ty) a whole bundle of clothes, women's robes, hats, caps, head-gears, and entire suits of evening dress, white waistcoats and neckties included, then he will be entitled to more belief than he is at present. That would be a proof indeed, for, with all due respect to his scientific mind, Dr. Beard is not the first Œdipus that had thought of catching the sphinx by its tail and so unriddle the mystery. We have known more than one "weak-minded fool," ourselves included, that has labored under a similar delusion for more than one night, but all of us were finally obliged to repeat the words of the great Galileo, "E pur, se muove!" and give it up.

But Dr. Beard he does not give it up. Preferring to keep a scornful silence as to any reasonable explanation, he hides the secret of the above mystery in the depths of his profoundly scientific mind. "His life is given to scientific researches," you see; "his physiological knowledge and neuro-physiological learning are immense," for he says so, and skilled as he is in combating fraud by still greater fraud (see column the eighth), spiritualistic humbug has no more mysteries for him. In five minutes this scientist has done more towards science than all the rest of the scientists put together have done in years of labor, and "would feel ashamed if he had not." (See same column.) In the overpowering modesty of his learning, he takes no credit upon himself for having done so, though he has discovered the astounding, novel fact of the "cold benumbing the sensation." How Wallace, Crookes, and Varley, the naturalist, anthropologist, the chemist and electrician, will blush with envy in their old country! America alone is able to produce on her fertile soil such quick and miraculous intellects. "Veni, vidi, vici!" was the motto of a great conqueror. Why would not Dr. Beard select for his crest the same? And then, not unlike the Alexanders and the Cæsars of the antiquity (in the primitive simplicity of his manners), he abuses people so elegantly, calling them "fools" when he cannot find a better argument.

A far more wise mind than Dr. Beard (shall he dispute the fact?) has suggested, centuries ago, that the tree was to be judged according to its fruits. Spiritualism, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of more scientific men than himself, stands its ground without flinching for more than a quarter of a century. Where are the fruits of the tree of science that blossoms on the soil of Dr. Beard's mind? If we are to judge of them by his article then, verily, the said tree needs more than usual care. As for the fruits, it would appear that they are as yet in the realms of "sweet delusive hope." But then, perhaps, the doctor was afraid to crush his readers under the weight of his learning (true merit has been in all days modest and unassuming), and that accounts for the learned doctor withholding from us any scientific proof of the fraud that he pretends exposing, except the above-mentioned fact of the "cold benumbing sensation." But how Horatio can keep his hand and arm ice cold under a warm shawl for half an hour at a time, in summer as well as in any other season, and that without having some ice concealed about his person, or how he can prevent it from thawing—all the above is a mystery that Dr. Beard doesn't reveal for the present. Maybe he will tell us something of it in his book that he advertises in the article. Well, we only hope that the former will be more satisfactory than the latter.

I will add but a few words before ending my debate with Dr. Beard forever. All that he says about the lamp concealed in a band-box, the strong confederates, &c. &c., exist but in his imagination, for the mere sake of argument, we suppose. "False in one false in all," says Dr. Beard on column the sixth. These words are a just verdict to his own article.

Here I will briefly state what I reluctantly withheld up to the present moment from the knowledge of all such as Dr. Beard. The fact was too sacred in my eyes to allow it to be trifled with in newspaper gossiping. But now, in order to settle the question at once, I deem it my duty as a Spiritualist to surrender it to the opinion of the public.

On the last night that I spent with the Eddys I was presented by George Dix and Mayflower with a silver decoration, the upper part of a medal with which I was but too familiar. I quote the precise words of the spirit: "We bring you this decoration for we think you will value it more highly than anything else. You shall recognize it, for it is the badge of honor that was presented to your father by his Government for the campaign of 1828, between Russia and Turkey. We got it through the influence of your uncle, who appeared to you here this evening. We brought it from your father's grave at Stavropol. You shall identify it by a certain sign known to yourself." These words were spoken in the presence of forty witnesses. Colonel Olcott will describe the fact and give the design of the decoration.

I have the said decoration in my possession. I know it as having belonged to my father. More, I have identified it by a portion that, through carelessness, I broke myself many years ago, and, to settle all doubt in relation to it, I possess the photograph of my father (a picture that has never been at the Eddys, and could never possibly have been seen by any of them) on which this medal is plainly visible.

Query for Dr. Beard: How could the Eddys know that my father was buried at Stavropol; that he was ever presented with such a medal, or that he had been present and in actual service at the time of the war of 1828?

