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THE AMERICAN WAY.

The lesson of the Chicago executions is that bombs cannot be substituted for ballots in promoting political reform. American remedies for American wrongs. The old flag and not the red rag. This is the warning of the gallows.

The lesson of the election in this State to the workingmen is that relief for them is not to be found in a mere shifting of taxes to land. The American idea is that individual land ownership should be encouraged, not forbidden.

The wonderful growth of the Republic and the general prosperity and happiness of the people are a vindication of this idea.

Let American ideas rule America.

THE MUSEUM ON SUNDAY.

The religious scruples of a minority of the trustees forms the chief bar across the doors of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday.

But many leading clergymen in this city do not share these objections. Nor are they entertained by the prominent pastors of Puritanic Boston, whose Museum of Fine Arts has for years been open on Sunday with most excellent results.

The alternative is not church or museum. A thousand doors to evil are open of a Sunday in this city. Why close any door to good?

The experience of Boston is that museum-going has not lessened church-going. The very large attendance at houses of worship near the Museum in that city would indicate instead that church-going had been stimulated by the Sunday opening.

In face of such facts, should the minority trustees put their personal scruples against the desire of a large majority of the citizens of New York?

JUST A LITTLE.

Gov. HILL says the result of the election in this State "has no personal or other significance, except the vindication of Democratic principles."

Just a little other significance. It means that the people will have another chance to vote for CLEVELAND and HILL in 1888—for CLEVELAND for President and HILL for Governor.

But perhaps the Governor considers that this would be only a "vindication of Democratic principles."

OFFICIAL IGNORANCE.

The investigation of the Harlem schoolhouse disaster does not elicit much information except as to the incapacity of the Building Bureau. On this point, however, some rather remarkable evidence cropped out.

Deputy Superintendent of Buildings BUCK was unable to tell promptly the characteristics of good mortar, and Juror MCGREGOR, with apparent justice, declared his education to be sadly neglected.

Supt. D'OENCH did not know how many of his inspectors were "capable of passing an examination on the strength of materials."

What can be said of a building department that is uncertain of its knowledge as to mortar and materials?

Have the political strikers got control of the Bureau?

ANOTHER QUARREL WANTED.

Secretary LAMAR and Commissioner SPARKS are "out" to an extent that induces the former to say that one of them must retire.

This is sad, inasmuch as both are good men and "harmony" is just now at a premium. The consoling fact is that, whichever shall step down and out, the Government will go right on.

And now can't somebody pick a quarrel with GARLAND that will induce him to send a similar ultimatum to the President?

THE INADEQUATE GAMBLING LAW.

The claim that nine-tenths of the business of the Exchanges is quite as much gambling as the bucket-shop dealings is very justly made in the cases before Judge COWING. A recent decision in Chicago substantially took this view.

The difference between bucket-shop operations and speculation in stocks and futures is one of degree and not of kind. It is the difference between penny-ante poker and playing for big stakes. During the first six months of the current year over 840,000,000 bushels of fictitious wheat, one item of a long list, were bought and sold in this city while the genuine sales were only about 45,000,000 bushels.

This may not excuse the picayune gambling of the bucket-shops, but it sharply points out the gross inadequacy and unjust discrimination of the law.

Let gamblers of all stripes come under the ban.

A PLEASING CHANGE.

Three thousand working girls and women in Bridgeport had a clasp of the warm hand and a sight of the winning smile of Mrs. CLEVELAND, while the "society ladies" had to go to the railway station to get a peep at her.

This is a pleasing reversal of the usual order of things. Ordinarily it is the society dames who go to the receptions and the working girls who flock to the station or look out of the windows.

As this is a democratic country, and the President's wife is a democratic woman, and the workers outnumber the idlers more than ten to one, it is quite proper that the "plain people" should come to the front occasionally.

THE ROGUES WOULD REJOICE.

Col. FELLOWS proclaims that he shall conduct the District-Attorney's office in disregard of THE WORLD.

That would be good news to the rogues. How glad CROWLEY, BUDDENSEIK, DE LEON, the Boodle Aldermen and JAKE SHARP would have been to have a public prosecutor who "paid no attention to THE WORLD!"

Not one of these offenders would have been brought to justice if THE WORLD had not hammered away at them, and in several of the cases supplied the evidence.

We have not the slightest doubt that THE WORLD will serve the ends of justice in the same way many times in the future, nor that District-Attorney FELLOWS will indict and prosecute the offenders whom it may expose.

Public duty is stronger than spite.

THE BROADWAY SCHEMERS.

Corporation Counsel O'BRIEN has temporarily blocked the Broadway "L" scheme by a stay of proceedings until the city's appeal is decided.

