his gun from the office and then the robbers made a retreat emptying their pistols as they did so. Townsend and Buell responded with their weapons and pursued the crooks some little distance, but they got away. Despite the number of shots fired nobody seems to have been hit.

TO E. S.

What the rain is to the rose
Is your dear loved face to me.
All its graces there disclose
Maiden truth and purity.
In your eyes of tender gray,
Like a mist o'er summer skies,
I can see the spirit fair
Which in lurking place there lies.

In your mouth of dewy red
Smiles the tenderness of truth;
It confirms by dimpled curves
What the lips have said, forsooth.
Sweet, I cannot tell you half
Of all that you are to me;
How I love you for yourself,
What you are, and what may be.

What the rain is to the rose,
Soft, refreshing, breathing love,
So your spirit is to mine
Like a breath from heaven above.
Never, while upon the rose
Falls the rain, with kisses true,
Will my soul seek solace from
Anyone on earth but you.

—LULU WINTZER.