

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 4. SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage) PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50. VOL. 28.....NO. 9,754.

Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

Table showing circulation figures for The Evening World. Monday: 96,380; Tuesday: 97,480; Wednesday: 99,800; Thursday: 99,910; Friday: 100,350; Saturday: 99,660. Average for the entire month of April: 100,930.

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

SAVING THE HALF HOLIDAY. The biggest petition ever presented to Gov. Hill will be that which THE EVENING WORLD's representative will take to Albany tomorrow, asking him to veto the bankers' bill for cutting off two-thirds of the working people's half holidays.

Many thousand signatures have come through the mails, under a two-cent stamp, upon slips cut from THE WORLD. When men and women take this trouble it shows that they are in earnest.

If the privilege of the tollers shall be curtailed, it cannot be claimed that it was because they do not prize the half holiday. But we have every reason to expect a veto.

LOCATING THE DANGER. The ordinary way of discovering a dangerous point in the electric wires in this city is to have somebody killed by it.

The victim is then put underground, the wires continue above ground, the newspapers exclaim, the authorities shirk and the twelve hours' wonder is over.

THE WORLD this morning locates the danger in a different way. It followed some of the wire circuits from start to finish, and points out the spots where death is lurking for his unwary victims. By word and picture it exposes the traps.

What controls the Board of Electrical Control—ironically so called?

GRIM TRONY. The Labor people put considerable grim attire into their humor, when they propose to employ Lobbyist Phillips to put through the Legislature bills in their interest.

He could perhaps do it—but he is commonly on the side of the heaviest purse, and the heaviest purse is always opposed to legislation in the interest of Labor.

The Labor leaders do not believe in bribery. They were simply expressing their opinion of the Legislature.

WAR IN CHICAGO. There is trouble brewing in Chicago—a big caldron of it, bubbling hot and strong as the witches' broth in "Macbeth."

The Philadelphia syndicate that has absorbed all the street-car lines in the Western metropolis, has issued an order that hereafter all conductors must wear white shirts—"boiled," starched and laundered linen.

No wonder that this tyrannical paternalism has caused a commotion among the fare-takers. Chicago has advanced somewhat beyond the point where a "boiled shirt" is considered an evidence of effeminacy and stuck-up-ness. But that car conductors should be compelled to emulate the style of dudes and dry-goods clerks is the hardest blow they have yet received from the monopoly.

In shooting himself because MARY WERNER wouldn't marry him, MILTON BIBBY showed at least one grain of reason. These fanatic lovers quite commonly persist in shooting also the object of their desire. If a man will make "worm's meat" of himself because he can't get one woman out of a million, he ought to "go it alone."

Again the gallant police are to be credited with life-saving service. JOHN A. FINNAN deserves one of the brightest of the new medals for his brave conduct in rescuing Mrs. HELLER, her child and servant, at the Third Avenue fire yesterday, and Roundsmen SHERMAN another for his gallant action at the Seventh Avenue blaze.

If the city authorities permit the Standard Gas Company to build any more tanks for the storage of dangerous oils or gases, after the exposures made by THE WORLD, they will become responsible for the great destruction of property and loss of life that will surely result from this reckless policy.

The good Methodist brother who thinks that he has been threatened with assassination for opposing the admission of women delegates to the General Conference may calm his fears. Has he never heard of the letter-writing crank?

Uncle HARRY HATCH has bought a bedstead at auction. Does he expect to be "laid out" soon?

Chief ANTHONY insists that the Burlington strike is still on. But as all the trains are on

also, it would seem to be a case of striking at the air. Next to knowing when to strike, knowledge of when to stop striking is valuable.

Cream of the Starlets. Trout, \$1 a pound. Bass, 15 cents a pound. Parsley, 5 cents a bunch. Scallops, 6 cents a quart. Flounders, 8 cents a pound. Layer fish, 30 cents a pound. Newbees, 10 cents a bunch. Frog's legs, 40 cents a pound. New carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Beans, 15 cents; peas, 15 cents. Head-supper, 10 cents a pound. Yellow bananas, 25 to 40 cents. Best prunes, 30 cents a pound. Codfish tongues, 15 cents a pound. Kennebec salmon, 15 cents a pound. Fresh green peas, 35 cents a half-peck. Nice large strawberries, 35 to 50 cents a quart.