But the only permanent block to this project will be the hurrying up of the underground road.

The price of the salvation of Broadway from disfigurement is a prompt provision for an adequate increase of rapid-transit facilities.

Is not Broadway worth saving when its sacrifice will be only a temporary expedient?

A REMARKABLE EFFUSION.

The country has rarely been favored with a specimen of grandiloquence at all comparable with the letter of Gen. JACKSON, ex-Minister to Mexico, to ALLEN G. THURMAN.

The Old Roman cannot fail to be staggered by the rhythmic vehemence and the reverberating periods of this extraordinary production. OSSIAN'S "Desolation of Balclutha" pales in comparison. As a terrible alternative to following ex-Senator THURMAN'S sensible advice to drop sectional issues, Gen. JACKSON "would long for that barbaric conscience which would enable me with one movement of a devoted arm to sweep every drop of my blood in the descending generations from the face of the earth."

It is fortunate that Gen. JACKSON has been relieved of the Mexican mission, for there is no surmising what complications might have arisen from a few diplomatic documents in this vein.

A "high-water mark" that was both high and new was reached by THE WORLD yesterday. The circulation was 377,850—the largest ever achieved in one day by any daily newspaper in the world. The circulation books of THE WORLD are always open to the interested public, and publishers and editors are especially invited to inspect them.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S moral ideas have been shocked by some copies of Paris Salon pictures in KNOEDLER'S art store, and the proprietor has been arrested and hauled up before a Police Justice. What a demand there will be for chest protectors for the Venus de Milo, and petticoats, pantalettes and court plaster for other statues and pictures in the art galleries, if ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S notions are to dominate this city!

Gov. OGLESBY can calm any perturbations that may have been caused by the ferocious despatch from alleged Anarchists at Binghamton by reflecting that there is an Inebriate Asylum in that town the inmates of which are not denied use of the mails.

"Move on," is the amusing direction of the eclipsed *Sun* to the booming WORLD. We have "moved on" from a circulation of 15,000 a day to 377,000. If that progress doesn't satisfy you, we will try to go higher. Meanwhile, go on with your crawfishing.

The gentlemen who want the North River bridged say that "the only real difficulty we now see is as to reaching terra firma on the New York side." If it were not for this little obstacle the Atlantic could also be bridged with facility.

Prof. LANGLEY is discussing "the Temperature of the Moon." But, as the Boodlers now seem to be reconciled to the temperature of New York, they do not take much interest in the lecture.

Col. FELLOWS says that he can stand abuse better than flattery. Does he consider his 19,000 plurality in five of the Boodle Aldermen's districts to be flattery or abuse?

"Half a loaf is better than no bread." Open the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday afternoons if you can't give a whole day to the people.

Dakota's motto: Divided we stand.

DRIFT OF SOCIAL AFFAIRS.

MR. APPLETON AND MISS OVINGTON TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK.

The Wedding to Take Place at 69 Willow Street, Brooklyn, Next Wednesday Evening—Four Thousand Invitations Sent Out—How the Bride and Her Attendants Will Be Dressed—Other Society Matters.

EVEN in Egypt every one knows Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, so that the 4,000 invitations that have been sent out for his wedding may be considered to include only his relatives and immediate friends. His marriage with Miss Ovington, of Brooklyn, will take place next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the house of her aunt, Mrs. T. T. Ovington, 69 Willow street, Brooklyn. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale will officiate. The bride-elect, who is very pretty and has charming manners, will wear a white satin gown, with train three yards long. The corsage will be high and trimmed with crepe lisse and orange blossoms. The whole effect is very plain and rich. Worth pronounced it the finest gown that he has made this season.

The diamonds to be worn on the coiffeur and corsage are the groom's gift. Miss Emma Thursby will be the maid of honor. She will wear embroidered crepe du Chine and vere d'eau peau de cole. She, and also the bridesmaids, will wear ornaments of pearls and rubies presented by Mr. Appleton. Miss Rosa Marize, Miss Mary Ovington, a cousin; Miss Frances Curtis, a niece of Mr. Appleton, and Miss Florence Ovington, a cousin of the bride, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Charles Longfellow will be the best man. Mr. Daniel Appleton, Mr. Charles Post, Mr. Henry F. Gillig and Mr. Charles Ovington will be the ushers. The bride will be given away by her father, Mr. E. J. Ovington.

Mrs. Paran Stevens, of 244 Fifth avenue, has not any idea of giving a ball during the winter, as has been announced. Mrs. Stevens entertained Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at dinner on Thursday evening.