Willing as we are to give every one his due, we feel compelled to say on behalf of Dr. Beard that he has not boasted of more than he can do, advising the Eddys to take a few private lessons of him in the trickery of mediumship. The learned doctor must be expert in all such trickeries. We are likewise ready to admit that in saying as he did that "his article would only confirm the more the Spiritualists in their belief" (and he ought to have added, "convince no one else) Dr. Beard has proved himself to be a greater "prophetic medium" than any other in this country!

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

23 Irving place.

LETTER FROM AN IDIOTIC SPIRITUALIST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.]

I am one of those idiotic Spiritualists to whom Dr. Beard makes vague allusion in his very long and interesting letter to THE DAILY GRAPHIC exposing the Eddy brothers.

My indebtedness to Dr. Beard I cannot easily express. Unconsciously I had long been stumbling through the world, and with my feeble intellect endeavoring to establish opinions for myself upon such of its perplexities as came within my vision. Being a credulous ass, I naturally took in Spiritualism. I never had such a scientifically trained mind as our Creator has vouchsafed to Dr. Beard. My friends never had either. It was a poor neighborhood. We couldn't hire our thinking done for us, we had never then heard of Dr. Beard, and his generous missionary labor did not come in time to save me. I fell into the vortex of Spiritualism. I never got out, and I fear I never shall; for, don't you see, according to Dr. Beard's showing, I am not open to reason; I am to the last degree credulous; I am a deliberate, unconscious liar, a possibly amiable but entirely witless ass who can never flounder out of the quagmire I have fallen into except I lean upon a man like Dr. Beard, whose trained mind has been devoted for years to scientific modes of thinking? And if I am such a fool in the phenomena of Spiritualism, how can I trust my assininity upon anything? Like Colonel Olcott, I presume some of the phenomena I have witnessed are as real to me as eating, drinking, or feeling. If I am mistaken in some of the wonders I have seen in Spiritualism, I have no assurance that I met my live friend Jones yesterday; that I heard Talmage preach last Sunday; that I wear boots on my feet instead of my head; and possibly—indeed the thought cr ates a shudder—that Dr Beard's letter to THE DAILY GRAPHIC is not an actual fact, but may be a mere whim of my imagination. If it were not additional and unnecessary proof of Dr. Beard's assertions as to the hopeless imbecility of Spiritualists I could present a narrative of experiences and suggest those of some others well vouched for, involving other phases of the great delusion, but with all my credulity (I will say to you in confidence that I swallowed the *Herald* hoax as a mere morsel) I am not that kind of a fool that I do not know when I meet a man trained to scientific modes of thinking like Dr. Beard. At a glance of his eagle eye he recognizes me as an idiotic driveller, whose reading and experience would be no more to him than the gibbering of one of Barnum's apes. It is idle, indeed, as the doctor modestly remarks, for a million weaklings to hurl a stone as far as "one strong boy" (like Dr. Beard). Dr. Beard does not say so in words as I recollect, but he leaves it to be fairly inferred that he regards all materializations and all the other phenomena of Spiritualism as the product of trickery and fraud. Assuming that the Eddys are base swindlers, he has yet to dispose of Slade and Foster in New York and some other prominent mediums in both this country and England. Of course if he kills off the leading lights of legerdemain the others will quickly go by the board. The English scientists who talked and walked with Katie King while Miss Cook, her medium, was elsewhere visible will doubtless hang their heads now. Like myself, those transatlantic transcendental noodles have never heard of Dr. Beard. Will their frrends, if they have any, please seek some private asylum for them?

To be sure there are thousands of private mediums who shrink from the least publicity. In the presence of and through the organizations of these singular and inexplicable phenomena take place That is to say, they seem so to the hare-brained soft-headed people who witness them. who neither pay admission fee nor eight dollars a week for board, and who have never known the mediums to be given to practical joking or trickery for the amusement of themselves or the bewilderment of their friends. The phenomena of the household, so largely of a private character, and which are in two-thirds of the towns, cities, and neighborhoods of the land, may be disposed of by a wave of Dr. Beard's hand. I am a liar, conscious or unconscious; my general statements in the first place are liable to be untrue, and, in the second place, if the supposed phenomena occur they are only ordinary trickery, grossly exaggerated by an active imagination and a desire to believe in the supernatural. In such a way or by some similar method of his trained scientific mind Dr. Beard would hang me up for public ridicule.