TELEGRAPHERS AT 854 BROADWAY.

Hugo Kirsch, tube chief, is very popular. Frank Lantry holds the position of nocturnal delivery clerk. Frank Collins, delivery clerk, uses a pen with lightning-like rapidity. H. Hegerman shyly presides over the destiny of the A. D. T. at 854 Broadway. D. Skelton holds the important position of inspector of the Second District of the A. D. T. Frank Nilan, receiving clerk, sports a diamond ring of which he is the electric light. Frank Connelly, night-key pounder, is an old attaché of the company. He is highly esteemed. Mike Raynes, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at 854 Broadway, is one of the youngest managers in the business.

THEY HAUNT THE CIVIL COURTS.

James Dunphy has been in the Second District Civil Court for over thirteen years. Louis G. Bruns, who is clerk in the First District Court, somewhat resembles his chief, Justice Norton.

Civil Justice Michael J. Norton, who presides over the First District Civil Court, was brought to this country before he was a year old. He is now serving on his second six-year term.

Civil Justice Charles M. Clancy has already served twelve years, and is now on his third term. He wears a sandy mustache, and is the fortunate possessor of a growth of many days' stubble.

W. W. Vaughn is the stenographer in the courtroom of the corner of Chambers and Centre streets. He is one of the oldest men in the business, having had over twenty years' experience.

WORLDLINGS.

A giant poplar tree, that measured 11 feet 8 inches in diameter at the base and was 240 feet high, was recently felled near Taylorville, O. It is estimated that it will yield 30,000 feet of lumber.

Mrs. S. A. Holly, of Augusta, Ga., has a relic that she prizes in a pair of scissors which her father used in cutting out a suit of clothes for Gen. George Washington, just after he had entered upon his first term as President.

Senator Farwell, of Illinois, has a prominent place among book collectors in the West. He owns a very large miscellaneous library that is particularly rich in Bibles and in Americana. He is a very fond of books and a great reader.

Frank Collins, employed by the American Express Company at St. Cloud, Minn., will probably smoke a pipe hereafter. The other day he lit a cigar, and finding it would not draw, cut it in two and discovered a small cartridge in the middle.

Senator Palmer's favorite home is a log cabin that sits perched on the top of Fortune Hill, on his Michigan farm. With an elegant home in Washington and another in Detroit, the senator and his wife seek this cabin with eager steps and leave it with regret.

An advertisement in a Virginia City (Nev.) newspaper reads: "Do you drink? If you do, come to my saloon and prove by your own taste that I keep the best liquors in the whole town. D—n the number, because if you call once you will always recollect my place."

Mr. Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, has one of the finest collections of Bibles in this country, surpassed by none unless it be that in the Lenox Library. Among others, he has Wycliffe's and the Bishop Bibles, and those strange examples of errors in printing known as the "Wicked," the "Vinegar" and the "Breeches" Bibles.

Hannah Weston, a full-blooded Plandour Indian woman living in Moody County, Dak., is reported to be one hundred and eighty years old. She was a child of six when the Revolutionary war broke out. Her father was a chief who fought with the English, and a silver medal which he received from King George III. is still in Mrs. Weston's possession.

Samuel Magoffin, who died at Barrett's Station, in Missouri, recently at an advanced age, was a pioneer settler in the State and one of the adventurous spirits that aided in its development. He laid the foundation of his large fortune early in the thirties, when he engaged in trade with Mexico, transporting his merchandise by means of ox-teams, and meeting with many exciting adventures. He has a brother, Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky.

In 1879 Frank Bonson, a clerk in a commission house in Macon, Ga., scrawled a few words in pencil on the cover of a box of eggs that was packed for shipment to a distant village in Georgia, remote from the railroad. He is now in business for himself, and last week, in removing the lid from a box of eggs received from another part of the State, he was surprised to see on the reverse side the identical words he had written nine years ago.

To Hold the Entire World.