Lloyd S. Bryce will give a luncheon on Thanksgiving Day at his country seat at Sands Point to the meet of the Rockaway Fox Hounds.

The ladies are looking forward with much pleasure to a ball soon to be given by Mrs. W. W. Astor. The invitations are not yet out.

A reception and sale will be given at the Brunswick on Dec. 2 by the society known as the Summer Rest.

The Ladies' Outdoor Club, of Staten Island, will give a ball at the Pavilion Hotel on Dec. 3.

The Misses Furniss will pass part of the winter in Washington.

The Misses Lillian and Ethel Piddian will give a Kaffee Klatsch this afternoon at their home, 28 Adams street, Brooklyn.

Cards have been sent out by Mrs. J. F. Plummer for a reception on the afternoon of Dec. 9, to be followed by a dance in the evening at her home, 24 East Fifty-sixth street. Miss Adele Plummer will make her debut.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, although much attached to her husband, dislikes hearing him recite, which he is invariably called upon to do in company, so she will not accompany him to social entertainments.

A luncheon was given this forenoon at 12.30 at the Brunswick by the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association.

The Manhattan Athletic Club will give a musicale this evening. The one given last Saturday evening was very successful.

On Monday evening the Game Association give its first dinner for this season at Pinards.

The marriages of Mr. J. C. Lalor and Miss Sarah Murray, and Mr. P. H. Brundage and Miss Harriet H. Bishop, will take place next Wednesday.

A banquet will be given next Tuesday in honor of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain by the Chamber of Commerce. The day has not yet been fixed for the dinner and reception to be given him by the Canadian Club.

A recent Boston engagement is that of Mr. Cotting, son of C. W. Cotting, and Miss Ruth Thompson, of Beacon street.

Mrs. E. A. Smith and her daughters have returned after a long absence abroad to their home, 226 Madison avenue.

Senator Hawley will pass a portion of his honeymoon with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner at Hartford.

Read the Sunday WORLD—*the brightest, biggest and best.*

MAX O'RELL EXPECTED TO-DAY.

The Critic of English Life and Manners a Passenger on the Germanic.

Max O'Rell, otherwise known as M. Blouet, the author of "John Bull and His Isle," "Friend MacDonald" and "John Bull and His Daughters," is expected to arrive in this city to-day on the steamer Germanic. While here he will deliver a series of lectures. Personally Max O'Rell is a charming gentleman, whose American trip will tend to materially increase his already large circle of friends.

MAX O'RELL.

He has resided in England ever since the termination of the Franco-German war, in which he participated.

His unimpassioned and satirical criticisms of English life have established his reputation as a social critic, and have won for him universal favor. His impressions of this country will be received with much more interest than is allotted the average transatlantic littérateur. His first lecture in this country will be given in Chickering Hall under the management of Major Pond.

NEW THINGS IN GIRDLES.

A light style is of large links of pure white silver.

The heavy twisted cable of pure while silver is popular.

Quite a unique design is of small mussel shells, held together by two rows of silver links.

For those who like antiquities, there are girdles of imitation antique coins, joined by small silver chains.

An expensive style is in oxidized silver, finely wrought, the square ornamented pieces being held together by a number of small chains.

Information for Two Policemen.

Editor of The Evening World:

You would greatly oblige two police officers of the Fourth Precinct by deciding a bet. One claims that a man must be a natural born citizen of the United States and thirty years of age to be eligible to the office of President of the United States. The other claims it is not necessary to be native born, only to be a citizen and fourteen years a resident of the United states. It is to be left to THE EVENING WORLD'S decision.

[A man must be a natural-born citizen, thirty-five years of age, and for fourteen years a resident of the United States.]

TWICE AROUND THE WORLD.

Remarkable Passage of the Clipper Ship William J. Rotch.

Riding at anchor off Liberty Island yesterday was the clipper ship William J. Rotch, of New Bedford, Capt. P. B. Gibbs, which has just completed one of the most remarkable voyages in marine history. The ship left Philadelphia for Hiogo, Japan, about eleven months ago, and sailed 21,400 miles in 137 days. She was unloaded, and a new cargo taken aboard, and June 7 she started homeward and made the return passage, covering 21,137 miles in 150 days. In the round trip she covered a distance equal to nearly twice the circumference of the globe in ten months and twenty-five days, which includes the time of lying in port at Hiogo, and discharging and loading cargoes. While the direct run outward or inward bound is not remarkable, the time in making the round trip is considered wonderful.