I feel sorry for Olcott, who was so "shocked," Dr. Beard says, when told what the alleged manifestations actually were and what he had better do to prove them and how soon he had better go. But the amiable, idiotic Olcott, I have no doubt, will insist upon insanely replying to the doctor and dash out his poor brains against the impregnable arguments of a trained scientific mind.

SPIRITUALIST.

Brooklyn, N. Y., November 10, 1874.

DR. BEARD AND THE EDDYS.

[*From the Springfield Republican.*]

The man who has a mania for "exposing" all extraordinary phenomena as frauds is as sure to arise as the phenomena themselves. His name to-day is Dr. George M. Beard, of New York. The peculiar operations of young Mr. Brown having been completely explained, he has been taking a turn with the mysteries of Spirit Vale, and in a communication to THE DAILY GRAPHIC exposes the Eddys with equal ease. Those who have witnessed Mr. Brown's achievements cannot help being somewhat prejudiced against Dr. Beard as a fair-minded investigator, for it is quite plain that "unconscious muscular action" is ridiculously inadequate to meet the conditions of many of his performances, and yet Beard, having started with that preconceived idea, obstinately insists on stretching it to make it fit them all. So with his "exposure" of the Eddys. It is not, of course, impossible that the Eddys should yet be proved humbugs, but it is quite certain that Dr. Beard has not done it. He got into the house of the brothers by leaving his hair uncombed, his boots unblacked and his beard unshaved, and otherwise managing his natural advantages so as to pass for a feeble-minded Spiritualist. Then he "diplomatized," let us say, profusely, making believe see and recognize spirits when he didn't, and finally got admitted to a dark seance and a light seance. Very little was seen at the former, only the apparition "Honto," and one other, which did not speak, exhibited, and both, Dr. Beard pronounces, were personated by William Eddy, as he believes all others are, with the help of the spectator's imagination. In the light seance he assisted Horatio Eddy, and detected that individual in officiating as the spiritual guitar player. Colonel Olcott, who has been in Chittenden for several weeks investigating, and whose illustrated papers have been published in THE DAILY GRAPHIC, Dr. Beard declares to be as "credulous as a baby" and incapable of telling the truth in regard to anything that takes place in the Eddy seances. The doctor gives a summary of the ring and rope and other feats, all of which are too familiar bits of jugglery to deserve serious attention. It may be at once conceded that all that really catches the public attention in the performances of this Vermont family, and all that they care to have light thrown upon, is the materialization. It is the new thing in their line. Unless the doctor's blunt charge is true, and Colonel Olcott lies by the wholesale, Dr. Beard's "exposure" is absurd.

THE THEATRE AND THE CHURCH.

The following note from Mr. Stuart Robson, of the Union Square Theatre company, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, explains itself:

"I am truly sorry that charity owns so small a place in your heart that you deem it proper to publicly attack a profession which you can know nothing of, except by malicious report—for surely if you *know* of what you speak you would not have announced as truths the absurd tissue of falsehoods which composed your sermon of yesterday. Charles Dickens—the man whose writings have done more to benefit humanity than the theological utterances of any professional preacher of his time—he who hated hypocrisy with his whole great heart—said: 'It is not necessary to make a *defence* of the theatre—better and wiser men than I love and honor it. The actor, on hearing his calling reproached, need say but one word, and that—"Skakespeare!"' In conformity with this truly great man's advice, I do not propose to make an elaborate defence of the church-like charges of you and your kind, but to express my surprise that at a time like the present, when many of the most prominent people of the pulpit are busy in defending themselves from well-sustained accusations of theft, murder, seduction, and baby-burning, an eminent preacher can be found who thinks it a fitting opportunity to publicly assail the stage and its followers. Truly, &c.,

STUART ROBSON.

"Union Square Theatre, New York, November 9.

"To Rev. Mr. Talmage."

MUSICAL CAPITALS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that in spite of the pretensions of Paris, St. Petersburg, and London as musical capitals, "it is curious to observe how, in regard to the production of important novelties, New York takes precedence of all of them." The *Gazette* then goes on to complain that Mr. Strakosch has given us "Lohengrin," "Aida," and "Ruy Blas," none of which works has been produced in either of the three European "musical capitals." It might also be remarked that Mr. Strakosch has produced these unusual novelties with a completeness of cast and *ensemble* which has never been surpassed at any opera house. Moreover, it is evident from the success of such singers as Kellogg, Albani, Phillips, and Cary that we can supply our own *prime-donne*, and thus be as independent of Europe musically as we are in other respects.

