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THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.

We, the undersigned Advertising Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amounts of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the

Average No. of WORLDS Printed Daily from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated, viz.:

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed)

GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., DAUCHY & Co., J. H. BATES, GOODRICH & HULL, E. N. ERICKSON, JNO. F. PHILLIPS & Co., M. HEIMERDINGER, A. A. ANDERSON.

Circulation Books Always Open.

RELEASED.

The tragically pathetic reign of Emperor FREDERICK III. is over. Death was to him a relief from mental anguish and bodily suffering such as few men have been called upon to endure.

To live for thirty years in daily sight of a crown and sceptre destined for him, and then to reign but three months, always within the shadow of death—this was, indeed, the irony of fate.

FREDERICK'S death is a great loss to his country, which is more than can be truly said when most monarchs die. He had felt the spirit of the age. He was not afraid of progress. He loved his people.

Children of the German Fatherland everywhere will mourn the sad fate of "Unser FRITZ."

THE OLD STORY.

"Handsome, wayward, witty, fond of admiration and very much averse to any kind of work."

This is a friend's description of pretty MINNA KLOTZ in her innocent girlhood in Germany.

"The once beautiful MINNA lies in a rough deal-box, beneath scarce three feet of sod and just a foot above another corpse, in the poor's lot of Pleasant Valley Grove Cemetery."

This is THE WORLD reporter's description of the end of the handsome, wayward, witty girl who was fond of admiration and averse to work.

It is the old, old story: Reckless love, elopement, living by the wits, and by something worse, degradation, despair, suicide, a pauper's grave. His signboard ought to be plain enough for all to read.

MAY THEY MULTIPLY!

Working girls' club-houses, we mean, after the order of the one in Hoboken, pictured and described in this morning's WORLD.

There ought to be such an institution in every town where many working girls are doomed to live in boarding-houses or in homes that are too poor to afford the comforts and educative appliances that associated effort can supply. And in every great city there could be no better moral and social influence thrown around the homeless girls than these club-houses would furnish.

Rich women with benevolent impulses ought to look into this new method of "lending a hand" to their less favored sisters.

What JOHN M. WARD doesn't know about the science of ball playing there is nobody else capable of teaching. The chapter on "The Shortstop," published from Mr. WARD's book by special permission in THE EVENING WORLD to-day, is valuable to professionals and amateurs, and of interest to all lovers of the game.

Mr. BLAINE is gathering flowers in the lovely English country-side, while his apprehensive rivals are gathering chestnuts from his three declinations, in the roasting hotel corridors at Chicago. Who wouldn't rather be BLAINE?

The new head of the Department of Labor is to be a Commissioner, not a Secretary—corresponding in rank with the Commissioner of Agriculture, but having a much more important work to do.

The Suburban race yesterday showed again how easy it is to drop money on the "right horse" and to win it on the "wrong horse" if your luck is better than other people's tips or judgment.

Old Prob's consent to put on lighter flannels will no longer be awaited by impatient individuals. This is sure-enough summer.

Local News Condensed.

The body of a man about fifty years of age was picked up off the Battery by Capt. Lockwood, of the tug-boat Stella, and sent to the Morgue.

Coroner Eidman was this morning notified of the death, at the Gouverneur Hospital, of Pincus Seidle, who shot himself through the head yesterday at 98 East Houston street.

The Staten Island Rapid Transit Company has issued 500 invitations for the trial trip of its new ferry-boat, Robert Garrett, to be made two weeks hence. The company will not accept the vessel until after the trial race.

Joseph Lake, an old watchman, was charged at Essex Market Court to-day with a brutal assault last night on Mrs. Frida Rabenstein, of 48 Allen street, on the dock at the foot of Delancey street, where he is employed. He was held in $2,000 bail for examination.

Michael Caulfield, of 142 West Fifty-second street, was found on the Boulevard at Sixty-eighth street last night suffering from a sprained ankle and several bruises on his body. He was unable to tell how he received his injuries and was sent to the Sixty-ninth street Hospital.

SEEN ON MARKET STANDS.