The William J. Rotch is a comparatively new ship, having been built in 1881 at Bath, Me., by Goss, Sawyer & Packard, and is a model in the line of clipper vessels. She is of 1,664 tons burden, and rides the sea easily, her sharp-pointed bow cutting the water like a knife. Her masts, seen from the decks, are slim, tapering sticks, but made of the best material found in Maine forests—rough, sturdy timbers that bend before the wind like whips—while her rounded, polished yards, from main to royal, have stood tests of the fiercest gales in eastern and western oceans, and to-day are as strong as when, six years ago, the first sailor ran along their footlines and shook out the bright new sails for the initial voyage.

Her captain is a young man with years of experience in this trade. He was formerly commander of the bark Bessie, which was lost some time ago on the Portland, Ore., bar. Her former commander was George L. Bray, now in command of the clipper ship Francis, and the two men are considered among the best and most prudent officers sailing from New York. The clipper carried on the last passage twenty-one men all told, eighteen before the mast, including the cook and carpenter, and three in the after-cabin. Her under-officers are Clarence Hemeon, first mate, and O. L. Baxter, second mate, both of whom are well qualified by practical knowledge for the dangerous berths that they hold. The vessel is owned by William H. Besse, of New Bedford.

The passage out was rough, but homeward bound, wind and currents favored her. The only sad event that marked the ship's passage was the loss of a Japanese sailor named Isabo Tadasho, who is supposed to have fallen from aloft and into the sea.

Other ships have made remarkably quick passages home, notably the Western Belle, which made the trip from Iloilo, a port almost as distant as Hiogo, in 113 days; but none have covered similar distances under similar circumstances with such despatch.

PETS THAT GO ASTRAY.

The Offering of Rewards Causes the Loss of Many Dogs.

Reward was offered this morning for half a dozen lost dogs. For the past week notices of this kind have been numerous. Two or three have also appeared for lost cats, and one whole-souled citizen, a man above prejudice, advertises for the owner of a black grimalkin which he found and is now playing the host to until she reverts to her lawful possessor. Why this epidemic of lost dog, with occasional symptoms of strayed cat?

A week ago Mrs. Hicks-Lord's white bulldog "Jack" withdrew in the most heartless manner from the range of his mistress's affectionate eye. This probably set the fashion, and the swell dogs felt that the proper caper was to get "lost." Consequently, little innocent Skye terriers, almost too frail and delicate for locomotion, have wandered off into ways unknown. Robust and apoplectic pugs have jogged comfortably away, with an enlarged smile, into the streets they know not of. The lithe collie has loped off and lost its bearings, and the hardy bull, with his gleaming tooth looking like a stitch in a rubber bag, has grimly betaken himself to regions where he is not loved.

The lost dogs have all found their way into the newspapers. The owners of the errant curs have rushed into print and have offered rewards for their return.

This dog movement towards disappearance is so general as to provoke thought on its cause. One reason is obvious in the rewards that are offered. Even a poor, shabby dog, not aristocratic enough to have any specification beyond that of "black and white shaggy dog" in his description, will bring $3 to the finder. A "white Spanish poodle" has a valuable sound, but $5 is all the reward offered. Mrs. Lord will give only $10 for Jack. Alas, poor Jack! here in the column that heartlessly proclaimed you to the public is only a ten-dollar loss; $20 is offered for a "female Skye terrier" and the same for a "rough-coated collie."

Affection has something to do with it. 'Tis better to be prized and lost than never to be prized at all. But it is obviously good business to beguile away some pet dog, feed him on cheap fare for a week, and then pocket $20 for handing him back.

Even cats have taken to straying. Some bereaved female offers a reward for a loved feline who has taken to the street and no longer purrs a love-song on the hearth. The cat wears a blue collar. The next wrinkle in this agony column will be a reward for a kitten.

WATERED SILK WAISTCOATS.

A Device to Relieve the Funereal Black of Men's Evening Dress.

There is a new wrinkle in the dress suit. For years the only thing for a gentleman to appear in at evening social events has been a garb of unrelieved funereal black—"claw-hammer" satin-lined coat, black waistcoat and trousers.

Now the furnishing stores for gentlemen exhibit waistcoats of heavy watered silk in white, black, gold and lilac. They are sold rapidly at $8.

There is rather a ghastly suggestion about them. They look too much like the "proper caper" of a deceased gentleman. It is doubtful if they will supplant the old style. Conservatism in the complete suit of black is deeply based on the sound principle that a gentleman is dressed best when his garb has no pretensions except to richness of material, and perfect fit.

True, it creates a little confusion when servants and masters are commingled on swell occasions, as there are no external marks of difference. The servant may look more distinguished than the master. But then they do not often get mingled, and there is the safety.

Not a Sincere Anarchist.

[*From the Nebraska State Journal.*]

"Did you hear Herr Dinkenspiel's address on anarchy last night?"