The great New York World, the largest affair of its kind in the world, has recently purchased at a cost of \$600,000 French's Hotel in New York City. Editor Pulitzer will erect in the near future, at a cost of a million dollars, a mammoth edition of the site which, strange to say, will be made large enough to contain the whole of THE WORLD.

Written on Hotel Books.

The St. James will provide meals for George Urdand, of Buffalo, to-day. Capt. Higbee, of the United States Marines, on shore can be found at the Gilsey. The Astor's stationery will be used to-day by Fred M. H. of St. Louis, and D. T. Larkin, of West Hill, N. Y.

Putting up at the Hotel Demar, Wm. B. Costa, of Danbury; J. L. Carson, of New Haven, and James E. Lotthrop, of Dover, N. H.

Among the latest arrivals at the Fifth Avenue are Congressman John H. Cannon, of Lyons, N. Y., and N. N. Walker, of Wilkville, O.

It is Benham, who knows all about military tactics, and who lives in 8-Benedict, and R. H. Blair, of Buffalo, are at the Grand Hotel.

The city of Montreal has one of its prominent citizens at the Hotel Brunsvick. John A. Fell is the gentleman. He is accompanied by his wife, Leonard Wood, of the United States Army, and M. H. Colony, of Denver, Col., who take a peep at New York life to-day. They are at the Brunswick.

Isaac P. Gragg, who runs over to this city quite frequently from Boston, and ex-Senator William W. Cropp, of New Bedford, Mass., are at the Windsor Hotel.

Stopping at the Morton House are James C. Clark, of Boston; D. S. Haislett, of Boston; W. H. Geddes, of Rochester, and E. B. Taylor, of Philadelphia.

Far away from their homes in Portland, Ore., and San Francisco are G. W. Hunt and A. C. Livingston, who will try the social comfort of the Hoffman House for a time.

The Union Square Hotel arrivals include Thomas W. Manchester, of Providence; George Campbell, of Philadelphia; M. E. Harris, of Hartford, and Josiah Cook, of Buffalo.

A safe, sure cure for scabies and colds. ADAMSON'S BOYBIO BALM. KIDNEY, 20th St., 6th Ave.

AN UNTIMELY KID; OR, A Rescue Fraught with Danger.

By JOSEPH F. M'GILL, Chief of Third Battalion, F. D. N. Y.



SOME women can faint over anything. There are some occasions, however, when most any woman would faint. At a fire the women folk are too frightened and feel the need of getting away to a place of safety too much to faint.

It is harder to get a woman from a burning building than it is to remove a man from one. The man doesn't need so much help, and, of course, he is not, as a rule, so paralyzed by fear. He will do what he is told, and can get down a ladder or the like with more ease than a woman can. A woman does not feel at ease on a ladder. It takes a great deal of coaxing to get her safely down.

The greatest trouble I ever had in helping a woman get down a ladder from a burning building was while I was in command of Hook and Ladder No. 10, a large five-story building on Vesey street, near the corner of Church, was on fire. When we arrived on the scene the flames were pretty well under way.

It was a business house. Naturally, there is not so much danger to human life here as the building on fire is one devoted to business purposes and not one that is used as a place of residence. There are no people to get out of the house, and if any one is killed or hurt it will be a fireman.



I GOT HER OUT ON THE LADDER. Nearly all the large business buildings, however, have a janitor who lives in them. He is frequently a married man, and very often will have a family of several children. In this event they have to get out of the building in case of fire.

What makes it harder is that the janitor has his rooms on the top floor of the building. Nice, bright, pleasant rooms they are very often. Being so high up, there is plenty of air and sunshine, and a first-rate view. But in case of fire it is not the best thing in the world to live in the top story of a six or seven storied building.

In this building on Vesey street the janitor lived on the fifth floor. But he and his wife had managed to make their way down to the third floor. They were standing at the window, with the smoke coming out of the room behind them. The woman was screaming for help. She was terribly frightened. The man was scared enough, but was much cooler than his wife.

They were told to stay there and not jump, and that in a moment or two help would be extended to them. The ladder was raised against the walls and I went up. The man got on the ladder and got down to the ground by himself. As he was getting by me he whispered:

"Look out for my wife. You'll have to be careful. She is scared to death, and she sometimes has fits." The woman was pale and nervous enough, but she was standing there all right. I got her out on to the ladder and began to go down. I told her what to do, and looked to see that she got her feet on the rungs. She was a woman who weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, I should think.