Pompano, 25 cents.
Egg plant, 25 cents.
Asparagus, 25 cents.
Peas, 50 cents a peck.
Striped bass, 25 cents.
Cucumbers, 1 cent each.
Lettuce, 5 cents a head.
Muskmelons, 30 to 40 cents.
Watermelons, 50 to 75 cents.
Plums, 20 cents a small box.
Frogs' legs, 50 cents a pound.
Pineapples, 15 to 25 cents each.
Bananas, 30 to 60 cents a dozen.
Blood oranges, 60 cents a dozen.
White oxhearts, 25 cents a pound.
Apricots, $1.25 a three-quart box.
Whortleberries, 20 cents a quart.
Kennebec salmon, 25 cents a pound.
Brook trout, 90 cents for cultivated; wild, 75 cents.
Spanish mackerel, 40 cents; fresh, 18 cents a pound.
Georgia peaches, 50 cents a dozen; Californias, 60 cents.

A large sunfish (*Mola Rotunda*), caught at the Fishing Banks by the engineer of Capt. Al Foster's steamer Angler, was on exhibition this morning at Blackford's.

BLOWN FROM BROOKLYN.

John Surnoff, the artist, plays a good game of billiards.

George Roach is daily expected home from his wedding tour.

William Renn is an enthusiastic admirer of all sporting events.

Jules Colburg's cigar-store is a popular "hang-out" for the boys.

Walter Dolane, the composer, is at work on a new set of waltzes.

Charlie Bonawitz is one of the most popular Fulton street tailors.

Walter Campbell is known among his friends as "the laughing winner and the chronic loser."

Walter Edwards works a transformation scene with his diamonds. One night you see them and the next you don't.

WHITE WINGS.

The schooner yacht Elma, formerly the sloop Priscilla, has been towed down from City Island and will make her first public appearance in her new rig at the regatta of the New York Yacht Club next Thursday.

The annual regatta of the Yonkers Yacht Club, June 26, will be the most notable in the history of the club. In addition to a very large entry of the club yachts, there is to be a special prize for outside sloops of the Eurydice class. The accompanying steamer will leave the Yonkers Dock at 10 A. M.

The annual Corinthian race of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, which is to be sailed June 23, is to be an extensive affair. Over $1,500 is offered in prizes, and the yachts, with the exception of the larger classes, must be manned and sailed exclusively by amateurs. The start is to be off buoy No. 18 (off the Bay Ridge dock) and the finish off buoy No. 15, below the Narrows. Entries, with list of Corinthian crew, their occupations and addresses, must be made to Louis P. Bayard, 167 Broadway.

WORLDLINGS.

John Bright, the great English statesman, is now seventy-seven years old. For some time past he has been in ill health, and his rugged form has become visibly bowed beneath the weight of years.

A St. Louis physician says that the quinine habit is gaining strength among the people every year, and that many cases of deafness are produced by overdoses of the drug and by the long-continued use of it.

Judge Thurman is a much wealthier man than people generally suppose, having a fortune of $500,000. It is nearly all in real property, and was acquired partly through judicious investments and partly through his wife.

An Iowa woman who is making a name for herself as a poet is Mrs. Jessie Wilson Manning, of Chariton. She has made verses since her childhood, and some of the more ambitious poetry of her mature years is highly commended.

Ex-Gov. Alger, of Michigan, was left an orphan at the age of eleven, with a younger brother and sister to care for. He spent seven years on a farm and then read law in an Akron office, supporting himself by doing chores about his employer's house and barn.

The most remarkable negro in Tennessee in point of ability is Samuel A. McElwee, of Haywood county. He is the recognized political leader of his race in the State, and an eloquent speaker and a forcible debater. He is finely educated, although when the war closed he could not read.

Nearly all the James River Valley, in Dakota, is owned by Richard Sykes, an Englishman. He is one of the largest alien land owners in the country, and besides his Dakota possessions has acquired thousands of broad acres in Iowa. The town of Sykeston, Dak., is named after him.

In the conservatory at Jay Gould's home, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, there are not fewer than four hundred varieties of palms and tree ferns, besides a vast collection of smaller plants. The rose-house, which is perhaps the most delightful part of the conservatory, is filled with the finest summer and winter roses to be found in the United States.

Tried Anarchist Most's Dodge.