"Yes. Grand, wasn't it?"

"Very. It was quite inspiring where he said that the blood of capitalists must flow like water. But I don't believe he's sincere in his love for anarchy."

"Why?"

"I saw him carrying a bundle out of a laundry last night."

Young America.

[*From the Boston Courier.*]

A Boston mother was putting her little one to bed and said:

"I think, Flossie, you are old enough to learn an evening prayer. I'm going to say it for you, and you will repeat it after me."

"Yeth'm," lisped the little one.

"Well, we'll begin. Are you ready?"

"Yeth'm. Let 'er go, Gallagher!"

Welcome News.

[*From the Louisville Courier-Journal.*]

The report that the heat of forest fires in West Virginia is causing trees to bud will be welcome news to many miserable sinners. There may be shade trees in hades.

GIVE THE PEOPLE A CHANCE.

THEY OUGHT TO HAVE SOME GOOD OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The Board of Trustees Feel That the Sunday Opening Will Surely Come—Boston and Philadelphia Have Already Opened Their Museums to the People Seven Days a Week—Views of Prominent Citizens.

THERE seems to be a feeling among the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art that the hour for the Sunday opening will surely come. The number of those who are opposed to admitting the public on that day through religious scruples is restricted to a few.

They are fixed in the idea that to open the Museum would be to violate the Sabbath day. They are not likely to change their manner of thinking.

Others have a position like that taken by Dr. William F. Morgan, rector of St. Thomas's Church, Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street. "I am opposed," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "to opening the Museum on Sundays, because I think that the day should be sanctified. Not that there is anything bad in looking at paintings on Sunday, but if this is conceded other things will be demanded and will follow. The consequences of such an innovation are the feature I object to. I think they would be injurious."

It would do no harm to reflect that Boston and Philadelphia have already opened their museums, and no disastrous results have ensued, nor has the tone of Boston morality been lowered since thousands of her citizens have devoted a portion of the afternoon on Sunday to looking at the rich treasures of the Art Museum on the "Back Bay."

That New York has allowed Boston to anticipate her in an action redounding so much to the well being of the community has to be accounted for in some way. It does not require the subtle penetration of Poe to work down to the reason.

The existence of the Metropolitan Museum is due to the disinterested efforts of a few wealthy gentlemen. They gave liberally; they worked more liberally. Undoubtedly they merit the gratitude of the citizens of New York. Their efforts and devotion were something to be proud of, although until within the past year the Metropolitan Museum was not an object of unqualified approbation to the cultivated citizen.

These generous promoters of the spirit of art and culture are those most opposed to the Sunday opening. Their coadjutors in the Board of Trustees are influenced by a consideration of the worth of their colleagues so far as to decline antagonizing them.

Moreover, there are several bequests which will eventually come to the Metropolitan. The Sunday opening would possibly block these off. One of the museums in the Park has already suffered through something of this kind.

"We depend on money to run the thing, and it is only reasonable to avoid what would reduce the Museum's revenues," said a prominent trustee, who denied the use of his name, to an EVENING WORLD reporter. "I think that the majority are inclined to open, and that it will come. Why, at the January meeting, Mr. Morris K. Jesup figured up the expense of the Sunday opening, and said that if the city would assume the expense the trustees would acquiesce in this innovation. It would require some $10,000 a year at least. Men have to be paid double on Sunday, the cases have to be cleaned and the rooms swept after an exhibition day, and more guards would be needed to prevent the loss of any objects."

The reporter called on Mr. John Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, one of the trustees. "I am opposed to the Sunday opening," he said. "I doubt if it would be a privilege that the people would avail themselves of so eagerly. It is a measure that would add to the expenses on the one hand, and might cut short the base of supplies on the other. I do not believe that the good of the Museum should be sacrificed to the clamor for a doubtful good. My opposition is not based on religious scruples."

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, in reply to the reporter's inquiry as to the feeling against opening on Sunday, said: "Doubtless the question of extra expenditure, which would be considerable, has some effect on the Trustees. As to expressing my own personal feeling in the matter, I think, as a trustee, that it would be more proper to make it known at a meeting of that body by my vote. The matter is under consideration and will doubtless meet with proper attention. You must excuse me from the public expression of my views."

See the Sunday WORLD *for an autobiographical sketch by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Historian Bancroft on a Stroll.