WALL STREET THIS MORNING.

WALL STREET, November 13—11 A. M.—The Stock Market opened as follows, compared with the closing quotations of yesterday:

	Opening Nov. 13.	Close Nov. 12		Opening Nov. 13.	Close Nov. 12.
N. Y. C. and Hud.	102¾	102¾	Northwestern	39⅞	39⅞
Harlem	131	136½	Northwestern pf.	51⅞	51½
Erie	29	28⅞	St. Paul	34⅞	31⅞
Western Union	79⅞	79⅞	St Paul, pref.	54½	53½
Pacific Mail	44⅞	44⅞	N. J. Central	101¼	107
D., Lack. & West.	109⅞	109⅞	Rock Island	92	91
Lake Shore	82¼	82⅞	Union Pacific	35⅞	35⅞
Wabash	31⅞	31½	Ohio & Miss.	30⅞	30⅞
C., C. & I. C.	10⅞	10⅞	H. & St. Jo.	27	27¼
C. C. C. and I.	66	67	Han. & St. Jo. prf.	31⅞	31⅞

Gold opened at 110⅞.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

SECOND EDITION.

A CRUEL HOAX.

DENIAL OF THE REPORTED DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

LONDON, November 13—1 P. M.—The sensational rumor of the death last night at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, of Queen Victoria, is denied by authority. The London markets were undisturbed this morning.

A CONFIRMATORY DESPATCH.

LONDON, November 14.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces that Queen Victoria is quite well.

The rumors of her Majesty's illness and sudden demise, which obtained credence last night, were happily unfounded.

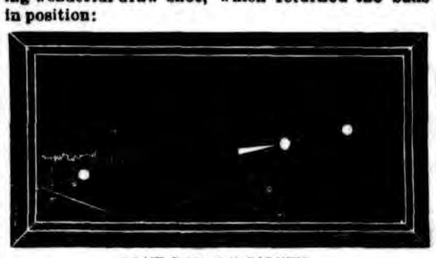
This announcement causes a general feeling of relief.

BATTLE OF THE BILLIARD KINGS.

THE GREAT GAME BETWEEN VIGNAUX AND GARNIER—J. DION DEFEATED BY RUDOLPHE.

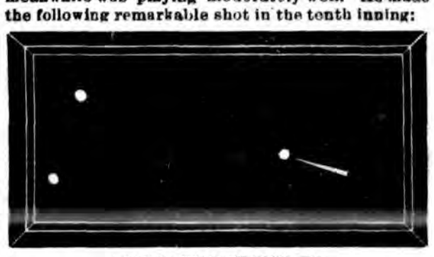
Yesterday afternoon the first game played in the billiard tournament was between Daly and Ubassy in which the score stood 300 for Daly to 104 for Ubassy. The second game between Slosson and Dion was won by the former, Dion scoring 286.

The assemblage that gathered to witness the game in the evening was larger than on any previous occasion, and there were many ladies. The great game of the evening and of the tournament, between Garnier and Vignaux, was first on the programme. It was probably the best exhibition of billiard skill ever seen in this city, and was intensely exciting throughout. Garnier won the lead, but failed to count. In the second inning he executed the following wonderful draw shot, which returned the balls in position:



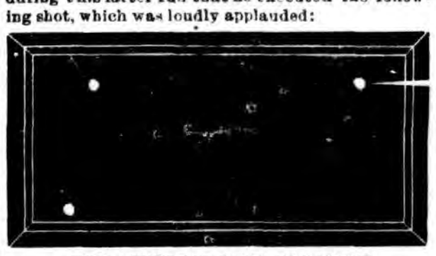
DRAW SHOT BY GARNIER.

In the next inning Garnier scored 43 and won great applause. His confidence and ease gave his friends reason to believe he would win the game, but in the next six innings he did not score a count. Vignaux meanwhile was playing moderately well. He made the following remarkable shot in the tenth inning:



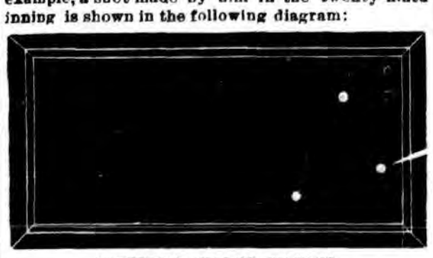
SPREAD SHOT BY VIGNAUX.