We were getting down as well as we could and as quickly, and had reached about the middle of the ladder. Suddenly she began to twitch and her legs and arms stiffened. Then they began to move convulsively, and she loosened her grip on the ladder. The woman had got a fit!

It is hard enough for any one—man or woman or child to have a fit. But it is worse to have a woman with a fit than a man. When she gets her fit in a room with sofas and chairs on which she can lie, or else the roomy expanse of the floor furnishes her with an opportunity to go through it without endangering the bystanders by her movements, it is unpleasant enough. But for a woman to get a fit when she is half-way down a ladder that reaches to the third story, it is about as troublesome a thing as can happen.

The man who has charge of her at such a time is not to be envied. I know I would have given my place to anybody that wanted it. But there was no choice in the matter. I was there, half-way down the ladder, when she fell into the fit.

Concluded to-morrow.



Longest Legs He Ever Saw. (From Texas Springs.) Being a little full, Jones climbs into his house the usual way, so as not to wake his wife. Village Policeman—A Great Scott! Here's a burglar with legs ten feet long!

Riker's Expectant. For the positive cure of coughs, colds, etc., is beyond question the very best article in existence. So sure is it of its efficacy that they agree to return the money if it does not cure you within a bottle. Prepared only by Wm. H. Riker & Son, Druggists, 107 Nassau Street, New York. Price per bottle (last of the series) 41 cents. Free by mail (last of the series) 41 cents. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having RIKER'S EXPECTANT, and you are sure of cure. Sold almost everywhere.

FOR THE 1,000 GUINEAS STAKE.

The Seventy-fifth Race Won by Briar-Root at Newmarket To-Day. (BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.) LONDON, May 4.—The seventy-fifth race for the 1,000 Guinea stake was run at Newmarket to-day. This is a race exclusively for three-year-old fillies, and, like the 2,000 Guinea, is run over the Rowley mile. The other conditions are £100 each for starters, and half forfeit for the others, the second to receive £200 out of the stakes, and the third to save its stake; to carry 124 pounds each. The stake closed Nov. 2, 1886, with sixty-four subscribers.

The race resulted in the success of Mr. Douglas Baird's filly Briar-Root, by Spring-bell, out of Eglentyne, she by Hermit, Lord Cathorpe's Seabreeze, by Isomony, out of St. Marguerite, was second, and Mr. C. Perkins's Belle Mahone, by Uncas, out of Jenny Howlet, third.

Briar-Root was bred by the Queen at the Royal Palace, Hampton Court, from whence she was sold a yearling to Mr. Baird in June, 1886, for 800 guineas. She was trained by James Ryan at Newmarket and signalled her debut last year by winning the rich Whitenside Plate of £4,700 at Manchester on June 3, when she beat a field of eighteen, including the Duke of Portland's Ayreshire, the winner of the 2,000 Guinea on Walsleyway, who was third. Briar-Root ran in three other races without winning—viz: Third to Satiety for the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, was beaten by a length for the Colla Two-Year-Old Plate at Ayr, in Scotland, in September, only the two starting, and fourth to Juggler for the Knowles Nursery Stakes at Liverpool in November. Briar-Root is well engaged this year, including the Oaks, at Epsom, on the 1st prox; the Coronation, at Ascot; the Nassau, at Goodwood; and a dozen other valuable stakes, including the £11,000 stake at Manchester in the autumn.

Seabreeze, the second, has been looked upon as an animal of much higher class than Briar-Root. She having won five out of ten races last year, including the Biennial, at Ascot; the Ham, at Goodwood; the Buckingham, Boscevan and Triennial Produce at Newmarket, while on the occasions of defeat she was three times second to Fria's Balsam and third to Galore and Anarch.