[*Washington Correspondence Utica Observer.*]

Just at this time down the avenue and through this moving throng walked a straight old man. He was six feet tall and as thin as a devil's darning-needle, but his flesh appeared to be as solid as jerked beef and his step was a springy one. He wore a tall silk hat upon his head of frosted silver and a snow-white, patriarchal beard fell upon upon his chest. He looked in front of him, as though proud of his strength, through a pair of brave blue eyes, and his cane seemed to spurn the asphalt as he trod upon it. It was George Bancroft, ex-member of President Polk's cabinet, for more than fifty years the leading historian of the United States, and now wherever he goes the observed of all observers. A whisper went through the crowd of "There is Bancroft," and not a few wondered to see the old historian taking a walk amid such dangers. Bicycles wheeled in and out about. Three lines of Herdic cabs met at the station through which he was marching, and there seemed to be dangers to the right of him and dangers to the left of him, but on through this valley of life marched the great Bancroft. He was in the centre of the street and he seemed to court notice rather than to shun it. The vehicles made way for him and he passed on through safely. He seems to grow livelier and tougher as he grows older.

Knew all She Wanted.

[*From the Washington Critic.*]

"Where have you been, Mr. Boosby?" asked an irate wife early in the morning.

"Bin out watchin' the leckshun returns."

"Humph! That's a nice occupation for a man like you."

"My dear, don't you care nuzzhin' 'bout er (hic) plitical sitshashun? Yo ought to know 'bout zhe returns."

"I know all I want to about election returns. In your case they mean return home drunk every time. Now take off your boots and keep quiet, or I'll call ma."

He'd Always Have One.

[*From the St. Paul Globe.*]

Husband—My dear, I'm thinking strongly of joining the Elks.

Wife—Why don't you?

"Would you object?"

"No, indeed, I really wish you would."

"Why are you so anxious?"

"Because if you were an Elk, when we go to the theatre you wouldn't have to go out between the acts to get a horn."

Why They Never Speak Now.

[*From the Philadelphia Call.*]

Miss Wallflower—Yes, I like to dance now, although I confess that when I was a girl I detested it.

Miss Youngblood—Of course, I understand that, dear. One can't be ruled by the prejudices of forty years ago.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

She Is Only a Bud at Twenty and Usually Marries Late.

[*New Orleans Picayune's Boston Letter.*]

The Boston society girl, as a rule, does not marry young. In this hyperborean climate the female of our species blossoms late. At twenty she is simply a bud, and she does not fairly bloom until she is three or four years older. In cold countries women, like vegetable growth, develop slowly. Here it is winter eight months in the year, and there is small chance for anything to sprout. At sweet sixteen the sprightly maiden of our modern Athens is in pinafores. At nineteen she is still in short dresses, going to school; for this is the English style, you know, and whatever is British "goes" in this town. If she is a younger sister, her servitude in the nursery is well-nigh hopeless. But even after she has emerged from the chrysalis or immaturity into the condition of the fashionable butterfly her education is incontinently continued. In the intervals of social dissipation she is obliged to attend all sorts of lectures on the most abstruse subjects. She pursues eccentric courses of reading and acquires an intimate knowledge of strange religions and out-of-the-way philosophies. In classes with others of her sex she occupies her time in cultivating the arts and sciences. Thus she is able to attain a degree of mental superiority which renders it possible for her to look down with immeasurable contempt upon her fellow-creatures in pantaloons. In case she does not marry, this scorn of the inferior masculine gender is likely to be steadily and progressively aggravated with advancing years.

I have observed with pain that Boston women generally seem to consider it quite the thing to look down upon the men. It is very hard. I really cannot imagine why it is. But they do. It appears to be the fashion here to regard the male animal of the genus homo as rather a necessary evil than otherwise. As a producer of money he is useful, but in all else not particularly desirable. If available as a partner in marriage, he receives the attention due to such a rarity; but once disposed of matrimonially, he lapses into the forlorn condition of other Benedicts, who pass their time when not engaged in business lounging about the clubs, while their wives are busy forwarding the work of societies for the advancement of human knowledge in various branches. I was talking the other day with a fair acquaintance of mine about the recently announced engagement of a girl we both knew. "What sort of a fellow is the prospective husband?" I asked.

"Oh, harmless," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders which was evidently intended to express a conviction that a non-interfering disposition was the best thing to be expected in a man.

At any rate, this is the view entertained by the typical young woman of our enlightened metropolis. She marries late, if at all, because the young men—originally too few in number to supply the market—must struggle long and hard in this overcrowded community before they find themselves in a position to support a family. I would strongly advise the Boston girl to "go West," and seek a refuge from old maidenhood in far Dakota or Montana, where anything in petticoats is at a premium.

The Duke of Marlborough's impressions of the American public will be told in the Sunday WORLD.

How They Execute Men in Paris.