Thomas Kennedy, aged twenty-three, stole $16 from the till in Theresa Schulizer's grocery store at 136 Orchard street last night.

Escaping from the store, Kennedy fled into a tenement close by, donned a woman's wrapper and hid himself under a bed, where he was found by Detectives Mulleane and Connor. At Essex Market to-day he was held for trial.

Doctors Visiting the Tenements.

The warm weather has started the summer corps of visiting physicians into activity. Some of them began a regular inspection of tenement-houses this morning. Next week forty-three others will be sent out, and the city will be districted by Dr. Edson.

Hotel Registers To-Day.

Fred Colburn, of Virginia, and D. D. Shattuck, of Frisco, are stopping at the Sturtevant.

Baron Von Zedewitz, of the German Legation at Washington, is stopping at the Albemarle.

John Cessna, ex-Congressman from Pennsylvania, is enjoying downtown life at the Astor.

J. F. Olive, of Syracuse, and Samuel Chandler, from the Cream City of Wisconsin, are a couple of the new names on the register at the St. James.

The freedom of the Grand Hotel is being enjoyed by Pay Director G. E. Thornton, U. S. N., and H. G. Knight ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

Observed at the Hotel Dam, J. W. Rowe, of Boston; R. W. Reynolds, Fall River; Harry Keans, of Baltimore; McKee Wing, of Glens Falls.

At the Union Square Hotel are noticed L. G. Swett, of Boston; T. R. Bartley, of Liverpool; William H. Crowe, of Cohasset; Harry W. Eaton, of Boston.

Among the guests at the Morton House are L. Hollingsmith, of London; A. A. Harsman, of Lowell, Frank Smith, of Newark; J. J. Goodman, of Tarrytown.

Some new faces at the Fifth avenue are W. M. Tenney, of Minnespolis; W. Scott Carrington, of Richmond, and Congressman William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania.

Arrivals at the Hoffman House include Lieut.-Gov. Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Philip B. Thompson, jr., of Kentucky, and David Viskira, of New Jersey.

The Gilsey House registry this morning included C. N. Haley, of Atlanta, Ga.; W. S. Kimball, of cigarette fame, Rochester, and ex-Congressman E. Kirk Hart, of Albion.

W. T. Rabbits, of London; Theo. Butterfield, General Passenger Agent R., W. and O. RR., and F. W. Cheney, the silk manufacturer of Manchester, are quartered at the Hotel Brunswick.

THE SHORTSTOP.

His Important Duties on the Diamond.

By

JOHN M. WARD.

(From His New Book on Baseball, Published by Special Arrangement.)

Originally, it is said, the shortstop's chief function was as tender to the pitcher, though this soon became an unimportant feature of his work. The possibilities of the position as a factor in field play were early developed; such fielders as George Wright and Dick Pearce soon showed that it could be made one of the most important of the infield. But the same legislation which almost crowded the third baseman out of the game affected materially the shortstop's work, and it is only within the past couple of years that he has regained his former prominent place.

During 1887 there was more hitting to short than to any other infield position; though

J. M. WARD.

the second basemen averaged more "total chances," on account of a greater number of "put-outs," the "assists" were in favor of the shortstop.

The conception of the position has also undergone some changes, and when, therefore, I say that the position is now played more effectively than ever, it is not to assert that the players of the present are better than those of the past, but simply that these changes have been in the line of improvement, that the shortstop now makes plays never thought of in former years—in short, that the development of the position has kept pace with the rest of the game.

In the early days shortstop was played on the base line from second to third, or even several feet inside the diamond; now it is played from ten to twenty and sometimes thirty feet back of the line. The result is a vast increase in the amount of territory covered; hits are now fielded on either side which once were easily safe; short flies to the outfield, which formerly fell between the in and out fielders, are now, many of them, caught; the shortstop backs up the second and third bases, helps "hold" a runner on second, and, on a throw from pitcher or catcher, the second base is covered by him almost as often as by the baseman himself. Playing so much further from the batter, he will make more errors; he can seldom fumble a hit and still make the play; his throw to first is longer, and must therefore be swifter and more accurate; but for these disadvantages to himself he is repaid many fold by an increased usefulness to his team. All these features together make the position very different from what it was some years ago, and in point of effectiveness it has undoubtedly been improved.