TOOK PRUSSIC ACID FOR WHISKEY. Mrs. McCormack Poisons Herself and Her Husband is Arrested, Both by Mistake. Hugh McCormack and Kate, his wife, left their two children with relatives in Devonshire, England, a year ago, and came to America to better their fortunes. They lived in a rear room, up one flight of stairs, at 26 Catharine street, and McCormack worked as a canvasser for fire stations. They were happy and hopeful that they might be able to send for their little ones ere long.

Mrs. McCormack had been suffering from cramps, and last night her husband called in the neighborhood women of the house while he went for a doctor. His wife had taken a dose of prussic acid left by men who repaired a water pipe early in the spring, mistaking it for ketchup. She was vomiting and Hugh was frightened.

At a little after midnight, by the advice of friends, he notified Policeman Peter S. Farney, who was on duty in Catharine street, that his wife had taken poison. Farney reported at the Oak street station, an ambulance was sent for and the sufferer was taken to Chambers Street Hospital, where she expired before the doctor had taken her pulse, and she had taken a dose of prussic acid. The husband is in the Tombs.

They Were Bath Honest. (From Jack.) Uncle Sam (who has been to the city before)—Now, Emeline, you'll see some fun. That's what they call a steam fire-engine. You wouldn't think that this thing is a fire engine, would you? Aunt Emeline—Eben, I think you're falsehoofed!

The Post Hunt. (From the Washington Critic.) Now ride they slow, now ride they fast, And cut they many a caper; They break the track and they break their necks To catch a slip of paper. They speed along, o'er road and field, They jump the gates and fences, They break the fence and they break the fence, They care not for expense. They strike the farmer's new-ploughed patch, They headlong need delaying, And what the farmer's outcry is they heed, No man would say was praying. At last they run the whole course through, And stop at the end of the road. Collect around the dashing group, And murmur "Big-ty, ligh-ty." Then Greger winds his mellow horn, And shouts at the top of his voice, And for a fox's tail he hush He gives them diamond brooches. And it is well that he does this—In pretty little boxes—They're nice, and besides it saves The wear and tear on foxes.

Immense Crowd. Yesterday was the opening of the great consolidated double sale of four large wholesale firms in the two large double stores 787 and 789 Broadway, corner of the Third street. The crowd was so great it was necessary to call on the police force. Hundreds were turned away unable to get near the entrance to the two immense stores on account of the tremendous throng of eager purchasers. Everybody appeared to be satisfied they had secured some of the greatest bargains ever before offered in New York. Every one had some good goods being offered, and it was estimated that the total amount of goods sold was over \$1,000,000 worth of goods and clothing and other articles. The goods were sold at a very low price. The goods were sold at a very low price. The goods were sold at a very low price.

POVERTY'S PORT OF REFUGE.

A MORNING WITH SEVERAL AFTER CHARITY OR CORRECTION. Samples of Tales of Distress Poured Into the Sympathizing Ear of Supt. Blake—Many Frauds, But Plenty of Deserving Cases—Candidates for the Workhouse in the Line—Queer Phases of Life.



HERE is no reason for concealing it. To be frank, the Charities and Correction Building is at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Eleventh street. When an EVENING WORLD reporter shut the door of the Eleventh street entrance he found himself in a big room, remarkable particularly for the height. The only things that broke the painful expanse of the wall were the lofty windows. About the room were seated a number of clerks, several of whom were occupying their leisure moments with big books. In the northwest corner is a curious little nook. In this nook is Supt. Blake. Mr. Blake is a large-hearted, kind man, with a pleasant face. In addition to his pleasant face he wears a brown beard. The reporter crept in behind him and watched the people who came to him for charity or correction.

An intelligent, heavy-muscled policeman ushered the unfortunate up to Mr. Blake, and quells riots with an imperious glance. The settees around the room were occupied by men, women and children, clean and unclean, respectable and otherwise, sick, lame, blind, in tears or smiles, of various nationalities and of all degrees of poverty. They were waiting their turn to be brought before the Superintendent and make known their wants for shoes, or a coat, or a hat.