[*From the London Telegraph.*]

The condemned murderer in France is informed when the Court of Cassation rejects his appeal; but he always has the hope that the President will pardon him, and on the strength of this hope most of the condemned remain comparatively tranquil. When the final day arrives the convict is awakened by the warden about half an hour before the time is set for the execution. The strait-jacket is removed and his ordinary clothes given him. Then he is bound hand and foot by two of the headsman's aides and afterward left alone with the priest a few moments, unless the services of this ecclesiastic are declined.

From the condemned's cell he is taken to a dimly lighted room called the toilet chamber; here, seated on a stool, he listens to the prayers recited aloud by the priest, while one of the aides cuts the hair from the back of the neck and the collar from the shirt. He is ready! Supported by two aides and accompanied by the executioner, the priest and the other officials, the condemned marches out, the two outside doors fly open, and the guillotine, surrounded by the military and the police, greets his eye. Arrived at the bascule the executioner and his aides push him against the swinging plank; he falls so that his neck fits into the lower half of the moon-shaped socket, the upper half of which is immediately lowered; the executioner touches a spring, the knife falls with a sharp sound, the head drops into the tub, a little stream of blood gushes out from the trunk and justice is satisfied.

The whole operation takes less than half a minute. The headless body is slid into the willow basket, the head is placed between the legs and the basket is put into a wagon that has been waiting two hours for its burden. Escorted by a squad of gendarmes and followed by a priest in a modest cab the train gallops off to the Ivry Cemetery, three or four miles away, where a part of the inclosure, called the turnip field, is reserved for the burial of executed criminals. When the body is not claimed it is immediately exhumed and given to the medical school.

The Big Horn Swarms With Deer.

[*From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*]

In a word, the Big Horn Mountains are fairly swarming with game. Deer are there galore, also elk and mountain-sheep, and bear, too, for that matter, if anyone cares to go in after the toughest of all mountain customers. Deer in this country average from 250 to 300 pounds. To hunt them successfully requires some knowledge of their habits, but the following general rules will serve and help out considerably until the novice has had a few misdom teeth cut and missed a few score of the animals—more or less. Their mating season is late in the fall, along about October or early in November, when their horns became hardened and they go racing around through the woods in pursuit of the fleeing does. This is a dangerous time to attack, for the bucks are exceedingly belligerent, and will fight hard and long, even though only slightly wounded.

In the Big Horn Mountains the deer and elk have regular runways to water, which they follow year in and year out. Does a lazy Indian need venison for supper, he merely stations himself at or near one of these runways, and waits for his prey to come along. Pretty soon the graceful creature comes bounding into view, the redskin utters a soft bleat or whistle, the deer pauses a moment in astonishment, and the next minute falls dead in his tracks.

Odd Things to Ornament the House.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

Pretty much every sort of thing is utilized, if one may say so, for mural decoration nowadays. Warming-pans, rugs, fishing nets, all get there, and it must be confessed when "the touch" is happy, the effect produced is by no means outre; it is simply unconventional and original in an artistic sense. The latest "ornaments" to come before the public are quaint and obsolete musical instruments. From all accounts there is to be a run on that branch of art, and old drums even may soon be in requisition. Violins and 'cellos are in demand already, but the former are usually too valuable to be relegated to wall decoration, and the latter too large and cumbrous for ordinary apartments. Nevertheless, I saw a 'cello at a musical instrument maker's last week which is to be "hung upon the outer wall" of a spacious hall not very far away. It is a regular old veteran, this 'cello, not at all distinguished in appearance, but when it is put in order, and receives some much needed varnish, it will look "musical" enough to deceive Mr. Giese himself. It is certainly a curious indication of taste, but if trophies of ancient arms and weapons are admired for decoration there is no good reason why the more gentle instruments of torture should be debarred from playing a part in household comedy. The only joke would be, if no one in the establishment came under the category of musical, and could not tell one note from another.

Overheard on a Ferry-Boat.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"What is that, mama?"

"Liberty Enlightening the World, my dear."

"Is Liberty always a woman?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do women enlighten the world?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh!"

A Business View of It.

[*From Puck.*]

Miss Vawse (from Bawstine)—Which do you like the better, Mr. Miller, winter or spring?

Mr. Miller (from Minneapolis)—Well, a good hard No. 1 spring grinds pretty well and there's the most money in it, but, after all, give me the regular old-fashioned winter wheat that ain't growed any and I'll guarantee you the best flour every time.

Sour Grapes.

[*From the Boston Budget.*]

I thought her the fairest of creatures,
The day our acquaintance began;
But learned very plain was her features,
Ere time had marked out a year's span.
For you see a man's vision doth clarify so,
When his suit is denied by a maiden's firm "no."