A shortstop should be a player of more than ordinary suppleness and activity. He has a large amount of ground to cover; he has to field sharply hit balls on either side, and must therefore be able to start and stop quickly; he is often obliged to stoop, recover himself, and throw while running, and so has no time to get his feet tangled. Moreover, his presence is often required at widely separated portions of the field, with very brief intervals allowed him for making the change. He may have to field a hit to first from near second base, and at once, in continuation of the same play, back up third on the return of the ball from first base. Or, from a close infield position one moment he may be called the next to far left field to assist in the return of a long hit. So that he needs to be awake all the time and able to transfer himself without delay to that part of the field in which his services are required. On account of the length of his throw to first base and because he is often expected to assist in the return of a long hit to the outfield he should be a good, hard thrower. He should also be able to throw from any posture, because there are occasions when he has no time to straighten up and pull himself together before throwing.

In chances for skilful plays and the employment of judgment, shortstop is second to no other position on the infield. He is tied to no base, but is at liberty to go anywhere he may be most needed, and he is thus able to make himself very useful at times in plays altogether out of his position proper. But to make the best use of these advantages he must be possessed of some intelligence and a wit quick enough to see the point and act before the opportunity has passed. Brains are as much a necessity in baseball as in any other profession. The best ball-players are the most intelligent, though, of course, natural intelligence is here meant, and not necessarily that which is derived from books.

The proper place for the shortstop to play will be governed always by the particular circumstances, as explained in the preceding chapters with reference to other infielders. If there are no runners on the bases, regard for the batter alone will determine, but if there are runners, this fact and the situation of the game must be taken into consideration. A glance at the diagram of the field given in chapter 1 will show the usual position of all the fielders, but from these points they may greatly vary. If the batter generally hits along the left foul line the shortstop will play nearer the third baseman, and if, on the other hand, the batter hits towards right field the shortstop will move towards second, even going so far as to be directly back of the pitcher, the entire infield, of course, moving around correspondingly.

If the batter is a heavy runner, the shortstop may play a deep field, because he will still have sufficient time to get the ball to first; and so, also, if there is a runner on first, he may play well back, because his throw then, on a hit, is only to second base. If he is covering second base either to catch a runner from first or to hold a runner on second who has already reached there, he must play near enough to the base to be able to receive the throw. Or, if the attempt is to be made to cut off at the plate a runner trying to score on a sacrifice hit, he will play on the base-line or a few feet inside the diamond.

All infielders, as well as outfielders, should be willingly guided as to the position to play by a signal from the pitcher. The latter, knowing what kind of ball he is going to give the batsman to hit, is best able to judge beforehand of the direction of the hit.

The shortstop should cover second base in all cases where there is a runner on first and the batter is one likely to hit to right field. This allows the second baseman to guard the territory between second and first, which he would not otherwise be able to do, and if the ball is hit to him he throws to the shortstop at second, forcing out the runner from first.

He should also guard second when there is a runner on that base and the baseman is obliged to play well off for a hit towards right field. Of course, he does not play on the base, but near enough to be able to reach it if the pitcher or catcher wishes to throw there.

(Concluded To-morrow.)

BALLAD OF THE BANDANNA.

Farmer Flatfoot hastened home
And called his goodwife, "Hanner."
"Mother, when you was cleanin' house
'D ye see my old bandanner?
By the holy shades of Andrew Jack!
I'm a-goin' ter wave it now,
It's lain aroun' for thirty year,
But she'll flutter now, I vow."

Then he raised a number thirteen foot
And dropped it on the floor.
The dishes rattled, the house cat spat,
The dog sneaked out the door.
The good wife looked her husband o'er
With keen, suspicious eye;
Then said: "Now, Philo, what you had—
Hard cider or old rye?"

"Pshaw! neither, mother. Come right here
And smell my breath," quoth he.
"But Allen Thurman's goin' ter be
Vice-President, you see;
And I'm a-goin' ter sot the style
Around this town ter-day,
And swing my old bandanner
For Thurman. Hip! Hooray!

"And every moss-back Democrat
That lives fur miles around
Will have one 'fore the evenin',
If thar's one to be found;
For Allen Thurman is a name
That we old fellows love.
He's wiser than a sarpint
And harmless as a dove.