The first one to come under Mr. Blake's notice was an aged tramp. There was no mistaking the fact that he was a tramp. His hair and beard were almost white, his eyes were dim, and his thin form as if even they were ashamed of their surroundings. A torn and soiled broad-brimmed hat sat on his head and his extensive feet were inclosed in apologetic shoes.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" said Supt. Blake, kindly. "I want to go to the island," came in husky tones from the tramp. "Have you any home or friends?" "No." "Any money?" "A smile it up the tramp's face, and in a twinkling he was gone, as if he was running over the names of a few safe-deposit companies and banks he said: "Um—er—no."

He then turned to the Superintendent when he was told that he was a fitting candidate for the almshouse. A good-looking young woman with a babe in her arms now faces the Superintendent. She is not seeking charity; correction is all she asks, and she proposes to have it bestowed upon her husband.

"My name is Annie Smith," she calmly said, "and my husband's name is George. My home is 517 West Fifty-second street. I have been married two years and a half." "How many children?" asks the Superintendent. "Two. Last week my husband deserted me—he has several times before—and I want a warrant for his arrest."

Her application was granted and she left evidently contented. "How are you, Mr. Quinn?" says Mr. Blake. He is speaking to a neatly dressed blind man. The blind poor of this city are entitled to a year at taxpayers' expense, and they show up with remarkable regularity. But they fully deserve this modest income.

"Pied g'me, boddie, g'f medcin'," is what an elderly Irish woman asks. "I have never heard the Irish tongue before. It's very musical," remarked the reporter to Mr. Blake. "That's not the Irish language, young man. The woman has a cold and said: 'Please give me a bottle of cough medicine.'"

It is a case of years of training to be able to understand an elderly Irish woman with a bad cold. A man who looked very much like Fatty Walsh was the next to face the Superintendent. "I want a permit to get an old lady into the Almshouse."

"What relation is she to you?" "A cousin. She came from Canada a few years ago and is poor and helpless." "What will have to appear in person?" "She's that? Do you mean to say that she's got to come; way down here from Harlem?" "Yes, sir."

The man, with an angry look, departed. "We have to be very careful about such cases," said the Superintendent. "He may be a good man, but he is poor and helpless and his wife. If it is as he states she will be sent back to Canada."

Two elderly women—one stout, the other thin—were the next applicants. "Oh, sir," says the thin one in a whining tone, "heaven will bless you if you give me a home and my friend, Mr. Reilly. We have no money, friends or home." "How old are you, my good woman?" asks Mr. Blake. "I am forty-seven this spring, and my friend is sixty."

"Well, your friend can go to the Almshouse and you to the Workhouse." They step down, and soon the thin woman returns, coughing like one possessed. "I am (cough) not able (fit of coughing) to do a stroke of work (cough). Won't you please to send me (coughing spell) to Almshouse? I'm in terrible bad health."

Mr. Blake smiles, and concludes to let her have her own way. "That's an old trick," he remarks. "She was a healthy woman only three minutes ago, but it won't do to separate the old cronies." "Who is this dignified-looking man, George, through the wire covering? He is tall and his classical features are partly hidden by a week's growth of beard. He looks like a played-out actor.

"How do you do, sir?" he says in a deep voice, as he coldly bows to Mr. Blake. "How are you? What do you wish?" "Which? Well, I would like to have a home."

"On the island?" "Um—er—yes—yes." He speaks as if condescending to do Mr. Blake a great favor. "You have no home, friends or money?" "Nothing at all, sir, I assure you." "Well, we will provide a home for you."

"Very kind; very kind, indeed," and he steps down as if he owned the building. A good-looking woman neatly dressed takes his place. She speaks with an English accent and very correctly. "I arrived in New York last Saturday," she states, "and gave my luggage to an expressman. He gave me a receipt. I have not heard of the luggage since. Here is the receipt. I am unacquainted in this city and have no money. My home is in Washington Territory. Can I get any help here, sir?" "Oh, yes," says the superintendent; "we will send you back to Washington Territory. I do not wish charity, sir. I have friends in Boston, if I could only reach them."

AN IMPORTANT REPORT.

Eminent Physicians Give Glad Tidings to the People. What They Discovered and How This Discovery Is of Immense Benefit to Humanity.