NEWS ABOUT THE THEATRES.

AMERICAN COMEDY STARS TO MAKE A TOUR OF AUSTRALIA.

Evans and Hoey's Plans With "A Parlor Match"—Gerster Due To-Morrow—Another Recruit for the Stage from the Drawing-Room—Dixey's Trip to California—McKee Rankin to Do a Battle Scene.

THE company playing "A Parlor Match," with Messrs. Evans and Hoey as stars, under the management of Harry Mann, and now working its way to New York by easy stages, so as to be able to play at the Grand Opera-House during Thanksgiving week, will start in the middle of April for Australia. This will be the first time that American "comedy stars" have "touched" that country. Their tour in Australia will be watched with considerable interest by managers here. The success of Evans and Hoey may pave the way for other popular farce comedies and American combinations. The entire organization, numbering eighteen people, will make this trip. The company has been very prosperous for the past three years, Evans, Hoey and Harry Mann having cleared nearly $100,000, jointly. Evans and Hoey started some four years ago in a play called "The Book Agent," which was only fairly successful. They "combined" with Harry Mann, and arranged with Hoyt to rewrite "The Book Agent," which he did, calling it "A Parlor Match." A great deal of the success these gentlemen have made is due to the fact that they have stayed together, which is very rarely the case with successful comedians.

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Tumblers are to be culled from Barnum's circus to execute the gorilla dance to be introduced in the production of "She" at Niblo's this month. This play, it is said, will combine the spectacular with the melodramatic. The management pride themselves upon the weird and improbable situations and effects which they intend to show.

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It is said that both Miss Mary Anderson and Coquelin will appear at Wallack's, and not at the Star Theatre, next season, although this has not been definitely announced; and that, during the time they tenant that house, its regular company will make a tour of the principal cities.

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Mme. Etelka Gerster is due in this city to-morrow. The steamer Blackbird, with a number of Mme. Gerster's friends on board, will go down the bay to meet her, at the invitation of Manager Henry E. Abbey.

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Miss Alice Hamilton, a charming young woman from the standpoint of an attractive personality, will probably make her début in Miss Marlowe's company, playing a small part. Miss Hamilton is the daughter of an officer in the regular United States Army. She is making the leap from the drawing-room to the stage in the now approved style.

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Arthur Wallack and C. A. Byrne, after christening the play they have sold to A. M. Palmer "Coward Conscience," have discovered that this is the title of a book, so they have changed the name to "Remorse." They are now at work upon another to be called "Guilt."

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Charles Rice has left New York to join Henry E. Dixey in his journey across the country to the Pacific slope. Mr. Dixey will have a special "observation" car. He will play in only two towns before reaching San Francisco, to wit, Lincoln, Neb., and Omaha, and that for the sake of breaking his journey. In San Francisco he will play five weeks at the Baldwin. Dixey, when travelling, always has the car loaded with fresh flowers. He has reached that stage when he can afford to be eccentric.

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McKee Rankin is rapidly completing his arrangements for the production of "Macbeth" in Brooklyn on Nov. 28. He will present the play to a metropolitan audience at Niblo's for four weeks in January. The towns will be extensively lithographed, and Mr. Rankin is especially proud of a picture representing the three witches. There will be a battle scene in "Macbeth," which the managers say will be as attractive as the battle of Agincourt in "Henry V."

The trained nurses of the city and the noble work they are doing, will be delightfully described in the Sunday WORLD.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

They are apparently having fine weather out in Kansas, for the Valley Falls *New Era* remarks: "The individual that would kick about this weather would turn up his nose at the best seat in the dress circle in Paradise."

Otto Maas, a drug clerk in Blair, Neb., has received notice from the German Government to return to the Fatherland and serve his time in the army. Maas has been in the United States for nearly four years, and is debating whether to regard the notice or not.

The poem by Opie Reed entitled "De Cotton am Picked," which appeared in the last number of *Harper's Magazine*, was accepted and paid for by the editor of the magazine five years ago. The grists which go into the magazines are apparently ground exceeding slow sometimes.

Father Heinau, pastor of St. Joseph's German Catholic Church, in East Mauch Chunk, Pa., has declared war on bustles. He brands them as unsightly and immoral, and threatens that unless the women of his congregation abandon them he will request them not to attend the church.

Burglars who entered the house of a Pole in St. Louis cut open a sock containing a Bible and a Mosaic charm against evil written on a long strip of parchment. They were arrested while attempting to escape, and say that they were frightened away by the charm, which gave them a shock when they touched it.

The mystery of a belled buzzard, which has long puzzled the people of Bug