"And we're a-goin' ter 'lect him,
With old bandanners flyin';
He'll make some rascals pretty sick,
There ain't no use denyin'.
'Twill make 'em tumble quicker than
The peel of a bananner,
Ter see Al Thurman sailin' in
Wavin' his bandanner.

"I hain't felt so excited, now,
I really don't know when.
No, 'taint hard cider, mother,
Ye needn't smell again;
But Allen Thurman's been my man
Fur forty years, I say,
And I'm a-goin' ter raise the ruf,
Hip! hip! Hooray! Hooray!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have written the above for THE EVENING WORLD, as expressing the emotion which dwells in the breast of many an old patriot in the "rural districts," to-day, over Thurman's nomination. Yours truly,

New Haven, Conn. W. E. PENNY.

PHASES OF CITY LIFE.

There is an unpretentious hotel downtown where the human-nature student could keep busy. Queer people they are, some of them, who stop there. Characters who have travelled unbeaten paths and brushed against life in so many different forms that they are marked with an interesting and oftentimes charming personality. An old gentleman from Harlem has been going to this place for the last ten years. He has retired from active business, and every day from 8 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M., except for the little time he takes at his meals in the restaurant underneath, he occupies himself with a clay pipe and the different files of newspapers. Occasionally he will take a turn in the general conversation. Especially does he like to get into an argument with a white-bearded doctor who inhabits the place. The doctor loves to linger with an old magazine telling about the war of 1812 and the days of the "Forty-niner." He is also retired, but will give his friends health pointers for nothing.

* * *

The most eccentric baker in town, a broken-down "sport," the man from up country with original ideas on the tariff, the party with the invention and a fortune in the future, an Indian medicine man and the general all-around crank are some other attractions of this hostelry. Last, but not least, is the boss clerk—a keen observer of mankind and a real good old-fashioned fellow. He smiles and complies when asked to furnish a hammer for the neighboring merchant, directs envelopes with pleasure paints signs for the restaurant, visits former guests now in the hospital, trots out after a railroad ticket for any of the help who are going away, will show a stranger the sights, picks up boys on the streets without a home and tries to make them good, cheers up the lonely individual far away from home, finds time to tell a funny story, occasionally goes to the theatre, visits friends in Jersey, belongs to several clubs and is a deputy sheriff, notary public, commissioner of deeds and the model manager of a big-paying hotel.

* * *

One of the most exciting shooting matches about town for a long time took place in one of the big galleries uptown the other night. The standard decimal target was used and 210 was the highest score possible. When each of the contestants had had his turn it was found that there were four ties, 207 having been made by S. P. Lazarrus, the publisher; Charles Mehlig, a young dentist; H. C. Starkweather and E. Castel Bert, the artist. Of course they had to shoot off. Mr. Lazarus won the prize, a handsome gold medal and the others winning golden opinions.

* * *

The latest addition to the "put in the nickel" weighing machine is a music box and printing register attachment. As soon as you have duly deposited your little "ti-pence" and stepped on the scales, the band strikes up and after the tune is finished a bell rings and out pops a little card telling the day of the month and how much you weigh. A young man tried it twice on Saturday "before and after taking" luncheon. One-half pound more was the second result, and the young man, who had only eaten a piece of pie and drunk a glass of milk, couldn't understand the difference.

To Shout for Cleveland and Thurman.

The County Democracy committee appointed to arrange for a public mass-meeting to ratify the Democratic national ticket and platform met yesterday at the New Amsterdam Club and settled upon June 28 as the date and the Academy of Music and Nilsson Hall as the place for such meeting. Col. Michael C. Murphy was elected Chairman of the committee and will have charge of all arrangements. The list of speakers will be announced later.

PAINTERS

Condition and Prospects of the Trade in New York.

Achievements and Successes of Their Union.

By

EDWARD CONKLIN,

Delegate to the Central Labor Union from Progressive Painters' Union No. 1.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

In writing this article for THE EVENING WORLD I do not pretend to speak for all the painters in New York City, but simply for the organization of which I am a member.

THE PROGRESSIVE PAINTERS' UNION.