Several of the most eminent physicians of this country have made an important medical report which is of the utmost importance to the people. These well known physicians—six in number, located in different cities—make the following report: "We find that Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic does not contain narcotics of any kind, nor any injurious or poisonous drugs. On the contrary, it is a pure vegetable and harmless remedy, made from health-restoring plants and herbs marvelous in their nerve-investigating and strength-restoring properties and wonderful in curing nervous debility. It is the best, purest and most efficacious remedy known, and is a safe, safe and positive cure for all nervous diseases."

The individual opinions of these eminent medical gentlemen in regard to Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic are as follows: "I have used it for several years, and I have found it a perfect and complete cure for those suffering from all forms of nervous troubles, sleeplessness, headache, nervous weakness and debility."

C. D. Carpenter, M. D., of Cleveland, O., a leading specialist in nervous diseases by medical authority, writes the Central Ohio Hospital for the Insane, said: "I have never seen or used any remedy that would give the grand results and perfect cures that are obtained through Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic."

H. M. Bennett, M. D., one of New York's most prominent physicians, stated: "I unhesitatingly pronounce Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic the most valuable remedy for the nerves I have ever used."

Henry Peffer, M. D., another of New York's eminent physicians, writes as follows: "I have used it for those suffering from all forms of nervous troubles, sleeplessness, headache, nervous weakness and debility."

C. F. Starkweather, M. D., the great Baltimore nerve specialist, writes: "Experience has fully proven that Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic calms, strengthens and fortifies the brain and nervous system, without producing the disastrous reaction so generally following the use of nerve tonics."

E. G. Wheeler, M. D., of Middlefield, Mass., a physician of fifty years' practice, enthusiastically says: "It perfectly cures debilitated conditions and thoroughly fortifies the nervous system. I have never seen its equal."

It will be seen that the report of the physicians is unanimous and established by medical authority. The fact that Dr. Green's Nervous Nerve Tonic is what the public has long regarded it, the best tonic, invigorator and restorative in existence and the most wonderful nerve cure ever discovered. It also establishes the fact that it is a perfectly safe remedy to use, and it may be given to restless infants, weak and nervous children or the most delicate invalids with absolute certainty of cure.

It may be purchased at any drug store at \$1.00 per bottle, and therefore is within the reach of any sufferer from nervous disease, who can find in its use a safe, perfect and complete cure.

to have the boy, who is suffering with brain fever, admitted to a hospital. Her request is granted. A half a dozen people are given permission to see friends in the public institutions on Randall's Island. All have been attended to but one—a middle-aged woman.

"Bring that lady up here," says Mr. Blake. The officer escorts her to the railing, where she tells her story. "My husband, sir, has deserted me," she begins. "I have no friends or a home, and what's worse, no money. I have a boy seven years old and a baby girl. Can't we get a place to sleep and something to eat?"

"Yes, we will look after you. What was your husband's business?" "He was a steam-fitter, but has been out of employment for some time. The strikes and one thing or other have kept him from earning enough to support us, and now" she wipes away a tear—"he is gone and we are penniless."

"Don't you worry one bit, my dear, you and your children will be taken care of." "God bless you, sir," is all she says, and she starts down. "I tell you what, young man," says Mr. Blake, "there is a case where charity is not misplaced. But they are not all as deserving as this."

If kind words and a helping hand alleviate the sufferings of the homeless who seek for charity from the city, Supt. Blake is a veritable Good Samaritan.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER. An Amusing Loss. (From Texas Springs.) A man who looked very much like Fatty Walsh was the next to face the Superintendent. "I want a permit to get an old lady into the Almshouse."

"What relation is she to you?" "A cousin. She came from Canada a few years ago and is poor and helpless." "What will have to appear in person?" "She's that? Do you mean to say that she's got to come; way down here from Harlem?" "Yes, sir."

The man, with an angry look, departed. "We have to be very careful about such cases," said the Superintendent. "He may be a good man, but he is poor and helpless and his wife. If it is as he states she will be sent back to Canada."

Two elderly women—one stout, the other thin—were the next applicants. "Oh, sir," says the thin one in a whining tone, "heaven will bless you if you give me a home and my friend, Mr. Reilly. We have no money, friends or home." "How old are you, my good woman?" asks Mr. Blake. "I am forty-seven this spring, and my friend is sixty."

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