Garnier's playing improved after the tenth inning. In the fourteenth he scored 53, and brought the game nearly even. This was followed by runs of 46, 23, and, in the nineteenth inning, 54. It was during this latter run that he executed the following shot, which was loudly applauded:



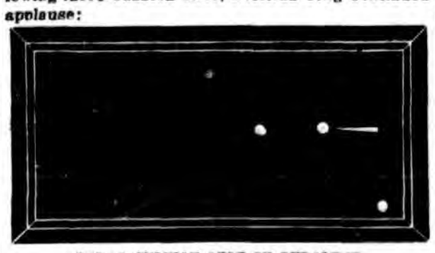
SHOT ACROSS THE TABLE BY GARNIER.

At this time Garnier was 249 and Vignaux 215, but Vignaux played a steady game and made his 300 while Garnier had only 287. A feature of the game Vignaux plays is the remarkable manner in which he gathers the balls in position after each shot. For example, a shot made by him in the twenty-ninth inning is shown in the following diagram:



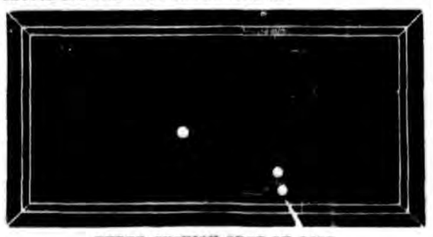
GATHERING SHOT BY VIGNAUX.

The second game was between Rudolphe and J. Dion. Rudolphe led off with a run of 10, and Dion followed with 9. Rudolphe in the third inning, during a very interesting run of 43, executed the following three-cushion shot, eliciting long-continued applause:



THREE-CUSHION SHOT BY RUDOLPHE.

Dion's next inning resulted in a run of 46, and the game promised to be even closer than the preceding one. But ill fortune waited upon his cue after this inning, and it soon became apparent that nothing but a miracle would win him the game. The sixth shot in the run of 46 was as follows:

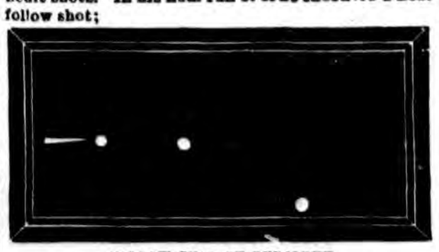


THREE CUSHION SHOT BY DION.

Shortly afterwards this was excelled by a four-cushion shot, one of the prettiest of the evening:

ROUND-THE-TABLE SHOT BY DION.

Rudolphe never played more confidently than during this game. He seldom failed to count in an inning, and his longest runs comprised many very difficult shots. In his final run of 36 he executed a neat follow shot;



FOLLOW SHOT BY RUDOLPHE.

When his 300 points were earned, Dion had scored 144.

We are indebted to Mr. Hugh W. Collender, the inventor of the standard American billiard table, for the above diagrams of difficult shots.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY'S PLAY.

Afternoon.

First Game.—Maurice Daly—0, 1, 1, 0, 38, 3, 1, 1 0, 0, 12, 1, 1, 1, 70, 5, 1, 22, 0, 50, 2, 3, 1, 3, 16, 0, 8, 1, 1, 5, 0, 6, 7, 39—total, 300.

Ubassy—0, 2, 3, 9, 4, 1, 7, 0, 0, 2, 1, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0, 1, 1, 36, 0, 1, 5, 2, 1, 1, 0, 1, 2, 8, 0, 2, 11, 1—total, 104.

Highest runs—Daly, 70, 50, 38; Ubassy, 36.

Averages—Daly, 8 28-34; Ubassy, 3 5-33.

Second Game.—Slosson—1, 3, 18, 23, 23, 8, 0, 5, 13, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 15, 50, 37, 37, 3, 9, 22, 22, 1, 3, 2, 2—total, 300.

Dion—1, 14, 2, 4, 0, 30, 9, 2, 27, 0, 0, 0, 12, 1, 43, 1, 1, 2, 18, 7, 6, 31, 1, 9, 44, 4, 17—total, 286.

Highest runs—Slosson, 50, 33, 27; Dion, 44, 43, 31.

Averages—Slosson, 11¼; Dion, 10 16-27.

Evening.