Progressive Painters No. 1 was organized Sept. 14, 1883, in Progress Hall, Third avenue and Fifty-second street. We have met with a fair share of success in our struggle for an existence, and, without the least feeling of conceit, I must say we have pushed our way to the front and consider our organization second to none in the grand aggregation now engaged in the battle to uphold the rights of labor organizations and to teach that an injury to one is the concern of all.

There are branches of the United Brotherhood of Progressive Painters in Harlem and in Canal street, this city; one in Brooklyn, one in Williamsburg, one in Jersey City and one in Hoboken. So much for our organization and its branches.

NUMBERS AND DISTRIBUTION.

The best information we have gives about seven thousand painters in the city, with probably one thousand "floaters"—that is, men from the outside cities who make a habit of working here when trade is busy. Of this number there are in the neighborhood of 5,000 or a little over in organizations. A great many of those are slack in their attendance at meetings, but on the whole the painters of New York are as well organized as any other in the building line, and are all the time pushing ahead.

STRIKES AND WAGES.

We have had no general strike of the trade since November, 1886, and that did not amount to much. It came from a difference between the men and their bosses as to the time that should constitute a day's work in the three winter months. It was settled by the men going to work in some cases eight hours for $3.12; but in all the old-established shops the regular rate was lived up to—that is, $3.50 per day of nine hours, except Saturday, on which eight hours is a day's work. There has not been any disagreement since except in some individual cases, and they are usually settled by our walking delegate, Mr. John G. Jones, whose persuasive eloquence none can withstand.

OBNOXIOUS MIDDLEMEN.

I wish I could say as much for the majority of the real-estate agents of this city. They are the stumbling-block in the way of workingmen in our trade. They are the middlemen between the owners and the boss painters, often demanding 5 per cent., and in some cases as high as 10 per cent., for which they do nothing. This makes the owner grumble at the size of the bill. The boss also grumbles at the sum he has to give up for the privilege of doing the work, while the agent goes to church on Sunday and says: "Give us this day our daily commission."

If house-owners would only study this question and do business with reputable bosses they would get better work for less money, and there would be more satisfaction all around.

There are other abuses that at this time I can't enumerate, as I have not the time. We have not much time to write the history of our organizations when we work every day and in the evenings attend some meeting to encourage others in the work in which we are engaged.

HEALTHINESS OF THE TRADE.

The average life of a painter is about forty years, which proves that the trade is as healthy as any other in the building line. We have a number of strong and healthy members of sixty years of age and over and plenty from fifty to sixty. When bosses see a man with gray hair or wearing glasses, they cannot, with all their humanity, resist the temptation to try and hire him cheap, but our older members are the most faithful.

There are some few of our bosses who take a special delight in reducing wages on the slightest pretext. For example, when work is dull in the winter and jobs are few.

SIX IDLE MONTHS.

And here I hope the readers of THE EVENING WORLD will remember that the average time that the painters of New York make is less than six months of the year. A man calls in a shop and asks for a job. He is told "There is no show this morning, but you might drop in in a day or so." The poor fellow is delighted, and visions of a turkey float before his eyes. He calls the second time, and is told that he can have a job if he will work for, say 50 cents below the regular scale.

A FEW NIGGARDLY EMPLOYERS.

What can he do? Here is a man taking advantage of the unfortunate position the man is in. Do not think for a moment that this is general, for it is not. I am glad to say, indeed, that it is the exception. South of Fifty-ninth street we have very little trouble, although the man that does the work in the City Hall, County Court-House, the public baths and considerable other public work has at times hard work to collect enough to pay his hands full wages. I do not say that he does not, but I have heard at times that he had men working for less than the union rate.

But in spite of all drawbacks this organization of painters in New York will live and flourish long after those small-fry have passed away.

True Sagacity.

[From Puck.]

"Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel: "why, how stupid of you!"

"If you'd ever heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction: "you'd think it was everlasting smart of me."

Thousands

who have taken it with benefit testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N.Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1 [illegible] or $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE SUBURBAN RESULT.

It Surprised All the Sporting Men and Tended to Centralize Wealth.

The all-absorbing theme for conversation at the sporting resorts in this city to-day was the surprising result of yesterday's Suburban. The men who staked their money on the favorites were less enthusiastic than before the race, but now and then a man was found who had named Elkwood for a winner or a place, and he was possessed of a broad smile and a plethoric pocketbook.

The men who were accounted the best judges as to the result of the race were the heaviest losers yesterday.

The friends of Terra Cotta, the Chicago horse, were persistent in their claim to-day that if the Dwyers had not, at the last moment, decided to start Joe Cotton, thereby depriving the Chicago Stable of McLaughlin as a rider for Terra Cotta, the latter horse would have won the race.

Pat Sheedy said to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD this morning that the Suburban beat all the races he ever witnessed.

"The scene presented at Sheepshead Bay," said Mr. Sheedy, "was indescribable. Everybody had money and everybody wanted to stake it. Hundreds were unable to place their money, and doubtless the majority of those who failed of any opportunity to do so are congratulating themselves to-day."

William E. Dean, a great admirer of blooded horses and a man who was born under a lucky star, smiled pleasantly when accosted by a reporter this morning. He acknowledged that yesterday's great racing event resulted contrary to his expectations. He gave the facetious opinion that it was unjust to take so much money from the great majority of sporting men and cram it into the pockets of the few who selected Elkwood as their favorite.

A sporting man at the Hoffman House said this morning that among the men who staked heavily on Firenzi and lost were Billy Edwards and a half-dozen of his intimate acquaintances.

Nothing but the big Suburban was talked of at the Morton House, and it was refreshing as a summer's breeze to hear Chief Clerk Harrison Downs tell how he raked in $1,85 in the day.

He had $20 each way on Elkwood, and he hit every race but the first.

If there is any man in Brooklyn who placed his money on Elkwood yesterday he is keeping himself quiet.

A BABY LEFT IN MADISON SQUARE.

Mr. Frank Work Surprised by His Butler This Morning.

Mr. Frank Work's butler astonished that gentleman at breakfast this morning by telling him that a girl baby had been left at his house, 13 Madison square, at 9.30 last evening. It had been discovered by one of the maid-servants and promptly shipped off to Matron Webb's nursery at Police Headquarters.

Nobody knows who left the child, but about 9.30 o'clock a neatly dressed young woman of twenty-five was seen in Madison Square. She was without an escort, but carried a little bundle in her arms. Occasionally she would stop in her restless walk and look all about her, and then she would walk quickly on again.

She is supposed to have descended two stone steps leading towards the basement door and deposited her bundle in a corner on the cold stone.

Mr. Work's cook and chambermaid, who had been away, returned, and just as they were going into the basement door Mary Donohue, the chambermaid, saw something black crouched down in the corner. Both women hurried into the house and told the butler what they had seen, and he started off for a policeman.

Policeman Rhinehart opened the bundle, in which was a girl baby wrapped in a shawl along with a nursing bottle nearly full of milk.

The baby was first taken to the Thirtieth street station-house and from there to Police Headquarters, where it was given to Matron Webb, who this morning sent it to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

The baby was dressed in a woollen dress, a flannel and a white petticoat and had on a knit cap in which was strung a red ribbon.

Policeman Rhinehart says it is two months old, but the matron at Headquarters says it is four. It is quite robust and appeared to be of German extraction.

JAY GOULD WON'T HURRY.

He Is Admiring Southern Scenery at Present, and Wall Street Must Wait.

Regardless of what Wall street thinks, Jay Gould has evidently determined not to return home till it suits his convenience so to do. Yesterday he was admiring the scenery in the vicinity of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and he found the locality so attractive that he decided to remain over there another day with his son, Edward. He has never before visited that part of Virginia.

George Gould said this morning to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD: "I do not know exactly what my father's plans are, but from the last word that he sent me I do not expect him to return to this city before Saturday evening. He will probably go direct to Irvington, and will not be at his office until Monday morning."

Mr. Gould's house on Fifth avenue is closed.

COLLEGE-TRAINED INDIANS.

Forty Sioux Students from Hampton Stop Briefly in New York.

Among the passengers on the steamer Old Dominion, which arrived from Norfolk, Va., this morning, were about forty Sioux Indians from the Hampton Agricultural College, of Hampton, Va.