First Game.—Vignaux—5, 12, 0, 0, 7, 29, 0, 0, 0, 14, 14, 14, 73, 1, 12, 34, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 4, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 10, 0, 39, 0, 30—total, 300.

Garnier—0, 13, 43, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 5, 1, 5, 1, 53, 46, 23, 1, 0, 58, 0, 1, 1, 0, 2, 8, 0, 20, 0, 1, 5, 0—total, 287.

Highest runs—Vignaux, 73, 34, 39; Garnier, 58, 53, 46.

Averages—Vignaux, 9 21-31; Garnier, 9 9-31.

Second Game.—Rudolphe—10, 0, 43, 3, 0, 1, 0, 3, 53, 47, 2, 24, 0, 7, 2, 10, 60, 36—total, 301.

J. Dion—9, 0, 6, 46, 2, 1, 1, 0, 3, 4, 1, 6, 2, 1, 5, 57—total, 144.

Highest runs—Rudolphe, 60, 53, 47; Dion, 57, 46.

Averages—Rudolphe, 16 13-18; Dion, 9.

TOURNAMENT SUMMARY.

	Games Played.	Won.	Lost.
J. Dion	7	5	2
C. Dion	8	3	5
Garnier	7	5	2
Rudolphe	8	4	4
Daniels	7	0	7
Daly	7	5	2
Slosson	7	3	4
Vignaux	7	6	1
Ubassy	7	2	5
Totals	65	33	32

Highest average thus far—J. Dion, 25.

Highest run thus far—Vignaux, 159.

GAMES TO-DAY.

This afternoon the games will be Daly vs. Daniels, and Ubassy vs. Slosson; this evening, Vignaux vs. Cyrille Dion, and Garnier vs. J. Dion.

NEWS NOTES.

The work in the Five Points Park may be said to be flagging about this time.

John D. White, Republican, is elected in the Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky.

The winners in the fall meeting at Fleetwood Park yesterday were Forest King, H. D. Walton, and Lady Dahlman.

Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Louise Victoria won the Liverpool cup at the autumn meeting at Liverpool yesterday.

New schools, introducing a system of compulsory elementary education, are to be opened at once at St. Petersburg.

The Ontario Parliament was opened yesterday by a speech from the throne by John Crawford, Lieutenant-Governor.

A young school-girl of Boston named Hattie May Hastings has disappeared and suspicions of foul play are entertained.

The loss by the burning of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum near Baltimore yesterday is $25,000, on which there is an insurance of $20,000.

Philip Wadsworth is to be appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Illinois, vice Hoyt, whose nomination is withdrawn.

After the raid of the police on a gambling den in the Bowery yesterday not a ghost of Banquo could be seen there. But will the ghost continue down?

The Left renewed its protest at the last sitting of the Permanent Committee of the French Assembly yesterday against the suppression of Republican journals.

J. T. Carter, of Syracuse, was burned to death yesterday in the presence of his wife, while endeavoring to save some property from his burning dwelling.

The only charge said to have been brought against the Count Von Arnim in his indictment is for the suppression of official documents. The Count was rearrested yesterday afternoon.

A number of arrests are reported to have been made at Moscow of persons implicated in a socialist conspiracy. The conspirators are said to have made an unsuccessful attempt to murder the Czar.

A verdict for the plaintiff, and $8,000 damages for injuries received in the Kamocka car-burning, is the verdict of the jury in the case of McKellar vs. the Great Western Railway Company, London, Ontario.

The annual report of Secretary Bristow is to be transmitted immediately upon being completed to the meeting of Congress instead of to the President, and no part of it will be disclosed until after the meeting.

The jury in the McKenna inquest gave a verdict last evening that the deceased came to his death at the hands of some party to the jury unknown, and Croker, the Hickeys, and Sheridan were accordingly discharged.

The houses of Republican sympathizers were burned by the Carlists before leaving their old positions at Irun. The Republicans are on their way to destroy the foundries at Vera, to which place the Carlists first retired.

A woman named Hazard is under arrest at St. Catherines for the abduction of Charlie Ross, who is said to have been brought to that place by herself and daughter. The latter, who has the child in her charge, is being sought for.

RECORD OF THE DAY AND NIGHT.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

	H.	M.		H.	M.
Sun rises	6	44	Moon souths, afternoon	2	32
Sun sets	4	44	High water, night	11	31
Length of day	10	00	Mercury ascending nodes		

Montreal taken, 1775.
Battle of Chrystler's Farm, 1813.
Great shower of meteors over Majara, 1833.
Bishop Van de Velde, of Natchez, died, 1855.
John Brougham played in New York and Philadelphia same night, 1856.
Trial of William M. Tweed began, 1873.