They were bound for the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, where they will be placed on farms.

After disembarking they were taken to Central Park, where they spent some hours.

"This is the tenth yearly visit," said Gen. Armstrong, in charge of the party, to an EVENING WORLD reporter.

The Indian boys were all dressed in a semi-military uniform, while the girls were clad in ordinary costume. Miss Cornell, one of the college teachers, accompanied them.

Notes About Organized Labor.

The strike of brickmakers at Verplanck's Landing on the Hudson continues.

The Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union will meet to-night at 145 Eighth street.

The Anti-Convict Labor League will hold a mass-meeting in Cooper Union Hall on Monday night.

The Saturday half-holiday has been conceded to the employees in many of the furniture manufactories.

The Plumbers' Union will give its picnic and games at Brommer's Park to-morrow afternoon and evening.

Type founders are to hold a meeting at Philadelphia to form a new National Assembly of the Knights of Labor.

A charter has been granted to the new National Assembly of the Knights of Labor formed by carriage and wagon makers.

International Progressive Cigarmakers' Union No. 90 will have a picnic and summer-night's festival at Phœnix Park, Aug. 25.

The 100 employees in Hartung's furniture factory in East Twenty-second street, are locked out because they refused to work ten hours a day.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will make a lecture tour through New England, beginning next week.

The skylight and cornice-makers of Brendel & May's shop, in East Fifty-second street, are on strike because the firm refuses to recognize the rules of the union.

United Piano Makers' delegates will meet at Wendel's Assembly Rooms Sunday morning, to make arrangements for the annual picnic, which has been set for June 23.

The brassworkers' societies of this city will send a delegate to Pittsburg to represent them in the convention which meets June 26 for the purpose of forming a National District Assembly.

Edward Finkelstone, President of the Barbers' Union, has been selected as Chairman of the Labor Day Committee of Arrangements. Ludwig Jablinowski is Secretary, James P. Archibald, Treasurer, and George H. McVey, Financial secretary. Any member of the committee who is absent from two consecutive meetings will be suspended.

Guaranteed to stand the hardest wear a boy can give them.

$5.00

In place of keeping a lot of $7 and $8 fancy Cheviot Suits for Boys, ages 4 to 14, in reserve, we have to-day thrown them, too, in the bargain pile at

$5.00

Hackett, Carhart & Co.,

N. E. Cor. Canal St. and Broadway.

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150 FULTON STREET,

EVENING POST BUILDING.

500 dozen and no more of custom-made Dress Shirts, 73c. This is a positive bargain and worthy of examination. We lead on Collars and Cuffs. Collars, 10c. each Cuffs, 10c. per pair.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

These goods are not union men, as sold elsewhere, but are warranted PURE IRISH LINEN, 2,100 fine, in all the NEW STYLES.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS.

500 dozen of I. & R. Morley's Balbriggan Shirts, long and short sleeves, at 48c., all sizes; good value at $1.00.
600 dozen Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at 48c., all sizes; good value at 75c.
750 dozen of English striped Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 48c., all sizes; good value at 75c.
500 dozen Peperell Jean Drawers, 24c.; value 50c.
1,000 dozen of I. & R. Morley's English striped Half Hose, 24c. per pair; good value, 50c.
1,000 dozen Pongee Silk Four-in-hands, at 25c.

MEDICINES FREE

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for Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints in all under four years, 50 cents.

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for blind, protruding and itching Piles, $1.

Druggists and Alexander Medicine Co., N. W. cor. 14th st. and 6th ave., New York.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Her Sight Was a Trifle Impaired—She Thought the Barrel Was John.

[From Judge.]

Mr. Porter has brought along a private basket to the picnic and has gone off by himself, ostensibly to bathe.

Mrs. Porter (on a searching expedition)—John, I want you to come away from the water! You've been in long enough.

Mr. Porter (to himself)—I am coming away from it.

Sentence Reversed.

[From Judge.]

Country Justice of the Peace (who has been painting the city green)—Whell, seein' as how this be the fust time (uck) you been brought before me (ick) I'll recommend yer to tha (ock) mercy of thor Court.

His Honor—You forget, sir, that I am running this court. Officer, usher the prisoner to the lodging apartments.