MEETINGS AND EVENTS TO-DAY.

Meeting of grain dealers, Produce Exchange, to receive report of committee on Railroads.
Brooklyn Scandal—Argument on appeal from Judge Neilson's order refusing bill of particulars in Tilton-Beecher suit.
Liberal Club, Plimpton Hall, 8 P. M.
Beecher's prayer-meeting, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, 8 P. M.
Board of Health, 2 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 8.—"Rigoletto"—Albani.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, 8.—"Rip Van Winkle"—Joe Jefferson.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, 8.—"The Hunchback"—Clara Morris.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 8.—"Masks and Faces."
WALLACK'S THEATRE, 8.—"Romance of a Poor Young Man"—H. J. Montague.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 8.—"Genevieve de Brabant"—Emily Soldene Troupe.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, 8.—"The Deluge"—Spectacular play—Julia Seaman.
PARK THEATRE, 8.—"Gilded Age"—John T. Raymond.
THE HIPPODROME, 8.—Races, &c.
STEINWAY HALL, 8.—Maccabe.
THE COLOSSEUM, 7 30.—"Paris in Flames," &c.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, 8.—Minstrel performance.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, 8.
WOOD'S MUSEUM, 2 and 8.—"On Hot Coals," "Donald McKay"—Oliver Doud Byron.
THEATRE COMIQUE, 8.—Variety Performances.
METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 8.—Zoe, the Gymnast.

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LITERARY CONTENTS.—Putnam's Voyage: A Story in Rhyme. Part I. (Illustrated) by J. W. De Forest. The Immortelles: A Tale of Two Lives. By Eliza Wood. Part I. A Chestnut Burr; or, Lost and Saved. By E. P. Roe. Chapter XXX. Adelaide: A Story of the Heart. By Elizabeth Olmis (Concluded). Be Short: A domestic sketch. Special feuilletons on "Light Housekeeping," the "Literary Amateur of the Period," &c. Domestic essays on adulterations of tea, the sources from which india-rubber is obtained. Paragraphs on notable events, recent art events, &c. A juvenile department containing admirable pictures, poems, stories, and puzzles. Editorial department. "The Period," containing comments upon all current matters of interest—social, domestic, literary, artistic, &c.

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GREAT REAL ESTATE EVENT.

The sale of Ocean Parkway lots by Jere. Johnson, Jr., as announced elsewhere, will take place on Tuesday, November 17, on the grounds. It will be a noteworthy event for several important reasons; the first being that, the panic of 1873 having unsettled values and reduced prices of real estate among other things, wise speculators regard this as the best possible time to buy, as figures are about as low as they are ever likely to get; and this reason is rendered forcible by the record of the fact that the same causes have rendered it absolutely necessary that owners should sell. They bought this splendid property in good times, for purposes of speculative investment, and wisely selected on the finest boulevard on this continent, or, perhaps, everything considered, any other, because, when Ocean Parkway is completed from Prospect Park—six miles to Coney Island—205 feet wide, laid out in drives, esplanades, and walks bordered with shade trees, and lighted and watered, it will have no equal. It must also be remembered that the 1,000 lots to be offered at unreserved auction are but three miles distant from Brooklyn City Hall and five miles from the New York City Hall. Such lots in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, or even Cincinnati would rate from $1,000 to $5,000, and on Manhattan Island from $10,000 to $100,000. These things are worth reflection, for no matter what lots may bring now, so long as immigration and population in the great American metropolis continue to increase such lots must inevitably continue to advance in value. These Ocean Parkway lots are on the finest drive and thoroughfare on Long Island. They have not heretofore been in the market because their owner, Robert Turner, of Turner Brothers, was a rich man of a rich firm, and he bought and held the property for speculation as the very choice and cream of suburban property. But the panic has brought this house, among many others, to retrench. Jere. Johnson has imperative orders to sell at whatever prices the public choose to bid.

The Public Library of Kentucky won the confidence of the Eastern public in the first place by the men chosen to represent the institution—Major T. H. Hays, the New York agent, reflecting honor on any body with which he would be connected—and in the next place by the uniform honesty of their distributions. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that the tickets for their Fifth and last Gift Concert bid fair to be all sold before November 30.

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